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THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXXII.

No. 2

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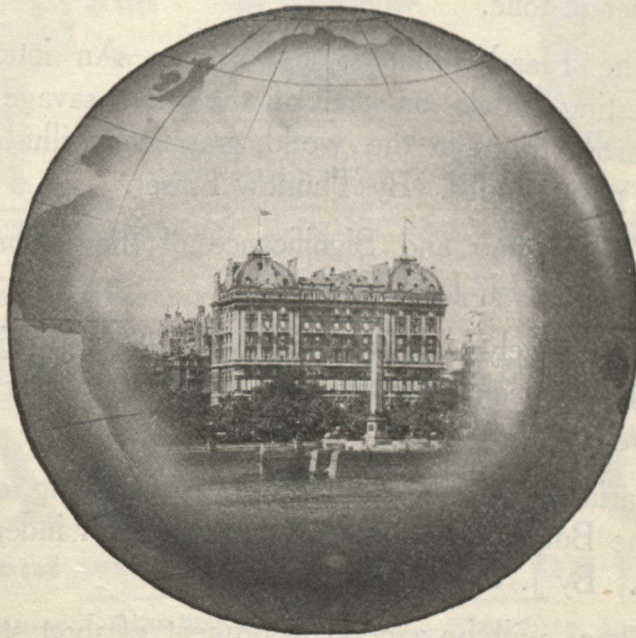
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The January Number

¶ Following the purely æsthetic contents of the Christmas number of *The Canadian Magazine*, the January number will offer some things a little heavier in tone.

¶ The Head Hunters of Formosa—An intensely interesting article on one of the most savage and barbarous tribes in the world, graphically illustrated from photographs. By Thurlow Fraser.

¶ The History and Significance of the Olympian Games. By H. J. P. Good.

¶ The Lovely Lady of Holyrood. An appreciation of Mary Queen of Scots, with illustrations. By Jean Blewett.

Bulgaria: A Study in History. An interesting review of the Bulgarian nation and its struggle for independence. By J. Castell Hopkins.

¶ There will be a good assortment of short stories, among them an outstanding Canadian story by N. de Bertrand Lugin.

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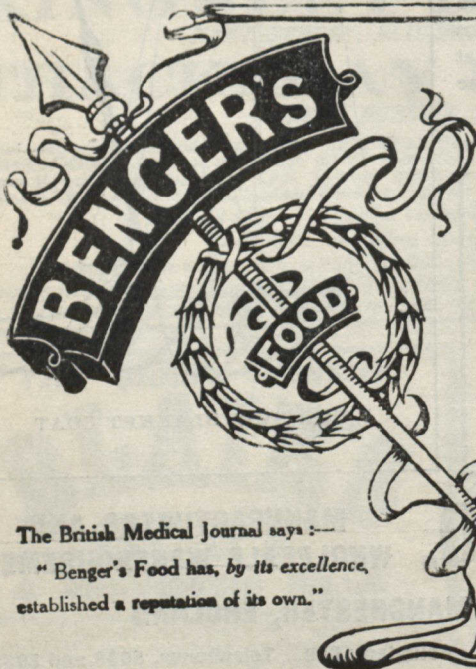
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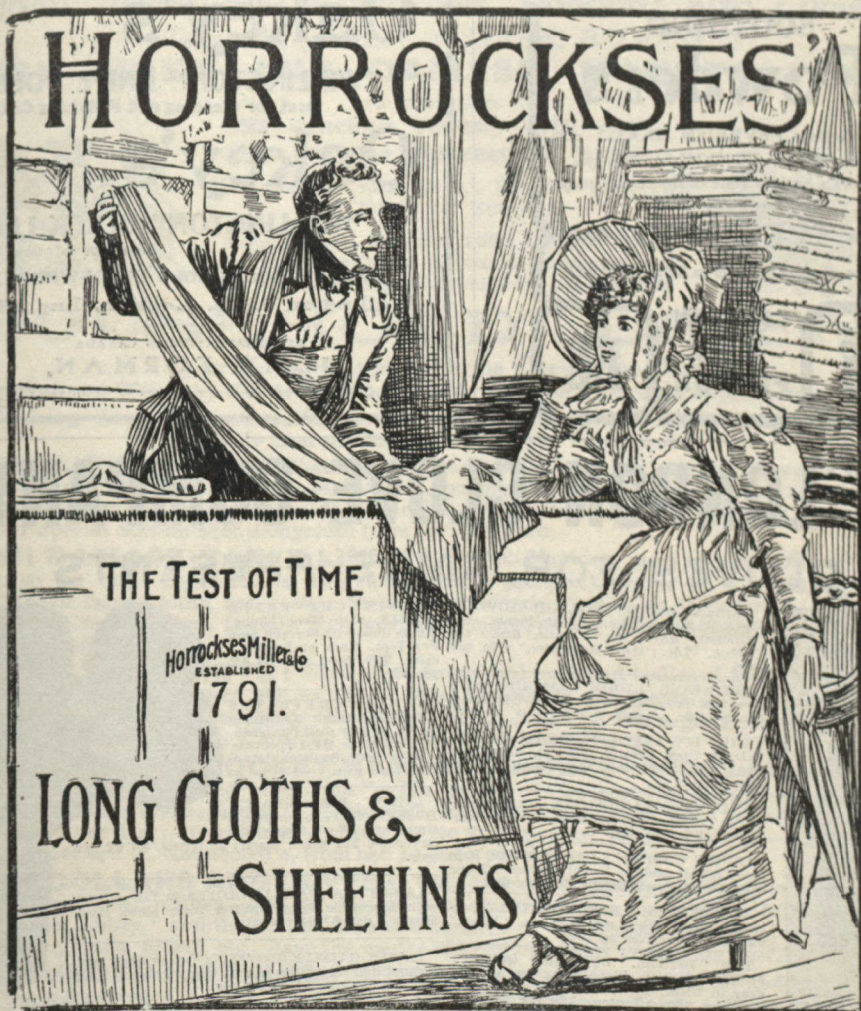


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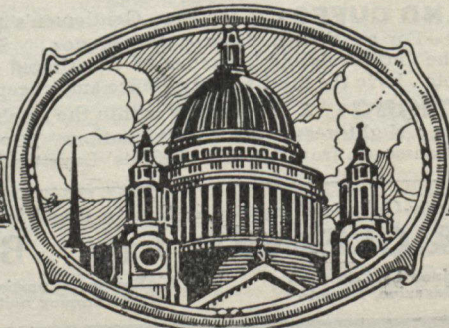
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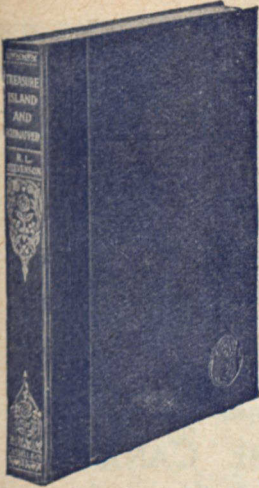
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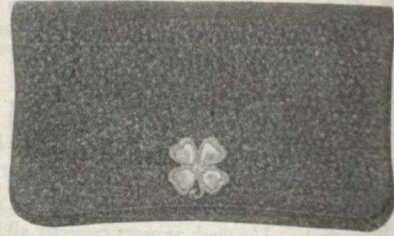
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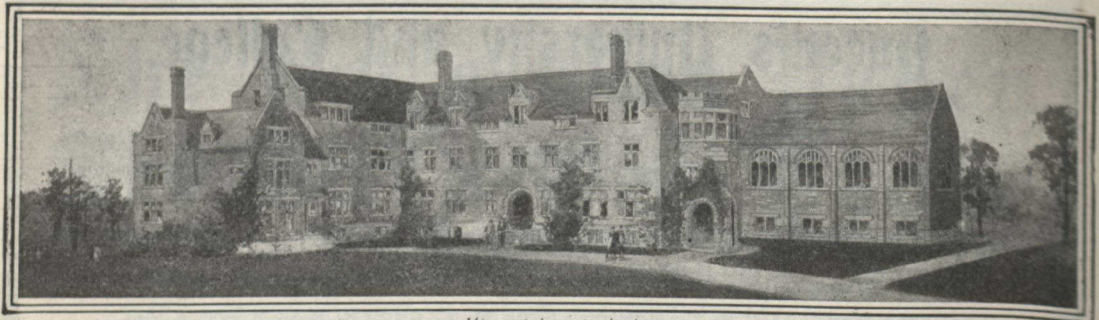
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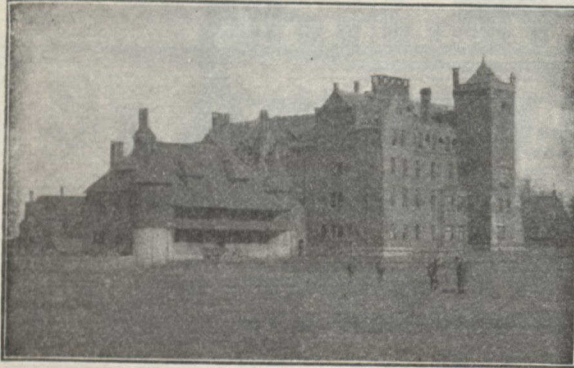


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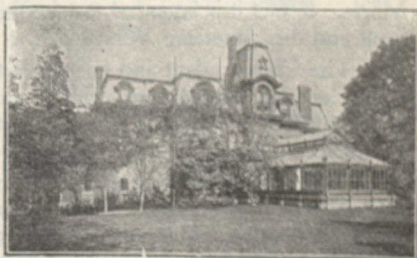
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The conditions effecting these Results show no sign of change—save for the better. Earnings on investments have never been so satisfactory as during 1908, or the cost of Business so low.

1908 has been a year of great satisfaction to the Company—and, consequently, to Policyholders present and prospective.

The Great-West Life Assurance Co.

Head Office - Winnipeg

BANK OF HAMILTON

Head Office: Hamilton

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

Hon. William Gibson - - - - President
J. Turnbull - Vice-Pres. and General Manager

Paid up Capital - - \$ 2,500,000
Reserve - - - - - 2,500,000
Total Assets, over - 30,000,000

The Bank of Hamilton invites the accounts of Firms, Corporations and Individuals.

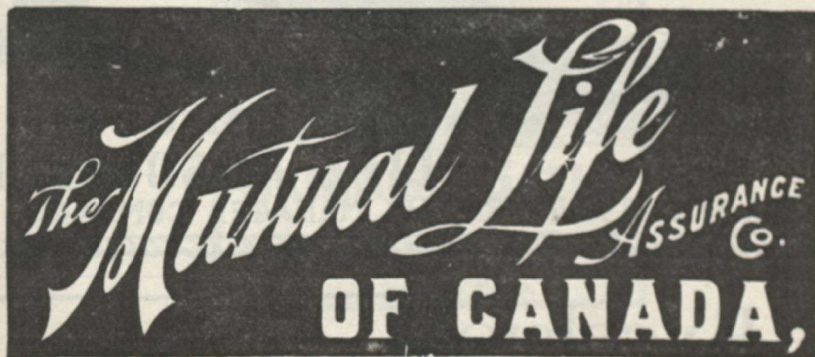
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1908 ————— 1909

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Are extended to all Well-Wishers of



who we are sure will be pleased to hear that the year now nearing its close has been a banner year in the history of the Company, showing a steady and healthy growth in every department of its ever-increasing business.

Interest earnings have largely increased, death losses have been very moderate and the cost of old and new business has been low.

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It is very opportune to close the old or begin the New Year by taking out a policy in this Company and in this way make sure provision for your future needs or for those of your household whose welfare you wish to conserve beyond a peradventure.

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W. H. RIDDELL, Assistant Manager.

GEO. WEGENAST, Managing Director.
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HEAD OFFICE,
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The Excelsior Life Insurance Co.

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO

Established 1899

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ASSETS	- - - - -	1,411,330.38
RESERVES	- - - - -	1,273,300.13
INCOME	- - - - -	427,450.97

Report for 1907 Shows:

RECORD for security and productiveness of investments unexcelled.

INTEREST EARNINGS highest of any Company in Canada Rate of mortality unparalleled for company of same age.

ECONOMY IN MANAGEMENT—Interest earnings more than paying all death claims, salaries, rent and other expenses of Head Office.

Satisfactory profits paid for three successive quinquennials.

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A few choice districts available.

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THE NORTHERN LIFE ASSURANCE CO.

It shows substantial increases in
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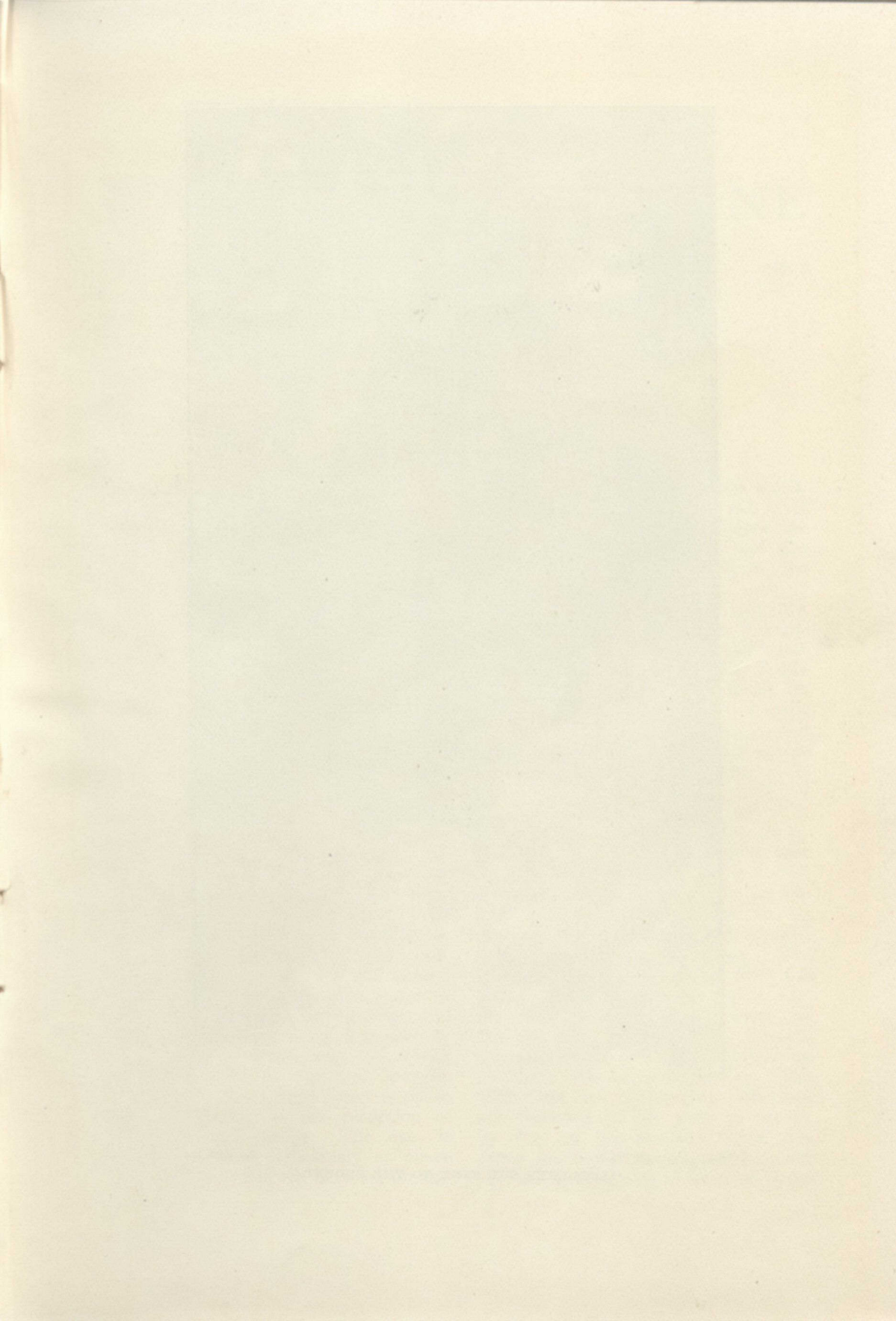


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Drawing by J. W. Beatty

See page 104

"SUDDENLY SHE SANK TO THE GROUND"

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1908

No. 2

OUTSIDE THE LAW

BY THEODORE ROBERTS,

AUTHOR OF "RED FEATHERS," "CAPTAIN LOVE," ETC.

IT was mid-day, and the sun, small against the pale azure of the December sky, shone colourless as water and bright as fire. It was like the eye of a god, perhaps—staring, inscrutable, inhuman, blinding, and yet clear as ice. Or was it like a hole in the thin shell of the world's roof, through which poured the radiance of those vaster spaces beyond the changing of our days and nights, beyond the courses of the stars?

Jacques Chauveau, pressing up the southern slope of the ridge, his *racquets* scarcely indenting the packed snow, wondered vaguely if the sun were more like a great eye or like a window in the floor of Heaven. A man who tramps the wilderness will busy his mind with many such unprofitable questions. If he has been out long enough, he may even speak to the wind, or to some gnarled old tree, or to a hare leaping in the underbrush beside the trail. He will lighten his solitary journey by all manner of queer and effortless meditations, and look upon the very snow as something possessing a personality to which questions may be put and remarks addressed. The placid heart is open, at such times, to the reception of Nature's own moods. The eye is alert, the mind deliciously at peace and in a state midway between dream-

ing and interrogation; and the spirit, sitting high and apart from the body that toils along the trail, hears the singing of the air-currents and the passage of strange things upon the wind.

Jacques Chauveau went up the southern slope of the ridge of hardwoods which rises between the headwaters of Pierre's Brook and Little Chief River. He owned a shack on each brook, and had a line of traps and dead-falls set in each valley; and now he was making a short-cut across from the Little Chief to Pierre's. It was a great country that he took toll of, wide, wild and beautiful, and alive with the furred animals of the north. And yet a man might travel that wilderness for days and not see even so much of its furtive life as the brush of a fox. Pierre Chauveau, an elder brother of Jacques, had trapped that country for many years. But Pierre had died, or vanished from the knowledge of his friends, a year ago. He had worked alone, even as Jacques now worked alone, through the same swales and forests and across the same snow-sheeted barrens. The wilderness had taken him. He had not returned to the post in spring, by way of the swollen rivers, his canoe laden deep with peltries; nor yet had he straggled in later, as many

a woodsman has done, half-crazed, starved, like one escaped from a great prison. He had gone to his far trapping-grounds, before the time of ice and snow, and he had not returned, as was his custom, on the swollen waters of spring. Even Jacques, his brother, had ceased to wonder at it, and now travelled the same hills and valleys with a quiet heart, taking furs for the same great company.

The mind of Jacques Chauveau was at peace, as if in a partial slumber, and the spirit of him sat apart and alert. He went up the slope on his long *racquets* and reached the brow of the ridge where the timber was all of great maples and birches. It was then, swift as light, that his spirit—the alert and immortal soul of the man—awoke his mind and heart.

He halted short in his stride and gazed about him at the bright and silent forest. Here ran aisles, white paved, between pillars of gray boles, with the untinted fire of noon-tide gleaming high and low. Here was no wind. Not a twig moved in the fine tracteries overhead, and no life of bird or beast or man stirred on either hand. The sunlight, the snow and the naked trees environed him with silence and stillness that were like an enchantment; but a voice was crying at his shoulder, keen and clear—a voice so in tune with the silence of the forest and the bright, still air, that the trapper knew he heard it only with the ears of his spirit. A soul cried aloud to a soul—the spirit of Pierre, the dead man, to the spirit of his brother. The body of the trapper stood straight and motionless, amazed, chilled by the wonder of the thing, scanning the empty wood with wide, unseeing eyes. But the spirit of the trapper heard, clear and undeniable, the voice of the dead crying for vengeance. And the name of one Red Strickland was cried by the voice, and a story of treachery and murder was told.

At last, Jacques felt the strength of his muscles again and the coursing

of the blood in his veins. He knew that he had answered the voice and had promised to avenge his brother. He moved forward, slowly at first, like a devout mourner in the presence of the dead; but presently he strode swiftly and assuredly on his way. His mind was awake now, busy with plans for the undoing of Red Strickland. The voice was quiet; but somewhere in the forest to the left a woodpecker beat its quick tattoo.

Jacques Chauveau returned to the Company's post on Rainy River in May, with a fine freight of fox, otter, beaver and marten skins. All the way down the swollen streams, while he drifted indolently, toiled on the portages, "snubbed" his canoe down the churning rapids, or lay by his solitary fire in the night watches, he had pondered the matter of the voice. And when he stepped ashore after the last day's run and was welcomed by the women and children, and the trappers who had reached home before him, he greeted them all, Red Strickland included, without any sign of emotion save pleasure. His plans were mature. The wilderness would see vengeance done, and the spirit of Pierre, that prince of comrades and foresters, would rest in peace.

Jacques had a quiet talk with the man in charge of the post, on the day after his return from the winter's trapping. The factor heard the story of the voice without surprise, for he had been born and bred in the northern wilderness and had himself taken furs, alone, in those wide and desolate places. As he believed in God, so did he believe in many another thing unseen. To be told that the spirit of a murdered man had cried aloud in the wilderness, into the ears of his brother, did not amaze him. He had heard and believed stranger things than that.

"I have known you these ten years, Jacques, and you have never told me a lie; so I do not doubt what you tell me now," he said. "But if Red Strickland is to be punished as a mur-



Drawing by J. W. Beatty

“JACQUES CHAUCHEAU, PRESSING UP THE SOUTHERN SLOPE
OF THE HILL,”

derer, the law must do it. The law will ask for proof—and it will think you a madman if you tell about the voice. You have no proof, Jacques, that the lawyers and the police would listen to without laughter. No one knew that Red Strickland was anywhere near Pierre's country. Nobody saw them together at any time during the whole winter. Even if you should find—if you should find the body of Pierre, it would prove nothing, by law, save that he is dead."

"I care nothing for the law," replied Jacques. "I do not look to the law."

"There'll be no fighting in this post, nor anywhere near it," said the factor, sternly. "I'll have no knifing nor shooting here, lad."

The trapper looked him straight in the eyes, and slowly disclosed the plans over which he had busied his brains through so many solitary hours. The factor listened quietly, but with intent interest, and his blood chilled as he listened.

"Then you do not mean to kill him yourself?" he queried, at last. "You will leave vengeance to—to Pierre?"

"Yes," replied Jacques. "We will tie him in that place for one night. If he is alive in the morning, then may he go about his business. If he is dead when we go to look at him after that night on the ridge, then 'twill be that Pierre has taken his own revenge. I promise you that my comrade and I shall not strike him."

"If he should die, then what about his woman?" asked the other; but he needed no answer to that question, for the state of affairs between Red Strickland and his wife was well-known to all the dwellers at the Post. Strickland was a beast; the woman no better than a slave.

"Lavois will go with me, in my canoe. We will take him away at night, when you sleep—and maybe we will bring him back. Whatever happens, it is nothing to concern the law. The police will never hear of it."

"I am asking no questions," said the factor, "and will forget what you have told me. The thing is none of my business, anyway." He lit his pipe, looking kindly at the trapper over the flaming match. "Lavois is a safe man: He does not chatter," he added.

II.

Jacques Chauveau and his trusted friend Lavois entered Red Strickland's cabin shortly before dawn. Strickland was asleep, heavy with drink, so they gagged and bound him with but little trouble.

"What do you mean to do with him?" asked the woman, grasping Jacques by the arm.

"Do you care what we do with him?" asked the trapper.

"No," she cried. "No, I do not care."

She followed them down to the canoe.

"You mean to kill him," she whispered. "But why do you take the trouble to carry him away in a canoe?"

Receiving no answer, she continued: "Take me, too. I want to see what happens. By God, I hate the beast! He beat me to-night with his belt."

"We cannot take you," said Jacques. "We go a long journey."

"Yes, you will take me," said the woman. "I want to go. I want to see him killed, with my own eyes. If you do not take me, then shall I send word to the police, though I have to walk the sixty miles to the fort. They are great men, the police. You would soon be in prison—and, before very long, you'd be hanging by your necks."

Jacques Chauveau made no reply until Red Strickland was placed in the canoe. Then he turned to the woman.

"Julie, you would knife him yourself, if you were not such a coward," he said. "You hate him and you fear him, and the women have heard you praying to the good God to kill

him in the woods, when he was away on his trapping grounds, so that he might never come back to you. Now, why do you say that you will tell the police if we take him away?"

"I must go with you," she whispered. "I must see him dead, with my own eyes. I must see his body without any life in it, or I shall watch and listen for his return until the day of my death."

The men argued with her; but to no avail. At last Jacques told her of the voice, and of the tale of treachery that had rung in his ears, and of what he and Lavois intended to do with the murderer.

"If the spirits of dead men could harm him, then he would have died long ago," cried the woman. "He has slain more than Pierre—many more—and he has tried to murder my eternal soul."

So having no choice in the matter, they took the woman with them on that long and arduous journey from the post to the high ridge which lies between the head-waters of Pierre's Brook and Little Chief River. They saw madness grow in her, hour by hour; and on the last day of the outward trip she screamed with terror if the man in bonds but so much as glanced at her.

The time was close upon sunset when Jacques and his comrade led Red Strickland up the slope of the ridge. The woman followed, her eyes aflame, her poor, servile shoulders twitching, now with horrid laughter



Drawing by J. W. Beatty

"JACQUES HAD A QUIET TALK WITH THE FACTOR"

and again with hysterical sobbing. Jacques and Lavois also showed signs of weakness. The prisoner, however, though sullen, appeared fearless and

undismayed. The ordeal through which he was to pass had been explained to him, and he was of far too coarse a fibre to fear the spirit of Pierre Chauveau. He had never seen a ghost or heard the voice of one. Men had foiled him, and threatened him; but, once they were dead, he feared them no longer. Then, why should he feel any anxiety about spending a night in the woods where he had killed Pierre, more than a year ago. Pierre was not dangerous, dead or alive. He would sleep very well, he thought, despite the binding ropes; and in the morning they would free him, as they had promised. He knew Jacques Chauveau and Lavois to be men of their word. He smiled covertly as he thought of the foolish journey they had made and the useless trouble they had taken. As for the woman, bah! He would give her one more taste of his belt, and then go away to another part of the country, where he would never again see her frightened, silly face.

It was dusk in the high forest when they bound Red Strickland, comfortably seated on the ground, to the trunk of a straight young maple. Then, without a word, they returned to their camp at the foot of the slope, the woman following close upon their heels. For a few hours the men sat and smoked their pipes, starting nervously at every sound of the wind or the furtive life of the wilderness; but the woman straightway carried her blankets to a considerable distance from the fire, arranged boughs for her bed, and lay down.

In the first pale light of morning,

the trappers and the woman went up the slope. As they neared the tree to which they had bound Strickland, Jacques halted and extended his hand.

"See!" he whispered. "He hangs forward! His head is on his breast!"

They advanced slowly, forgetting the woman in the dreadful fascination with which the sagging, half-seen figure of Red Strickland drew them forward. Suddenly Lavois screamed an oath.

"His throat!" he cried. "His throat is cut!"

Jacques reeled and stared. He had expected to find the man dead, but not gashed and bloody. He had thought a spirit's revenge would leave no mark of violence. A peal of insane laughter came close at their heels.

"Poor dead Pierre would not hurt anyone," cried the woman, with awful, senseless mirth. "I did not leave it to poor Pierre. I came up in the night time, and I found him asleep. So I woke him and—and then I killed him with his own knife. And I heard Pierre calling and calling. But *he* would not have killed him. He would not hurt anyone. Oh, I know Pierre Chauveau!"

The men stared at her, horror-stricken and bewildered.

"Yes, I know Pierre Chauveau," repeated the woman, in lower tones. "He was very gentle. He would not hurt anything."

Suddenly she sank to the ground and hid her face in her thin, toil-worn hands; and, for several minutes, the only sound in that place of high trees and growing radiance was her pitiful sobbing.



WHEN I BOUGHT A HORSE

BY ROBERT E. KNOWLES

Author of "St. Cuthbert's," "The Undertow," "The Dawn at Shanty Bay," Etc.

FOR almost a year I had been in the trough of the wave. I mean with regard to my physical health, much impaired as it had been by a little incident of travel. I know that travel is commended, especially by the transportation companies, as a cure for all the ills that flesh is heir to, to use a brand new phrase that has just come to me, and which it gives me no little satisfaction to think will make its *début* through the columns of *The Canadian Magazine*. And I had previously been inclined to endorse this prescription. At least, I had always considered travel beneficial to myself; for others, I recommended diet—except that I recall advising railroad travel to a maternal relative by marriage, and my motive was misjudged.

But travel proved far from helpful to me a year ago last February. I was making my homeward way as best I could, my heart outleaping to my waiting treasures, my whole frame nestling comfortably in the smoking apartment, where the air is always fresh and pure, when suddenly the engine wearied of the beaten path and betook itself to a route more rural and scenic than a mere man-made road affords. It sought the forest, the stream, the gurgling icy brook that meandered in the valley far beneath; and five coaches followed like a flock of sheep, some irresistible attachment bearing them on.

As a consequence, I was in the trough of the wave for months, as has

been said. I rallied so slowly as to lose ground. Friends, relatives, creditors, undertakers, final-year divinity men just ready for a call, all noticed what poor headway I was making. The *couleur de rose* was fast fading from my cheek, the war-horse glitter from my eye; I seldom or never ate anything, except at meals, and more and more frequently would I smuggle the undercrust that our new cook had devised out to where our neighbour's dog waited in sanguine expectation, our own dear canine turning sadly away as he remarked that his faithless owner had none for him; but it should be told in my defence that ours was a new dog, warm from the hand of a departed friend, while our neighbour's was old and hadn't long before him at the best. He is gone now, like his murderer the cook.

I tried ordinary doctorism for a while, but without avail. Bye and bye our family physician fell into the habit of telling funny stories when I went to see him with a new epitaph on my fast decreasing face; wherefore, like our domestic canine, I too turned sadly away, having several old almanacs at home myself. Then I tried a Toronto specialist, having been left a small legacy by a departed aunt, whom we had long feared would die sooner or later. This seemed to agree well with the specialist, who shortly afterwards went to Europe, leaving a very wounded bank account, not his own, to recover as best it could. Then I tried home-

opathy till I became so expert in the treatment that I could jerk seventeen pellets into my mouth at dinner without the most observant guest detecting it. This I pursued till our little house was littered with empty phials mysteriously marked—but no improvement came. Then I tried osteopathy, strongly urged thereto by a church official who declared it had cured him of what he called “the shingles;” and for three weeks I recalled the sensations of a quarter of a century ago when I used to be the pivotal point in a Rugby scrimmage. From the hands of the osteopath I came forth subdued and chastened, thoroughly worked and kneaded, indifferent to every form of assault and battery, but unhealed. Shortly after this, I was waited upon by an exponent of the Christian Science faith, who proceeded, as a preliminary measure, to persuade me that there had not been an accident at all. I hurriedly assured her that such a diagnosis would be fatal to my relations with the offending railway. She retorted that it was purely a question of “mind over matter,” to which I rejoined that, to my mind, it was a matter of head over heels. Our interview survived this passage but a little while.

“Ye’ll no’ be better till the railway settles wi’ ye,” remarked one of my Scottish friends; “an’ I dinna blame ye—I hae my doots if ony man’s foreordained to get weel afore the railroad’s brocht till repentance.”

But he was wrong. For the railway did finally settle, and my solicitor sailed the next week in the best stateroom on the *Lusitania*, his daughter going forth beside him to disburse her share of the spoils.

By this time, doctor and solicitor already gone, my last hopes were likewise making preparations for departure—and I began to fear that I too would join the exodus. I didn’t wish to, for I knew I would leave my wife a widow—but almost nothing else; besides, modest as I am for a man with

so much provocation to the contrary, I couldn’t reasonably see where a fitting successor would be found if I should cross the bar.

And it was just at this juncture that light came to me from an unexpected quarter. A brother cleric, the minister of a country parish, had come to spend the day and to linger a few more; his wife was with him, and their children—of whom, since his salary was seven hundred a year, there were eleven—were qualified, so they told us, to look after themselves for a month if necessary. This intelligence threw me into a violent chill and rendered recovery more unlikely than before.

But the good brother proved my benefactor.

“What you need is a horse,” he assured me solemnly; “when I was a young minister, I suffered greatly from palpitation of the gizzard—too hard study and too little salary, the doctor told me—and he charged me seventy-five cents for an examination that didn’t last over an hour,” he added mournfully; “and my congregation just about that time presented me with a horse—they got it cheap; the treasurer of the congregation was a little short in his accounts; and he cleared out and left us—so I used to ride on it, because they didn’t give me a buggy. And it made me well,” he said smilingly. “It was the exercise, you see; there was a great deal of arm work about it—and a little with the legs too. Anyhow, it cured me; the horse died of the blind staggers, but I was so strong by that time that I was able to drag him about an eighth of a mile myself and start him down the gully, so he’d roll into the river. You’d be able to do that too, sir, if you’d get a horse—you’ve got lots of trees around the house,” he said, referring to the arm exercise, as he nodded toward the willows on the lawn.

To make a long story short, I began a thorough investigation of the whole subject, reading all I could find

on the mutual relations of horse and man. I wrote to a few friends who were both horsy and healthy. I asked the specialist his opinion, once when I met him on the street car in Toronto, thinking it only fair that I should have some slight return for the bronze my gold had given to his cheek, and he responded with a remarkable quotation that practically decided me.

"There's nothing for the inside of a man like the outside of a horse," he said, twirling a gold-headed cane that I knew perfectly well was an indirect gift from me. "At least, that's what a great man said once. I forget just who—it wasn't me. But if you really want my opinion—"

"Oh no," I interrupted fervently, "I don't want an opinion—what do you think of the separate school system in Saskatchewan, doctor?" I hurried to ask, feeling that no question could be more surely economical than that.

But this opinion of inside versus outside, whoever the great man may have been that uttered it, sank deep into my mind. For the inside of me was the very thing that needed healing; I suffered from constant disquietude within, and, while not trained to the love of horses, I would not have hesitated to ride a coil of barbed wire if I had felt sure its hidden properties would filter in to my advantage.

So much did the formula possess me that I quoted it one evening in my study to four or five of my elders who had dropped in to enquire for my health. Just as we were finishing a little collation at ten o'clock, they implored me to refrain from all eating between meals; and they unitedly advised me to retire early as they were bidding me goodnight between twelve and one.

"I've almost decided to buy a horse," I told them proudly as I rose and stood with my hands behind my back and my back to the fire, the most natural of all attitudes known

to pride. "Dr. Gibson, in Toronto, says some great man said there's nothing for the inside of a man like the outside of a horse. I can't help wondering who said it," I went on wistfully; "I don't suppose any of you could tell me," as I looked around upon my colleagues.

There was a long pause. "It sounds to me like Milton," said one dapper little man, the principal of the public school, "only Milton was a poet, and it don't rhyme very good."

"Carlyle, him that wrote books, used to ride a horse," volunteered a worthy farmer whose father had come from Ecclefechan, "but he had a terrible insides for a' that, if a' reports is true."

"Whoever said it was right as far as he went," one middle-aged man suggested seriously; "at least, if there's any part of a horse good for a man, it'll be the outside part. Everybody knows . . ."

"Aye, that's juist the pint," interrupted a canny Scot, "but is ony pairt o' the beast guid for ye? My wife's faither had a horse fa' on him yin nicht; it fell on him wi' it's oot-sides tae—but it didna dae him ony guid, I tell ye. The cratur'll break yir neck, I'm dootin'—the ootside o' an alligator is mebbe guid for the inside o' a man—but I'd be sweart tae mount yin; the remedy's waur nor the disease, times."

"There's one thing sure," a long silent elder ventured to contribute, "an' that is, that a horse is a terrible intelligent animal. I've read somewheres that when the Duke of Wellington was buried after he was dead, his horse walked behind him, whinnerin' for its oats; you see, he knew fine it was dinner-time."

All of which discourse was far from illuminating. Evidently to others too; for, the very next morning, he of the Doric renewed his visit in quest of information.

"I was talkin' wi' the wife, sir," he began earnestly, "aboot what yon great man said—an' I cudna juist

mind if it was the ootside o' a man that's guid for the inside o' a horse, or the inside o' a horse that's guid for the ootside o' a man; an' Kirsty, she said ye cudna get the ootside o' a horse intil the inside o' a man—an' I cudna deny that—so we got them a' mixed up wi' yin anither, an' I thocht I'd juist come an' ask ye which was t'ither," he concluded despairingly; and my effort to explain brought on symptoms of the relapse I was trying to avoid.

But the prescription (inside versus outside) kept on demanding my attention, even if we could not locate its source. Great men are hard to find, as everybody knows. Wherefore, without further research, I boldly announced one day that it was my intention to buy a horse. Then my troubles began; for no greater interest could have been aroused if I had expressed a purpose to buy the Klondyke. For three long weeks I rose up and sat down amid the atmosphere of horse. I was horse-beset from a hundred different quarters. At least forty-seven different men, most of them actuated by friendship's impulse only, and many of them dissolved at the prospect of parting with their pets, had the very animal that would suit me. He is gentle as a kitten—thus was I assured of each in turn; a lady could ride him; he'd have got a prize at the show only one of the judges wanted to buy him and thought he'd get him cheap; he'll stand anywhere for hours. They all loved trolley cars, their respective owners told me, and nothing pleased them more than to doze with their faces up against a locomotive; as for an automobile, the sight of one threw them all into a state of perfect peace. They were almost all for combination purposes, would drive a little better than they rode and ride a little better than they drove. Good feeders, everyone—yet not wasteful or extravagant. But the most remarkable coincidence was in regard to age. With one or two exceptions only, every horse

among them was "coming five this spring." What a horse freshet there must have been five years ago this May!—together, then, they dawned, as if with one accord, and ever since had grown in beauty side by side. Yet I scorned the impulse to doubt the accuracy of the various chroniclers; every man of them had it marked down at home, and besides, every man pointed out that, whoever was to be deceived, I stood immune, "Couldn't afford it," they said one by one—" 'twould be a mean man that'd do a minister." Besides, this deal was between man and man, and the commercial feature was utterly absent, excepting, of course, the one consideration of paying for the horse—but that was a mere technicality, an incident in a transaction otherwise purely personal. One morning a worthy parishioner, rural bred, appeared at the back door before I was up. Hastily robing, I hurried down to where he stood beside one of the saddest-looking jades that ever groaned beneath a collar. "Whoa there!" he kept repeating in stern tones to an animal that looked as if it had begun to whoa when first it saw the light. The weary creature, not knowing how to further obey, leaned a little harder against the fence by which it stood, turning a questioning eye upon its owner as he continued his appeal.

"This yin'll suit ye fine," began my visitor. "He's fair graun for funerals. I hae a gey sporty yin at home—but it's no becomin' to see a minister gaein' to the funeral o' a deid man wi' a beast that's skipping an' jumpin' about like a rabbit. The fowk'll think ye're enjoyin' yirsel'," he urged. "But this yin—she gangs along like she was sayin' ower the catechism or a bit o' a psalm till hersel'."

I thanked my would-be benefactor, but I left the patriarch to her devotions.

Different men have different opinions. The next day I was conveyed by another friend to his stable, his

eulogies solemnly pronounced as we went along, to survey a horse of a different color. This steed was led out of the stable by the groom, or rather the groom was dragged out by the steed, the creature pausing only long enough to cast on me an eye that marked me for its own, and said more plainly than words could have done: "Come on, if you think you're fit, and we'll soon settle it between us."

"There's nothing so humiliating to a congregation," said this different friend, "as to see their minister slouching along on a broken down nag that he ought to be helping home; they lose all pride in him. Besides, this here horse'll make you forget your pastoral cares," he added, proud of the adjective, jumping aside meantime to give his beauty the right of way; "she's as playful as a kitten—see how she frolics like a lamb," he pointed out as the brute performed a kangaroo leap two or three times in quick succession. I inwardly opined that the cleric who bestrode his pet would probably forget his pastoral concerns for all time to come, and turned sadly away as the jocund creature bore the groom onward to the structure whence they came.

It was a telephone message, urgent and confident, that sent me flying to the station one delicious morning, gathering up a local liveryman as I went. This latter was to protect me against the wiles of the professional horse dealer; for I was on my way to Toronto to do battle with two men, partners in the business, whose names are known wherever horse is found. One of them had gradually grown gray, the other bald, in the service of humanity.

"You need to watch them fellows," said my friend the liveryman, as the train rolled along; "can't never tell the real natur' of a horse with them fellows—you haven't got another cigar on you, have you; thanks, I've got a match—if they're too wild, they give 'em a swallow of stuff that dopes

'em, an' if they're too tame, they tie 'em to a post an' lick 'em for five minutes afore they fetch 'em out." With kindred cautions he beguiled the time till we arrived in the bustling city.

Before we reached the sale-stable we had annexed one or two additional counsellors. Walking up Yonge street we encountered a parish worthy who was in the city on what he vaguely described as "important business. But I'll go along with you," he said, "and be of what little help I can. You see, it's a kind of a congregational affair, in a certain sense," added our friend, Daniel by name, "and I'd never forgive myself if you and Jack here made a muddle of it."

Two or three blocks farther on we descried one of the soberest of our deacons gazing intently at the posters setting forth the charms of "The Real Widow Brown," as soon as he could be recalled, he enquired the nature of our business in the city. "I had an engagement with the Minister of Agriculture about seed grain," said the good brother, widely known as Martin, "but a man's reg'lar minister comes first—I'll just go along and give you a hand; two heads is better than one. Would a man be able to see pretty good in the thirty-five cent seats, d'ye suppose?" as he cast another wistful glance at the Real Widow Brown.

It was not long before we stood, an awed and silent assembly of four, in the presence of "The Firm."

I took to both men from the start. One was Scotch-Canadian and a Presbyterian, both credentials quoted to me by himself at the earliest opportunity.

"This here horse," he said, taking his stand beside a noble looking bay, "is a perfect treasure. I wouldn't sell her to any man for the price I'm askin', unless he belonged to our church. Sam there," nodding toward his partner, "was goin' to sell her last week to a Bishop. But I wouldn't have it. I said it would be an extra

hundred to anyone that prayed out of a book."

Sam grinned. "I'd hate to have it on my soul to sell her to a Presbyterian preacher," he said; "there's times when the best o' them ain't in no fit condition to ride—that's one o' the principal parts of Jerry's religion," smiling toward his partner nevertheless in a way that spoke of pure affection.

"She got first prize at the New York show," said Jerry, ignoring the gibe and extracting a square substance from his breeches pocket, pausing only long enough to make a serious dental incision. "The judges was all sorry there wasn't nothin' better'n first to give her, they was," revolving the fruit of the incision deliciously. "That's when I bought her. I was awful sorry for George Vanderbilt; he come up with a wad the size of her hind hock just after I got her—an' there was tears in his eyes when he turned away. I felt awful sorry for him," he concluded, turning aside for an operation that must have been a great success, judging by the splash.

About the same time, my friend of the livery profession summoned me aside by a quick furtive wink: "How d'you like her?" he asked solemnly.

"I like her well," replied I, gazing wistfully upon the object of our conversation as the Scotch-Canadian led her out into the lane, all four of us following with unwavering gaze. "What do you think of her yourself?"

"She's not a bad beast—but Daniel here says he had a horse just the same size and colour, that fell dead with the heaves."

"Does she heave?" I asked excitedly.

"No, she don't yet—but you can't never tell what they'll do after you buy 'em. These fellows in the city knows how to keep 'em from heaving—he says she's just comin' five this spring; that's what they always say."

"How old do you really think she is?" I asked vehemently, this new occasion for anxiety startling me suddenly.

He summoned Martin. "How old's that mare? he enquired sternly, for he had seen them both conducting an exhaustive examination.

"I make her comin' twelve," said Martin confidently, "and I done the very best I could for her."

"She'll never see sixteen again," was the despondent verdict of the remaining brother, he who had forsaken his important business. "She's got an aged eye."

"A kind of a careworn look, hasn't she?" the liveryman said pityingly.

"I don't think her digestion's very good," ventured he of the Real Widow Brown; "she looks kind of like as if she was onrestless inside of her."

"She's a blood," I said, clutching at a last straw.

"I'm afraid she is," agreed Daniel dismally. "Them bloods always looks at you like as if they was goin' to knock the daylight out of you if they got a chance. And if she's a blood, they're terrible expensive to keep. They won't eat straw."

"An' ye have to put beddin' under them every night—they'll kick the stable down if they don't have a feather tick," said the deacon, all interest in matters theatrical vanished now in his intensity.

"These city fellows is terrible liars," said the liveryman, wandering a little from the point.

"Don't care for nothin' but the money," affirmed one of his colleagues; "if them there fellows heard next week as how that there mare kicked your brains out on the grass, they'd just smile and say you seemed a nice sort of man when they seen you last. Now it's different with one of our farmers—if it was a farmer, he'd go to your funeral and look as sad as if the corpse belonged to him. An' he'd be sad too; he'd be real sincere an' sorry. If I was you, I'd buy from a farmer, sir."

"I won't come to any decision just now," I broke out resolutely at last; "I'll telephone my wife about it."

Whereat we dispersed, my counsellors leading the exodus with right good will, "the firm" eyeing us sadly as we retreated. The thoroughbred meantime resumed her fodder in a way that indicated a certain very familiar form of internal disquietude, which recurs, even with humans, at stated intervals.

The liveryman cast a contemptuous glance behind us as we neared the door: "Her tail's amputated half in two in the middle," he said scornfully.

"They done that to keep it from fallin' out," declared Daniel the counsellor.

"Nearly all bloods has rat tails," affirmed the deacon; "they runs to ears," as we passed out to the street.

I repaired to the nearest telephone pay station, resolved to lay the whole question before my domestic divinity. Inwardly, I was decidedly of the mind that the purchase should be made, especially as the Scotch-Canadian Presbyterian had offered to give me a fortnight's trial of the horse. But the price was an exalted one, and I thought it best to consult the chancellor of the exchequer, in whose judgment I reposed implicit confidence.

"Hello," I cried at length, when the wire had been captured after a long conflict; "is that you, dear?"

"Who's speaking?" answered a cautious voice.

I identified myself after a fashion that must not be printed.

"Are you speaking from Toronto?"

"Yes, dear. I wanted to consult you about buying a horse. Do you think * * * *."

"How much does it cost?" said the tender voice, breaking in with the age-old feminine enquiry.

"They're asking three hundred for it."

"Oh, no, I don't mean that—how

much does this cost, this long-distance talking, I mean?"

"I don't know—half a dollar, I think. She's a regular beauty * * *."

"And that only allows us three minutes, doesn't it? Doesn't it seem ridiculous—our time must be almost gone now. Is it a nice quiet horse? What are you going to bring Charlie?—he says he wants a rubber bull."

"Do you think we could afford three hundred?" I pressed, for I could hear my watch ticking in my pocket.

"Mercy, no! But don't let us talk more than three minutes—it's extra after that. Why, three hundred'd get us a mahogany centre-table, and a davenport, and a cheval glass, and a Turkish rug for the parlour, and a pianola, and one of those things the Clarks have for holding wood and coal, and a new set of furs, and a Tiffany lamp for the hall. Mercy, no! Don't you think our three minutes 'll soon be up?—it's these little extra expenses that count up, you know."

"I wish I could see you," I said desperately, "and talk the whole thing over with you."

"I'll come," the cheery voice rang out; "I'll come down on the morning train. I'll come down and spend the day."

"Spend what?" I said faintly.

"Spend the day—I'll spend the day."

"Oh!"

"What?"

"Will you promise not to contract Eatonitis?" I asked timidly.

"Contract appendicitis? Mercy, who?" cried the sweetest and most sympathetic of all human voices; "who's got it now?"

"No—Eatonitis," I said—"about spending, you know. I was afraid you'd spend more than the day."

Then the old business-stained wire echoed to the peal of a silvery chime. I know the centrals listen; I caught the face of a man who was on the wire—he was an inspector, I think, and it glowed like the countenance of

an Englishman who hears the dinner-gong on an Atlantic liner.

"Well, I guess we'll have to say goodbye," said the still laughing voice.

"Meet me at the station—our three minutes must be nearly up—and don't forget Charlie's rubber bull. Oh, just wait a minute—he wants to speak to you. Come here, dear, here's daddy—don't put your mouth into the telephone, Charlie."

Then followed a process which, to judge from the preliminary sounds that I subsequently had to pay for, resembled nothing so much as the first hitching of a fractious colt. After Charlie had been finally reduced and adjusted and aimed and discharged, the net result was this:

"Oo, ee, aa, daddy—bing Tarlie yubber bull. Yow—yow, I wont—yah, yah, go-way, muddy; Tarlie talk daddy—boo-hoo, boo-hoo," as the final wrench was effected, the recession still echoing in solemn melody as he was borne off in the arms and legs of the intrepid attendant.

"Doesn't he talk splendidly, daddy?—he's going to be a public speaker too, isn't he? Do you think our time's nearly gone? Oh, I had a letter from mother this morning—and she's thinking of coming to spend the summer, and * * * *."

"Our time's up," I said in a firm courageous voice, resolved that no sign of pain should escape me.

"I think it must be—and they charge you for every extra second. Well, goodbye; I'll be down on the morning train. There isn't any excursion rate on just now, is there?—we must keep down expenses, you know. Goodbye Daddy."

"Goodbye dear," breathlessly.

"Goodbye, and if you should be in Murray's * * * *."

The shades of evening were falling when the bell boy rapped at my door.

"A telegram for you, sir," he said.

It was from my wife: "Come home at once. Don't buy. I've struck a bargain. Collect."

I collected. Duly delivered by next morning's train, I hastened homeward with conflicting visions of the bargain about to be revealed.

At the manse gate stood Charlie and his mother, both radiant. And the canny Scot, previously described, stood beside them—the same he was who had been in sore perplexity concerning the relative attitudes of man and horse, external and internal, and who had made a second pilgrimage to me in search of light.

"Oh daddy, we've got the loveliest horse," my wife informed me jubilantly. "It's a kind of a pony—and I promised the man we'd buy it. So he just left it on the lawn. It's lying down; it seems to be so glad it's here. And the man said he wouldn't sell it to anyone but us. It's a beautiful colour—a kind of a dark tan—and we'll have to get a carriage just the same shade, won't we? And it just loves children; Maidie Kerr was on its back—it's a kind of a saddle horse too—and little Charlie walked behind, holding on to its tail and paddling it with his little shovel. And it seemed to enjoy it just as much as the children; it just walked along so nice—once it did prick up one of its ears, but the man said that was just because it loved to hear little children's voices. The man could have sold it to four different people yesterday—so he said he couldn't wait till you came home, and that's why I closed the bargain. And it'll eat sugar out of your hand—then it looks as if it wanted more—it's the cunningest thing. Come and see it, daddy. We're going to call it Traveller—that was the name of General Lee's war-horse, you know."

We passed on to the lawn below. The canny Scot purposely walked beside me. He had seen the animal before, and I know his rugged heart went out to me in his own strong and silent way.

"I've found oot wha said yon, about the inside o' a horse an' the ootside o' a man," he informed me.

"Who?" I asked absently, caring little now.

"It was a king," he replied triumphantly; "one o' thae deevilish bad kings they had lang syne. 'My kingdom for a horse,' he bellered, when they told him he had to hoof it. That's about the same thing as ye said to us that nicht; it'd be his insides the king was thinkin' about, when he said it, nae doot. Kirsty found it in a book."

We were in full view of the reclining quadruped. I thought at first it was a small wheelbarrow lying on its side, but a slight movement in our direction soon identified it as the purchase. I stood transfixed, gazing compassionately. Charlie had toddled ahead and was already busy feeding it some tender grass. My friend the Scot wandered slowly down beside it. I saw, like one in a dream, that he was opening its mouth and gazing in. My wife followed to the shrine, and I was left alone.

The Scot rejoined me in a moment. "There's yin guid thing about the cratur," he said slowly; it'll never bite wee Charlie wi' its teeth."

Deep silence reigned again. The Scot again broke it. "Was it the outside o' a horse you king body said was sae guid for the outside o' a

man?"

I nodded, having no heart for more.

"A man'd need to hae an inside about the size o' a humble bee, to get ony guid frae yon," he said solemnly, pointing with his foot toward the purchase.

My wife was coming up the terrace toward us, casting admiring glances backward as she came.

"Don't you think Traveller's a pretty name?" she said as she drew near.

"Yes," I said, still gazing. I thought of poor General Lee lying cold and still beneath the silent sod. "Yes," I repeated, "it's a pretty name."

"Oh, daddy," she suddenly digressed, "I've got bad news for you."

"What?" I said, interest in life returning slowly.

"I got another letter from mother this morning; and she's not coming after all—she going to California instead."

"It's a lovely horse, dear," I said, giving her a hand to help her up the terrace.

"I knew you'd like it; a woman that can choose a good husband can be relied on to choose a horse too," she said sweetly.

"It's a beautiful horse," said I.



"A BLOT IN THE 'SCUTCHEON'"

(AN APPRECIATION)

BY GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE

ONLY three of Browning's dramas have ever been staged, including "Strafford," "Colombe's Birthday," and the present play, "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon,'" which was presented under Macready's management in 1843, and under Phelps' in 1848, in both instances scoring a decided success in the minds and hearts of its finer-grained auditors, where scoring is most worth while. Joseph Arnould, a friend of both Browning and Alfred Domett, writing to the latter shortly after the first performance, declares that

"The first night was magnificent. Poor Phelps did his utmost, Helen Faucit very fairly, and there could be no mistake at all about the honest enthusiasm of the audience. The gallery (and this, of course, was very gratifying, because not to be expected at a play of 'Browning'), took all the points quite as quickly as the pit, and entered into the general interest and feeling of the action far more than the boxes—some of whom took it upon themselves to be shocked at being betrayed into so much interest for a young woman who had behaved so improperly as Mildred. Altogether, the first night was a triumph. I was one of about sixty or seventy in the pit, and we yet seemed crowded when compared to the desolate emptiness of the boxes. The gallery was again full, and again among all who were there were the same decided impressions of pity and horror produced. The third night I again took my wife to the boxes. It was evident at a glance that it was to be the last. My own delight, and hers too, in the play was increased at this third representation, and would have gone on increasing to a thirtieth; but the miserable, great, chilly house, with its apathy

and emptiness, produced on us both the painful sensation which made her exclaim that she could cry with vexation at seeing so noble a play so basely marred. Now, there can be no doubt whatever that the absence of Macready's name from the list of performers of the new play was the means of keeping away numbers from the house. Whether if he had played and they had come the play would have been permanently popular is another question. I don't myself think it would. With some of the grandest situations and finest passages you can conceive, it does undoubtedly want a sustained interest to the end of the third act; in fact, the whole of that act on the stage is a falling off from the second act, which I need not tell you is for all purposes of performance the most unpardonable fault. Still, it will no doubt—nay, it must—have done this, viz., produced a higher opinion than ever of Browning's genius and the great things he is yet to do in the minds not only of a clique, but of the general world of readers. No one now would shake their heads if you said of our Robert Browning, 'This man will go far yet.'"

And in his "Personalia" Edmund Gosse tells us that

"When the curtain went down the applause was vociferous. Phelps was called and recalled, and then there arose the cry of 'Author!' To this Mr. Browning remained silent and out of sight, and the audience continued to shout until Anderson came forward and keeping his eye on Mr. Browning said, 'I believe the author is not present, but if he is I entreat him to come forward!' The poet, however, turned a deaf ear to this appeal, and went home very sore with Macready, and what he considered his purposeless and vexatious scheming. 'A Blot in the 'Scutcheon' was announced to be played 'three times a week until further notice'; and was performed with entire success to

crowded houses, until the final collapse of Macready's schemes brought it abruptly to a close."

Of two contemporary newspaper notices, one from *The Literary Gazette*, has it that

"At the end the applause greatly predominated; but still we cannot promise the 'Blot' that it will not soon be wiped off the stage," while the other, from the *Examiner*, is

"... not sanguine of the chances of continued patronage to 'A Blot in the 'Scutcheon.' People are already finding out, we see, that there is a great deal that is equivocal in its sentiments, a vast quantity in its situations, and in its general composition not much to 'touch humanity.' We do not pretend to know what should touch humanity, beyond that which touches our own hearts, but we would give little for the feelings of a man who could read this tragedy without a deep emotion. It is very sad; painfully and perhaps needlessly so; but it is unutterably tender, passionate, and true."

Interesting accounts of the Brown-ing-Macready misunderstanding in relation to this performance may be found in Gosse's "Personalia," Mrs. Orr's "Life and Letters of Robert Browning" (revised), and in "Robert Browning and Alfred Domett."

Of the revival in 1848 Mrs. Browning wrote as follows to her friend, Miss Mary Russell Mitford, from Florence:

"We have been, at least I have been, a little anxious lately about the fate of the 'Blot in the 'Scutcheon,' which Mr. Phelps applied for my husband's permission to revive at Sadler's. Of course, putting the request was a mere form, as he had every right to act the play, and there was nothing to answer but one thing. Only it made one anxious—made me anxious—till we heard the result, and we, both of us, are very grateful to dear Mr. Chorley, who not only made it his business to be at the theatre the first night, but, before he slept, sat down like a true friend to give us the story of the result, and never, he says, was a more complete and legitimate success. The play went straight to the heart of the audience, it seems, and we hear of its continuance on the stage from the papers. So far, so well. You may remember, or may not have heard, how Macready brought it out and put his foot on it in the flash of a quarrel between man-

ager and author, and Phelps, knowing the whole secret and feeling the power of the play, determined on making a revival of it in his own theatre, which was wise, as the event proves. Mr. Chorley called his acting really 'fine.'"

Critical opinion concerning this drama has been strangely divided. On the one hand, Prof. W. J. Alexander considers it "unnatural and repugnant," and Miss F. Mary Wilson feels that "the impression is one of staginess, slightness and ineffectualness, almost as though the planned-out work of an inferior writer had been bequeathed to Browning to make the best of." On the other hand, Dickens wrote to his friend and biographer Forster:

"Browning's play has thrown me into a perfect passion of sorrow. To say that there is anything in its subject save what is lovely, true, deeply affecting, full of the best emotion, the most earnest feeling, and the most true and tender source of interest, is to say that there is no light in the sun, and no heat in blood. It is full of genius, natural and great thoughts, profound and yet simple and beautiful in its vigour. I know nothing that is so affecting, nothing in any book I have ever read, as Mildred's recurrence to that 'I was so young—I had no mother.' I know no love like it, no passion like it, no moulding of a splendid thing after its conception like it. And I swear it is a tragedy that must be played; and must be played, moreover, by Macready. . . . But the tragedy I shall never forget, or less vividly remember than I do now. And if you tell Browning that I have seen it, tell him that I believe from my soul there is no man living (and not many dead) who could produce such a work."

And Arthur Symonds, a so much more warrantable critic than Dickens, pronounces "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon'"

"... the simplest, and perhaps the deepest and finest of Mr. Browning's plays. The Browning Society's performances, and Mr. Barrett's in America, have proved its acting capacities, its power to hold and thrill an audience. The language has a rich simplicity of the highest dramatic value, quick with passion, pregnant with thought and masterly in imagination; the plot and characters are perhaps more interesting and affecting than in any other of the plays; while the effect of the whole

is impressive from its unity. The scene is English; the time is in the eighteenth century; the motive, family honour and dishonour. The story appeals to ready popular emotions, emotions which, though lying nearest the surface, are also the most deeply-rooted. The whole action is passionately pathetic, and it is infused with a twofold tragedy, which hangs on a word, spoken only when too late to save three lives. This irony of circumstance, while it is the source of what is saddest in human discord, is also the motive of what has come to be the only satisfying harmony in dramatic art. It takes the place, in our modern world, of the Necessity of the Greeks; and is not less impressive because it arises from the impulse and unreasoning wilfulness of man rather than from the implacable insistency of God. It is with perfect justice, both moral and artistic, that the fatal crisis, though mediately the result of accident, of error, is shown to be the consequence and the punishment of wrong. A tragedy resulting from the mistakes of the wholly innocent would jar on our sense of right, and could never produce a legitimate work of art. Even, *Œdipus* suffers, not merely because he is under the curse of a higher power, but because he is wilful and rushes upon his own fate. *Timon* suffers, not because he was generous and good, but from the defects of his qualities. So, in this play, each of the characters calls down upon his own head the suffering which at first seems to be a mere caprice and confusion of chance. Mildred Tresham and Henry Mertoun, both very young, ignorant and unguarded, have loved. They attempt a late reparation, apparently with success, but the hasty suspicion of Lord Tresham, Mildred's brother, diverted indeed into a wrong channel, brings down on both a terrible retribution. Tresham, who shares the ruin he causes, feels, too, that his punishment is his due. He has acted without pausing to consider, and he is called on to pay the penalty of 'evil wrought by want of thought.'"

The present writer's opinion inclines towards Symons' view rather than Alexander's, though he would not, in a comparative study of Browning's dramas, rank "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon'" quite so high as does Symons. While it is true that Browning makes several concessions (which one does not quite like in pure drama) to conventional stage requirements, and while the play, on that account, exhibits occasional melodramatic tendencies, yet it is worth

so much more as a work of high creative art than as a theatrical performance that its stage-points prove, after all, only the slightest blots on *its* escutcheon. The double motive, first of all, is admirably indicated and inwoven—Thorold's love of honour, Mildred's love of purity. Though Mildred has ignorantly sinned and conventionally "fallen," yet her passion for purity is truer, completer, more understanding than is over-righteous Thorold's love of pride. The history of the relation of these two—for they are the prime persons of the play, protagonist and antagonist, and this crisis is developed during their increasingly tense situation in Act II.—the history of the relation of these two is the old history of professional good versus human instinct; of technical honour versus the blind errors of love; and of the consciously superior person, self-appointed vicar of the Eternal Will, versus her whose warm faith and affection have been hiding in a sort of golden maiden-mist the figure of the sworded angel that is now to meet her as she turns to re-enter Eden.

For Thorold, whom his retainers find precisely "what a nobleman should be," and who is Mertoun's boyish ideal of "the scholar and the gentleman," is yet more stained than Mildred, the dove whose pinion Mertoun has so rashly hurt. That is Browning's insistent implication and it is a very true and awful one. Thorold is proud of homage, of the recognition of his honour, rather than of the root principle and subtle genius of honour-in-itself. He is a correct traditional gentleman, but not a nature adequate to its present need. Kind and brotherly as his heart would have him be, he becomes, nevertheless, in habit and programme, imposingly statuesque, finely dead. Mildred has a keener and more just sense of honour than his own, for she subjectively agonises and hopes where he objectively resents and

condemns; she is even more Hebraistic than is he in her recognition of the inevitableness of law and fate:

"Needs
Must I have sinned much, so to suffer!"

"Oh why, why glided sin the snake
Into the Paradise Heaven meant us both?"

". . . this will not be!"
Sin has surprised us, so will punishment."

But she is a warm Hellenist also in her love of life, of family, of Mertoun; in her romantic courage; her smiling rallies from despondency; her childlike trust in the fatherly indulgence of God. In brief, gloomed though her spirit is with a sense of impending punishment, she dimly sees behind its dreadful cloud the lining of redemption, and feels for this very reason constrained into a strange loyalty to the law of Nemesis, a loyalty she can less and less shake off. The souls of both brother and sister are torn with the tragedy of conflicting ideals, of an unwithstandable invasion of their highest goods, and their final recognitions of the great meanings behind the tragedy of each bring the play to an end:

Mildred—

"As I dare approach that Heaven
Which has not bade a living thing despair,

Which needs no code to keep its grace
from stain,

But bids the vilest worm that turns on it
Desist and be forgiven—I—forgive not,
But bless you, Thorold, from my soul of
souls!"

Tresham—

"Vengeance is God's, not man's. Remember me!"

The whole atmosphere and movement of the play may be strikingly keyed by Sidney Lanier's beautiful lines from "The Marshes of Glynn":
"God out of knowledge and good out of infinite pain,
And sight out of blindness and purity out of a stain."

Of the other characters, Guendolen and Mertoun, though dramatically subordinate, are drawn with skill and sympathy. Guendolen, particu-

larly, is a human woman—sisterly, loving, happy-hearted, quick-witted—whose ministry to Mildred at the moment of moments is almost tear-compelling in its imperative and affectionate power. Mertoun wins her early pleased regard, not only as the lover of Mildred, but also because she detects his zest and sincerity behind his half-timid acknowledgments of Thorold's worth and friendship. Mertoun is a being like to Mildred herself and worthy to be her lover, though with less sensitiveness to the record-tappings of spiritual telegraphy. He is incurably young, hopeful, romantic, brown-haired, blue-eyed, a very Romeo for looks and love. As Guendolen's nobility rises to its height in the presence of Mildred's suffering, so his bright spirit most gallantly expresses itself towards both Mildred and Thorold in the moment of his death. Austin is slightly drawn, and has but little place in either action or dialogue, save where dramatic necessity may prescribe his presence for the sake of emphasis of situation or convenience of arrangement. Gerard, the warrener, loyal as the old hunter is loyal in "The Flight of the Duchess," is the technical pivot of the play, upon whose revelation to Thorold the crisis and catastrophe depend, and whose faithful breast is itself woefully self-divided in its own personal tragedy, as wavering now towards the formal honour of Earl Tresham's house and now towards the innocence-convincing goodness and beauty of his young mistress, Mildred.

There are some outstanding criticisms of certain manners and moments (or expressions of moments) in this drama that ought here, perhaps, to be presented and, if possible, answered.

In Mr. Henry Jones' paper before the Boston Browning Society—"Browning as a Dramatic Poet"—he writes:

"What a critic has a complete right to object to is that Mildred is presented to us in no other mood than this of sublime moral tension; and that, so far as she is concerned, the whole action takes place not in the ordinary world, but on 'Mount Sinai altogether on a smoke,' amidst the terrors of a broken law. I would repeat my belief that practically our only task here on earth is 'to learn thro' evil that good is best,' and that the drama at its height turns on moral issues. But, on the other hand, that lesson has to be learned in a natural environment, where the sun shines and the flowers grow, and men and women eat and drink, marry and are given in marriage. That natural environment is not to be found in this play. Shakespeare would have made it break in, so intimate is his touch on reality. When the moods and passions have swept his characters beyond the confines of ordinary life, the common world comes knocking at the door, and we have such scenes as that of the porter in "Macbeth," which deepens the tragedy and makes it real by letting in the contrast of the common light of day in its ordinary course. But Mildred lives throughout the play in another world from ours; or if it is our world, if our world is spiritual at its core and morality its essence, its natural veil is torn off by the poet. Her thoughts, her true self, had already passed beyond the walls of the prison-house. Her 'spirit yearned to purge

Her stains off in the fierce renewing fire.' And in consequence her death does not touch us like the death of Cordelia or Desdemona. She is not removed from our very midst, and we are not left desolate; for she was always far away, in a world not ours."

Though a page or two more follows, in which Mr. Jones develops his thought, enough has been quoted to show his meaning. Are his words quite fair? Does not his disappointment amount to a willingness to blame the nineteenth century Browning because he does not write in the manner of the sixteenth century Shakespeare? Is it not true that the instincts and interests of both writers and readers in our own time are immensely more subjective in point of pre-occupation than they were then, and that we are all willing now to take much for granted that it was necessary to impress particularly upon the minds of Elizabethan audiences concerning locale and en-

vironment? If our ancestors could not work out their spiritual problems without frequent specific assurances of the

"Good gigantic smile o' the brown old earth,"

because their superstitions made these problems more fearful though not more awful to them than to us—if they needed such tyings to earth, so do not we. With the Anglo-Saxon, to lose his grip on reality—and this was easy for him—was to become for the nonce a wild poet, beating his way about amid the dragons of the deep and the nicors of unknown lands. He was afraid—and in large measure for this very reason unable—to think much, though he felt profoundly. The Elizabethan temper marked an advance in dignity and self-confidence; but the Victorian imagination is, relatively speaking, weaned from the bosom of the old material Gaia, and can experience sustained adventure. Even so, Browning does not ignore the external realities in his dramas,—certainly not in this one. They are there, duly in their place,—he does not care to exhibit them or even quite record them. They are implied. One does not say of a plant that it grows in the earth; one only says that it grows. It is in the growth instinct and tendency that Browning is so intensely interested, in common with all moderns. Nor is it Shakespeare's earth-regard that makes him Shakespeare, prophet of all time, as well as interpreter of his own, but rather his ability often to persuade his auditors and readers away from earth, as none of his contemporaries attempted or was able to do.

Another objection has been raised, this time by Prof. W. J. Rolfe and Miss Heloise Hersey, to the age of Mildred. They write:

"'Mildred is fourteen.' In this extraordinary statement seems to be the chief dramatic blemish of the play. It taxes our credulity to believe that Juliet was only

fourteen; but with her we could at least fall back upon the theory that girls develop more rapidly in southern countries than in northern, and that they are married proportionately early. Here we are asked to credit the amazing statement that a conservative English Lord deliberately and indeed eagerly arranges the betrothal of his sister at the time-honoured Juliet age. It is interesting to note how completely Browning ignores his own limitations as to years. For instance, Tresham speaks of Mildred as 'imbued with love,' etc. If the English girl of the last century reached that point of culture at fourteen, what must she have been at forty? It is impossible to believe that Browning ever actually pictured Mildred as fourteen, though we see in the next scene why he wants to represent her as young as possible."

To this it may be replied that Browning is no more attempting to make a fact-point of the matter than of the ages of Pippa or Pompilia. It is not the poet's business to inform, but to interpret and inspire. All Browning cares about here is that we shall understand Mildred to be young, indeed, in body, and yet, on account of native instinct and family training, to be as unusual in mind as she is beautiful of feature. Even on the side of historical fact, it is perhaps worth while remarking that marriages were contracted at such early ages during the eighteenth and even the nineteenth centuries, in both England and America, oftener than would now be supposed. It does not seem to have surprised anyone that Poe married the Lenore of his "Raven," Virginia Clemm, in 1835, when she was but thirteen; and even more significant for us here is the love affair and probable marriage of Stella and the famous Dean.

In his "The Poetry of Robert Browning," Mr. Stopford Brooke expresses strong objection to Mildred's over-submissiveness during the library scene, in these words:

"One touch of the courage she shows in the last scene would have saved in the previous scene herself, her lover, and her brother. The lie she lets her brother infer when she allows him to think that the

lover she has confessed to is not the Earl, yet that she will marry the Earl, degrades her altogether and justly in her brother's eyes, and is so terribly out of tune with her character that I repeat I cannot understand how Browning could invent that situation. It spoils the whole presentation of the girl. It is not only out of her character, it is out of nature."

I am very far from wishing it to seem that I hold too partial or elastic a brief for Browning, but to my thinking this criticism is extraordinarily deficient in grasp and feeling. Out of character? Out of nature? The truth is precisely otherwise. In the dramatic romance, "Count Gismond," Browning's heroine asks: "What says the body when they spring Some monstrous torture-engine's whole Strength on it? No more says the soul," on which Mrs. Browning comments: "You never wrote anything which lived with me more than that. It is such a dreadful truth."

So with Mildred. She has not the power to withstand the shock of her proud brother's accusation; she is—and it is Browning's almost sole endeavour to present and prove her so—relatively, essentially innocent, and innocence from the beginning of the world has always been far less ready and able to justify itself in speech than has guilt. Her fine nature, too, sees that even mistake, like crime itself, must provoke its Nemesis—in Act I. Mildred has indicated more than once her prevision, her sense, of Fate. Now that Fate is suddenly upon her, she is stunned into acceptance of its reality, and is quite unable to challenge its right.

"The first shame over, all that would might fall."

If, on the one hand, vengeance belongs to God; so, on the other, she feels, must justification. It is true that a word would save her, but it is a word that Love cannot speak, for it involves her lover. Blameless as he is in her eyes, he must still be held blameless by all others, and she welcomes martyrdom instinctively,

unquestioningly, for his sake, as a pure, womanly, natural Mildred would surely do. The crisis lies in these words:

Tresham—

“Now dictate
This morning’s letter that shall counter-
mand

Last night’s—do dictate that!

Mildred—

“But, Thorold—if
I will receive him as I said?”

Tresham—

“The Earl?”

Mildred—

“I will receive him.”

And it is a crisis alike of extraordinary dramatic value and of human likeness. Neither Mildred nor Thorold can do other than so: they are in the clutch of circumstance.

The final point of censure that I wish here to notice is made by William Sharp, as follows:

“More disastrous, poetically, is the ruinous banality of Mildred’s anti-climax when, after her brother reveals himself as her lover’s murderer, she, like the typical young Miss Anglaise of certain French novelists, betrays her incapacity for true passion by exclaiming, in effect, ‘What, you’ve murdered my lover! Well, tell me all. Pardon? Oh, well, I pardon you: at least I *think* I do. Thorold, my dear brother, how very wretched you must be!’

“I am unaware if this anticlimax has been pointed out by anyone, but surely it is one of the most appalling lapses of genius which could be indicated.”

Now that is very unworthy and—I am glad to feel and say—uncharacteristic criticism on the part of this usually thoughtful and sensitive writer. All dramatic moments must be judged with careful regard to the steps that have conditioned them, and to the particular situation of the chief person or persons concerned. The Mildred of the crisis, who has sacrificed her reputation for Mertoun’s sake, is not the Mildred who would hesitate to yield her life in the catastrophe, when Mertoun lies stiffening in death. Utterly unselfish, here as there, her love for Hen-

ry, even upon her first moment of awareness of his end, instantly leaps out towards his slayer in a sympathetic, vicarious sense of error and remorse. That such an instinct is psychologically true has been shown time and again in life as in literature. The first impulse of a finely unselfish nature, upon experiencing sorrow, is to compassionate fellow-sufferers. Add to this Mildred’s sense of her own imminent death—a sense which would clear away all false resentments and half-forgivenesses, and ensure a quickened last insight into the things of human experience. And add again her willingness to yield to Fate the things that are Fate’s. Mildred, like Caponsacchi, “finds out when the day of things is done.” As to the speaker in “The Flight of the Duchess,” so now to her—“there seemed nothing to do more.” With Mertoun dead, she is already dead, and her forgiveness of Thorold is but the echo and repetition of her lover’s excuse for his mistaken foe, who has now at last come to see

“through
The troubled surface of his crime and
yours
A depth of purity immovable.”

A Tragedy of love and pride, of love that, unwittingly violating Love’s canons, suffers Fate’s penalty, yet in its very suffering finds Fate but another name for Love; of pride that brings being and seeming too close together, and so loses the subtler lights that each may cast,—this is the story of “A Blot in the Scutcheon.” The two refrains of Mildred’s motherlessness and of Thorold’s stainlessness, touching the play now with tenderness and now with portent, though different in occasion, are one in meaning. They seem to say: Who loves, lives; and who lives, loves!

IN A SOUTHERN GARDEN

BY VIRNA SHEARD

LITTLE-GIRL walked very slowly through the grass toward the sundial to see what time it was. Once she stopped to pick a dandelion gone to seed, and blew the puff-ball, thinking it might tell her the hour, but after blowing thirteen times, only to find some pins of fluff still standing stiffly on the whity-green pin-cushion, she gave it up, and went on to the dial. When she had decided that it was half-past three, she walked slowly back to the house, swinging her pink sunbonnet, and sat down on the stone steps close to the gargyle.

Usually Little-girl skipped and ran, or hopped and danced, but to-day she did not do any of those things, for it was so still and hot in the garden, and so lonesome.

Little-girl had often noticed this lonesomeness at night. It would come creeping through the rooms like a gray fog after she had gone to bed and Mammy had snuffed out the candle. It was there when she woke up in the middle of the darkness and heard the rain pattering on the roof and the wind rattling at the doors and crying to be let in; but it did not often come in the day time to the garden.

Under the magnolia trees an old peacock walked in solitary state, trailing his emerald and bronze tail. Now and then he paused to set his feathers aquiver, and to call fiercely that it was going to rain, but the child paid no attention to him, for that was what he always said. The sunlight sifted through the red silken cups of

the poppies that edged the walk, and they dazzled Little-girl's eyes so she looked away, and over the green of the lawn.

A broken fountain stood near the dial, with a figure of Pan among the reeds for its centrepiece. The child sighed, thinking how beautiful it would be to have a glittering spray of water raining up into the air and then raining down again with a cool splash against the basin. The brown, dusty figure, with the pipes held against his silent lips, wearied her.

She watched the grasshoppers play their long game of hide-and-seek, and listened to the katydids that suddenly broke out into argument in the big locust tree overhead, and as suddenly stopped. From the straw hives along the garden wall where the hollyhocks grew, came a low murmuring like the very far-off sound of the sea. Little-girl had never heard the sea.

It had all been just like this so many midsummer afternoons. Then Granny went to sleep in the darkened parlour and old Mammy nodded in her chair on the back porch. The shadow finger crept around the sundial; Pan blew soundlessly upon his reeds, and the heat shook itself free of the earth and broke the air into tiny hot waves. But it seemed to Little-girl that to-day the griffin and the gargyle watched her. The griffin was carven of marble and rested majestically upon the side of the steps. His wings made a sort of balustrade very helpful to hold by in slippery weather. One could also sit on his back. The gargyle finished



Drawing by A. C. G. Lapine

“A BROKEN FOUNTAIN STOOD NEAR THE DIAL, WITH A FIGURE OF PAN AMONG THE REEDS FOR ITS CENTREPIECE”

off the spout of the water pipe that ran down the side of the house close by the steps, and he was made of gray stone. His day of usefulness had sometime ceased, for the water pipe, like the fountain, was hopelessly broken, and when it rained now-a-days the rain dripped in around the windows, leaked down through the roof, and sent small rivers everywhere but along the pipe and through his open mouth.

The gargoyle had never appeared to trouble about this, nor had he at any time changed his expression, that Little-girl could remember. Now, though, undoubtedly there was something about him out of the common. The child gazed at him as one fascin-

ated, and then looked up at the griffin, for he also in a subtle indefinite way was stirred out of his usual calm. Once he certainly tried to wink at her and open his beak, and when she moved quickly away further along the step, glancing back at the gargoyle to see if he had noticed—the gargoyle goggled his eyes and distinctly smiled.

It was a wide and continuous smile, whole-souled and kind, but not becoming. Little-girl did not like to hurt his feelings by telling him so, and she waited to see if he would stop. After a few minutes she shook her yellow head gently at him.

“Oh! please don’t,” she said, rather uncomfortably.

"Don't what?" inquired the gar-goyle. "Prithee, don't what, my dear?"

"Don't smile," said Little-girl, colouring a bright pink. "Not so much, at least; I like you best plain."

A crackling laugh came suddenly from the griffin that seemed to rend him within.

"Dear me! I wish that you wouldn't either," exclaimed Little-girl gently, turning to him. "It doesn't sound natural some way."

"But it's so funny, you know," gasped the griffin. "So extremely funny. Oh, Marcus Agrippa! You like him best *plain*. Now, I, for instance, would prefer him *beautiful*."

"Of course," returned Little-girl, an indignant tremble in her voice, "I couldn't expect you to understand. I meant I liked him best just as he has always been—with his *usual* face."

The griffin roared again, with even more crackling, as of concealed fireworks.

"My, my!" he said at last, wiping his eyes, "the more I think of it the funnier it gets. It's the best I've heard for years."

Little-girl regarded him with displeasure. "He smiles quite as nicely as you laugh," she answered. "You sounded exactly as though you were breaking."

"Perhaps I did overdo it," he remarked. "Kindly trot around and see if any of the ribs on my other side are cracked."

"I'm afraid if they are they will have to stay cracked, for Granny says china cement won't hold, and it would cost too much to get you riveted, you know."

"I am aware of the condition of the exchequer," he returned, dryly.

"Anyway," Little-girl went on, "there was nothing at all to laugh at, and if it is risky you shouldn't do it. Granny would be most unhappy if you were to break; she wouldn't have anything happen to you for worlds."

The griffin winked. "I believe you," he said. "I am very old and valuable—very old, and very valuable. In other words, I am valuable because I am old, and old because I am valuable, you see?"

"I'm afraid I don't exactly," she said, looking puzzled. "It sounds mixed. Perhaps if you were to think it over and say it another way—"

"Think!" snapped the griffin, "think! Don't talk nonsense, child; I've done absolutely nothing but think since the stone age."

"The stone age?" Little-girl re-



Drawing by A. C. G. Lapine

"ONCE SHE STOPPED TO PICK A DANDELION
GONE TO SEED"

peated. "That sounds queer, too; I know about the middle ages; perhaps you mean one of them?"

"I mean stone age," said the griffin, with some heat.

"Oh, all right," she returned quickly, for he had ruffled up his head feathers. "It doesn't matter in the least. But about your being valuable—does Granny know it? She so often says we are poor, with just nothing but this old house and garden. We have corn-cakes very, very often; if we were rich we wouldn't you know, and if we had valuable things, why we would be rich, I should think."

"Odso! I'm as old as he is," remarked the gargoyle irrelevantly.

"Pardon me," said the griffin, turning to him with a cold stare. "Not within centuries, my dear boy—you are early English, or something of that sort. What is your date, do you remember?"

"It's 1580," answered the gargoyle promptly. "I finished off the water spout of an inn on Cheapside—a mightily fine inn. 'Twas there the Lord High Chancellor's players used to stop. Marry, I have seen Queen Elizabeth and the Queen of Scots, and James the First and Charles the Martyr, and the Merry Charles and _____."

"Spare us! spare us!" cried the griffin. "Do not, I pray of you, grow reminiscent; nothing bores me like history. You undoubtedly have the 1580 accent. We will let it go at that. But let us settle the question of age while we are about it. I was chipped out in Athens and taken to Rome in the time of the Caesars."

"Which one?" asked the gargoyle.

"Several, several," returned the griffin airily. "Historical names are most tedious."

"Peradventure, thou be so old thy memory is gone," said the gargoyle. "It hath that look."

"My memory gone? My memory? Did you say memory?" he answered in a peculiarly calm voice.

"Oh! please, please, don't quarrel," cried Little-girl, as she noticed his claws moving in and out. "It is most uncomfortable for everybody when you do. I don't like you to talk about your ages, anyway, for I am quite new—I do not even go back to William IV."

"Thou can't not help that," the gargoyle remarked, sympathetically.

"She don't want to," sniffed the griffin.

"She couldn't help it if she did want to," said the other. Little-girl shook her head at each of them.

"Oh, don't begin again," she exclaimed. "But please be good enough to tell me if one cannot be valuable even if one is not old?"

"Marry, yes," answered the gargoyle, "thou art."

"Well, I'm not so sure," put in the griffin, moodily. "She's a nice enough little thing—good combination of colours—yellow hair, brown eyes, peach-blossom pink and white face, and so forth, and, of course, there is a sentimental value attached to little girls, but what would she sell for? That's the point."

"Sell for?" said the gargoyle with a gasp. "Faith, who wants to sell her? Bethink you what the garden would be without her. Fancy this old house without her. Little-girl is the only young thing about it. Granny is old; Mammy is old; the peacock is old; Pan and the dial are very old. They sleep in the sun and dream of yesterday. Little-girl is the only one who dreams of to-morrow. They be all so old."

"But not so old as I am," said the griffin, yawning, "nor so valuable. I used to wait before the temple of Flora. Ay, between the flight of marble steps and the tall white pillars. There were the mighty carven doors, one on each side, and I saw the little maidens carry in the garlands of fresh flowers every morning. On festal days they wreathed my wings with roses. Then came calamity. My temple was torn down, and

I was carried across the sea. They set me upon the stone gate-post that stood without a strong castle in Devon, and they carved New English lettering below me, and the date of my removal—'tis easily found."

Little-girl leaned up and read, running her fingers along the deeply-cut quaint letters and figures, which spelt: "Roman Gryphon, 1160."

"What did you all the years?" asked the gargoyle.

"I have been on guard," he answered. "I guarded the Temple of Flora; I watched the Devonshire castle; I am on guard here. The man who chipped me from the marble talked to me while he worked. 'I will make you part lion, part eagle,' he said, 'for strength is best when it is of two kinds; the strength blent of the earth and of the heavens. So I will give you the strong body and the mighty wings, and I will consecrate you to the sun, the strength giver.'"

The griffin stopped speaking, closed his eyes and stretched slowly and softly, like a great cat. The gargoyle said nothing, so the child leaned over and touched his rough head.

"And you?" she asked, "what did the man say when he chipped you from the gray stone?"

The gargoyle sighed.

"It does not matter now, though it seemed to then," he said. "In very truth, 'tis strange it does not matter now—that I do not even hate him when I hated him so bitterly long ago. Many times I wished that he had never made me."

"Why?" said Little-girl gently.

"Because he made me as I am.



Drawing by A. C. G. Lapine

"THE SUNLIGHT SIFTED THROUGH THE RED SILKEN CUPS OF THE POPPIES"

When he had the stone, and the chisel, and the hammer, it seemeth he might have carven a thing that was beautiful, or a symbol of strength, like the griffin, but he said: 'I will make you ugly,' and he smiled as he said it, and chipped away heartily; 'I will make you so fearsome and ugly that the children will either laugh or run away from you, and the women will close their eyes as they pass by you, and the men will point at you and call you my grotesque masterpiece. I will make of you a thing to keep evil spirits and mischievous goblins away from all houses where you are hung—'

"And have you?" asked Little-girl, eagerly; "have you?"

"Peradventure," he answered, "I cannot tell. I have watched by night



Drawing by A. C. G. Lapine

"DON'T SMILE," SAID LITTLE-GIRL
"I LIKE YOU BEST PLAIN"

and day, but have seen naught to fear, naught as mis-shapen as myself. The Angel of Life and the Angel of Death have entered the houses I have watched. They have both come to this house by daylight and dark, and I know them well. But they are angels and fear nothing, neither are they to be feared."

"Perhaps it is as Granny thinks," said the child, "and there are no evil spirits except those within us."

The gargoyle smiled, but Little-girl did not stop him.

"Then there are none here, dear Little-girl," he answered, "either within or without."

The katydids broke into shrill singing overhead, which stopped as suddenly as it had begun. The peacock trailed his emerald and bronze tail across the grass beneath the mag-

nolias. Now and then he set his feathers aquiver and called stridently that it was going to rain. The grasshoppers played hide-and-seek, and the air trembled in small hot waves from the ground. In the centre of the fountain Pan seemed to drop among his reeds and dream. The shadow-finger moved around the dial, and the dazzling blue dragonflies darted across it.

Then old Mammy came through the garden, her red turban nodding like a big poppy.

"Whar am you, honey?" she called in her soft throaty voice. "I reckon yo sure am lost dis time. Lilgil! Lilgil! if yo's hidin' yo betta come out right smart, for dis ole woman's 'bout done lookin' yander and nigh——"

Presently she came up to the steps and stopped.

"Dat blessed lamb," she muttered, stooping down. "Soun' asleep between de

ole grippin and de gargle. It am beauty an de beastes for certain sure. Here, yo baby, wake up; yo granny wants yo pretty soon—wake up."

Little-girl sat up and rubbed her eyes. "Is that you, Mammy?" she said.

"Is dat me? Mercy me, you think yo ole Mammy was a fairy or some sort o' angel yo been 'sociating with in yo dreams?"

"I see it is you now, Mammy. Will you please look at the gargoyle and tell me if he is smiling?"

The old woman glanced at the child anxiously.

"Yo sure hab a touch o' the sun, or yo isn't wide awake."

"Look and see, Mammy," insisted Little-girl.

Mammy turned and looked at the gargoyle. "He ain't smilin' none,

honey," she answered. "He hab jest dat no-friends-no-money look he always hab."

"Now look at the griffin and see if he is the same as always," said Little-girl.

"I got sumpin to tell you' bout dat ole grippin!" exclaimed Mammy, her face suddenly wrinkling into smiles. "Sumpin I come out in de gyarden to tell yo, when yo seem hid mos as well as Moses in de bulrushes."

"Look at him first, and see if he is at all—queer, please, Mammy," pleaded Little-girl.

Mammy looked, and then shook her head vigorously.

"No queerer dan usual," she replied. "He'd take de medal for queerness mos' anywhere, and dat's de truf. He ain't a right smart 'Merican eagle nor he ain't a out-an-out British lion. He jes naturally don't 'pear to know which side de fence he's on. But yo set up an listen; I got news—dats what I got. Now, den, am you listenin'? Well, dat ole grippin—"

"I would rather not hear anything about the griffin, if you please, Mammy. I am tired of him," she answered.

"So! So!" said the old nurse. "Well, if you don't want to hear nothin' 'bout de grippin, den I ain't got nothin' to tell you."

There was silence for a few minutes except for the humming of the bees. "You may tell me about him, Mammy," said Little-girl. "Sit down here on the step."

"Well, it's more like one ob dose book stories than life happenings, honey. Come here de odder day when yo was up in de garret playing lady in yo granny's gowns—an ole man, powerful out ob de ordinary, wid green glasses on his eyes and a white umbrella hat on his head, lined with grass green. He ask to see Miss Nellie—'scuse me, yo granny, I mean—and den yo granny and dat ole man dey go all roun' de gyarden, an de ole man tote a spy glass. Here an'

dere dey stop an' admire de fixin's—but dey stop de longest by de gargle an' de grippin. De old man he seem bubblin' wid joy, an' he speered first at de gargle, den at de grippin, like dey was long-lost friends."

"Is that all, Mammy?" said Little-girl, yawning as politely as she could.

"No, mam, dat is not all. Dat ole man he tuk de most powerful fancy to de grippin, an' he says plump and plain he *mus'* hab him."

"What did granny say?" asked Little-girl, her eyes wide open.

"Yo granny she said, 'No! No! No!' An' she got dat white proud 'spression."

"I know," said Little-girl. "And then, Mammy?"

"Then, honey, de ole man he lose his temper, an' he rampage up an' down de lawn, an' he say he'll pay more money for de grippin dan anybody else'd pay for de whole house an' gyarden, an' after dat dey had it back an' forth cool an' perlite for a spell, but sort o' dangerous."

"And then?" said Little-girl.

"Then he went away, and yo granny she walk up an' down whar de old peacock is, an' den she come in an' sit in de parlour wid de blinds all drawn, like deres a funeral. An' de big clock ticked mightly loud in de hall."

The old woman paused; so long that Little-girl thought the story was over, but the soft voice went on:

"When to-day come, dat ole man he sent a letta sayin' he jest must hab de grippin, yo granny says, an' he sends de money wid de letta what he says de grippin's worth—no more, no less—an' de upshot is yo granny's goin' to *send him de grippin* an' *keep de money*, for she needs *de money* more dan she needs *de grippin*.

"Dat's de end, honey, only now I reckon you'll bof up an' go to de sea-side twill de heat spell's over."

"And is the griffin really, really valuable, Mammy?"

"I spec' he is, baby; I spec' he is. Ole an' valuable, an' dat de truf."

"He said he was," answered Little-girl. Then she smiled over at the rough gray head on the water spout.

"I'm glad the old gentleman didn't want the gargoyle," she said.

The two sat still on the door step in the golden light of the late after-

noon. Presently Little-girl sprang up, danced round in front of Mammy, and caught her hand. "Come!" she cried. "come into the house and get me a piece of bread and butter—if it isn't time for tea, Mammy, please."

"Dat I will," replied the old woman, rising stiffly. "An' I'll put sugar on it, too. I reckon we can afford dat to-day."

WHAT WOMAN ART THOU ?

By E. M. YEOMAN

What woman art thou in the churchyard here,
Alone in the even gloom?
O, I am a woman full of sin,
And I lie by my small babe's tomb.

But what woman art thou by a tomb that was filled
Full long and long ago?
O, my heart it dies for my small babe's eyes,
And I am spent with my woe.

But why are ye weeping here alone
By a tomb so old and small?
O, 'tis many a year since they laid him here,
And in sin I have spent them all.

But what woman art thou that smilest now
Through tears of thy misery?
O, my small babe's eyes have come out of the skies,
And he smileth down on me.

His hands they were pink as the meadow-rose,
Blue are his eyes like the sea;
And his face is bright like the morning light
With the love he beareth me.

But what woman art thou that weepst now?
And why are ye weeping now?
O, his blue eyes see in their purity
The sin-stains on my brow.

He dwelleth in God's dwelling-place,
Where but the pure go in,
And God shall see the stains on me,
And turn me away for my sin.

But what woman are thou that smilest now,
Dead on the cold, cold sod?—
O, a babe from the skies filled her heart with his eyes,
And she's gone away pure to God.

A MAN'S LOVE—AND A BOY'S

BY ALBERT R. CARMAN,

AUTHOR OF "THE PENSIONNAIRES," ETC.

THE Man looked on the Woman, and said:

"She is plump and healthy and amiable and bright-witted; she has good manners; she knows good people; she has had a good home, and her father has a good standing in the community. As for me, I have now reached an age when I should marry; and Heaven has sent her to me to be my mate."

The Boy looked on the Girl, and he said: "She has eyes like stars, and I would rather walk with her than 'catch' for our team in a match."

The Man went to see the Woman. He put on his best clothes and his patent leather shoes, and he drew on his gloves before he took his cane, and he smiled at the florist's "young lady clerk" as she helped him pick out a telling bouquet. He liked to be seen turning in at the gate to the gray stone mansion, and he felt the cushioning of comfort and even the soft air of luxury as he waited in the hallway for the capped maid to take in his card, and he told the Woman, when he saw her, how well she was looking.

"I am feeling very well," said the Woman. "You don't mean to say that that is for me?" she added, as he handed her the bouquet.

"For some reason or other, I always associate flowers with you," he replied. "There is something unforced about you that suggests the simple coming up of a flower."

She pressed her face into the forced brilliancy of the hot-house; and then

drew it quickly out, for some of the "morning dew" of the watering pot still clung to the petals, and she had found it cooling just to dust a little powder on her cheeks when she was dressing.

"They are perfectly lovely," she said. "I have a passion for flowers. I love to gather them in an old-fashioned garden."

"Yes," he agreed, with an air of reminiscence, "snowballs and hollyhocks and bachelor's buttons and 'four o'clocks' and wild roses——"

"Ah! yes. A tangled dream of colour, isn't it?"—and she took an American Beauty from his bouquet and fastened it in her fashionably arranged hair.

Then there was chat of the "Have you seen?" and "Have you read?" variety; and the Man wondered whether the constant playing of the soft, white fingers of the Woman with the arm of her chair, was "nerves" or vitality.

Under the head of what they had "seen" came most things that are paid for at the theatre; and the Man was very decisive and positive in his opinions. He had not liked "The Way of a Maid," and he told her why; and then he pointed out to her that the excellencies which she had detected in the production were either the commonplaces of the drama or adventitious things dragged in, without rhyme or reason, in the making of the play. She looked at his impressive figure and confident face, and thought how dictatorial he was, and

wondered if she could ever stand it long enough to teach him that that air did not pay with her. He caught a glint of the hostility in her eye after he had beaten down her objections, and suspected that she might sulk when overcome in argument.

When they got to talking of social events, the names of the many good houses to which she went pleased his ear like music, and he began to despair a little of winning so great a social queen. Her face glowed with her evident success in abashing the confident Man, and she let a little of her triumph get into her tones. He perceived that she was boasting, and straightway took new courage. For, if she cared enough of his approval to boast of social standing in order to conquer it, then he felt that she must value his approval more than she did the social standing.

"I do not go much into society," he said, "I am too busy."

"That is what the Colonel says," she laughed.

The Colonel was her father.

"But I *am* busy," he insisted.

"So is the Colonel. It keeps him busy thinking of ways to appear busy when Mamma wants him to go out with her."

"Now, let me tell you," he said. "Last night I did not turn in until one o'clock."

"Why, where did you go after the vaudeville was over?"

He smiled appreciation of her roguishness.

"It was all vaudeville," he said. "A man was giving me 'a song and dance' touching his share in a real estate deal we're in."

"A sort of a break-down?" she asked, archly.

"Well, n-no," he said. "He's a slippery sort of a fellow; but I've got him"—a little grimly.

The Woman looked at his firm set lips, and hardly knew whether she shrank from him or was drawn toward him. There was a cruelty about him; but if it were always turned against

the world on her behalf, she would be safer. But if turned upon her—and she shuddered.

"The Colonel," she said, being for the moment off her guard, "is having great trouble over a real estate deal he is in. I feel quite worried about him."

"Yes," said the Man.

"Yes" is a little word; but when even a man of the world hears suddenly that what he thought was the firmest of ground and upon which he was about to trust his weight, is, perhaps, rotten, his alarmed interest may get itself expressed too plainly in a "yes" with a rising inflection. The Woman took alarm herself at it; but kept her eyes from shooting the glance she dearly wanted to at the face of the Man. A baby smile came, bidden, to her lips and she said, carelessly:

"Of course, I don't know anything about these things. The Colonel gets into a state when John don't trim the rose vine to suit him."

"Yes," said the Man; and he pondered.

"You would feel disappointed, I'm sure, if the Colonel were in real trouble," remarked the Woman cynically, now thoroughly mistress of herself, and looking at the Man out of level, questioning eyes.

The Man had not thought the Woman capable of such quick recovery, and so had let himself ponder a moment, as much off his guard as she had been. Now he knew his danger. Had she trapped him into a betrayal of what he had hardly known himself—that he was affected to some degree by the assured standing of the Colonel. For a tense moment his eyes searched hers; but he could not be sure.

"I am not certain," he said deliberately, still keeping his eyes on hers, "that I would not be glad if your father lost his money."

"Well, I shouldn't," she said, with a light laugh.

"It would winnow out your fair-



weather friends for you," he said, steadily.

"But they are some of the most amusing friends I have," she protested, still laughing. Was it at him? "I am no daughter of the cheap drama," she went on; "nor"—letting her laughter retire more within her—"would I suspect you of being a son."

He flushed a bit at this, and stood up. But she would not have him go yet; so she had him seated again tentatively to listen to a question she wished to ask. And there was an hour more of the gentle play, during which neither guard was lowered for a moment; and then the Man went away with a smiling face and an invitation to come again and a half-

appointment at a garden party two days hence—and a doubt whether the Colonel was in a "deal" or not, or whether he cared in any case. The white, rounded, soft-skinned, full-breathing Woman left his mind at moments empty of all but desire.

The Boy went to see the Girl. He put on his "running shoes," so that

Drawing by George Butler

"SHE HAS EYES LIKE STARS"

no one would suspect that he had set out to see the Girl—and, least of all, the Girl herself, unless he thought that she liked suspecting it, when he might tell her. He went boldly up the street that led toward the Athletic Grounds; but he had difficulty in turning the corner of the side street on which her mother's cottage stood.

But this was as nothing to his difficulty in stopping at the cottage. He had hoped to see her in the garden, when they would casually speak to each other, and then he would lean on the fence and she would come over, and—well, he did not yet know what he would like to happen after that. He could only tell after they had got talking together.

The Boy did not know the Girl very well; but she was "awfully pretty," and he always felt like blushing when she caught him looking at her eyes. Yet he always looked at her eyes when he looked at her; for there seemed no place else to look. She had not been around much where boys and girls get together, which was a pity; for then he could have seen her easily without this ordeal of going to her house to see her. One of the first things he would do would be to get her to come to the parties and places, where it would be easier to see her. He did not know that her mother, being a widow on a stinted allowance, would not let the Girl accept invitations she could not return.

The Girl was not in the garden and the verandah was empty; so the Boy walked past the house. But the street led nowhere that he could possibly want to go; so there was nothing to do but walk back again.

This time, the Girl was in the garden. She had just had time to leave her apron in the kitchen and tighten her hair-ribbon and get to the pansy bed, between seeing him pass down and his passing up again.

The padded step of his "running shoes" slackened. The Girl looked up. She put on a quite proper air of surprise, but a shy pleasure shone

softly through it. It was at her eyes again that the Boy looked; and, as they were alone, he did not look away at once.

"You are not lost, are you?" asked the Girl, being the first to speak.

"Oh, no," replied the Boy. He had not expected to find it hard to talk when he saw her, but he could think of nothing to say as they stood looking at each other.

"I thought perhaps you were," went on the Girl, after a little. "This is such an out-of-the-way street."

"I don't think so," said the Boy, crudely. His temper was rising now at his own dumbness, and it showed in a roughness of manner.

"Oh, yes, it is," insisted the Girl, with a touch of nervousness in her voice and face. The awkwardness of the situation embarrassed her; so she sank on her knees by the pansy bed.

"It never seemed to me so," said the Boy, sticking stubbornly to the subject. It was like an electric battery—he couldn't do anything with it, and he couldn't let go.

But the Girl in looking at her maze of pansy faces had forgotten the predicament of the Boy.

"Don't you just love pansies?" she asked impulsively, looking over her shoulder at him with a radiant face.

"Sure!" he cried, escaping that terrible subject of the "out-of-way-ness" of the street at a bound. "And you have a lovely bed of them there."

"You can't see them from out there, can you?"—quite innocently.

"Oh, yes," he said in his first impulse to be agreeable and not give trouble; and then the thought came to him that this might be an indirect way of opening the garden gate to him. So he added, "Not so well as you do where you are, of course."

The Girl got deliberately up in a slowly judicial air, and surveyed the pansy bed critically.

"Yes," she said, "I think this is the best view of them"; and then, as an after-thought, "Won't you come in and see what you think?"

"Well," she began, and then stopped. "It doesn't matter," she went on lamely; "but"—looking quickly up at him with a suffused face—"it is not because I wouldn't like to see you more."

He moved a step nearer to her, and his lips were trembling. He had never before seen so far into the eyes. A sacred thing had been shown him, and his very soul was uncovered in the presence of it.

"Then," he said with a vigour which was required to force any speech from his lips, "I will not go either."

"Oh, but you must!" She seemed to be pleading with him.

"No!"—sturdily. A welling sense of his manhood and his power to stand with her was rising strongly within him.

Farther back rolled the curtain of her eyes, and deeper he looked. He was almost dizzy with the mounting sense of mastery which this yielding of the Girl's soul gave to him—a mastery that longed to be at the feet of the mastered.

"But," the Girl faltered, "I must not keep you away from all your friends."

"I will stay away from them if you do," was what the Boy said; but, in the saying of it, his voice went hollow. He had read that somewhere. That was like a novel, and it wasn't what he felt.

"But what will they all say?" the Girl was asking, though entirely conscious that she wanted them to say a good deal.

"Now, see here!" interrupted the Boy, dropping to his natural mood and assuming a little air of guardianship over the Girl, "We'll both go out more. It will be better for us both, and then no one can say anything."

"Oh, no," said the Girl, moving on.

"But why?"

"I don't want to."

"You said you did."

"Well, I don't."

"You have a reason," said the Boy, with deep reproach in his voice, "and you won't tell me."

"Well—I'd rather not."

"Oh, well"—the Boy carried his grievance openly.

"Mother wouldn't want me to."

The Boy was silent.

"Well, I'll tell you," said the Girl in low tones, "but you mustn't speak to me about it again."

The Boy turned and looked at her—and he was only a boy. This sweet cup of a girl's deepest confidence was at his lips; and, though he knew he ought to give it back to her untasted, he—was only a boy. So he said—"I never will—and I'll tell no one else."

"Well—we are poor, you know—and I can't give parties—and Mother won't let me go to the parties when I can't ask—you all—back here."

She stopped, but did not lift her face.

The Boy tenderly put his hand under her chin and, with gentle pressure, lifted it. The peerless eyes were swimming in tears, and the little mouth was tremulous. The Boy stooped reverently and kissed it.

"Oh!" cried the Girl, and she moved toward him; and he had her close in his arms, and the salt of her tears was on his lips.

"You love me?" she asked, lifting her stained face free to look at him.

"I love you! I love you! I love you!" he breathed upon her; and then their lips were tight together.

The Man found, upon enquiry, that the Colonel was in a "deal," and that the Woman's uneasiness about him was well-founded. Still the Colonel might come out on top. Then, even if he did lose something, the Woman was still the Woman, and she might make a better wife if she brought gratitude to the altar—gratitude to him for having saved her from falling out of the world she loved with a discredited father. But the discredited father! That would be a drag—and there were other women.



Drawn by George Butler

“YOU LOVE ME TOO, DON'T YOU?” HE DEMANDED”

The Man decided that his wooing had better saunter for a while. Had he not always understood that the wooing of one's wife was a season of delight to be prolonged?

Then he got a card to a little dance at Rosecliffe—the finest house in town—and he found the Woman there in a gown of dark effect, out of which her dazzling shoulders rose vividly. The Colonel was there, too, looking worried; and neither host nor hostess seemed to care whether he stayed with his worries in a corner or took them off to the smoking-room. The first set was made up without the Colonel—a hitherto unheard-of thing—and the Woman sat with set face, and her full bosom rose and fell irregularly.

The formal dance of social standing out of the way, the young folks chose their partners—but the Man waited. One of the golden youth, attracted by

the dazzling shoulders, chose the Woman. Being very young, he knew and cared nothing of the Colonel and his worries; but he found the Woman heavy and her swelling nudity a trifle gross. So the Man need not have felt his pang of deprivation.

But the next dance, they were together, and, after that, they walked in the outer hall.

“I am going away for a while,” said the Woman.

“Alone?” he asked.

“Why do you think ‘alone’?” she demanded.

“I know that the Colonel is too busy to go”—significantly.

“You know, then?”

“Yes.”

Their eyes met for a full half-minute; then she said:

“Let us go back to the dancing room.”

“Why?”

"So young Wilson will find me for the next dance."

"You have already had one with him"

"Yes; and I am going to have two others."

"You will make a fool of him if you are not careful."

She lifted her eyes defiantly to his. "Fool' is not a pretty word for it," she said.

"You wouldn't marry him?"

"He hasn't asked me."

"He will if you keep on"—looking with dazzled eyes at the flash of her white skin.

"He is a nice boy," she breathed.

"He is rich."

"Is he?"—sweetly. "Well, he is nice, anyway. I know that the Colonel depends on him to get justice done him in this awful 'deal' he is in."

"You wouldn't dare marry him." The Man was red-faced and furious.

"Dare?"

"Yes. 'Dare!' You must marry me."

"You? But—you—you have never asked me even."

"Well, I ask you now," taking one of her hands and trying to draw her toward him. They were by now in a hidden corner of the great hall-way.

"I beg of you," he went on, feverishly: "Do come to me—do be mine."

She still kept her arm between him and herself, and struggled silently to get her hand released.

"I love you," he insisted. "You have known it all along. And now you are trying to drive me to madness. But I will have you—and I will have you now!"

"Oh! Mr. Mason!" and her face went up to his pathetically. Her defending arm fell back upon her own bosom, and he pressed closer.

"You love me, too, don't you?" he demanded swiftly of her upturned face.

"Yes"—and the tension of her face relaxed. It was as if an anxiety had been lifted from her life—as if a despaired port had been reached. She lifted her lips dutifully for her husband's kiss.

But he drew her to him, and buried his face in her neck.

DREAM

By JAMES P. HAVERSON

My dream, a garden where rich roses grow,
 One royal poppy nods her splendid head,
 And then the shadows shroud the western glow
 As night-robed bearers of the day that's dead.

The glad, wild bird-songs in each vasty aisle
 Of olden oak and stately, tow'ring pine
 Hush to a murmur in that afterwhile
 Of far, faint radiance in the day's decline.

The poppy bids me enter in and tread
 Those deep, still ways of dream and wander through—
 Rose-fragrant dusk, the poppy's regal red
 Merge in a luring prescience of you.

HIS LAST CHANCE

BY JAMES MARTIN

I.

MARLOW urged his tired horse to greater speed, and soon the rock-strewn mountain path was left far behind. The Venezuelan sun blazed upon horse and rider, and baked the road to a glaring whiteness. In the shade of a redwood tree some distance down, and in the path of the approaching horseman, a man stood evidently on the lookout for the latter, who was soon within hailing distance.

"Hello, there, Mr. Marlow," he cried; "can I have a few words with yeh?"

Without replying, Marlow reined in his horse close to the speaker and looked sharply at him; then a gleam of recognition shot into his eyes.

"Is it possible that you are Wester—Bill Wester? What has—"

"It's me, sure enough, an' I'm glad we've met," interrupted the other. "I've been down at the *hacienda* lookin' for yeh. Ye're goin' up to Governor Hernandez's place?"

"How did you know that?"

"Doesn't matter—yeh needn't go—he ain't at home."

"Not at home! And his deputy?"

"Ain't got none. See here, Mr. Marlow, let's get out o' this eternal sun—I've somethin' to say to yeh."

"Be quick, then." Marlow's tone was imperative.

"Yeh can't get the soldiers," asserted Wester, as if he were answering a question. "Yeh can't get them, I tell yeh, without an order from the Governor, an' he won't be back for a couple o' days. It'll be too late, then. Mr. Winfield'll be beyond yer help."

Marlow was off his horse in an instant.

"Wester, what do you mean?" he demanded.

"I know all about that affair of Pete Joyce," said the other. "He can't live twenty-four hours, an' as sure as he dies, so will Mr. Winfield."

"You know the fellows into whose power Winfield has fallen?"

"I'm one of them."

"You!" Marlow recoiled as from a snake.

"Yes," said Wester, a slight colour coming into his thin cheeks. "But I ain't of their way o' thinkin'," he added.

"You know that he is not guilty?"

"Well—he ain't guilty. But there's no use in tellin' the fellows *that* We've got to go about it in another way."

"We?" said Marlow, lessening the distance between them.

"Yes, I'm with yeh in this. I heard yeh last night pleadin' for his life. I was in the next room—with Joyce."

"What has *he* said?"

"Mighty little, but 'twas bad for yer friend. He'll never speak again, though, I guess. He's done for."

"Wester, if you have any proof of Winfield's innocence, for God's sake let me have it! I'll pay you any amount you may name—"

"Stop!" The word came in a shout. "Don't speak of money in this business. There ain't enough of it in the world to make me say more than I want to; but, for all that Winfield'll be saved if I can do it."

A change came over the man. His thin face appeared to grow more emaciated by reason of an indrawing of the cheeks.

"It ain't so long since I worked for the firm of Marlow and Winfield?" he questioned, in a tone little higher than a whisper.

"A couple of months, perhaps," replied Marlow. "But what has this to do with the matter in hand?"

"Ye'll soon see," said Wester. "But wait till I tell yeh about last night. It was my turn to look after Joyce, an' I heard every word yeh said to Granger, Chaplin, an' the rest o' them; an' when I heard their verdict—that they'd shoot Winfield if Joyce died—I felt like shoutin' with joy."

"Are you mad?" exclaimed Marlow.

"Perhaps so; anyhow, there's more or less of the devil in the most of us, only it don't always show. Well, there ain't much law around here yeh know, so we tried him ourselves an' found him guilty. He'll swing or be shot if Joyce dies, an' Joyce—dies."

"I don't understand," said Marlow; "you are somewhat contradictory as well as vague in your statements. Why do you say that this horrible 'verdict' pleased you, and the next moment express a desire to help save my friend?"

"I'll tell yeh," replied Wester, his utterance becoming thick, as though his throat were dry. "I was glad because I wanted—revenge."

"Revenge!" echoed Marlow. "But Winfield never injured you!"

"He did, an' he didn't. Yeh remember when I left the works—for good?"

"I do."

"And you asked me why I gave up?"

"I did, and you declined to give a reason."

"Just so. Now I'll tell yeh what it was—my love for a woman."

"What had that to do with it?"

"Everything—everything! Yes, it

had all to do with it." He broke into a bitter laugh. "Would yeh ever suspect that I'd raise my eyes to a woman who was a thousand miles above me in every way—me with my rough speech an' rougher ways? No, yeh wouldn't. Nor would yeh ever think ye'd see me porin' over books night after night—into the airly mornin', studyin' like a madman, in the hope of makin' myself a little more like her? No, yeh couldn't. No, no, no! An' yeh never seen me on my knees, with the faith of a little child in my heart, askin' God Almighty to help me, so that I'd win the woman that I was ready to lay down my life for? No, no—yeh couldn't. Yeh only knew me as yer overseer—yer paid servant. Yeh didn't know, or yeh didn't care, that I had a heart every bit as full of feelin' as yer own—that the only difference between us was, that you had education an' I had little or none."

He paused, and his voice became unsteady, though he manfully endeavoured to control his emotion.

"No, yeh didn't know all this," he continued, "an' ye'd be ready to strike me dead if yeh knew the whole truth—if yeh were told that the one woman in the world that I loved—that I'd be willing to sell my soul to win, was—Miss Marlow!"

Marlow recoiled as if he had received a blow.

"Bessie—my sister!" The words came in almost a whisper.

"Yes, no other. She'd been kind to me; *she* didn't seem to think there was such a great difference between us—at least she didn't show it. Yeh used to bring her to the works, off an' on, an' she'd always take an interest in everything I showed her; an' she'd ask questions about the men, an' their families—were they happy? an' so on."

His head was bowed, and he passed his hand over his forehead. Marlow broke the silence.

"Did—did my sister know?" he

asked. Wester slowly removed his hand from his forehead and looked up.

"Did she know?" he repeated. "Yeh mean did I tell her?" An angry light came into his eyes. "No, I didn't tell her. I was too ignorant yet to tell her—I wasn't a good enough man to tell her that I loved her. But when I'd know all that books could l'arn me—when I could speak right an' proper—an', above all, when I could put my hand in hers an' say, 'I haven't been any too good before, but I'm a good man NOW,—then I'd tell her, an' neither yerself nor any man on earth would dare to stand between her an' me.'"—his voice dropped—"if she loved me." He took a few steps, then slowly turning, continued:

"But she didn't—she never gave a thought to me—in *that* way; for one night I found out that she was goin' to marry Mr. Winfield. I took it quiet enough at first, but next day I felt that I must get away—far away, so I gave up work. For weeks after that I don't know what I done, I—I went all to pieces. Well, I'll skip that part of it an' get down to last night. I was with Joyce as I've told yeh, an' I was half mad with joy at thinkin' that he was goin' to die—for *then* I knew that Winfield 'ud die too. But by an' by I began to fear that perhaps Pete 'ud get better, an' then—an' then—no, no, I won't say it!"

He covered his face with his hands and turned away. Marlow looked after him; pride and anger were gone from his eyes, and nothing was left but pity. Wester mastered himself and came back.

"I'll soon be finished, Mr. Marlow, very soon," he said hoarsely. "Well, about twelve o'clock Chaplin took my place an' I went to bed but couldn't sleep. I got up, lit the lamp, an' the first thing I seen was one o' my books—a grammar ye'd call it. Then all my rage broke out fresh, an' soon I heard myself laughin' out loud at the thought that I'd

see Winfield goin' to his death in the mornin'. But suddenly *her* face seemed to come up before me—oh, good God, I can't go on! Go home—see yer sister. She knows what to do. I seen her an hour ago, an' she agreed to my plan. It's Winfield's last an' only chance. I know the men I have to deal with. I'll pave the way for her—it's his last chance for life. Do as she tells yeh—everything. There's no danger till mornin'. Joyce'll die to-night, no doubt, but Granger—he's the worst—won't make a move till then. But be early. Go now—do everything she tells yeh—an'—comfort her!"

II.

Fierce eyes glowered at Wester as he stood calmly observing the angry faces before him.

"So Wester wants to sneak back his vote! He's gettin' weak-kneed, eh?" said Granger, tauntingly.

"No, that ain't it," protested Wester. "I ain't the man to go back on the vote o' the majority, nor am I afraid to say that I've no likin' for the job. Shootin' a man when yer blood's up is one thing, but playin' the hangman after, is another."

"What's the matter with Bill Wester?" bawled Chaplin; "an' what's a man if he won't stand up for his friends? I know it won't do Pete any good if we shoot the man that's nearly killed him, but it's what Pete 'ud do for any of us if we'd been tossed over a cliff."

"That's right, Dick," put in big Granger; "them's my sentiments, an' anyone what goes agin them has got to talk to *me*." He glared at Wester, who coolly raised a glass to his lips and drained it. "Well," continued Granger, pointedly, "I guess ye've somethin' to say. Let's hear it."

Wester flung a searching glance at each of his companions before replying.

"Boys," said he at length, "yeh may think me a little squeamish over this affair, but I can't help my feel-

in's showin'. Every time I think of what's goin' to happen in case—in case Pete dies, makes me feel kind o' queer, D'yeh know why?"

"No, Bill," said Chaplin; "let's hear the reason."

"Well, it's this: Whenever I think of this man gettin'—gettin' shot, it's not him I see at all, but do yeh know who?"

"Give it up. Who is it yeh think yeh see?"

Wester fixed his gaze on his empty glass as he replied:

"A little woman dressed in black, with the kindest face I ever seen; with a queer sort o' cap on her head, an' a white border 'round its edge where the gray hair showed."

"Bill's been seein' ghosts," said Granger, with a sneer.

"No, Tom, but I've been seein' his mother—the stranger's mother."

A deep silence fell upon the group and finally the spell was broken by Chaplin.

"Yeh knowed his mother, Bill?" he inquired. "How was that?"

"In this way, Dick: me an' a friend was trampin' in Pennsylvania—I was in hard luck then,—an' one cold day we struck a farm-house. One o' the dearest little women God ever made took us in an' treated us like princes. Nothin' was too good for us—meat, puddin', biscuits, hot coffee—everything. Well, when we were leavin', the little woman gave us a lot o' stuff to take away with us, an' didn't forget a little money either. That was more than a year ago, but I can see her face as I seen it then. Yes, boys, I feel kind o' queer every time I think o' what's likely to happen soon; an' if that little woman's livin' yet, I hope she'll never hear of her son's end."

The men, with one exception, seemed to have become interested in the cracks of the floor. Granger's steady and openly unfriendly gaze was fixed upon Wester, and finally his rough voice bellowed out.

"That's all very well," he said;

"but this man Winfield has done for one of our chums, an' has airned what's comin' to him."

"But, do we know that he's guilty?"

"We know all we want to know," snarled the other. "I seen him lookin' down from the top o' the hill when Pete struck the ground, an' I wasn't more'n two hundred yards off." He turned slightly away from Wester. "What's the meanin' of the change in Bill Wester, I'd like to know?" he went on. "Only a little while ago he didn't want to give the stranger time to say his prayers, an' now he's edgin' 'round to get him off. That'll take some explainin'."

"Well, I ain't goin' to do any explainin'," said Wester with quiet determination. "If Pete dies, our vote says that Winfield dies too; but no bullet from my pistol'll ever harm the son o' that little woman who took me in when other doors slammed in my face."

"When did yeh find out she was his mother, Bill?" put in Chaplin. There was a slight pause between the question and the reply:

"Only this mornin', Dick. I went in to tell him that this 'ud likely be his last day on earth, for, as Granger says, I was about the hottest for his death. Well, when I opened the door he was sittin' at the table with his head on his arms, an' I heard him say, 'Oh, mother, mother'. A photograph was on the table, near him, an' I seen it. Boys, that little old woman's face was—was in my memory, an' I knew it right off. He only looked at me for a second, an' yeh can bet that I walked out o' that room without sayin' a word." He rose abruptly and left the room.

The door was scarcely closed behind him when Granger's deep voice growled out:

"Boys, I don't believe a word of it."

His auditors looked their surprise

"How?" said Chaplin.

"The story about the farm-house is all moonshine."

"It ain't true?"

"Nohow. Can't yeh see the game?"

"No, I can't."

"Can't yeh see it, Brown?"

"Hanged if I kin," said Brown.

"None o' yeh can see it?" His laugh was sardonic. A reply in the negative came from the remaining two.

"Well, I'll make it plain: *Wester's been bought!*" Chaplin jumped to his feet.

"Bought!" he exclaimed.

"Yes—body an' soul. I always told yeh that he wasn't one of us, although he's been with us nigh on two months. The farm-house an' the little old woman's all moonshine *Wester's been bought.*"

"But the old lady's picter?" protested Chaplin.

"All in his eye."

"No, it ain't," said Brown. "I seen it this mornin' when I brought in the breakfast." Granger seemed slightly disconcerted, but returned to the charge.

"It don't matter," he persisted. "The stranger might have the picter with him, but does that prove *Wester's* story? An' even if it's true, does it let Winfield off?"

"No, but it lets *Wester* out," flashed Chaplin.

"*Wester's* been bribed, I tell yeh," shouted Granger, with an oath.

"Ye'd better not let him hear yeh say so," advised Chaplin. "I, for one, don't believe it. I know him for only six weeks or so, but if there's a square man in these diggin's, it's *Wester.*"

"An' are yeh goin' to let him sell the life o' poor Pete? An' are we goin' to stand by an' see Winfield buyin' our revenge?"

"Look here, Granger," said Chaplin, with lowering lids, "he ain't buyin' our revenge. Mine, for one, couldn't be *bought* at any price, an' I think enough o' my chums to say the same o' them. An' I'll say more: *We* know that this is a purty rough world, an' a fellow gets hardly any-

thing but knocks in it; so if *Wester* 'ud have anything to do with the killin' o' the son o' that little old woman, he'd deserve Hell! An' if he hadn't spoke up for him, he wouldn't be a chum o' mine for three seconds."

"An' if there ain't any old woman?"

"Oh, ye're too suspicious altogether," snapped Chaplin, with a shrug of contempt. "The picter's there an' that's enough for me. An' besides, we ain't dead certain that Winfield threw him down."

"Why, man, *Wester* himself told me last night that Pete came to long enough to say it was Winfield flung him over."

"No, he didn't say that. I was along with *Wester* when Pete come to, an' all we could hear him say was 'The stranger knocked me down.' Right after that he shut up an' never said another word."

"Well, that's enough for me."

"An' wasn't it enough for the rest of us, too? Didn't we swear revenge right off?"

"Brown, here, wasn't in much of a hurry."

"Brown can speak for himself."

"No, I wasn't in no hurry, Tom," put in Brown, "but when *Wester*, the cleverest one o' the bunch, was so hot agin the stranger, I gev in an' thought it was all right. I don't know what t' think now. *Wester* or none o' yeh'd listen to the swell when Granger said he seen him on the hill; then Pete ups an' says the stranger knocked him down, an' *Wester's* all for shootin' him on the spot. Now, *Wester* ups an' turns over, an' wants t' let him skin out; an' tells us about the old mother; an' I seen her picter, an' she's just like what *Wester* said she was. No; I'll be damned if I know what t' think."

"I knew it 'ud be that way," shouted Granger. "An' what does the rest say?" he demanded, his voice hoarse with passion.

"I'm for our vote," said one.

"Me, too," said the other.

"That settles it," cried Granger.

"Pete'll be revenged!"

As he spoke a bearded man appeared in the doorway and a hoarse voice muttered:

"Boys, it's all over. Di'mond Pete's gone to Kingdom Come."

III.

The gray dawn was just breaking, and an oil-lamp was doing its best to light the gloomy, vault-like room in which Rollo Winfield stood facing his six judges.

"Where's Wester?" said Granger, addressing no one in particular.

"Saddlin' his horse," volunteered Brown.

"We can get along without him," muttered Granger, once more the undisputed leader. Then, to Winfield: "Well, if ye've anything to say, out with it."

The young man looked into the stern, bronzed faces of the miners.

"Men, I am innocent of the crime with which you have charged me," he began, in a low but firm voice.

"While crossing the hill the day of the accident I chanced to encounter the unfortunate man, Pete Joyce. He and a young woman were seated on a rock. She was speaking as I came up, but I didn't catch what she said. Suddenly Joyce jumped to his feet and struck his companion in the face. She fell and I, springing forward, knocked him down——"

"That was only right an' proper," interrupted Granger; "but what came after?"

"In the ensuing struggle we approached the brow of the hill. With an oath, Joyce tore himself free, drew a pistol and, taking one step backward, toppled over. I ran to the edge and saw him lying below."

"What became of the girl?"

"When I looked around she had disappeared."

"I thought so," said Granger, with a hyenaic grin. "Well, yer story ain't

strong enough, an' yer only witness has 'disappeared'." He took out his watch. "Boys, it's time to be movin'," he said, rising.

"One word more," said Winfield. "I have already demanded that I be taken before the proper authorities, there to defend myself in a fair trial. This you have refused, and now I tell you, that the action you have determined upon is—murder!"

"Time to be movin,' I say," bawled Granger. "Get out in front."

The small but awful procession crossed the now gray road and entered an adjacent field; and the dawn was sufficiently advanced to reveal an open grave. When Winfield perceived the latter, a tremour shook his body.

"Oh, God—Bessie—mother!" came from him in low, broken accents. Had the morning light been stronger the miners might have noticed a vehicle, attached to a powerful horse, standing scarcely a quarter of a mile down the road in the sombre shadow of a tree. Suddenly the stillness was broken by a clear whistle. Granger started.

"What's that?" he cried, in a voice less firm than steady nerves would indicate. The sound which had startled him resembled the first note or two of a bird beginning its morning song to its Maker. Granger pulled himself together.

"If ye've any prayers to say, yeh may's well say them," he growled.

But there came another interruption. Chaplin had come thus far, but would proceed no farther.

"Granger, I take back my vote," he said. "I won't have this man's blood on my head." Before Granger could form a reply "Bill" Wester, on horseback, shot out from the yard of the shack and galloped across the intervening space. Upon reaching the group he threw himself from his horse.

"Boys," he cried, "I'm goin' to make one more appeal to yeh. If it wasn't for me, p'r'aps yeh wouldn't

be so set on takin' this man's life. I urged yeh on, an' even asked for his death on the spot. I'm sorry for that now, but the whole thing was fresh on me an' my blood was hot." He flung a lightning glance down the road. "Boys," he continued, "Di'mond Pete only said that the stranger knocked him down. Now, an' here, with our blood cooler, an' lookin' at that grave, I ask yeh: Can we say that them words is strong enough to condemn this man? Would it be right——"

He was interrupted by the clatter of hoofs and the rumble of wheels on the hard road. A vehicle came up at a mad gallop and halted near the group. Marlow sprang from the seat and took in his arms a veiled lady whom he placed on the ground close to Winfield. She was dressed in black and wore a peculiar little bonnet with a light border around its edge where the white hair could be seen through her veil. With a piercing cry she threw her arms around Winfield.

"Oh, Rollo, Rollo!" she cried, "Oh, God, what does this mean?"

Winfield stared at her for several seconds, then his arms encircled her slight form, and she was pressed to his heart. The wicked light which had been blazing in Granger's eyes became less fierce as he gazed at the tableau thus presented to his view. Wester turned to his companions and said, in a husky whisper:

"Boys, it's *her*!"

Then that weak, quivering voice was heard again:

"Oh, Rollo, you are not guilty. They say that you killed a man, but you didn't—I know you didn't!" Raising her head from Winfield's breast she turned her face to the sky. "Oh, God," she prayed, "show that he is innocent!" Then convulsively she strained him to her bosom and cried:

"Rollo, Rollo, they won't take you from me—they must not—they cannot—they dare——"

Her voice died away in a deep sigh and she lay inert in Winfield's arms.

"Take that woman away!" bawled Granger, striding forward, his eyes on Marlow. But Wester was before him.

"Back, Granger, back!" he thundered. "Don't yeh see it's his mother!"

"That's got nothing to do with us," was roared back. Wester wheeled, facing the other miners.

"Boys," he cried, "it's come to this: Yeh can finish this business as yeh meant to, but will it help Pete if yeh do?"

"No!" was the response.

"An' will it help this little old lady if yeh *don't* finish it?"

"Yes!" rolled out from nearly half a dozen rough throats.

"Then what are yeh goin' to do about it?"

"We're with yeh, Bill!" cried Chaplin, "ain't we, boys?"

"We are!"

Granger glared at Wester.

"Curse yeh!" he shouted. "Are yeh goin' to let him off?" His hand went towards his hip-pocket.

"Granger, throw up yer hands!" Wester's pistol was levelled at Granger's heart. "Now—march!" Granger obeyed.

"Well, boys," continued Wester, "let's take a new vote. Whoever's for Granger's plan hold up their hands." There was no movement. "Very good. Now, who's for the little old lady there?"

Five hands went up.

"Carried unanimous!" he cried, exultingly. "Thank yeh, boys," he added; "ye've done the right thing."

His hand was caught in a warm grasp as the miners turned away.

"We owe you a life—" began Marlow, but Wester silenced him.

"Hush—she's comin' to," he said, with a glance at Bessie Marlow's face. "I must go," he added quickly, "but—I want to tell yeh—I'm different from when I seen her first

—I'm all right—now! I'll never see her again, but she has changed me—an' I'll stay—right. See!—she's comin' to—good-bye.”

He turned abruptly, sprang towards his horse and vaulted into the saddle.

“Good-bye, boys,” he called out to his late companions. “Ye'll hear from me again. Good-bye.”

Bessie Marlow's eyes were following the figure on horseback. Rising, sup-

ported by Winfield, she cried:

“Oh, call him—call him back!” and Marlow and Winfield shouted:

“Come back—come back!” but Wester, turning in the saddle, waved his hat in a parting salute, and was soon lost to view in the cloud of dust raised by his horse's thundering hoofs. The rosy flush in the eastern sky—herald of the sun—spread to the zenith, giving promise of a bright day.

A PERFECT DAY

By L. M. MONTGOMERY

A day came up this morning o'er the sea,
Dawn-eyed and virgin from an orient shore,
And dear were the delights it brought to me,
Dearer than any day had given before;
'Tis with sweet sorrow at the sunset bell
I bid my day farewell.

For never as I think was light so fair
On the green waves, and never rang so clear
The haunting elfin music of the air,
And never fell so subtly on the ear
The antic pipes of freakish winds astir
In bosky glens of fir.

The roses bloomed as if they only had
One day of all the year on which to bloom,
And, bent on making wild and garden glad,
Flung forth their long upgathering of perfume;
It seemed to me that every dappled hour
Burst into lavish flower.

Then when the sunset came the rainbow west
Was splendid, as if all days fair and good
Were at its portal to receive as guest
My day into their purple sisterhood,
Crowning it on the ancient hills afar
With an immortal star.

Forever shall it be a lyric page
Of verse ambrosial to be often conned.
Holding its treasure safe from touch of age
Forever kept in a remembrance fond,
For this my day that came across the sea
Brought heart's desire to me!



Painting by Homer Watson

THE FLOOD-GATE

"THE Flood-Gate" is regarded by most painters who have seen it as one of the most important examples of Homer Watson's art. That means that its execution has been carried beyond the scope of popular appreciation, because usually the painting that appeals most to a real artist does not please the uncultured eye. Nevertheless, there is a bigness about this picture that must be apparent to everyone. In it is depicted one of nature's most imposing moods. It should be appreciated by Canadians, because it is distinctively Canadian. While depicting a sombre mood of nature, the painting is full of colour and is in excellent tone. It was exhibited, first at Glasgow, where it seems to have been well lighted, and there it was bought by a gentleman of Montreal, who placed it in his private residence. But there he could find no suitable light for it, so he presented it to the Mount Royal

Club, where it was equally unfortunate in its hanging. Mr. Watson realised the difficulty, and volunteered to paint a picture in a higher key to replace it, which he did. "The Flood-Gate" thereupon reverted to the painter, and it now hangs in Mr. Watson's private gallery at Doon, Ont., where for the first time since it was exhibited at Glasgow it is seen in a good light. It was shown at the last exhibition of the Royal Canadian Academy, but it was very poorly lighted.

The flood-gate is quite a common object in some parts of Waterloo County, but it is the mood of nature that makes the picture. One cannot look at it without feeling the haste of the man at the crank, the apprehension in the huddled mass of cattle, the swish of the wind through the leaves, and, above all else, the warning that a storm has risen and shelter must be sought.

WYATT EATON, PAINTER

BY CHARLOTTE EATON

WYATT EATON was born at Philipsburg, a village on Missisquoi Bay, a part of Lake Champlain, in Canada, on May 6, 1849. At eighteen he went to New York and commenced the study of art at the National Academy of Design, under Daniel Huntington, Edwin White, Leutze and other academicians. Continuing his study in New York for five years, he then went to London, where he had the association of such men as Whistler, Munkacsy, Sargent, and was a frequent visitor at the studio of John Swan, the well-known sculptor and painter of animals. From these men he naturally absorbed much that was valuable to him in his art training.

Remaining only one season in London, he went on to Paris and entered Gérôme's *atelier* at the *Ecole des Beaux Arts*, not from sympathy with his master's art, however, but from the wish to become acquainted with the best methods, and Gérôme he regarded as one of the greatest living masters in technique. So near to Paris is the Forest of Fontainebleau, that few Parisian painters have not felt its influence. Mr. Eaton spent much time at Barbizon, and to him was given the inspiration of friendship with Millet. He has described this period of his life vividly in his article, "Recollections of J. F. Millet," which was published in the *Century Magazine* some years ago. It was while working under Millet's in-

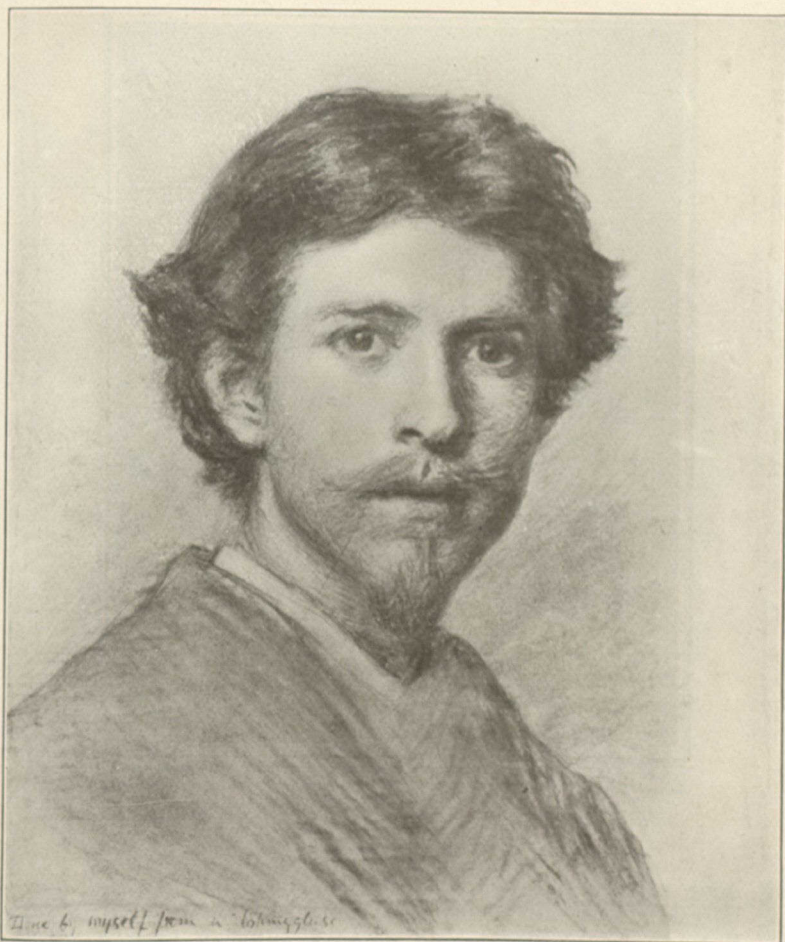
fluence that "The Reverie," and the "Harvesters at Rest" were painted, and were exhibited at the Salon—these being followed by a portrait of an old lady, which was said to be one of the finest canvases in the Salon that year. Returning to New York, in 1876, he was active in the formation of the Society of American Artists, of which he was the first secretary, and later he was elected president, an office which he held only for a short time, resigning in favour of his old class-mate, William M. Chase.

His first work in America included drawings from life of the poets Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier, Emerson, Holmes and Dr. Holland. These were engraved by Timothy Cole and appeared as full-page illustrations in the *Century Magazine*.

From this time Mr. Eaton took his place among his contemporaries as a portrait painter. In a letter to a friend he said: "I had arranged with John Burroughs to go to his home in Esopus-on-the-Hudson, to paint a portrait of Walt Whitman, but, hearing of my father's illness, I left for Canada, which proved an interruption in my work for six months, following the death of my father and settlement of the estate."

It was Mr. Eaton's most ardent wish to become a painter of the nude and of purely ideal subjects, but owing to certain responsibilities which devolved upon him on his father's

EDITOR'S NOTE. — The portraits of Lord Strathcona, Lord Mountstephen, Sir William Van Horne and Mr. R. B. Angus are reproduced by courtesy of Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, President of the Canadian Pacific Railway.



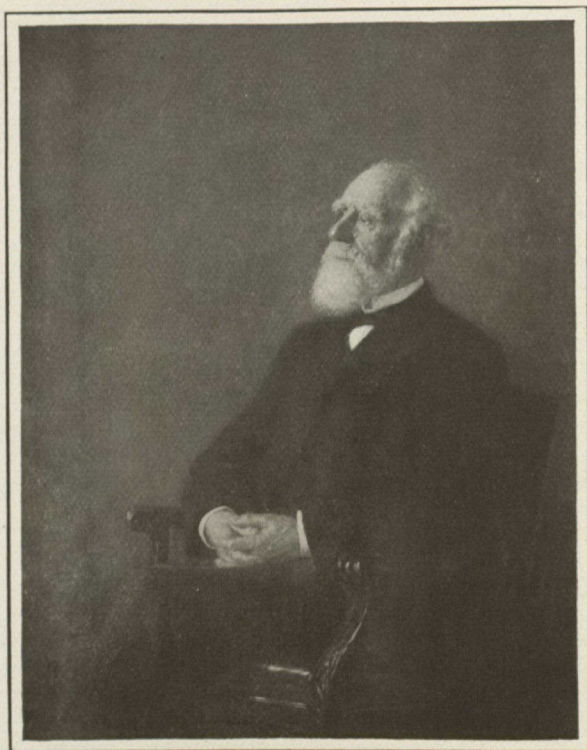
THE LATE WYATT EATON
FROM A PENCIL SKETCH BY HIMSELF

death, these hopes had to be relinquished, and the choice imposed by these obligations accepted with fortitude. However, he took charge of the life classes at the Copper Union, and taught a private class at his own studio, and these together left but little time for creative work of any sort.

To a friend in Canada who knew something of the circumstances attending his father's death, he wrote very sadly of this period of his life.

"It was a great sacrifice I made when I returned to America full of

vigour and of ideas for pictures of American scenery and character, to devote my time entirely to teaching. I have lost a good deal of my strength and have arrived at a point where I shall only do work according to my best ideas or give up entirely." And, indeed, it is to be regretted that in his comparatively short life, so much of which was consumed in ill-health, the work by which he will be best remembered and which will keep alive the memory of a most interesting personality, amidst all the different phases of art in America to-



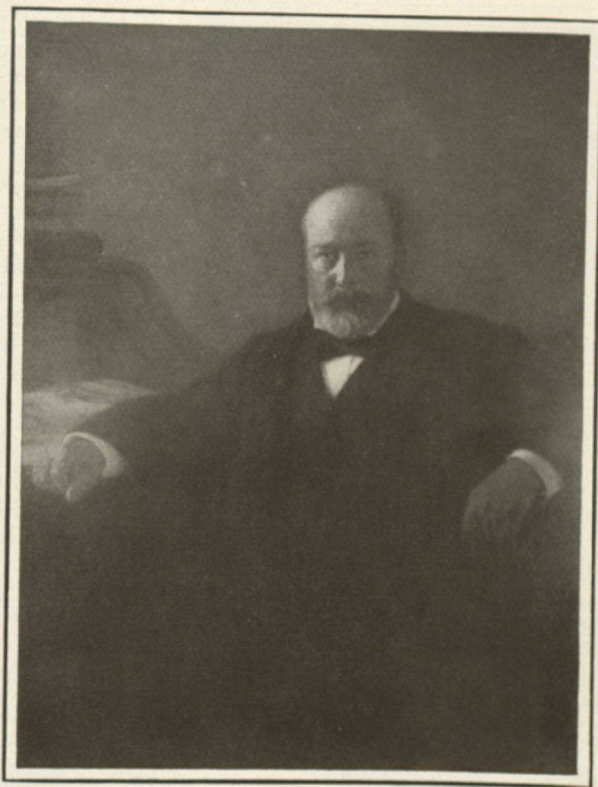
Portrait by the late Wyatt Eaton

LORD STRATHCONA

day, was done at intervals snatched from a hurried and uncongenial routine. But, as no picture is all shadow, so a life possessed of wide sympathies and pure aims, will in any condition find its compensations. In New York Mr. Eaton attracted the best minds about him, and at his studio on Washington square, might be met such men as Richard Watson Gilder, John La Farge, Will H. Low, Augustus St. Gaudens, and many others of note in the art world.

While he had a profound admiration for the work of many of his contemporaries, Sargent, Zorn and Leubach—the last of whom he called the modern Rembrandt—he was singularly free from the influence of those among them who might be called more daring in their rendering of character or more skilful techni-

cally. He did not believe that "paint-laying," or skill in technique, was a sufficient treason for the portrayal of any subject. To him, taste was as essential as execution; he sought beauty in character, and, by waiting for the favourable mood, gave character at its best, depicting only its most lovable qualities. Like Millet himself, Mr. Eaton was always "impatient of detail." He said: "I find myself more in sympathy with sculptors than with painters, imitative painting I have no fancy for, and the rendering of stuffs, bric-a-brac, etc., would be a burden. I like most of all bare nature, the human form, and effects of light and atmosphere." He gives his views on art in a nutshell when he said, in speaking of his portrait of Bryant: "I aimed to give prominence to the principal fact



Portrait by the late Wyatt Eaton

SIR WILLIAM VAN HORNE

of his character, to produce that which was most really Bryant, to portray the real form of his head, and the life that issued from his eyes, everything was kept subordinate to the sense of that life."

In 1883 Mr. Eaton again visited France and Barbizon, but how different were the well-remembered scenes, now that Millet was no more! So after a period of rest and recuperation in the quiet fields and the forest, he went to Italy, and in Florence painted the portrait of Timothy Cole which was so widely exhibited under the title of "Man With a Violin."

In Italy he spent much time in the galleries studying the old masters, and there are left to us among his still unpublished writings some notes on the early Italians that will remain a pleasure to all art lovers.

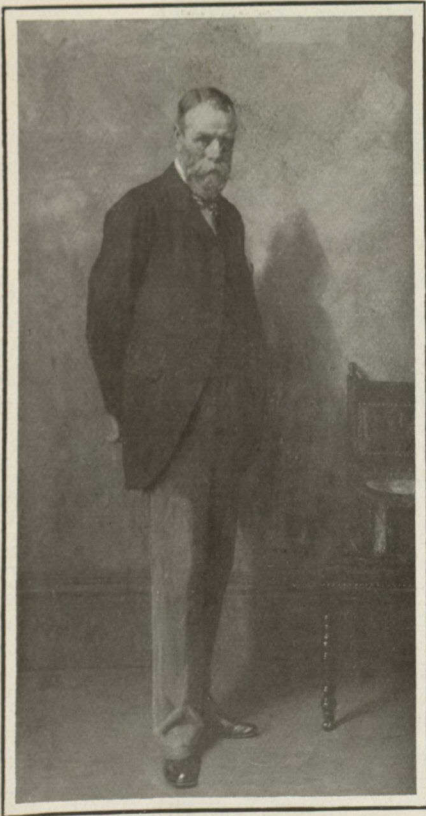
To a friend in New York he wrote as follows: "I have been studying principally the early painters and sculptors. Painting in Florence never attained the perfection of Ghiberti and Donatello in sculpture, although Masaccio stood well beside them; but one of the most encouraging things I have found here is the charming results that have been attained with so little science. I find that very few painters, even in the best age, painted religious subjects with sincerity. Fra Angelico seems to be about the only one who gave to the spiritual the first place in art. All the others seem to get as far away from their subject as possible—so long as enough of it remains to give a name to the picture, as with Ghirlandaio and Botticelli, making the birth of the Virgin or the adoration of the

Magi a motive for a large assemblage of portraits. They had not liberty, therefore they took licence. I regret they were not able more frequently to paint other subjects.

"It was only with the Venetians that art achieved full liberty. They attained what all earlier artists seemed to be striving for, and it is not strange that they should still hold sway over all who have high aspirations in art.

"The examples of Venetian art in Florence are quite numerous, as you will remember, but not many of them are their finest examples. The Louvre is superior, I think, in this respect. I am very anxious to see the Venetians at home, as I have now seen the Tuscans."

To this pleasant association with



Portrait by the late Wyatt Eaton

LORD MOUNTSTEPHEN

the works of the masters was added the delight of constant companionship with one who, as friend, he held in the highest esteem, and for whom, as artist, he had the most ardent admiration—Timothy Cole the engraver. Mr. Eaton has often spoken of these Florentine days as among the happiest of his life, when hope was strongest, health soundest, and the attainment of that which he longed to do most possible. One of his most successful portraits was of Mrs. Richard Watson Gilder, wife of the editor of the *Century Magazine*.

In 1892 Mr. Eaton was called to Montreal to paint a portrait of Sir William Dawson for McGill College. This was followed by other important works, including portraits of Lord and Lady Stratheona, Sir William and Lady Van Horne, Mr. R. B. Angus, Sir William Macdonald, Lord Mountstephen, Lady Marjorie Gordon, only daughter, and Hon. Archie Gordon, youngest son, of the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen; but, alas! with the attainment of the independence to do the work "according to his best ideas," his health gave way, and a surgical operation was found to be necessary. This was done at the Royal Victoria Hospital in January, 1896. In the spring, with the hope of recovering from the effects of the operation, he made a trip to the south of Italy, where, for a time, in the soft airs of the Mediterranean the possibility of renewed health became so strong, that he went to London and took a studio with the intention of remaining a few years, but these plans soon had to be abandoned. He died at Newport, Rhode Island, on Sunday, June 7—in his forty-seventh year.

* * * * *

Reviewing the life of any artist who has been called away in his prime is like judging an unfinished work of art; it is but the indication of what might have been accomplished had a greater number of days been accorded the worker, and a conclusion must

ever remain a conjecture. But the most fruitful years of Mr. Eaton's life were undoubtedly those early years while working under the influence and inspiration of Millet's presence. Many notes from his hand are left to us from those days. In speaking of Millet as an etcher, he said: "Had etching been his only or principal means of expression, he probably would have called forth all the resources of the copper-plate, but etching as generally understood and practised was not adapted to his temperament. As everyone knows, his work was simple, and his methods always straightforward and direct, and in etching he could not, as in drawing or painting, see before him the effect he was constantly producing."

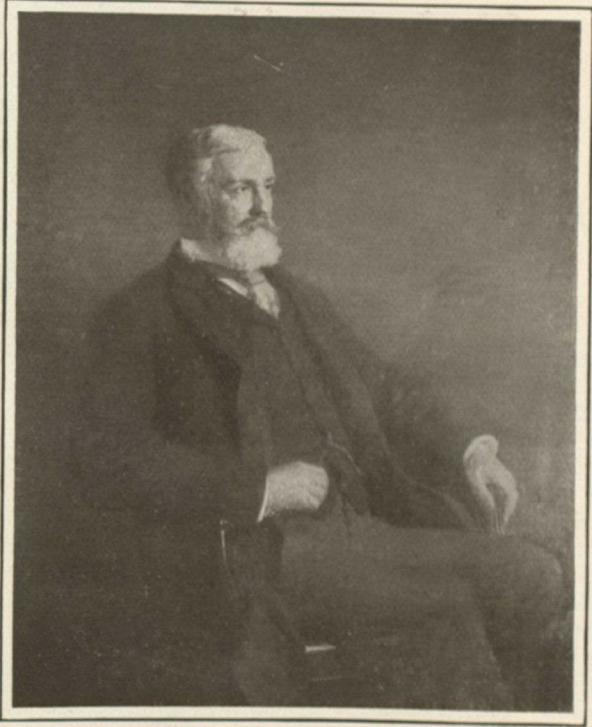
It is interesting, too, to quote Mr. Eaton's own words regarding the opening up of the studio after Millet's death:

"The illness which resulted in the great master's death took him from his work almost without warning. When the studio was re-opened by other hands I was allowed the sad privilege of assisting François in arranging some of the pictures for exhibition, thus I saw everything as left by Millet, set aside, as it were, for the day."

Mr. Eaton took a vital interest in all that concerned the Millet family, and did all that lay within his power to aid them in their financial difficulties. Perhaps we cannot do better, in quoting from these Barbizon notes, than to give a letter to Mr. Gilder which he wrote immediately on his return to New York in 1886.

My Dear Gilder,

I wish to call your attention to certain facts regarding the Millet family in con-



Portrait by the late Wyatt Eaton

MR. R. B. ANGUS, MONTREAL

nection with the house in which they have always lived. Millet, on arriving at Barbizon with his family (wife and three children), in 1849, took a furnished room or two; but, deciding to remain there for some time, they hired the house now occupied by the family. The small room on the street was at that time a sort of wood-shed, and was used by Millet for his studio. Many of his most famous pictures were painted in it: "The Sower," "The Grafting," etc. In the year 1854 or 55, the present studio was built, and the shed was finished and made a part of the house, the dining-room, I believe. It was after this that the house was bought by Monsieur Sensier, on time, and was paid for from the profits upon Millet's pictures given for the rent.

The house and studio is still owned by the Sensier estate. The lease now held by Madame Millet will expire very soon—this year, if I remember rightly. The Sensiers' own considerable adjacent property, and for some time it was the intention of the family, upon the expiration of the present lease, to pull down the house (which is a most picturesque



Portrait by the late Wyatt Eaton

Mrs. Richard Watson Gilder, wife of the Editor of *The Century Magazine*

The flowers in the background, which are more subdued in the original than in the reproduction, were painted by Mrs. Gilder herself

and home-like building) and the early studio, leaving possibly the later studio, which might serve for a lodge to a chateau to be built in the field beside the garden, which was so often painted by Millet in his pictures. This plan, if carried out, would obliterate all of the most intimate associations of Millet's life at Barbizon.

For a new lease the rent will probably be increased to an amount that will make it impossible for the Millet's to remain. The house will then be made over into a showy "bourgeois"

style, and rented to wealthy Parisians for July and August at two thousand francs per month.

This letter, though much greater in length, like many of the notes, breaks off abruptly in the middle of a page, as if the writer had been interrupted by illness or the entrance of unexpected visitors. His letters and notes are strangely illustrative of the artist's eye; they are hurried, incomplete and broken off suddenly.

WINTER RAMBLES AND RAMBLING

BY S. T. WOOD

THERE is a quiet invitation in the winter aspect of the outside world. It lacks the intense vitality of spring, when all nature warms with the glow of renewed life and the air is filled with the spirit of a great revival. We may miss the dainty colourings of the retiring flowers, modest in the sweetness of ripening beauty, and the carols of love from the glad throats that voice a universal joy. The rich decorations of summer are gone, and there are only a few clinging, fragmentary suggestions of the glowing colours of autumn. Winter's charm is an aspect of open confidence which reveals all the secrets guarded from the careless friends of the passing year. It is an invitation to pass behind the scenes and examine all the preparations for the coming display and the interesting relics of the season that has closed. The nests carefully veiled by the leafy foliage of summer stand out distinctly in the naked shrubbery, and by their characteristic outlines, their location and method of construction, disclose the identity of the industrious builders. If the character of man, concealed by a thousand deceptions in every situation and walk of life, is always truly revealed in his work, so the character of the little builders, their calls of love and recognition, their chirps of alarm and all their endless activities, are brought vividly to mind by these survivals of their summer mission. An upright fork holds and supports the compact nest of the yellow warbler, its framework of tough grasses thatched and lined

with willow down. Withstanding the buffetings of a season of storms, it recalls the active builders hurrying among the leaves, almost invisible in the yellowish-green, scarcely pausing in their gleaning quest for insects, to let their abundant life overflow in a cheering call.

A pair of goldfinches have built on a horizontal limb, their carefully rounded nest balanced and fastened, displaying the independence that marks their clinging poise on the ripened head of a thistle, or their undulating flight as they sing out again and again in the universal charms of summer. The loose and careless nest of a cat-bird is already assuming a dilapidated aspect in the low shrubbery. This bird of many voices and retiring habits has spent a summer of almost mischievous activity, seeming to enjoy the concealment from which he gave forth his interrupted medley of cat-calls and sweet song. The firmly interwoven nest of the redstart recalls the little mite of glossy black with glowing coal-like spots of red. Suspended in the fork of a limb the nest of the red-eyed vireo is an excellent specimen of bird architecture. Carefully built of an easily selected variety of material and firmly fastened in the fork where it hangs, it resists, unprotected, the storms of the changing seasons. It suggests the energy of the builders, singing incessantly through the summer while gathering insect food from every twig and leaf. The woven purse of the oriole hangs from the drooping branch of a tall elm, bringing back

in its deserted aspect the rich, melodious notes and the bright contrasts of orange and black that glowed in the summer sunlight. The big round nest of the robin, thatched solidly with mud, is evidently built to endure the storms, and the lofty and more pretentious nest of the crow is revealed against the sky as a loosely-built platform of broken branches.

Nests often reveal the tragedies of summer. A skeleton, scattered and whitening, may tell of a weakling in the nest, or a life given up in defending treasured possessions. The dried fragments of unhatched eggs tell of some calamity that overtook the mother bird before the mission of the year was fulfilled. A cow-bird's egg shows that the wise owner of the invaded nest refused to become foster-parent to a young pretender. These triumphs and tragedies of the bird world concealed by a summer's foliage are disclosed in the open confidence of winter.

Preparations for an expected awakening are more promising than the discarded relics of a season closed. The evening primrose spreads her beautiful rosette of winter leaves flat on the ground. The three-lobed leaf of the hepatica is rich and green, prepared to withstand the frosts and snows of winter and nourish into early life the delicate flowers now cramped in a small confining cap of green. The trailing arbutus is strong and vigorous, its sheltered buds held in readiness for the promised year. In the swamp the skunk cabbage, still more precocious, has pushed up from the mud in advance of the winter, willing to endure a season of hardship for the honour of being first to greet the spring. The trees display a rich profusion of winter buds. On the beech they are long and thornlike, standing out in graceful sprays rich in the promising tints of folded vegetation. The birch displays the stiff catkins that will elongate and shed their fertilising pollen when the companion flowers awaken. Willows, always rich

in the promise of life and growth, display the buds from which the pussies will push their furry noses to bask in the spring sunshine. Bunches of dead leaves still cling to the oaks, and these reveal neglect in the work of preparations. Where the new buds have formed the old leaves have been forced off, and are already returning to the soil, but indolent branches fail to prepare a bud to replace every leaf. Neglect cannot be hidden, and this is displayed to the world by the leaves that continue to cling wherever there is no provision for their successors. Throughout all the bleak nakedness of the woods, where everything seems chilled in the grip of winter, the buds patiently awaiting the spring continue the silent work of restoration.

Some of the caterpillars that fed on the succulent leaves of summer and retired comfortably to sleep are revealed in the nakedness of a season of rest. The promethea moths on the lilac, ash and birch trees hang like pods by their silken cords, awaiting the reviving touch of spring. Each when full grown selected a leaf, bound it more tightly to the parent stem with twining silk, wrapped it round like a cloak and spun a silken shroud within it as a protection for the winter. But when the other leaves withered and fell these little habitations remained on the branches, each containing either a parasite engaged in the endless war of nature or a healthy, though inert, pupa, ready, at the magic touch of reviving warmth, to come forth a richly marked and decorated moth. The cocoons of the cecropia moth are even more conspicuous. Though never numerous or abundant they are freely disclosed wherever they rest, like large, elongated swellings on the smaller twigs. These cocoons of matted silk, made water-proof by an insoluble gum, have been spun by the matured caterpillars before they shrunk away from their external selves in the strange process of meta-

morphosis that preserves their life through the long sleep. Some are waiting the revival of summer, when they will steal out at night to spread their beautifully decorated wings and live their few hours of perfect life, carefully depositing their eggs where leaf food will sustain the new generation. Some have been attacked in their larval state, and made the receptacles for the eggs of the parasitic ichneuman flies. These moths will never come to maturity, for the parasites will feed on their vitals and come out in the returning summer to continue the work of destruction. Nature's endless life and death struggle goes on in the woven cocoons that seem inert and withered on the naked trees. The willows, with their glossy aspect of life, show a promise of revival through the silent frosts. While other trees assume the aspect of death, they scarcely seem to sleep. In some of their distorted branches the incessant struggles of insect life go on through the long winter. There are tufts resembling diminutive heads of cabbage terminating some of the branches. These are distorted forms which the branches and their natural foliage have assumed to afford habitations for enemies. It seems strange that the willow gall gnat, an insect almost microscopic, should enlist the services of the vitality of the tree to build so large a home for its offspring. The egg is laid when the leaf buds are opening, and the activity of the larva gives the growth of the branch an abnormal direction. Instead of a long twig decorated with graceful leaves, a large woody lump is developed, and the leaves crowd upon one another as in an overgrown bud. Another gall gnat causes the twig attacked to assume a form resembling a head of wheat, and this disfigurement is the winter home of the growing larvae. In the woody masses, apparently dead, the process of development goes on. Even the diminutive gall gnat has enemies that seek the twigs it attacks and deposit eggs

to accomplish the destruction of its offspring. Some of the little larvae have escaped all enemies and continue their shrinking, wriggling life through the winter. After a short sleep in the pupa stage they come out to soar away on tiny wings and attack the growing twigs of other willows. Where the enemy has entered the gall gnat is doomed, for the intruder slowly devours the reluctant host in its confining cell. These enemies mature and emerge in time to pursue the second generation of the larvae they live to destroy. In these distorted woody growths that stand seemingly dead in the cold winter wind the death struggle goes on that holds the minute gall gnat in check and thus permits the willow to live. Winter reveals many galls and distortions, the absorbed or blighted leaves of the oak, the twigs of the wild plum, the swollen stems of the aster and goldenrod among the most noticeable. Each species of gall insect has some form of vegetable life in which its larvae can set up an action directing the course of vegetation toward constructing its dwelling. These atoms of life are so small that a mosquito would tower as a giant over them, yet one member of their family, the Hessian fly, calls forth all our destructive ingenuity.

The life of winter is not confined to the shelter sought in infinite variety by the surviving insects. The tall naked branches of the elms and maples reveal some moving, colourless dots that rest invisible a moment and again move restlessly along their lofty and irregular course. As they approach they announce themselves with clear articulation: "dee-dee—chick-a-dee-dee." Their saucy indifference is always fascinating as they swing acrobatically under the twigs, climbing and fitting from tree to tree and displaying rich contrasts of white, black and grey. The winter woods are always brighter for their hurried visit. A brown creeper climbs a rough maple with undulating gait, reaching

his slender, curved bill into the crevices where insects have secreted their eggs. On reaching a lower limb he flies off to the foot of another tree to again make an inquiring ascent. A nuthatch, a much more acrobatic climber, runs nimbly up and down on trees and stumps, generally keeping near the ground. He is short, compact and conspicuous in black, white and bluish-grey, contrasting in many ways with the slender and neutral coloured creeper.

The harsh cry of the bluejay is a familiar assurance of life in the winter woods. He finds it a strenuous time, for there are no nests to rob, and he must earn an honest living in the oaks, hazels and beech trees.

The abundant life of spring and summer are gone, and there is no sociable flocking as in fall, when the long journey southward was in contemplation, but the openness of the naked trees brings the winter residents into greater prominence. Even in the sheltering conifers the crossbills cannot be hidden, as they break the scales from the spruce cones and extract the closely-guarded seeds. In the open country the gold-finches, now lacking the gay colours of summer, gather seeds from the red-root and bugloss that are withered above the snow. Though their cheering song is silent, their sociable twittering brings back the time when they perched in bright attire on the ripening heads of the burr thistle, or sang on the wing in the warm, glowing sunlight. A butcher bird may spread consternation among them in his low and almost laboured flight over the fields. This cannibal has been induced to remain all winter by the abundance of his victims, the English sparrows. A few horned larks, almost as lonely as the belated robins, walk about where the ploughed ridges show above the snow. A flock of redpolls, small, inconspicuous and in nervous haste, disappears in the close willow shrubbery. After a brief moment of silence they emerge and

hurry along in dancing flight, soon lost among the straggling bushes. Snowbirds, clad in white and rusty brown, seem to have a special claim as winter residents. Though prominent in flight, they alight only on the ground or on the snow, where a stooping gait and a reluctance to move render them almost invisible. The juncoes, not so exclusively birds of the ground, fly hurriedly about, their dull slately colours more noticeable than among the rich tints of summer. The shrike is not the only enemy menacing the bird life of winter. A hawk sails overhead and throws his threatening shadow on the snow, and in the close cedars the owls are prudently awaiting the shelter of night.

In the frozen marsh the houses of the muskrats rise above the ice in prominent irregularity. These heaps of roots, weeds and rushes cover the ice-lined domes in which the burrowing swimmers rise to feast on succulent roots gathered in their excursions under the ice. A careful and stealthy approach may be rewarded by the sound of a startled plunge into the water. When the ice is clear the black form of a swimmer may be seen, hurrying to a resting house and trailing a mouthful of herbage gathered for a feast. Under the concealing snow and over the ground where the chipmunks are sleeping, the tiny shore mice are making a labyrinth of burrows, rising to the surface here and there for a breathing spell and leaving the holes that reveal their restricted and devious courses. The spring will disclose more serious indications where many saplings and large trees have been girdled and destroyed by their needle-like teeth. In a tall birch a red squirrel pauses to survey the scene, then climbs along on his untiring but now silent journey. The open woods and frozen marsh may feign sleep, and even death, but to the eye and ear alert in sympathy there is neither pause nor rest in life's perpetual transformations.

GIFTS

BY MADGE MACBETH

LATE? Am I? Well, Agnes, I am sorry; but; really, if you were as busy as I—just squeeze me in, on some one else's hour, there's a good girl! I simply *must* have my hair done this morning, for I haven't another minute to-day in which I can ever stop to fix my *barette*.

Who's in there? *Who?* Well, I don't care if she *does* hear me! Oh, it's *you*, Frieda; I couldn't understand what Agnes said.

Oh, my dear, if you love me, let her do my hair first. It won't take long, and I am obliged to go to Morgan's to buy Tom's present before lunch, or else he will think I have forgotten it.

Thanks, awfully, dear! I'll do something for you some day.

Now, hurry, Agnes, Mr. Trevelyan said he would be there at half-past twelve, to help me select something.

As a matter of fact, I *had* forgotten all about the twelfth (this *is* the twelfth, isn't it?), and was going to lunch down town, but while I was dressing I was confronted, as usual, by that horrid bare spot on the wall (you know, Frieda, just above where the Japanese panel hangs), and made up my mind that I simply *had* to get a picture to fill up that gap. Well, I actually gasped with relief when this turned out to be Tom's birthday, and now I'll buy a picture and give it to him.

Agnes, that particular wisp belongs on my head. Don't tear at it, as though you could take it off.

Aren't men tiresome to give pre-

sents to? Don't you think so? Well, I do. After I had gone through the usual list of military brushes, soap-boxes, ash-trays, pipes, and an occasional scarf-pin, I settled down to the sensible and economical plan of giving Tom things for the house.

Eh? No, he gives me personal gifts, but then women require so many more luxuries than men, don't you think so?

Last Christmas I had the back hall papered old rose for Tom's present, having often noticed that even servants are affected by an appeal to their artistic natures, and my morning gowns are usually pink, so we blended very nicely. (I always give my orders for the day in the back hall, you know).

Oh, he gave me this gold bag. I hinted that Arthur Trevelyan had offered me one, also that I trembled on the brink of accepting it, being crazy for one. Well, ha! ha! it was *too* funny; Tom could not get down town fast enough to buy this, he has such queer ideas about—Agnes, *do* be careful; that soapy water is making a terrible buzzing in my ears!

One really needs a little tact in managing a man; don't you agree with me, Frieda?

Just the same, presents are always bothersome, and I simply *hate* Christmas. There always comes a raft of things that no one wants, especially from the girls (not you, of course, dear; I meant the other crowd; you know the sort)—“Wishing dear Kathleen a Merry, Merry Christmas”—some Christ Church veil case,

with impossible burnt umber flowers, wretchedly painted on a saffron satin ground, generously sprinkled with Indian beads and tied with dark-brown satin ribbon. Horrors!

And the people who always say: "You have so many things, I never know what to give you; there's nothing I can buy, so I embroidered you this little pin-cushion cover, knowing you will appreciate my work, and a loving thought is sewn into every stitch!" Oh, dear!

Do let me raise my head, Agnes; I feel that I am already in for curvature of the spine. Thank goodness, I haven't a great deal of hair; it would take so much longer to dry, and anyway there would be so much more to turn gray.

What was I saying? Oh, yes; about the pin-cushion. One of the girls sent me a heart-shaped one, embroidered atrociously. I could see plainly what it was; the piece you cut out of the under arm seam of a shirt waist—don't you know, how, as the line slopes down to the waist, there is always a big piece to cut out? It was just that and nothing else. A few moments after it came, a boy left a box which looked so interesting, and addressed in a man's writing. I opened it in feverish haste, and found one of those horrible bon-bon dishes—thirty-nine cents at the Japanese store. You know the kind—from Hilda. Oh, I was *wild* with disappointment!

However, an inspiration seized me, and I carefully put the pin-cushion and dish back into their respective boxes, intending to send the girls' presents to each other. Of course, you know what happened: I got mixed and sent them to *the senders*!

Raging? Of course, they were, and such notes as I got from them! Though I didn't see why they should mind so much, because everyone knows that the sincerest way to give a present is to give something that one wants oneself. So they should have been glad to get those things.

Eh? I always follow out that rule in giving Tom presents.

Agnes, *surely* you don't need to have that dryer at such a temperature. Of course, I'm in a hurry, but really I don't want my brains fricasseed, especially as I am going to meet Mr. Trevellyan.

Do you know, Frieda, he is the cleverest man I have ever known. We are totally and wholly congenial, as he agrees with me in every particular, and it is a great pleasure to meet a man with such lofty ideals and ambitions.

So often, when we are together, one makes a remark, and the other involuntarily exclaims: "Why, I was just going to say that myself!" Isn't that peculiar?

How much are those "transformations," Agnes? I know I have a lot of "store" hair, but only Tom sees it, and, anyway, I think I need a little more width to my head.

No, that is not as large as my new hat, which measures thirty-two inches from brim to brim. But then I can wear those exaggerated creations, where a person like you, Frieda, couldn't.

What, nine dollars? Why that's ridiculous! Does it match my hair? Um-hum, it looks very well. All right, I'll take it. Yes, I will wear the rat, too. There, that's the effect—higher and broader. Now I will get Tom to give me another pair of amber combs; or, better still, I will eat a philopena with Arthur Trevellyan and get them at once.

Nonsense, Frieda; I don't wonder you have never been a success, when you anchor yourself to such antediluvian notions as to propriety. Forgive me for saying so, but you really make yourself ridiculous!

There, Agnes, you have burnt my hair! Oh, yes, you *have*, I smell it. Tom says I remind him of baseball as it is—three and out, whatever he means by that. But I suppose I won't have the three, if you are going to be so careless. Moved my head?

Goodness, do you expect me to sit like a statue?

Eh? Oh, yes, I'm going to Hattie's wedding. I have a Paris gown I'm crazy to wear. Give her? I don't know. One of my duplicates—whatever I have the most of. Just think; I haven't had to buy a wedding present since I was married.

Everyone gets so many bon-bon spoons, olive spoons, cream ladles, jelly spoons and sugar spoons. When people are stumped to know that to give, which doesn't cost much, they are always sure to select some kind of a spoon. Yes, but the marking can be taken off.

By the way, you must let me know what you want, Frieda, for, of course, I am going to give you something awfully nice.

Not only that I am fond of you, and always consider you my best friend, but I want Allan to see there is no feeling of ill-will on my part

toward him. Doesn't he? Well you never can tell, he might not mention it to you. After being in love with a girl, a man always has a sore spot in his heart which does not heal. Poor Allan!

Did you ever notice in the giving of presents, how far removed from the apparent reason the sub-motive really is? It has often struck me, only most people are not honest enough to acknowledge it.

Well, dear, I'd *love* to stay and chat with you, while you are being done, I have hardly had time to get in a word, and I never saw you look as fagged as you do to-day, although the light in here may have something to do with the effect. Do you sleep well? But there, don't keep me talking. I have already given you five minutes of Arthur's time. Come to see me some time week after next. I can always spare you a moment; good-bye, dear, good-bye.

IN BETHLEHEM OF JUDÆA

By JEAN GRAHAM

"And when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto Him gifts: gold, and frankincense and myrrh."

The spice and gold of Orient
They laid at the tender feet,
While Mary's eyes, alit with dreams
Were filled with a rapture sweet.

She saw no cross in far-off years,
She heard no loud cry forlorn;
But smiled at radiant baby brows
In pride o'er the Prince newborn.

The Eastern sages knelt before
That shrine in a manger low;
For starry glory filled the place
With Syrian skies aglow.

The spice and gold of Orient
They offered as tribute meet;
Nor dreamed of myrrh in sepulchre,
To sweeten the winding-sheet.

INVOCATIO CLUNY LOQUITUR

BY WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND

WHEN the late William Henry Drummond was perhaps at the zenith of his powers as a poet, seven years ago, he visited Winnipeg for the purpose of attending the medical convention there. During his stay in the western metropolis he delivered a lecture one evening, and afterwards was entertained at supper by Mr. C. E. McPherson, General Passenger Agent of the Canadian Pacific Railway. A number of prominent gentle-

men, mostly of the Scotch persuasion, were present. The supper lasted until the "wee, sma' hours," and must have been a most enjoyable occasion, because it inspired the poet to write on the fly-leaf of a presentation copy of "Johnnie Courteau" the following poem, which is addressed to Mr. McPherson (The poem, as it appears in the book in Dr. Drummond's own handwriting, is reproduced on the opposite page from this):—

Hoich! agus Hoich galore! Ian MacCrimmon,
Son of the pipes! Let your war notes be hushed;
Well do I know that we battled with women
When by Inverlochy the Campbells we crushed.

Tell me no more how the race of MacDonald
We gave to the foxes and birds of the sky—
Bloody the tartan we spun for Black Ronald
Betrayed of princes, foul Pickle the spy.

A thousand long years the Camerons fed us
With cattle we reived from the herds of Lochiel.
Little we reckoned the wild chase they led us,
When Cluny's proud children craved for a meal.

Hoich! agus Hoich! O, it's weary rehearsin'
The deeds we have done and the deeds we can do,
But to-night let the fiery cross of MacPherson
Blaze out on a mission all bloodless and new.

Summon the clans from the banks of the Garry
Carry the message to far St. Laurent
Uiscebae, wassail them, all they can carry,
For the dirk of MacPherson is now laid awa'.

* * * * *
They came, conquered clansmen, and gillies and vassals,
But warm was the handclasp they met at the door;
And scatheless they drank to each other's tall castles,
For Cluny repentant, his foes were no more.

- Invocatio
- blunz loquitur

Hoich! agus Hoich galore! Ian Macrimmon,
Son of the Pipes! let your war notes be hushed -
Well do I know that we battled with women
When by Inverlochy the Campbells we crushed!

Tell me no more how the race of Mac Donald
We gave to the foxes and birds of the sky!
Bloody the tartan we spun for Black Ronald,
Betrayer of Princes: foul Riddle the spy!
A thousand long years the Camerons fed us
With cattle we reived from the herds of Lochiel,
Little we reckoned the wild chase they led us
When blunz's proud children craved for a meal!

Hoich! agus Hoich! O In weary rehearsing
The deeds we have done, and the deeds we can do!
Tonight let the fiery cross of Macpherson
Blaze out on a mission all peaceful and new
Summon the clans from the banks of the Garry,
Carry the message to far St-Laurent,
Viscrae, assail them: all they can carry!
For the dirt of Macpherson is banished awa -
X X

They came: conquered lantmen, and gillies and vassals
(But warm was the hand-clasp they met at the door!)
And scathless they drank to each others tall castles,
For blunz repentant: his foes were no more!

William H. Worsman
assistant Seneschal to the Chief
- C.E. Macpherson Esq - Sept 20/01
Fort Garry -

THE KID'S CHRISTMAS

BY S. A. WHITE

"I SAY, fellers," Reddy drawled, "let's make a Christmas tree for theh Kid, eh?"

"Theh h—I you say!" ejaculated Rough Andy, slapping him on the back with such force that Reddy's pipe flew across the floor—"theh h—I you say, Reddy. That thar's theh best idee ever come out o' yer red head. Hooray, boys, a Christmas tree for theh Boss' Kid. Who's shoutin'?"

A roar of approval went 'round the occupants of the big lumber shanty. They were all shouting, which meant that they were all ready to do the very best. He was only four, was MacDonald's boy, and the idol of every rough soul in the camp.

Silence fell, and expectant eyes were turned on Lanky Pete, who sprawled along his bunk, head propped on one hand. In matters where leadership was required they always looked to Lanky Pete. A moment he considered. Then he arose with great deliberation, striding over to the huge fire-place, where a poke of his boot set the birch logs roaring and sent lashes of flame flipping into the darkest shanty corners. When he had turned his back to the blaze, spread long legs well apart and tilted the pipe into one corner of his mouth, Lanky Pete began to talk.

"As fer's I kin reck'lect," he said, "this here Kid hain't never had a Christmas. Soon's he was old 'nough to kinder toddle round an' chatter some, his mother died. Pore little chap, he hain't never understood, but Mac took it mighty bad. He took to theh woods right off, did Mac, an'

theh Kid with him. Theh Gilmores sent me down Ottawa way 'bout that time an' I seen her own picture; pretty as a flow'r, she was, an' you all know what theh Kid's like, heh?"

"Yer damn right," said Rough Andy, but his tone was soft, almost sympathetic. The words seemed nothing out of place.

"No, he ain't never had a Christmas tree," Pete continued. "Seems like we never thought on it afore. But along comes Reddy with theh idee, an' I says it's an all-fired good one. It's time that thar Kid had a Christmas, and he's a-goin' to have one or my name's not Pete Walworth!"

"Right y'are!" his companions shouted.

"Funny theh Boss never thought on that afore," someone commented.

"No, tain't funny," objected Pete, "he's brought theh Kid toys an' sech at Christmas time an' other times whenever he made theh city. He thinks 'nough of theh Kid, does Mac, but that thar thought ain't happened to hit him. Theh Kid's had toys, loads of 'em, but he hain't had a Christmas. Thar's theh point, fellers! This time he gets a Christmas, Sandy Claws, tree an' all—of course, theh toys is thrown in."

"How'll we get them things?" Reddy asked—"ain't but a week till Christmas."

Lanky Pete reflected.

"To-morrer," he said, "Old Davy goes down Ottawa way with theh sleigh-train fer grub. Davy kin tote back all we orders."

"What'll we order?" Black Regan inquired.

"Everything theh Kid'll enjoy," Pete replied, "we air open fer suggestions from this whole crowd."

"A gun, real, frin' gun," Rough Andy said.

"Snowshoes!" yelled Reddy.

"Candy, nuts an' oranges—bags of 'em!" shouted Kennedy.

"Terboggan! Dog! Woolly bear! Moccasins!" came in a babel from the other end of the room.

"Hol' on," cried Lanky Pete, "this here mixin' things won't do. Here you, Reddy, seein' as I'm presidin' over this council-of-war, I 'point you as sec'etary. Git some paper and write theh minits. All ready now, boys, let 'er go!"

When Reddy got through jotting down the presents suggested, there was a list that would have made a dozen Christmas festivals for anxious boys. Lanky Pete recognized the necessity for modifying it, and struck out items here and there till he had fashioned an amply respectable order, which appeared satisfactory to everyone. This was committed to Old Davy to have filled when he went next day with the grub-sleighs for supplies. A plentiful amount of lumbermen's coin accompanied him, and he was cautioned to get everything as it was listed, "not fergittin'," Pete told him, "theh candles an' theh shiny stuff fer the Christmas tree."

In due time Old Davy returned, and the toys were hidden in an empty bunk which Pete nailed down. It lacked but two days of Christmas, but MacDonald's boy was in every corner of the men's shanty almost daily, and it would not do for him to stumble on these things before the allotted time. The boss of this camp had the luxury of a private cabin, where he lived with his child and a French half-breed who acted in the capacity of general servant and cook to MacDonald. The men's shanty adjoining had its own cook.

From even the boss were all pre-

parations kept secret. Rough Andy, Reddy and Kennedy, at noon hour of the day before Christmas, cut down a fine young spruce and dragged it up to the evergreen growths behind the men's shanty, ready to be brought in and hung that night with hidden mysteries of the sealed bunk. Rough Andy chuckled at the vision of that gorgeous Christmas tree covered with candles, tinsel and presents. He pictured the rapture of the "Kid" when he grasped the real gun, new snowshoes, moccasins, tin soldiers, toboggan, drum and the whole outfit they had bought.

"Gawd!" he said, "won't theh Kid go wild, heh? Jest think, when that spruce gits its togs on."

"He will git rumpious, fer sure," Kennedy agreed. "When he puts theh club to his big drum we can't hear us-selves think."

"An' when he winds his fingers in that woolly bear," Andy went on, "that'll catch him, to hear it squeal. What d'ye call 'em—Reddy bears?"

"Sartin not!" Reddy answered with a sniff—"they calls 'em Teddy bears; but we'd better hide this here tree, else theh Kid'll git it 'fore we do. What?"

"Set it straight up in theh snow, like 'twas growin' thar," Rough Andy suggested—"that's it. Boss his-self would think it growed. Come on, now, leave 'er thar till night."

Evening found the shanty in a bustle. The tree had been towed in and set in a big block where a hole was augered out. Its lumbs were hung with candles, tinsel and tissue-paper. The lumbermen busied themselves tying on the presents with stout cord. Black Regan was posted at the window to watch that the boy did not burst in on them from the other shanty. The door was barred and in case he or his father came they would put out the light and crawl into their bunks, pretending to be asleep. The work they were engaged in was a joy to these rough men. How different a picture this, to the too



"WHAT'LL WE ORDER?" BLACK REGAN INQUIRED."

frequent staging of a lumber camp as a place for nothing but gambling, drinking and brawling! They were men of a rude and ready type, but men with hearts, hearts so deep that they took delight in tying trinkets on a spruce shoot for a youngster's hands to grasp.

Lanky Pete, in spite of protestations, was chosen to act the part of Santa Claus. In order to make sure that there would be no mistake, a rehearsal was decided upon. Pete got into a big fur coat. A white false beard which Old Davy brought was stuck on his chin, together with a red, furry cap on his head. Altogether he made a tolerably original Santa.

"Gawd!" Rough Andy cried at sight of him, "you'll do. Why, theh Kid'll think it's Sandy Claws fer sure."

"He'll be fer pullin' yer spinnage, Pete," Kennedy laughed; "ye'll have to watch he don't—"

"Hist!" interrupted Regan from the window, "d—d, if here ain't theh Kid—no, it's theh Boss."

"H—l!" said Rough Andy in a thunderous whisper, "douse theh light, ye fools!"

Quick as thought, the shanty darkened. Only the flickering brands dotted and dashed the opposite wall in the Morse code. Someone pounded on the door.

"Lie still," commanded Pete, while he himself crawled softly to a chink in the big frame jamb.

The pounding continued. "Holla!" yelled a voice which they instantly recognized as belonging to MacDonald's half-breed.

"Now, what theh devil does *he* want?" Rough Andy growled.

"Holla!" called the man again, still pounding.

Lanky Pete made a tremendous rolling and grunting as if just awakened. Then he stood up and stamped his feet. Next he opened the door and leaned his body through.

"René, d—n you," he said, "what d'ye mean by pounding on a man's

door when he's asleep, heh?"

"*Le garçon*," cried René, excitedly, "ees he here, *dans le shantee*?"

"Theh Boy," Pete shouted, "no, he's not here. What's theh matter? Damn it, man, speak!"

"*Monsieur—le* roll-way,—*garçon* gone," the half-breed stammered incoherently.

"Hell—what!" roared Rough Andy, jumping to the door—"theh boy's lost?"

"*Oui, le garçon* gone!" René cried.

MacDonald had gone just before dark to mark out a place for a new roll-way, leaving the boy in charge of René. In some manner the child had unfastened the bar of the door while René was putting away some pans in the kitchen part of the shanty. At any rate, he had disappeared, and, although they hunted the outhouses, no trace of him could be found.

Furious oaths burst form Rough Andy, and he grabbed his snowshoes. Ten yards from the cabin he began to go round in an ever-widening circle. Like a sleuth-hound he went, swiftly and silently, eyes fixed upon the crusted snow. Round and round he sped till the sixth circle brought him full upon a tiny trail a hundred yards from the house. Then Rough Andy gave tongue.

"H—l, boys, here!" he bellowed. "Follow an' be damned to ye. Go as ye never went!"

Suiting his own actions to the command, Andy shot through the firs and vanished, the rest running at top speed upon the well-defined track he had left.

The moon was risen. A keen frost set everything rigid in the vast forest. In Rough Andy's heart a thousand misgivings stirred. One thing he dreaded to hear, and that was the yelp of gray, slinking forms amongst the tall timber. From moment to moment he listened for it, and when it did not come he pushed on with renewed

vigour. The trail wound through level growths blazed for stripping, and forged toward the river. Evidently the boy had seen which way his father went to mark a place for the roll-way, and, upon giving René the slip, had followed in that direction. Some distance from the river's bank the track turned, dipped into a ravine, and edged out along a rocky bluff. Rough Andy followed hard. The reach of evergreens stood thicker, and his path was greatly impeded. He could not hear the others coming, so far had he out-footed them. The crust became thinner where heavy boughs shut out the frost, although the boyish feet had skimmed the top with scarcely an indentation. Fantastic figures were silhouetted on the snow under clear cold moonlight. Three fresh moose-tracks crossed the trail in front of him, but Andy had no time to see which lay uppermost. On he swung, sweating over every inch of his body. Beyond the bluff the footsteps led through level timber once more. Here the lumberman paused for a minute's breath. Suddenly the tense air split with a sound which sent an icy pain across his forehead where hot sweat streamed but an instant before, the long-dreaded, hoped-against sound—

"Burp-p-p! Yee-e—ou-r-r!" came a sort of barking yelp with an after-note like a quick echo.

"Gawd!—timber wolves!" Rough Andy gasped, "an' arter his track. Pore dern little cuss! Oh, Hell!—whar's my speed?"

With a string of self-denouncing curses for inability to speed faster, Andy surged through the timber. In the North Country no lumberman was so swift on snowshoes as Rough Andy, yet in this strait his pace did not seem to him fast enough by half. Only those who came behind when they reached this point, knew the speed he put forth. The amazing gaps between the strides, the swirl of spurned crust lying on either hand and scarred, broken branches told the

story. Almost as fast as a ski-runner Andy bored through the timber.

"Burp-p-p! Yee-e—ou-r-r!" sounded the weird, soul-chilling call.

Rough Andy stopped, pulled the big Colt from his belt. Bang! Bang! followed. It was a flimsy hope of scaring the brutes, who seemed but four or five hundred yards away and full on the child's path. Still the yelps came back, and grinding out fresh curses he slipped in two new cartridges. Away through the saplings he surged. The trail circled, fell away into a swale-like hollow which ferreted round a second bluff. The yelps sounded farther away, but still ahead. Then Rough Andy took a quick decision. He quit the track and rushed at the bluff angle-wise. Over on the other side of it he would hit the trail—if it came round! It was a mighty risk, but Andy took it. Besides, there was little to gain by running behind the wolves.

Panting, the lumberman reached the top. A flood of moonlight bathed the downward slope and wide valley below. Across the blinding-white expanse four grayish, dog-like forms were coming with a side-swing lope, yelping incessantly. Andy sped down to intercept. Somewhere farther on the Kid must be. Then his eagle eye caught a glint of red sash, and under a scrubby hemlock he could see the boy crouching, frozen with fear of the red-mouthed creatures rushing at him. Crying aloud, Rough Andy tore the shoes from his feet as if the tough moose thongs had been only thread. One he slammed on the crust, threw himself face downward upon it and—slid! It was a race with death, a swift, cruel death now only yards from the boy. A curling white cloud of snow-smoke drifted up from Rough Andy's toboggan-like descent, and the child screamed at this new monster which so quickly rolled to his very feet.

"Don't ye yell, Kid," Rough Andy cried, coughing out the snow, "it's me. I'll bring ye out"—Bang! "Take



"HIS PACE DID NOT SEEM TO HIM FAST ENOUGH BY HALF"

that ye d—l!"—Bang! "Thar's two all in!"

Before he could fire again the third wolf sprang, sinking its teeth in his pistol arm. He shook it off, and the blood streamed. His weapon fell. A second time it sprang and went sprawling from Rough Andy's vicious kick. Instantaneously the remaining brute pounced at the boy, but the lumberman was watching, and threw himself between. In blind fury he

caught the creature by jaw and throat, drove his knees in its vitals, striving to choke it. Over and over they rolled in the snow, the beast's claws tearing his neck and chest. Great scarlet stains spread out upon the crust, but Rough Andy hung on, putting all his giant strength into the grip. A gurgle arose in the wolf's throat; its breast ceased to heave and the limbs grew rigid.

Rough Andy had conquered.

Arising unsteadily, he threw its stiffened carcass from him. The wolf he had kicked sat upon its haunches some distance away, uncertain whether to attack or not. Andy looked for a weapon. He was rapidly growing weak from loss of blood. Recovering his revolver, he took steady aim with his left hand. The primer snapped. So did the next. The snow had congealed upon them. Angered by this pantomime, the wolf rushed in. Rough Andy threw the pistol away and raised his snowshoe in both hands, aiming a tremendous blow at the beast's head. The impact broke both skull and shoe. The creature rolled over, dead. From Andy's wounds the blood poured afresh. He reeled drunkenly an instant, then pitched in the snow, murmuring brokenly:

"Ye're safe, Kid. Told ye I'd bring ye out. They'll be—here—'fore—long."

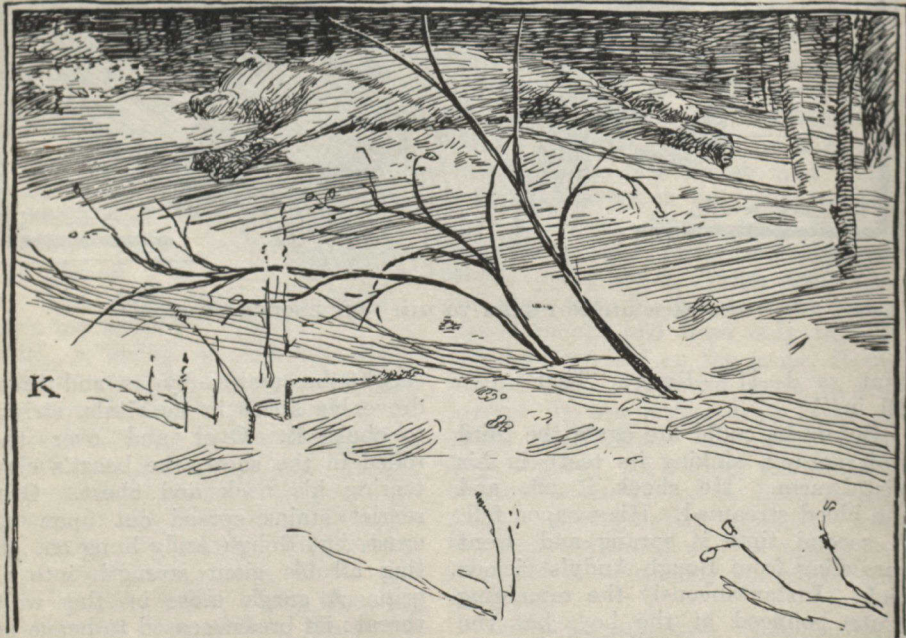
The moon went down and darkness

held the land. Along the trail Rough Andy left, came his companions, lighting the gloom with their torches. At length they reached the end, and understood the drama of the wold; understood from the tell-tale signs and the boy's words, for his saviour was unconscious.

Slowly and tenderly they carried him on a litter of boughs back to the shanty. He recovered consciousness only for a moment before he died, and then only long enough to utter one sentence. The camp doctor and MacDonald were watching by his bed when he opened his eyes.

The eyes wandered to the window where morning sunshine was flooding in. Then his gaze rested on the half-decked Christmas tree just as it was left the night before. Tremblingly his lashes closed, and the lips moved.

"Gawd!" they heard him whisper, "it's Christmas—theh Kid's Christmas."



THE BUNKS OF THE OLD SLEIGH-BOBS

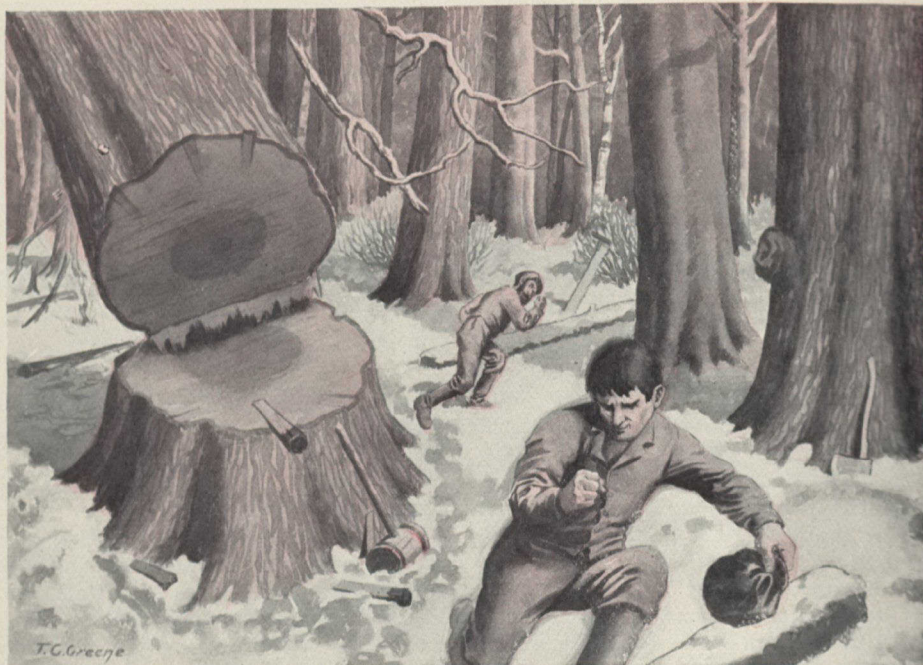
BY AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

THE vanishing of the last great tract of hardwoods from Ontario took place less than twenty-five years ago. The peninsula of the three lakes was the scene—that toe of the boot down there between Huron, St. Clair and Erie. To those who take a museum interest in the “bush” that used to stand in the way of our forefathers, a stroll through Belle Isle park in the Detroit river is the only way to get a feeble picture of what it looked like in the primeval days of the hardwoods—elm, oak, maple, beech, hickory, birch, white ash and black ash, with all the varieties of these. One other spot that may be able to give the reminiscent thrill to the man who would know how his grandfather fought the trees to get at the soil, is Point Aux Pins, sometimes known as Rondeau Park; which is a long sandbar on the south edge of Kent county, where the oaks and maples crept in along with the pines.

But the life of the hardwood bush can never be known from the picnic grounds, with band concerts and lagoons and *cafés* among the patent flower-beds. The Canadians who so delightedly roam over Belle Isle have little or no memory of the day when it was known on the navigator's chart as Rattlesnake Island—because it was a semi-swamp infested with a mild kind of rattler known as the “mississaga,” good for fattening “razor-back” hogs. The holidayer who pays for his summer drinks on the festive balcony and looks out on the chiaro-

scuro of multi-coloured lights under the elms, does not realise that less than one generation ago somebody's folk found the hardwood forests the great hereditary curse.

Trees—the great enemy; trees over which now the newspapers and the politicians and the scientists are writing elegiacs as they talk of reforestation, wondering where posterity will get its furniture and its frame houses, and all the thousand and one things that wood makes better than iron or cement, or even straw; such trees were regarded as the great encumbrance in the hardwood counties up till the two closing decades of last century. When for the first time thousands of eastern men saw the prairies of the wheat belt in the Rebellion of 1885, the curse of the tree and the log was still heavy on many a sideroad and concession of Essex and Kent. These with part of Lambton, were the last counties cleared up and settled in older Ontario. Huron and Bruce and Middlesex and all the midland counties were in their third generations of homesteaders when the bushwhackers of the stave-mill land were wrestling with the big trees. Here the Canada Company had its last stronghold. The boy who had the good fortune to grow up in those woods often asked whose might be the great bush solitude that no man wanted to fence, or to ditch, or to cut roads into. He was told that the landlords were the Canada Company, who had no need for the land and



Drawing by T. G. Greene

FELLING THE ELM, "KING OF THE HARDWOODS"

were holding on to the timber in the hope that settlement might make it valuable. Besides, it was matter for speculation if a man should buy and clear a bush farm in that half-swamp, whether he would be able to farm it without a boat.

This was the Holland of Ontario; perhaps the only part of the Province that ever had to be pumped dry. You may include Pelee Island in the geography; the most southerly point in Canada, and the land of the prime tobacco leaf and the corn and the grape—just as in the dyked and pumped out plains of the boot-toe peninsula, known to Tecumseh and to Harrison and to Proctor and old Colonel Prince, you now find the only white-bean fields in Ontario, the only tobacco fields, the best corn-fields and graperies, and peach-lands as good as Niagara, all produced by the mild wet winds of the peninsula that has the wash of three lakes.

But the thing that grew biggest in

that land before the cross-cut saw went in along with the mill, was "el'm." The elm was king of the hardwoods, and the part of the world that knew this best was Ohio, where most of the elm went, either as logs in rafts, or bolts by shiploads, or staves by the railway. In those days Kent and Essex were the land of the stave-mill and the raft and the long docks of Lake Erie, where the sailing schooners beat in for the millions of elm bolts. But you may hunt those two counties now with a search-warrant and find no more trace of the stave-mill than a field that never needs manure because its top soil is sawdust; and a few roots of dock-spiles in the bottom of the lake, with here and there enough of the old elm dock left to tie a fish-tug to, are the only remnants of the bolt-loading days along that shore.

Twenty years ago half the rural population of the boot-toe depended for half of their taxes and money for

brown duck and preachers' salaries on the bountiful elm. Cutting and hauling elm was as fundamental in a good hard winter as going to church on Sunday. Elms in that peninsula were not delicate. There have been elms in Kent and Essex as thick as a long man is high; elms that gave a six-foot saw all it could do to get them down—but of that we have nothing to say here.

Loading the bobs—this was the thing that tested the bushwhacker's Christianity. This was one of the fine arts. It was once freely cited of a candidate for Parliament in that land that he knew how to go to the bush and put on a load of logs as well as anybody in the constituency. But even that proof of merit failed to elect him. However, at least two recent members of the Ontario Legislature were prime woodsmen—Letson Pardo and Johnny Lee; and Pardo was one of the elm kings, for he had two stave-mills and a dock.

A team and a pair of old bob-sleighs spliced with a long pole reach; a set of chains and a swamp-hook with a binding-pole and an old family sheep-skin—these were the utensils that furnished forth the man and the boy in a stent of log-loading. The highway in the bush was a skid-road; that was a way made by the axe the day before the hauling began. It was not straight and broad, like the road to destruction, but very crooked and narrow—because it was not counted good policy to saw down a five-foot tree and grub out the stump to make a road such as "Good Roads Campbell" is making nowadays. That sort of strenuous pastime was practised more at coon-hunts. The skid-road was the way in and the way out.

But the skid-road had as many ramifications as there were elm trees to haul; because trees didn't always fall along the road broadside for rolling up on the bunks without a whimper from man or boy or a curse at things in general.

Now, when a bushwhacker got his

bobs alongside a tree that was five feet through at the butt he had no need to load more than one log. But if the tree was middling in size he began with the top log and slammed on the whole three, two on the bunks and one on the peak.

Far back in the bush, with just the smoke of daylight let in by the axe and the saw, was a fine place for the hired boy or the young son and heir to gawk about for rabbit-tracks or fox-tracks; and many a boy in that way has felt like booting away from the bobs and leaving the boss to load while he discovered the haunts of big game. But the biggest game he was supposed to know was getting that butt log from its bed of snow on to the bunks of the old family bobs, tinkered yesterday at the drive-shed or the blacksmith shop.

The boss with the axe banged his felt boots after a pair of good stout skids, while the boy got the horses swung and the chains loose. By the time the boss got back with the skids the boy was scheduled to have the butt log jerked out of a frozen bed with the swamp-hook. "Get the hook" is quoted as a modern saying, but it was in very common use in those days. When a log was frozen in a foot of snow the only way to get daylight enough under it for the chain was to get the hook. Nowadays they have tongs that grab a log by the snout, the same as the ice-man snatches a block of ice; but there were no tongs in the woods those days; even the swamp-hook was counted a highly modern device, or, as was commonly said, a "noo wrinkle."

Next chore for the boy while the boss laid the skidway to the bunks was to get the chains under. Now, there were always two hooks on every log chain, a big hook and a grab hook. The respective functions of these were as different as those of the sleigh tongue and the pole reach. No boy in his right mind would dream of hitching the chain to the bunk



“ ‘ WHOA ! BACK UP ! CONSARN—THAT FRONT END’S GOING UP AHEAD ! ’ ”

Drawing by T. G. Greene

clavice by the grab-hook; if he did it more than once he lost his job, unless he was the son of the boss. The big round hook always went into the clavice; then it was the boy's sacred duty to get down on the buttons of his smock in the snow, and wriggle a hole for the grab-hook under each end of the log. If the morning was frosty and he chanced to lose his duck-faced mitt under the log, the chain usually took skin off his fingers; but that was only a small matter in the eyes of the boss.

"Hedges! you goana git that hook under 'fore noon, boy?"

The boy had forgotten there was such a thing as noon. In the woods the ordinary schedule was overlooked. The day was measured by the number of trips to the mill or the rafting ground. If the mill was three miles from the stump—and sometimes the rafting ground was four miles—three trips a day were plenty; one load out and another one on and up to the house by noon—ready to hitch and trail away after dinner.

"Now, then—git a holta them ribbons!"

The boy was supposed to drive the team; but the boss drove the boy. Together they got a loop of chains round the log and hooked to the double-tree—which also had a grab-hook, ready to bite a chain anywhere.

"Back'm up—Bike! Whoa-o-o!"

Hooks in the clavices, chain round the log, and skids chugged in, the business was ready for the roll-up.

"Now—keep'm stiddy."

"Gid-ep, Bill! Steady—yon sooner!"

The team got down to the draw; probably the off horse having more ginger than the nigh took a run and jump at the job. That played hob with the log, and caused the boss to yell so that the folks up at the house heard him, and the neighbours far beyond.

"Whoa! Back up! Consarn—that front end's goin' up ahead. Wanta bust that reach, boy?"

"Naw! I ain't bustin' no reach. That dang Bill horse is doin' it. He's had too many oats lately."

On again. This time the butt log gets a hitch higher on the skids, but the skids are running up over the rave of the sleigh, and the bobs are crowding back to the log, and the whole business is a mixture—and all on account of the hired boy, who doesn't happen to know "sickum" about handling the lines.

The boy understands quite well that if the boss were all alone at the job the load would have been on by this time. But he backs up the horses and says bawling things at the team, and, along with the boss, gradually gets things worked up to the limbering point where everything goes like clockwork. Very next haul the butt log behaves beautifully; skids stay where they are put and the bobs bite down into the snow—while the doubletrees swing up like the spread wings of an eagle; the chain goes as tight as the E-string of a fiddle and the boy swings wide to the right, because he understands that if a single-tree should snap and bang him in the stomach he would never help the boss load any more logs.

There he goes, ploughing the snow with his boots and hanging to the lines like a dog to the tail of a steer; hoofs scrabbling to the roots of the trees and the horses down and the bellybands up and everything as taut as a frosty morning—

Snap! slam! bang!—go the doubletrees over the horses; back over the bobs flies the chain, and back to its bed rolls the log; and the boss hauls from his hip pocket his plug of chewing tobacco.

"What's up with 'er now, boss?"

"Chain's busted! Back'm up—Consarn yeh! why don't yeh hold them horses stiddy? See-sawin' like a pair o' steers. Back'm up!"

No use for the boy to argue with the boss. Quite likely by this time the neighbour who had been bawling yonder half a mile away has his load



Drawing by T. G. Greene

“ELMS THAT GAVE A SIX-FOOT SAW ALL THAT IT COULD DO”

on and his binding-pole humped and ready for the road.

However, the boss being a clever man and knacky with his fingers, soon has the chain spliced and the horses hooked up again; after a severe preliminary lecture to the boy on the duties of citizenship in the bush, and very likely a side talk to the horses on the innate sins of animals, coupled with a large number of names not to be found in a polite family dictionary—the final haul-up is under way. This time the boss gets desperately busy with a handspike behind, while the boy talks large to the horses in front; and the team get three feet beyond the toe-marks of last haul, clear into the brushwood, smashing down the scrub, banging under the limbs and as yet no call from the boss—so probably that butt log is going up right this trip.

But right at the edge of the bunk comes the stick—when the team hangs and the log lies hard and the bobs bite down into the snow. But over she will not go till the boss rips out something new and strange in the way of language, and the very next thing the boy hears is the final "Whoa-o-o-o-O!" as the big gray butt jigs over the brads at the ends of the bunks and lies there on the bobs as solid as a dead whale.

The rest is a simple matter. While

the boy jogs the horses round to the tongue and hitches up to the bobs, the boss slams over the chains from bunk to bunk and manoeuvres the bluebeech binding-pole by a snout loop into the front chain and a caterpillar hump down to the grab-hook in rear.

On with the old sheepskin and up to the peak; down to the lift with the team, boss in front on the ribbons—because, as everybody knows, the boy would upset at the first crook in the skid-road or smash a binding pole, or get brushed off by a limb. But the boy doesn't care a cent now; the log is on and the load is moving out of the long aisles of the creaking, echoing bush; out of the woodland cathedral to the long sunlight of the clearing and the road.

The road is alive with loggers; high-back loads creaking and straining out of the back lines and the side roads and the gore lines on to the main turnpike that runs one way to the mill, the other way to the rafting ground on the lake bank. Three dollars a thousand; two thousand to the load, sometimes three, but quite as often one.

This was the way of the elm-hauler in the land of the stave-wood and the mill; earning his preacher's salary by the lug of his team and the stretch of his chain; clearing the way for the corn and the beans and the wheat.

THE CHRISTMAS ROSE

By JEAN BLEWETT

They've brought you from your garden bed,
 Pale from the snowflakes kiss;
 But, ah, your bonnie heart is red
 As summer's heart, I wis!
 It holds the breath of June, the breeze
 The golden glow, and hark
 The drowsy humming of the bees,
 The carol of a lark!

JOSEPH

By ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

Never in all her sweet and holy youth
Seemed she so beautiful! The tired lines
Etch her white face with look so wholly pure
I tremble—dare I speak to her of aught?—
She is so wrapt in silence. Yet her lips
Part on a word whose honey she doth taste
And fears to lose by uttering too soon.
I know the word; its meaning is plain writ
In the wide eyes she turns upon the Child.
I dare not speak. No word of mine could find
Its way into a soul close sealed with God
And busy with the thousand mysteries
Revealed to every mother. The soft hair
Veiling her placid brow is all unbound,
Ungentle hands are mine, but trained by love
She might conceive them gentle—yet, I pause—
I'll not disturb her thought.

What meant those men,
Far-famed and wise, who came to see the Child?
Their gifts lie by forgotten, though the Babe
Did smile on the bright treasure in his hands
(Those tiny hands like crumpled bits of gauze).
Their sayings were mysterious to me.
“A King,” they said. What King? The mother smiled
As one who knew, and surely they did kneel
As to a King. It doth disturb me much!
I'll ask—but no—

The breathless shepherds, too;
Plain men, blank-eyed with awe, in broken speech
Stumbling some strange, glad tale of midnight sky
A-shine with angel wings! And at their word
Again the mother smiled as one who sees
No wonder but what well might happen since
A child is born to her. Are mothers so?
And are they prone to dream the careless earth
And distant heaven wait upon their joy?
Yet this strange story hath perplexed my soul.
I'll speak to her—

What is there in her look
That calms me so—yet causes me to fear
With fear so like a rapture that I seem
Caught up a breathless second into Heaven?
She turns deep eyes upon me, and she smiles,
Always she smiles! Ah, Mary! could I know
The source of that glad smile—what would I know?
I dare not dream, save that the mystery
Is not yet given unto me to know!

THE CHRISTMAS GIFT

BY ALBERT KINROSS

I.

THERE was, it appeared, no need to make a formal presentation; Mrs. Golding and Colonel Sebright had met before.

"So you know our lion?" said Lady Dallison; and Olive Golding, a little palely, "Oh, yes; Edmund and I were friends as boy and girl."

Jack Golding had charge of the colonel now, and he was delighted to come so close to a popular hero, to meet him in the flesh and grasp his hand.

"No life like a soldier's," he was saying; "we poor fellows that stay at home—what are we?"

The colonel couldn't enlighten him.

"Olive Moorsom's husband, for one thing," he might have said, had he spoken out.

"I hear he's to be knighted, a K.C.B.—none of your Indian orders." Olive was listening to Jermyn Dallison. "I don't think he cares. Those fellows who have done things never seem to care. I gave five thousand for my handle—services to the party," and he laughed.

The colonel was presented to a vivacious spinster, and to a lady and gentleman who took him very seriously indeed; who made quite a point of taking him very seriously. It was rather foolish of them, his grey eyes seemed to say. He had another moment with Olive before dinner was announced. She must be thirty-eight—and married and children in the nursery—"Handsome—very handsome," he reflected, giving Lady Dallison his arm.

There was just a whisper of excitement under all that dinner-party, a heightening, a something scarcely perceptible, but nevertheless evident. Even the servants were full of Colonel Sebright and the exploit that had put his name in so many mouths.

He swallowed his soup, however, like any other body; indeed, he seemed singularly young and cheery and unspoiled.

The lady, who took him so very seriously, asked him whether he was not sorry it was over. She would have liked to have been in his place, it appeared. So would Jack Golding—more fondly still; though what either of them would have done in it was not so clear.

The colonel smiled at their enthusiasm.

"It's better fun to be home," he said, "much better fun. You don't know how we fellows abroad envy you and think of London." And later, sipping his sherry: "There was one poor chap I knew in Burmah—blew his brains out—couldn't stand the solitude. We went over his papers—pages full of imaginary sprees. He'd sat alone in the jungle and planned such evenings! Dinners everywhere, and such good dinners—he gave you the whole six courses with all sorts of additions and corrections; but always salmon after the soup—seemed to have liked salmon, and then to a music-hall or a play, and suppers in the smartest places. Such a gay young dog on paper! Really, he lived alone in the jungle. The solitude was too much for him. He gave

it up and shot himself. Much better fun to be home," he ended, "much better fun."

Of the actual defence and holding of a hard-pressed frontier post, of the valour and shrewdness that had made him prominent, the colonel said nothing; but he admitted that he had eaten horse-flesh, and that it was rather good. And when the ladies were gone, and Jack Golding had him in a corner, "Oh, it's all in the papers," he said; "they know more about it than I do. You see, one's too busy," he laughed.

"This is the man Olive married," he was thinking under his moustache; "seems rather a good sort."

The colonel walked home that night. He had promised to call on the Goldings—what had he not promised? Jack Golding would take no denials—there was even something comic in Jack Golding's warm insistence and pinning to a date; and "any afternoon," Olive had said, "if you send a note in the morning. I've so few engagements, and the children rather look to me," as she gave him her hand.

Olive Golding must be thirty-eight. There had been three years between them. "Doesn't look it," he reflected; and then again he saw Jack Golding, fixing the evening he should dine with them, waving aside his hesitations, begging him to accept all kinds of hospitality, and finishing with, "We've a little place in the country—quite cosy for week-ends—if you could join us—"

Just for a second a dangerous hardness crossed the colonel's eyes.

II.

Sebright had dined with the Goldings, he had taken tea there on a couple of afternoons, and once or twice he had met the younger children in the park. It had interested him to see Olive in her home, to follow the changes in her, and the solidity of her career, so different from any lot that had fallen to him. He

had no ties of any kind; she was all ties, surrounded with small responsibilities, and with affection. It had not been difficult for him to find a welcome here; from Jack Golding who was so proud to know him, from the children whom he spoilt, even from Olive who had loved him twenty years ago.

It was December now, and London darkened early. Sebright had thought of going abroad for Christmas, and, before he went, he would like to say good-bye. He chanced in one afternoon. If Olive were in, so much the better; if she were out, he would send a line when he reached home.

She was in. It was the first time he had been alone with her informally, and seen her in the quiet of every day.

"I suppose it'll be the South of France," he said, when Olive asked him whether he had made any plans.

"Rather a dull Christmas," said she. "We shall be quite a party. My big girl came home yesterday—she's just left school—and the two elder boys will be here to-morrow. It seems hard on you having no home."

"One doesn't miss these things unless one's had 'em," he answered, easily, as though in himself he had often made the same reply before.

She put her sewing aside and faced him squarely.

"Edmund," she asked, "why didn't you marry? Was it because of me?"

Sebright smiled.

"One likes to think it," he said, "but, honestly, it wasn't that."

Her face cleared.

"I've always had you a little on my conscience," she said with half a smile.

"No need," said he. "Sometimes I've worked it out. I took three years to recover—and then—I simply hadn't time, and a second shot's not so easy as the first."

"Why don't you marry now?"

"Who would have me?"

"Who wouldn't?" said she.

"I know," he answered, "I've met

'em. All sorts of inappropriate people—all the old maids in London. for that matter."

"You always saw the humorous side of things, Edmund."

"It saves one from dwelling on the other," said he.

The colonel looked at her even more whimsically.

"This is good enough; and they are going to give me a brigade—I've often thought of seeing you again," he pursued, "and I knew we would be good friends. One likes to meet one's youth again. But that first thing was pretty impossible. You were eighteen and had just left school. I was twenty-one and had just got my commission—and very little else. Your people were quite right to say 'No' and cut off everything. I've often given 'em credit for it—reluctantly," he added with a smile, "from their point of view."

She smiled, too, remembering—remembering.

"It was pretty bad," said he; "all those garden-parties at Halesworth, and my getting into the box-hedge, because of the governess, after I had been forbidden the house—what a queer good-bye we whispered! Were you ever caught? And letting the pony down when I was trying to make a good impression on your mother—pitched her out, didn't I? Hardly the right sort of impression that was!"

And Olive still smiled, remembering—remembering. Jack Golding had done none of these foolish, ardent things, but had come in at the front door like other people.

"And the five bob I got for the poem about you? And King who was my bosom friend in those days? Such an honest ruffian!"

"What's become of King," she asked, laughing.

"He lives in America and is hen pecked."

"And you're not even that!"

They both remembered a hundred foolish things that were their youth.

"And Unica who befriended us—I've forgotten her real name—and Mrs. Perch who told our fortunes—what's become of them?"

Unica and Mrs. Perch were vanished.

"I've been pretty constant," he said, reading her thoughts. "It's easy to be constant out there, one meets so few women—unless one particularly wants to. I haven't wanted to very much," said he—"And now I'm glad to think you've got the children as well. That's jolly nice—better than all our memories. Kids are real, and reality's the only wear. That's why I envy you, really. Women do score there. And to have 'em when you're young—that must be pretty ripping."

"But you've got other things," she ventured.

"I've been successful, made a career, eh?" and he smiled again. "One must have something, Olive!" he said laughing. "I couldn't have what I wanted, so I've had this instead. It's not much fun, really—except for the old maids. They enjoy it like anything."

"But the things you've done in Burmah and on the frontier?"

"That's nothing. Do you know, Olive, I've never cared. That's the whole secret. The married men were thinking how to win and how to save their skins, and I was only thinking how to win. I rather had the pull on them."

The room was all but dark. The firelight showed him sitting there, almost in silhouette, with cheek and chin outblotted by a hand.

"I've done what people call reckless things," he pursued, "done them alone, mostly. There was that nine days' ride with Arnold's message asking for help. It got me my first step. There was nothing much about it in the papers. There never is, except by a fluke, or when you've done something showy like this last thing. Reckless, was I? All I felt was the freedom of those days and nights and

the goodness of being alone. Sometimes I heard the pop of a rifle and the queer sigh of a bullet, and, just for the fun of the thing, I answered 'em with my Colt. And sometimes men gave chase; and then I rode away. It was like a game, and those others were my play-fellows. And deep down in my heart—for we're all of us two people—I was saying, 'I can't very well shoot myself, can I?' There was the fellow who rode laughing, and the fellow saying that." The colonel paused. Olive's drawing-room had vanished, and he was again on a good horse with Arnold's message next his heart, and the wilderness about him. "I never knew why I volunteered for that until to-day. I thought it was a thousand to one against me, but it wasn't. I've been like that for years, and never quite understood—And now, suppose you give me a cup of tea?" he ended.

He turned on the lights and rang the bell for her.

Behind the man with the tray entered a slim, tall girl, fair, light-stepping, and clear-cut as a gem.

She had not seen Sebright, but he had seen her.

This must be Olive's "big girl," the one that had left school yesterday—to him it was a vision restored from twenty years ago. He stared at her, literally stared at her. Olive had been like that, as fair, as exquisite, as graceful.

"I've put my hair up, mother," she said, "what do you think of it?" and she turned round.

Then she discovered the colonel, and would have fled.

"Lucy, this is Sir Edmund Sebright, a very dear old friend of mine."

Mrs. Golding watched them and felt proud. Her girl was chatting now, freely, and without embarrassment. The colonel had opened, and they had laughed together; and then she had caught, "You're like the photograph—we all wore it at school in little buttons"—"Now you may go," said

Mrs. Golding; and this time the girl fled in earnest.

Olive Golding was studying the colonel's face.

"She's a little—a little like her mother?" she asked shyly.

"Do you know, Olive, I thought it was a ghost," he said.

"A very substantial one."

"Apparently," and he smiled.

"Why don't you come to us for Christmas?" she asked at last. "We are all going away into the country, and we'd just have room for you. I'd be so glad.

The colonel watched her musingly.

"I'd fall in love with your daughter," was his reply.

"I would be gladder still."

"I'm an old fogey," he said, after an interval.

"You're not old."

"Middle-aged."

"Quite a boy!"

"She wouldn't have me," and he shook his head.

"Oh, Edmund, then you'll come?"

It was almost as though she were offering herself to him. "You will come?" she said. "I half hoped and wanted this ever since our first meeting. You see, I owed it you—I owed it you so long!"

"But she wouldn't have me."

"Have you! Oh, aren't you a hero and all sorts of things! Do girls ever refuse them?—even if you were sixty!"

"But she'll find me out."

"She'll think herself the luckiest girl in England, and you can make it true. A young girl's clay. I was clay. A young girl's love is not a very deep thing, and it's easily won; but you can make it deep and win it and keep it. I know you'll be good to her, Edmund. You've been too good to me."

Sebright was looking at her, his eyes a little dimmed. "If she would grow like you!" he said.

"Then you will come to us?"

"I'll come," said Sebright, "of course I will!"

MEMORY

By

FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT

O Golden Gates of Memory,
The sun is burning low,
Unlock thy bars and let me see
The ghost-forms come and go.

Ye shadowy faces from the past,
I once could hear you speak;
My arms around your forms were cast,
I kissed you on the cheek.

Your laughter rang into my brain,
I felt your spirit's fire;
Ye knew the rack of human pain,
The rapture of desire.

And somewhere through the realms of space
Ye wander unconfined,
But now ye take for dwelling-place
The chambers of the mind.


Dear faces, once so bright and fair
Ye come from buried years—
Old faces, gray with human care,
Child faces wet with tears.

I pluck the flowers of early days,
I smell the breath of spring,
The woods are thrilling with the lays
Of dead birds carolling.

But now a wind begins to moan,
I hear the sob of waves,
And lo, I wander all alone
Across a land of graves.

O Golden Gates of Memory,
Be shut! the sun has set,
And night-clouds roll up from the sea;
O, let my heart forget.





Current Events

By

F. A. ACLAND

THE fact that Canada is to have immediately, according to innumerable press predictions, at any rate, a Minister of Labour with a separate portfolio, will give Canadians an increased zest for the many aspects of the labour problem, and we may take it for granted the community will derive appreciable benefit from the deeper consideration which the great sociological questions of the day will now receive from the more thoughtful and progressive members of both parties. It is evident that the acuteness of the struggle between capital and labour is becoming unbearable in older communities than our own when a great employer of labour, like Sir Christopher Furness, the famous British shipbuilder, calls his army of employees together and tells them that the present situation is impracticable and that his works must close down unless some system may be devised whereby the incessant friction of the past may be converted into something resembling unity of aim and harmony of method. Sir Christopher's very practical recommendation for achieving this object was profit-sharing, with an alternative for the complete purchase by the unions of the entire business, plant and all, at a price fixed by assessors, and it is gratifying to learn from later cables that the leaders of the men are taking kindly to the former proposition, and will in all probability decide to give the new method a trial at least. It is a step in the right direction, tending, with

proper safeguards, directly to the betterment of the worker, and to the prevention of the accumulation of swollen fortunes. The outcome will be watched with the keenest interest, not only in England, where necessity forces the experiment, but in all industrial countries, and not least of all in Canada, where many of the most intelligent employers of labour are seeking fair and honourable means of avoiding the *impasse* to which they fear being driven.

*

The system of profit-sharing is not, of course, particularly novel, having long been practised on a restricted scale in many instances, some of which are found in Canada. It is the principle of co-operation applied to production, and there are some notable instances of the successful working of the method in Great Britain by avowedly co-operative societies; none, however, on so great a scale as is now suggested, and none in the particular industry of shipbuilding. Perhaps the most interesting experiment of the kind is that of the South Metropolitan Gas Company, of London. Twenty years ago Sir George Livesey, chairman of the company, who died within the past month, saw the necessity of a public utility industry being protected from the danger of sudden cessation from labour troubles, and sought to attach the employees to the company by a system of co-partnership. The plan worked admirably, and Sir George

Livesey was never tired of singing its praises to his friends and to the public at large.

*

The discussion of labour problems recalls the fact that it was to a strike that the sudden and alarming crisis arising out of events in south-eastern Europe was immediately to be traced. The employees of the Ottoman Railway, running through portions of Turkey and Bulgaria, struck work. The Bulgarian Government manned the railway and succeeded in running the Bulgarian end of the line, with so much friction and difficulty, however, that eventually the Government decided to formally take over the railway, notwithstanding protests by Turkey that the line belonged to her. As a means of escaping from the ensuing embroglio, Bulgaria boldly cut the Gordian knot and declared herself independent. Troubles never come singly, and almost at the same moment, and, no doubt, by secret concert between Austria and Bulgaria, the aged Emperor Franz Josef broke his plighted word, shattered the Berlin treaty, and snatched from Turkey the semi-independent provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina. Crete followed on, and seized the opportunity to free herself from Turkey and declare her allegiance to Greece. War seemed imminent, and is not yet positively averted. The fiery people of Servia, Bulgaria with an army spoiling for a fight, were with difficulty restrained from attacking Austria and Turkey respectively. The triumvirate of Britain, France and Russia fortunately has been able to restrain them, and there appears reasonable chance of the war cloud passing away. The incident shows, however, the fragility of the base on which the structure of the world-peacemakers is erected. One maladroit act, one breach of faith, on the part of any one of a dozen or more contending nations and principalities, and the spectre of war laughs in the face of all Europe.

Turkey appears to have behaved particularly well during the crisis. The Sultan is so new a convert to enlightened methods that it would not have surprised the world to learn that he had seized the occasion as a pretext once more to abrogate the constitution so recently granted, as he had abrogated it thirty years earlier, or that he had recklessly and revengefully brought on a war in which constitution, Young Turks, and even the Empire itself, might have been wrecked. But the severest critics of Abdul Hamid have admitted his ability as a diplomatist, and in the present case he doubtless realised that his best part was the passive one, while the powers bound together under the Berlin treaty did their best to extricate him from his difficulties. Possibly, also, the Sultan has practically abdicated, and has not been allowed by the Young Turks to have discretionary power in matters of so vital import to the nation. Austria's part in the affair is doubly discreditable in that it is not only a flagrant breach of faith with regard to the Berlin treaty, to which it was a party, and which settled the status of the Balkan States, but it is a terrific blow aimed at the new constitution of Turkey, which would assuredly have gone to pieces under the shock but for the support that came to it from the peace triumvirate organised by King Edward. Just where Germany stands in the secret diplomacy is uncertain. She stood to gain somewhat immediately in commerce and political prestige by the continued decadence of Turkey, but few will believe the Emperor William to be capable of attempting deliberately to stifle the aspirations of a people for human freedom.

*

Not that the Emperor of Germany is not willing sometimes to make what may perhaps be termed a wily move on the chessboard of European politics. The interview published with him in a London newspaper, obtained

some months ago when the Emperor visited England and left to be published at the discretion of the interviewer, is such a move, and is, no doubt, intended to weaken the good feeling existing between Great Britain, France and Russia. "Codlin's your friend, not Short," is the motive of the interview, which narrates how at the time of the Boer War, France and Russia had approached Germany with a view to taking joint action against Great Britain to secure the ending of the war, and how Germany had repulsed the approaches, so that they had fallen through. More than that, the German Emperor claims to have given such distinguished proof of his friendship for England that he prepared a plan of campaign for the British army and sent it to the British War Office. The general purport of the interview has been corroborated in official quarters at Berlin, and it has almost taken away the breath of the diplomats, especially the statement as to the plan of campaign, which does appear to have been a most strange procedure from a foreign ruler, and above all from the same foreign ruler who sent to President Kruger that celebrated cablegram which seemed almost intended to provoke war. As to the Anti-British League, it is the first time the formal announcement concerning the same has been made, but those who follow events closely assumed at the time that something of the kind was afoot, and no doubt the British Foreign Office was fairly well informed on the subject. The value of the German Emperor's declaration that Germany prevented the league from being made effective is, meantime, somewhat lessened by the retort of the Russian press that Germany's only reason for staying the proceedings in any way was a desire to use the occasion to break the alliance between France and Russia. It is only when the curtain is lifted occasionally as in the present case, by a hand impulsive or indiscreet, that those

outside official circles learn through what a torturous maze the statesmen of Europe pick their steps from day to day, and how easy is the false step that may lead to disaster.

*

The mention of the Boer War brings to mind the fact that Lord Milner, the central figure of the British state-craft involved in the war, is in Canada at the present time, and after the manner of distinguished British visitors at the present day, has made the round of the Canadian Clubs of the Dominion, has been compelled, as he put it himself, to "stand and deliver" at every point of importance between Vancouver and Montreal. The various aspects of imperial unity have been the theme of his different addresses. In the matter of tariff reform Lord Milner is a thorough Chamberlainite, and would endeavour to give an impulse to imperial unity by establishing an imperial preference. Lord Milner believes a straight division of the people of Great Britain on the sole question of tariff reform would show a majority for that policy, but does not seem too hopeful that even at the next election in the Mother Country the division will be so clear that tariff reformers will win. Seeing, however, that under the best conditions, one-half of the British people are bitterly opposed to tariff reform on such a basis it is difficult to understand how imperial unity is to be served by such an innovation. On the question of imperial defence, Lord Milner holds moderate views. He admits the unreasonableness of expecting cash contributions from the outlying portions of the Empire, and sees the force of the argument that the great self-governing colonies do not in any way increase the cost of British naval expenditure. Lord Milner favours the establishment of centres of strength at different points, which means, of course, separate navies, and, no doubt, as time passes that will be a natural development. As to transfers in the civil service or

a common standard of naturalisation promoting imperial unity, these are pleasant nothings; such items in the social life would have no more effect on the national sentiment than an exchange of pulpits between country and country, and far less effect than the continually strengthening bonds of a common literature. Imperial sentiment in Canada is sound and strong, but it is a plant the growth of which cannot be forced, and an attempt at forcing may produce a strangely mis-shapen tree, a view which is probably not very far removed after all from that entertained by Lord Milner himself.

*

The result of the general elections has been to leave things as they were in a party sense. Some well-known faces on both sides will be absent in the new house, and very many new ones will be found. One of the most striking features of the election, in fact, was the large number of party gains and losses and the curious way in which, in the older provinces, they precisely balanced each other. It is a good sign, and shows more independence of feeling politically than we are apt to credit ourselves with. One of the criticisms made by Lord Milner of Canadian matters was the alleged misfortune of the lack of great dividing issues in an election contest, and the low tone to which, in his opinion, politics consequently dropped. But it is not at all clear that the absence of a great issue is a misfortune. On the contrary, such a condition would rather suggest that the people of the country are essentially at one on all vital matters. Questions of race and creed, language in schools, protection and free trade, loyalty to the Empire, the future of Canada, etc., have all, apparently, been disposed of, or for the present eliminated from politics, and this surely makes for the strengthening of the social system. As for the great question of the purity of public life, one can only express the hope that



MR. W. L. MACKENZIE KING, C. M. G., M. P.,
WHO, IT IS UNDERSTOOD, WILL GET THE NEW
PORTFOLIO OF MINISTER OF LABOUR IN
SIR WILFRID LAURIER'S CABINET

such evil as exists is rather on the surface than at the root of things, a theory which is supported by the loyalty of the two parties to leaders of the unblemished reputations of Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Mr. R. L. Borden.

*

Mr. Bryan's election as President of the United States would have been a spectacular success, and his procedure would have been followed with an intensity, not to say anxiety, in business circles that will not attach to Mr. Taft's policy, and yet Mr. Taft has a very substantial list of promised reforms to his credit. The dull times aided the party in power, contrary to the usual effect in such cases. The public became genuinely afraid of any further disturbing influence, and Mr. Bryan has never rid himself of the stigma of political and financial unorthodoxy that has rested on him since his repudiation by Mr. Cleveland and the Gold-Democrats in 1896.

WOMAN'S SPHERE



The time draws near, the birth of
Christ :

The moon is hid; the night is
still;

The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist.

Four voices of fair hamlets round,
From far and near, on mead and
moor,
Swell out and fall, as if a door
Were shut between me and the sound.

Each voice four changes on the wind,
That now dilate, and now decrease,
Peace and good-will, good-will and
peace,
Peace and good-will to all mankind.
* * * *

But they my troubled spirit rule,
For they controll'd me when a boy;
They bring me sorrow touched
with joy,
The merry, merry bells of Yule.

—Tennyson's *In Memoriam*.

* * *

CONCERNING CHRISTMAS.

“WHAT is Christmas in Canada like?” asked an English girl who visited our Lady of the—Smiles in the month of August, and received only the vague answer of:

“Just the same as anywhere else, I suppose.”

The Canadian Christmas is less a religious festival—in form, at least—

than that of the Old Country. In Canada there is no Established Church, and, as only the Roman Catholic and Episcopal churches observe the anniversary with historic ritual, the element of religious observance is less conspicuous, although the spirit is not forgotten. We are all familiar with the story of the Englishman in far lands who thinks of the “waits” and the holly-brightened church as the twenty-fifth of December approaches. To only a small section of Canadians does Christmas bring the time-hallowed memories of carols and century-old games—but we have a merry Christmas withal and are not lacking for Yuletide pleasure.

Christmas ought to be the children's day—for to grown-ups it cannot but bring sadness. Like every other tender anniversary, it has been hurt by ostentation and the spirit of Mammon. When a gift becomes a burden, all grace has gone out of it. Weddings and Christmas Day have become a dreary obligation to many members of society, just because we are not brave enough to be simple in our gifts and celebrations. It ought to be the day when the Small Person is made happy, not only by the gifts of those who love to “keep Christmas,” but by the spirit of that joyous season. There are many strangers in our country these days,

and to those who are spending their first Christmas away from the old home it is a trying anniversary. So, we need not go farther than the newcomers near our gates to find those in want of Christmas cheer.

* * *

DESIRABLE CITIZENS.

THE mistress of a household in a Canadian city was surprised one morning to hear the charwoman she had recently engaged singing a snatch from oratorio as she bent over the tub.

"Why, where did you hear that, Mary?"

"It's from the *Messiah*, Mrs. Gordon. I've joined the chorus that's to give it this Christmas."

"Where do you find time?"

"Time," said Mary, scornfully, "it's the breath of life to me to go to the practice. I belonged in the Old Country, and I'd be a lonely woman without the *Messiah* at Christmas time." Then Mrs. Gordon discovered that Mary and her husband, who was "laid up" with rheumatism and could not join the chorus this year, had been trained by an English conductor who knew his business, and that they regarded with creditable scorn the musical comedies which their wealthier neighbours attended. "Jim" could not go to the Sheffield Choir concert but Mary had betaken herself, with face shining beneath her best bonnet, to the upper gallery of the immense hall and had heard, with tears veiling her honest blue eyes, the Yorkshire voices in Handel's immortal choruses. "Extravagance!" the unthinking would say, as Mary sat in the upper gallery and thought of other days in a village of the Mother Land. But that would be the most stupid mistake of all, for Mary had bought what meant more than bread and was receiving what would make weeks of toil seem melodious with the echoes of the old choral triumphs.

We hear a great deal about the

beer-drinking, besotted English working-man, who beats his wife in moments of relaxation. But we hear too little of the British working-man who reads Carlyle and knows his Handel and realises that there is more in life than the pennies. Yet he is found in our workshops and anyone who cares to look about, before the first notes of the *Messiah* are sung at the annual oratorio in Toronto, London or Winnipeg, may see many a Jim and Mary, some of them in the chorus and some happy in the upper seats of the music hall. We cannot have too many of these immigrants—and a choral test at Montreal or St. John would be an excellent standard for citizenship.

* * *

THE SMALL COMMUNITY.

WE are all familiar with the urban joke at the expense of the small town or village. The reproach of dulness is brought against the lesser community with the charge that nothing is talked of, save the neighbour's petty household affairs. This criticism came to mind after a visit to two Ontario towns, almost on a level in population but far apart as concerns quality. The one appeared to be dull and given over to small feuds and ambitions; the other had a considerable number of citizens who would compare favourably with the more serious-minded in large centres. What made the difference? It was decided, on comparing notes, that it was largely due to feminine alertness in the latter community. There has been a great flood of ridicule poured on the women's clubs of the United States. They are by no means perfect institutions, and some of them mistage what Dr. Van Dyke calls "culturine" for genuine growth; but they have proved the salvation of many a social circle in the small town. In the better of these two Ontario towns, the women had formed several reading circles, which made no pretensions to pon-

derous undertakings, but which created a breadth and freedom not to be found in the small town given up to petty things. A modern bishop has prayed that we may be kept from becoming small while doing small things. It is a remarkably sensible petition. Commonness is in the spirit, rather than in the task. In this town which had found itself there was a Travel Club, which took the most delightful excursions over the face of the earth, and in which the members learned that Buenos Ayres is a capital of cosmopolitan beauty, and that Fort Wrangel is becoming a livable spot.

"Of course, some people make fun of it at first and make fun of it still," said the energetic president, "but when I came here from college, it seemed as if there was nothing to do but talk about Mrs. Smith's new parlour carpet and how the Brown's manage to pay their bills. I found that several others were longing for more stimulating topics; so we started a travel club and we've been journeying ever since. If we must gossip, it's healthier and safer to take the Fiji Islanders than the people next door. It has got into our domestic life, too, and we've been trying foreign dishes on our unfortunate families. *Tamales* and *guava* jelly, to say nothing of *caviare* sandwiches, have been inflicted on the family circle."

This town, with the people who cared to keep their streets and brains well-swept, was brought to mind when I read an English journalist's account of a visit to Bohemia—the real Bohemia, not the false one of tenth-rate artists. In describing some of the villages visited, the writer says: "The next two days were spent in this romantic paradise, and at Rovensko the young maidens, dressed in white, presented us with bouquets and examples of the jewel stones found here, and then to prove further that they were the 'angels' of this 'paradise,' a choir sang their folk

songs, and an excellent orchestra played Dvorak and Smetana. On the stage of the hall in which the lunch was served by these same young girls, were busts of their national heroes, for the hall is the local theatre. This gives a hint of their village and small town life; here the problem of the dulness of village life has been solved by self-help and culture."

There are few towns in Canada which can be called historic, but there is no reason why they should be ugly and dull. The women of the village or town have the matter of brightness and beauty largely in their keeping.

* * *

A HACKNEYED HEROINE.

THERE is a certain plot which has become drearily monotonous in latter-day fiction. A young woman, bent upon having what she is pleased to call a "career," refuses to become the wife of an earnest, but unexciting wooer, although some elderly woman of the old school warns her that "the honest love of a good man" is by no means to be despised, especially when the youth concerned is making enough money to pay the electric light account and the water rates. But the haughty maiden scorns the domestic life, declares her yearnings for an ampler realm, and the honest man returns to consider his bank-account and reflect upon the ways of modern woman. The aspiring maiden enters upon her career, paints improbable cows, writes stories which have a positive mania for returning, or endeavours to become a dramatic star and have her jewels stolen. After years and years of impromptu salads and problematic savings account, she sees that youth has fled, skin food is unavailing to banish all the wrinkles and a career is flat and unprofitable. Then is the time for the scorned lover with the sterling qualities to come back and tell her that he has waited patiently all these years and a home with all

the modern improvements with a garage in the background is awaiting her in the suburbs. He arrives just as she is wondering where he can be and whom he has married, and life suddenly becomes one grand sweet-song.

* * *

THE WRITER OF "WOMAN'S KINGDOM."

CANADIAN readers, irrespective of party preference for editorial pages, are in no need of introduction to the "Woman's Kingdom" of the *Mail and Empire*, over which *Kit* has ruled for many bright years. By courtesy of this well-known woman journalist (Mrs. Coleman) we present to our readers a photograph in which they will assuredly feel a personal interest. *Kit*, as everyone familiar with her page is aware, is Irish by birth, and the fairies of her native land have given her all the courage and wit for which the Daughters of Erin are famous. *Kit* is a most capable journalist, with an individuality that makes her readers more than "paper" friends. But, above the brilliance and perseverance which have made her page an invaluable feature of the *Saturday Mail and Empire* is the warm kindness which never grudges a word of sympathy and praise to the Canadian women who are struggling in home, shop, or studio to do the day's work. *Kit's* department is wide in its treatment of all vital interests—not by any means the "slush" which debilitates too many "pages for women." *Kit*



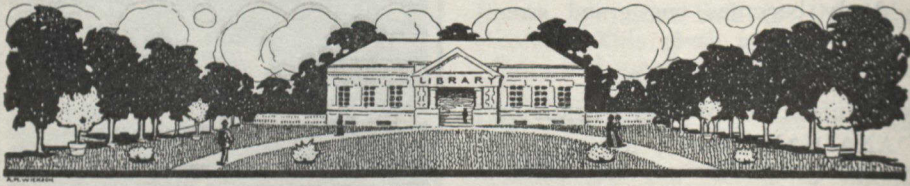
Recent photograph for *The Canadian Magazine* by Kennedy

Kathleen Blake Coleman ("Kit")

has known many stirring scenes in her journalistic experience. Her letters from the Jubilee in 1897 were in colourful keeping with the pageant she described, her accounts from the battle lines in Cuba in 1898 were harrowing in their descriptions of war's ghastly aftermath; but her readers will remember most vividly those letters of 1893, aglow with the splendour of the White City. May she know many a happy Christmas in the land of her adoption!

JEAN GRAHAM.





The WAY of LETTERS

NEW BIT OF CANADIAN HISTORY.

Murray Bay has within recent years attained considerable fame as a summer resort, but it has remained for Professor George M. Wrong, professor of history in the University of Toronto, to give it a place in history. Professor Wrong's recent publication, "A Canadian Manor and its Seigneurs," gives added interest to that somewhat exclusive summer resort on the St. Lawrence. Few of the many distinguished persons who from season to season go down to Murray Bay would ever have imagined that the place was interesting from an historical standpoint had not Professor Wrong discovered the manor and the significance of its past, and rendered that past available, by the examination of various manuscripts retained in the garrets of that old, but still imposing, establishment. This residence had been occupied by a French gentleman named Jean Bourdon, but after the British conquest of Quebec, Colonel John Nairne, one of the famous Fraser Highlanders, received a grant of 3,000 acres, embracing the manor and all that went with it. Colonel Nairne was succeeded by his son Thomas in 1802, the date of his father's death, and Thomas, likewise a fighting man, was killed in 1812 while helping to defend his country against the attacks of United States troops. The only other occupants of the seigneury were

a second John Nairne, grandson of the Colonel, and John's widow. John died in 1861 and his widow in 1884. The family is extinct, no heirs having survived, but the honorary title of *seigneur* has since 1898 been enjoyed by Mr. E. J. Duggan, of Ottawa. Professor Wrong obtained the history of the manor house and its *seigneurs* as a result of the examination of many hundreds of letters and pages of manuscripts found still in the manor. Research of this kind sometimes uncovers many bits of history that otherwise would remain unknown and unappreciated. One can imagine the pleasure Professor Wrong found in examining these old papers, most of which were written by the first English *seigneur*, but the pleasure he found then should be exceeded now in the satisfaction he will enjoy in having done commendable service in the field of Canadian history. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Cloth, \$3 net.)

*

"A SPIRIT IN PRISON."

The publication of Robert Sichen's new novel, "A Spirit in Prison," will probably infuse new life into the old question: "Is it ever wise to write a sequel?" With the bringing in from the sea of the dead body of Maurice Delarey the story told in the "Call of the Blood" rose to its fitting climax, and most readers were satis-

fied that the future of *Hermione* should be left open. Others were inclined to quarrel with the author for leaving so many untied ends, and to these latter "A Spirit in Prison" will most powerfully appeal. The title of the book is taken from the saying: "The spirit that resteth upon a life is a spirit in prison." And as *Hermione's* whole widowed life rested upon the lie that her husband had never for a moment been unfaithful to her, the application is obvious. It will be remembered that Maurice Delarey was killed by the father of the Sicilian girl, Maddalena, but through the faithfulness of his servant, Gaspare, and the mistaken kindness of *Hermione's* friend, Artois, his wife was kept in complete ignorance of the facts. The story of "A Spirit in Prison" centres around the after life of this deceived *Hermione*, her child, and her friend. Artois, after all the care he took to save her husband's memory from stain, expects that in time she will become contented, and even happy, living again in the life of her child. But, although sixteen years have passed since Maurice Delarey's death, this does not happen; Vere, the daughter, and *Hermione*, the mother, though devoted to each other, are not all-sufficient. At the very beginning of the story, we find the latter reproaching Artois for something, we hardly understand what (since she is ignorant of his deception) but apparently for some lack of understanding of her *real need*. This active mood of discontent has been stimulated by an accidental look seen upon the face of the fisher-boy, Ruffo—a look which, although she does not know it, is strongly suggestive to her of Delarey. There is but little plot in the story; the reader suspects at once that Ruffo's "mama" is Maddalena, and the only wonder is, in short and homely phrase, "how *Hermione* will take it." With this situation for a foundation, Mr. Hichens has written a long novel, criticism of which is rendered difficult

by the fact that some readers will like it very much and others not at all. (Toronto: The Copp. Clark Company. Cloth, \$1.25.)

*

DR. OSLER: ESSAYIST.

Dr. William Osler, regius professor of medicine at Oxford, the man who became famous, if not notorious, because it was reported that he advocated the chloroforming of all persons over sixty years of age, has given out in book form a number of essays or lectures which were originally delivered before medical bodies. These essays, while perhaps of special interest to physicians because they are mostly biographical sketches of men who had some connection with medicine, are nevertheless of popular interest. The volume is entitled "An Alabama Student and Other Biographical Essays," and in them the erudition and wide sympathies of the author are generously displayed. The title to the book was suggested by a chance acquaintance with the work of Dr. Bassett, a physician whose letters have greatly impressed Dr. Osler. Other persons considered in these essays are Oliver Wendell Holmes, Sir Thomas Browne, Keats, Harvey and Locke. (Toronto: Henry Frowde. Cloth, \$2.)

*

CANADIAN METHODISM.

The first volume of J. E. Sander-son's "First Century of Methodism in Canada" is a noteworthy addition to denominational history in this country. It covers the period from 1775 to 1839. The author has wisely avoided overburdening the work with unimportant details, and therefore his narrative deals in as compressed a manner as he considered advisable with the outstanding events touching on the subject in hand. Owing to its geographical importance, Newfoundland is made the starting point, with the arrival there in 1765 of the first Methodist evangelist to the New

World, Laurence Coughlan. From that beginning the work and spread of Methodism in Canada is recorded down to about the time of the rebellion of 1837-8. The work is not merely a history of Methodism; it deals also with events of history bearing on religious work, that will appeal, not only to Methodists, but as well to all who have an interest in all great movements. (Toronto: William Briggs.)

*

SKETCHES OF QUEBEC.

The Tercentenary of Quebec prompted the publication of numerous volumes, but none will have more abiding interest than "In Old Quebec and Other Canadian Sketches," by Mr. Byron Nicholson, author of "Resourceful Canada," "Impressions Abroad," "The French-Canadian," etc. Few persons know the City and Province of Quebec so well as Mr. Nicholson knows it, and what he has to say regarding that part of the Dominion or of French-Canadians can be regarded as correct. The volume contains historical and descriptive sketches, and presents almost fifty photographic illustrations. (Quebec: The Commercial Printing Company. Cloth, \$2.)

*

COMPREHENSIVE THESAURUS.

A new and really comprehensive thesaurus has recently been published, representing a Herculean work on the part of Francis March, professor of the English language and comparative philology at Lafayette College. Professor March is also an LL.D. of Oxford University and D.Litt. of Cambridge University, England. At the age of eighty-three he has been pensioned by the Carnegie Committee and recognised as one of the greatest philologists, while his "Thesaurus" has the distinction of being the only book to which a patent has been issued by the United States Government. Every

writer and speaker knows how annoying it is at times to "get" *the* word or phrase to give the proper shade of meaning to the thought he wishes to express. For instance, a writer might wish to express a certain condition of mind, such as fear, but yet not fear. Alarm is not what he means; neither is apprehension. Then what does he mean? He might mean timidity, trepidation or even reservation. But whatever he does mean, "March's Thesaurus" will set him right. This work is nothing less than a huge dictionary of correct expressions. If a person desires the best way to express a particular kind of delight or joy, he turns to either of these words and is immediately referred to every other word in the English language that has any relative meaning, and also to many phrase suggestions. But while the work is invaluable to speakers and writers, it is equally so to all who wish to express themselves correctly. Its use saves one from the annoyance of being unable at all times to exactly express a thought. It guides to the selection of the best word to use or to distinguish a delicate shade of meaning. It embraces 1,200 pages, giving a complete working vocabulary of 50,000 words and meanings, arranged in alphabetical order, and it can be used as an ordinary dictionary. But its distinctive difference from a dictionary is in the grouping in capital captions of all words in the language that have any affinity of meaning, as reference words following the vocabulary word, the positive and negative terms being given in juxtaposition. By referring to any one of the reference words one finds synonymous words and their meanings, thus placing one immediately in possession of the right word to exactly state a thought on any subject, besides going further and extending knowledge by completely analysing every word and subject. For instance, it often takes a long time to find such as the following in a dic-

tionary: What word describes the science of coins? What do the Hindus call their Temple of Worship? What religious sect held that religion consisted wholly of love? What are the French Protestants called? March's thesaurus overcomes difficulties of this kind, and its usefulness is therefore obvious. (Toronto: T. J. Ford & Company, Canadian publishers.)

✱

PICTURES OF SMART PEOPLE.

"The Henry Hutt Picture Book," which has been published for the Christmas holiday trade, is one of the most excellent publications of the kind to be met with. Mr. Hunt has been making Christy, Fisher and Gibson look to their colours, and in his "book" some very charming drawings are reproduced in a tone and quality that must place them very near the original. The colour reproductions are particularly fine. In his drawings Henry Hutt preaches the philosophy of good clothes. His women and girls are invariably smartly and becomingly attired, while his men always present a patrician air. They are clean-cut, well-groomed, and, like the women of his creation, exhale an atmosphere of health, vivacity and enjoyment. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.)

✱

A DELIGHTFUL CHARACTER.

Few writers display in their work the quality of charm that distinguishes the productions of F. Hopkinson Smith. Mr. Smith has a genius for depicting the old-fashioned virtues, and he does it in a manner that is full of art and human feeling. These characteristics are very evident in his latest story, "Peter," which is described as a novel of which "he is not the hero." Whether Peter is a hero or not, he is one of the most likable characters found in recent fiction. Hopkinson Smith is an optimist, and therefore his books are full of sunshine and good things.



Recent Photo of Mrs. Isabel Ecclestone MacKay,
a successful Canadian writer

Peter is a bank clerk of the old-fashioned kind, one who has been in the bank for thirty years, and is as punctual as a clock in good order. After banking hours, Peter becomes a genial, warm-hearted, sociable old gentleman, and his many good qualities, together with his erudition and good breeding give him a place in the company of artistic and literary persons. His influence is good, and he manages to use it to set at least one young man on the right road. "Peter" is a novel that will be read with delight. (Toronto: McLeod & Allen. Cloth, \$1.25.)

✱

END OF CRAWFORD'S TRILOGY.

Van Torp wins Margaret Donne, the prima donna, in the end. That is

the principal point of interest to the many readers who have been reading F. Marion Crawford's recent trilogy of novels, "Fair Margaret," "The Prima Donna," and "The Diva's Ruby." The last of the three is just out, and it proves to be, even in itself, and without any knowledge of the other two, a novel of absorbing interest. This trilogy by one of America's leading novelists has caused a great deal of conflicting comment. Some reviewers have considered them great, while others have condemned. "The Diva's Ruby" is an exciting story, and the plot revolves around the knowledge of the location of certain ruby mines. The contest between Van Torp, who is an amiable American, and the Greek financier for the love of Margaret ends to the satisfaction of most readers, but the Greek, defeated as he is, finds nevertheless consolation elsewhere. It is gratifying to see a volume of this kind presented in a cover that, while plain, shows refinement and good taste. So many gaudy covers offend the finer sensibilities, it is a relief to find covers such as are almost invariably used by the publishers of this particular book. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Cloth, \$1.50.)

*

MORE SERMON THAN STORY.

"The novel, "The Loves of Pelleas and Ettarre," by Zona Gale, was an exquisite achievement in delicacy and whimsical tenderness. Miss Gale's "Friendship Village" is therefore taken up, with the fond hope that it will prove equally attractive. However, one is conscious of a feeling of disappointment ere the fourth chapter is reached. The presentation of village characters is humorous enough but the cheerfulness of Calliope Marsh is so persistent that one longs for a

Mrs. Poyser by way of relief. The dialect of these villagers also becomes a burden. The book has something of the grace of the former volume but is decidedly inferior to that chronicle of sentiment at seventy. The author's eternal preaching of the gospel of helpfulness is made so obvious and voluble that it is difficult to believe that Zona Gale has written all this prosy moralising. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company.)

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CANADIAN NURSERY RHYMES.

"Uncle Jim's Canadian Nursery Rhymes" is the title of a decidedly original and praiseworthy book for little folk. Especial interest attaches to it, in as much as the rhymes, it is understood, are the work of Mr. David Boyle, of the Department of Education, Toronto, while the illustrations are by Mr. C. W. Jefferys, one of the cleverest illustrators and cartoonists we have. Some of the rhymes are not so good as the illustrations, but here is a sample:

The Squirrel

Hoppity, jiggity, jig,
A squirrel upon a twig.
Isn't it fun
To see him run?
Hoppity, jiggity, jig.

*

NOTES.

—"The Wire Tappers," one of Mr. Arthur Stringer's fascinating series of "electrical" stories, has been translated into Swedish, and a request has been received by the publishers, Little, Brown & Company, Boston, for permission to have it translated into Danish.

—"The Panther," by Anne Warner, is a slight, semi-symbolical, unsatisfactory, somewhat obscure "tale of temptation." It contains only about 10,000 words, but is most attractively decorated and bound. (Boston: Small, Maynard & Company.)

Within The Sanctum

Christmas affords most happiness when approached with a clear conscience. Its coming this year finds *The Sanctum* clear in conscience and full of friends. Perhaps it would be better to say that it is full of the spirit of friendship; and the spirit of friendship is, after all, the real spirit of Christmas. But, why is there a clear conscience within *The Sanctum*? Because there is a feeling that the year's output has been better than ever before, that those who have read *The Canadian Magazine* this year have received more for their money during 1908 than they had ever received before. This is not written in a spirit of boastfulness; it is intended merely to emphasise a fact that must have been patent to thousands all over Canada. Our readers acknowledge it; our friends assure us of it, while we ourselves have a clear conscience in the knowledge that we have done our best. This Christmas number is a credit, not so much to us as to those who have helped to make it. The time has come when we have in Canada writers and artists whose work stands on an equal footing with the average of production anywhere. This Christmas number is from cover to cover a proof of that statement. To begin with, the front cover presents a most dignified design, and is a splendid example of simple, chaste and beautiful lines. In craftsmanship it would be difficult to excel it, and its motive, while conventional, is

decorative and attractive. It is the work of Mr. Harold James. The frontispiece and two other drawings that illustrate Mr. Roberts' story, are the work of Mr. J. W. Beatty, a most capable Toronto artist who has just recently returned from an extended trip abroad.

Mr. Theodore Roberts, whose story "Outside the Law" takes first place in the magazine, is rapidly enlarging his constituency of readers. He lives at Fredericton, N.B., and is a brother of Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts. Just now he is in Europe searching for new material and inspiration.

Mr. Robert E. Knowles comes in for the first time. His sketch "Why I Bought a Horse" is brimful of wholesome humour. He is the occupant of Knox Manse at Galt, Ont., and is already the author of three novels—"St. Cuthberts," "The Undertow," and "The Web of Time," besides a shorter story, "The Dawn at Shanty Bay," which was published in book form a year ago. "The Web of Time" is his latest novel. It is just out, but came too late for review in this number. Mr. Knowles has promised to entertain the readers of *The Canadian Magazine* frequently hereafter.

"Winter Rambles and Ramblings" is the work of one of the editorial writers on the *Toronto Globe*. Only on rare occasion has Mr. Wood been induced to go beyond the anonymous columns of the newspaper, but his delightful, sympathetic, whole-souled

style seems bound in time to find a more permanent place.

Mrs. Isabel Ecclestone Mackay is one of the cleverest writers we have. She is a Woodstock lady, one whose work, both in prose and in verse, is finding a high place in the United States and England. In prose she displays a keen, analytical mind, a genius for new ideas, and a style that is easy and convincing. In poetry she is versatile and perhaps, as yet, at her best. As her poem "Joseph," published in this number, indicates, she has a philosophic turn, an artful and subtle conception of a circumstance. On the other hand, as a writer in a beautiful lyrical style she has few superiors in these days. She will be a regular contributor to *The Canadian Magazine*.

Of Mrs. Virna Sheard and Mrs. Jean Blewett, both Toronto ladies, nothing need scarcely be said here. Their work is well known to our readers. Mrs. Sheard has published several novels, and is a versifier of no mean order. Mrs. Blewett has published several volumes of poems. She is well known as a prose writer as well, but it is perhaps to her poems that most of her admirers turn when they wish to find her at her best. In this connection arises the name of Frederick George Scott. He is a clergyman of Quebec City, and as a writer pretends to be nothing more than a poet. As such he has an enviable reputation.

The work of Mr. A. R. Carman is well known to our readers. Mr. Carman is chief editorial writer on one of the largest daily newspapers in Canada, and is the author of several novels. His work is invariably well done.

Mrs. Charlotte Eaton, who writes on the work of the late Wyatt Eaton, is the widow of that gifted portrait painter. Although Mr. Eaton is regarded as one of the best portrait painters this continent has yet produced, very few, indeed, know that he was a Canadian.

Mr. Augustus Bridle, who contributes "The Bunks of the Old Sleigh Bobs" and is a frequent contributor to these pages, is a clever Toronto journalist, one who had the distinction of being plagiarised by Jack London. His style is virile and entertaining.

Miss L. M. Montgomery, whose first novel, "Anne of Green Gables," was reviewed in the November number of *The Canadian Magazine*, is, as was noted in the review, a Prince Edward Islander. She is a clever writer in both prose and poetry, and her work will be worth watching.

Professor George H. Clarke, although he is a Canadian, is engaged just now lecturing in the Southern States. His verse is better known here than his prose, but whatever he undertakes he does in a scholarly manner.

Mr. Archie P. McKishnie is the author of a novel entitled "Gaff Linkum." He is perhaps at his best when writing short stories, but his ambitions will more likely be realised in the larger field.

Mr. James P. Haverson's verse often appears in *The Canadian Magazine*. Mr. Haverson is a Toronto newspaper man, author of a volume of clever rhymes entitled "Sour Sonnets of a Sorehead." His work displays rare versatility and finish.

Of the department contributors scarcely too much could be said. Mr. Acland has been announced as next Deputy Minister of Labour at Ottawa, and he is at present secretary in the Department of Labour. Few journalists in Canada have a better standing among their fellows than he. Miss Jean Graham, who writes "Woman's Sphere," is one of the most accomplished women journalists in the Dominion. She combines the rare qualities of humour and good sense with fine literary style.

The other contributors to the Christmas number have come later into the field. Mrs. Glasgow is a Toronto lady, an occasional writer for

the magazines. She has a fine sense of delicacy and picturesqueness. Miss Madge Macbeth lives at the Capital, and has, perhaps because of that, a keen sense of humour. Mr. S. A. White, whose verse we know very well, is a Northern Ontario school-teacher. Judging by "The Kid's Christmas," there is a place for him also among writers of fiction.

A great deal might be said about the artists who have illustrated the stories for this number. Something has already been said about Mr. Beatty. But Mr. Beatty is a painter rather than an illustrator, and his friends expect that when he exhibits his work of the last two years some paintings of a superior order will be seen.

Mr. George Butler is the kind of man who always seeks a new motive, and therefore one never knows what to expect from him. But his work is invariably artistic and his

ideas are generally well expressed.

Mr. Fergus Kyle is head of the art department for Toronto *Saturday Night*. His work displays breadth, snap and the use of considerable brains.

Mr. Lapine is a newcomer to Canada from France, but already his work is finding a place for him.

Mr. T. G. Greene is of the younger school of artists. He has a broad, vigorous stroke, and has a fancy for big things.

Does credit for so good a Christmas number not rest with these contributors? And should *The Sanctum* not feel proud of them? But they are not all, by any means, of the friends who fill *The Sanctum* at this closing time of year, fill it with their contributions and good promises for another twelvemonth, with their sympathy and cheer, their warm praise and generous suggestion. So there is cause for real happiness *Within the Sanctum*.

The Editor



What Others Are Laughing at

THE BOY COULDN'T SEE IT.

A Grand River avenue grocer saw a boy about twelve years old loafing around his store yesterday, and he patted him on the head and said:

"Boy, go to work. George Washington was a worker; Thomas Jefferson swung the axe; Henry Clay used the hoe."

"Did they?" asked the lad.

"They did, my son. Labour is grand; labour is ennobling; labour is the foundation beams of this country. The boy who cultivates habits of industry will sooner or later achieve success and independence.

There's fifty bushels of potatoes in there to sort over. Go to work at them, my boy, and to encourage you I'll give you fifteen cents a day. In a few days, if you are industrious and trustworthy, I'll let you saw some wood, and then you may pick over some beans, and it won't be long after that before you can run for Governor of Michigan. Come, go to work."

The boy went in and worked for about an hour, and was then missing. On a board was a sign he had left behind him. It read: "You're hank Clay and george Washington Kin go to blazes."—*The Kazooster.*

* * *

MERELY PREPARING FOR THE INEVITABLE.

"They tell me your workin' hard night and day since you were up before the magistrate for pushin' your husband about, Mrs. Robinson."

"Yes. The magistrate said if I came before him again he'd fine me forty shillings."

"And so you're workin' hard to keep out of mischief?"

"What?—I'm workin' hard to save up the fine."
—*Punch.*

* * *

Women who have watched the American Presidential campaign say that men are too emotional to be granted the franchise.—*Toronto Globe.*



1912

"Wall, Hank, I reckon we're goin' to have an early winter. That's the second flock of rich folks I seen flying south."

SO WOULD OTHERS.

Little Freddie was told by the nurse one morning that the stork had visited the house during the night and left him a little baby sister, and asked if he would like to see her.

"I don't care nothing about the baby," said Freddie, "but I'd like to see the stork."—*The Delineator*.

*

THE REASON.

Boy.—"Come quick! There's a man been fighting my father mor'n half hour."

Policeman.—"Why didn't you tell me before?"

Boy.—"Cause father was getting the best of it till a few minutes ago!"
—*New York Telegram*.

*

Freshby.—"Professor, is it ever possible to take the greater from the less?"

"There is a pretty close approach to it when the conceit is taken out of a freshman."—*The Jewish Ledger*.



LAWYER (to bucolic client who has called to settle an account that contains, amongst other items, a number of unexpected charges). "Why don't you come inside instead of standing there in the doorway?"

CLIENT (warily). "No, thankee, Mister, I'd rather not. I knows what you're after. You'd be charging me rent if I did." —*Punch*



THE DIPLOMATIC TOUCH.

LADY (with some hesitation). "I—er—wish to look at some false fringes."

TACTFUL SALESMAN. "Certainly, madam. What shade does your friend wish?" —*Punch*

LOVE OF COUNTRY.

"What induced you to offer your airship to a rival power?"

"Pure patriotism," answered the inventor, with a meaningful wink.—*Washington Herald*.

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WHAT BLISS!

"Ah, Elsie, it is fine to be married to an officer—such a beautiful uniform, and so many decorations!"

"Yes, and besides that, he'll have a band at the funeral."—*Wahre Jacob*.

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And Sir James Pliny Whitney was under the impression that Ontario had promised to love, honour and obey him.

Of course, if Sir Wilfrid Laurier must be kissed by women, it would be only fair to let him pick the women.

Perhaps the worst thing that can be said about liquor is that it makes some men imagine they can sing.

—*Montreal Star*.

THE MERRY MUSE

CHRISTMAS

By JAMES P. HAVERSON

Say, it's gettin' 'round to Christmas,
The crops is in an' all,
We're nearly into winter
We're almost out of fall.

I'm awful fond of Christmas,
I tell you it is great
When the puddin's in the kettle
An' the turkey's on yer plate.

It's awful hard awaitin',
An' spechly that last night
When ye're wishin', wishin', wishin'
Christmas Day would just get light.

There ain't no time like Christmas
Fer fun an' food an' joy,
An' there's none appresheates it—
'Cept, perhaps, it is a boy.

*

THE PUP'S LAMENT

By ARCHIE P. MCKISHNIE

I'm just a no-count mongrel pup
As no-one cares to own;
The fleas most like'd to eat me up,
The flies won't leave me 'lone—
They
 Won't;
The flies won't leave me 'lone.

I'm gentle and quiet as a mouse,
And lovin' as I ken be;
The cat won't let me near the house,
The rooster chases me—
He
 Does;
The rooster chases me.

He's the meanest thing I ever saw,
But I won't growl, until
I'm a big dorg 'n I will chaw
His head off, so I will,
I'll
 Chaw
His head off, so I will.

DISILLUSION

By

KITTY CLOVER

I heard the door go crickety-crick;
I was 'wake for Santy Claw.
But when I opened up my eyes
'Twas only paw and maw.

And then I 'tended I was 'sleep.
Think there's a Santy?—Naw.
The ones who filled my stockin' up
Was only paw and maw.

*

WHEN ROSA'S COMING DOWN THE LAWN

By

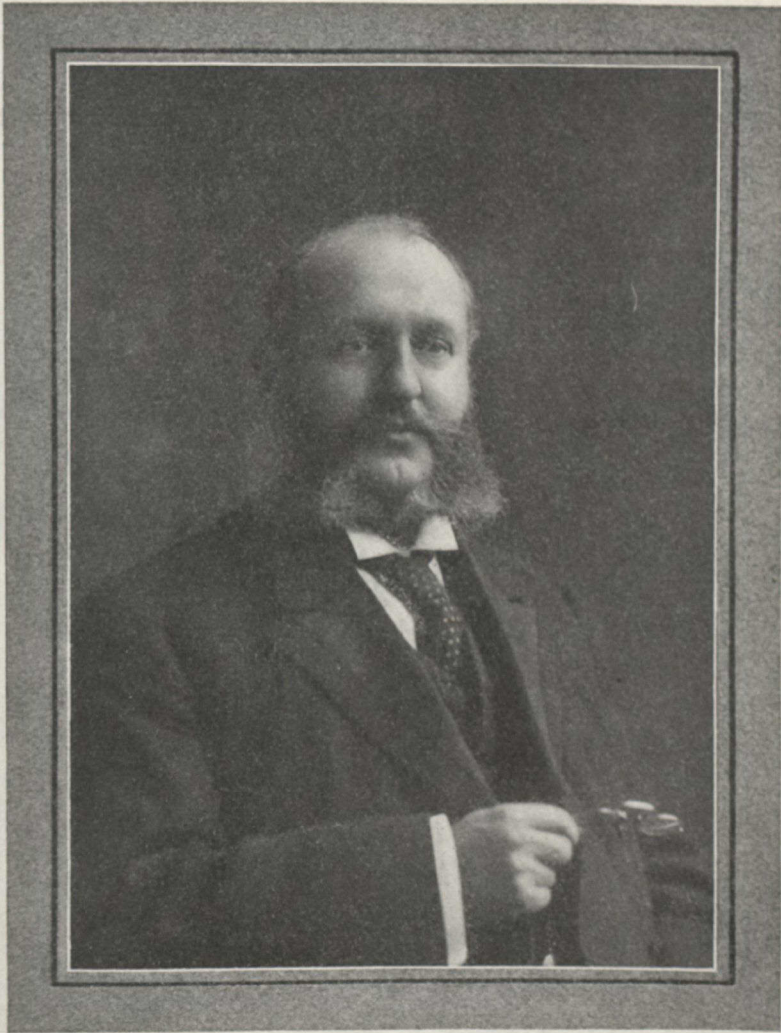
LOUISE C. GLASGOW

The rosy sky above me gleams—
Just now I thought 'twas dull and
wan;
The air with love and gladness teems:
Rosa's coming down the lawn!

The flowers nod beside the way
To Rosa, daughter of the dawn.
My arms dare not my heart obey,
As she comes blithely down the
lawn.

The grass bends to her little feet,
The breeze is 'round about her
drawn;
My foolish heart—she'll hear it beat,
So softly she comes down the lawn

I tell her all my wretched plight,
Her sweet lips murmur "Ah
g'wan!"
But still my head gets always light
When Rosa's coming down the
lawn.



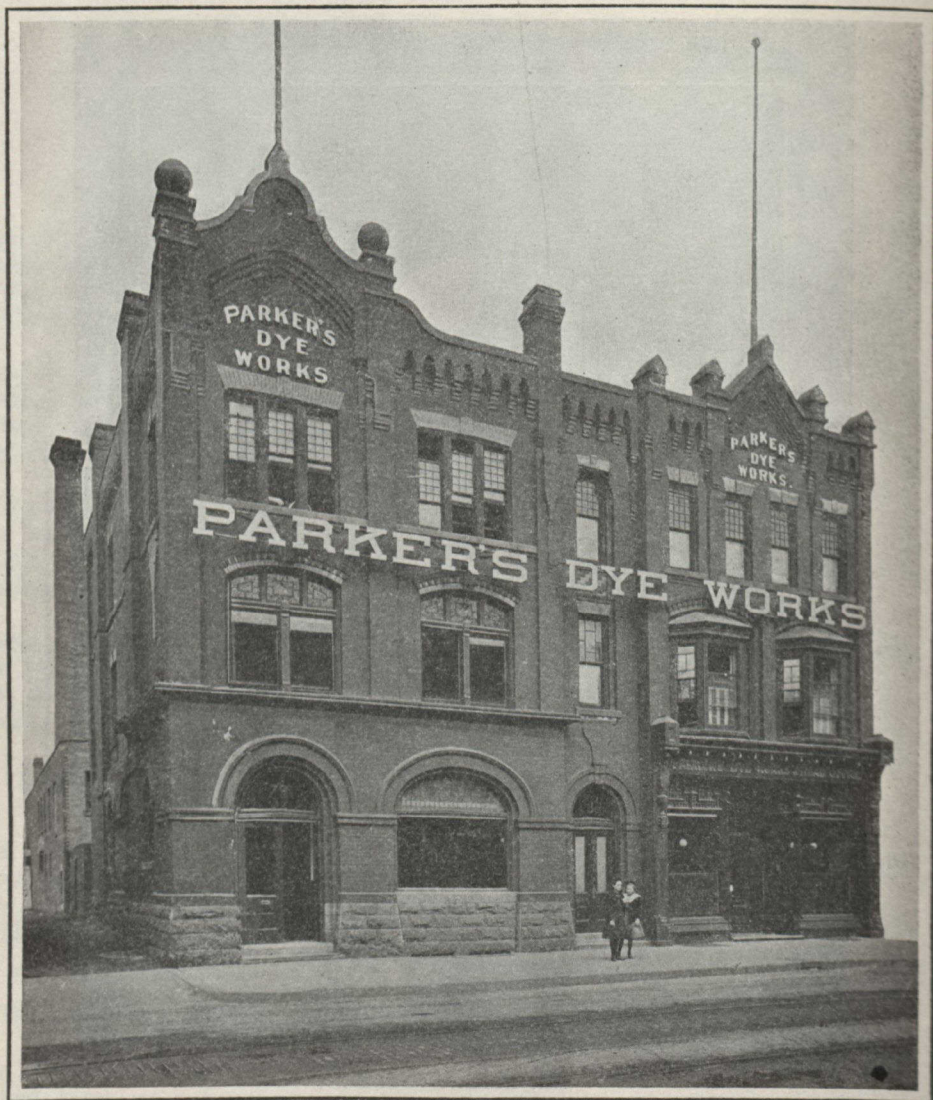
MR. ROBERT PARKER

A GREAT BUSINESS ENTERPRISE

BY FRANK BURROWS

THE hundreds of persons who daily pass by the main offices and headquarters of Parker's Dye Works at 791 Yonge street, Toronto, have no idea whatever of the size and importance of that establishment. The frontage on Yonge street embraces

three entrances, but that is merely a small indication of the extent of the entire premises, which extend back several hundred feet, with a branch in the form of the letter "T" extending out to Collier street on the north and Bismarck avenue on the



THE HEADQUARTERS OF PARKER'S DYE WORKS AT TORONTO—YONGE STREET ENTRANCE

south. On this last-named street, there is even a more imposing frontage than that on Yonge street, and it is to and from that part of the works that the great volume of business comes and goes. This business has been increasing so rapidly that ever since its beginning, thirty-two years ago, continuous extensions of the premises have had to be made, until now, in dyeing and cleaning,

this business ranks among the largest on the continent.

Whenever you see a business of this kind forge ahead so persistently and unintermittently, it can be taken for granted that there is at its head at least some one person of unusual commercial capacity.

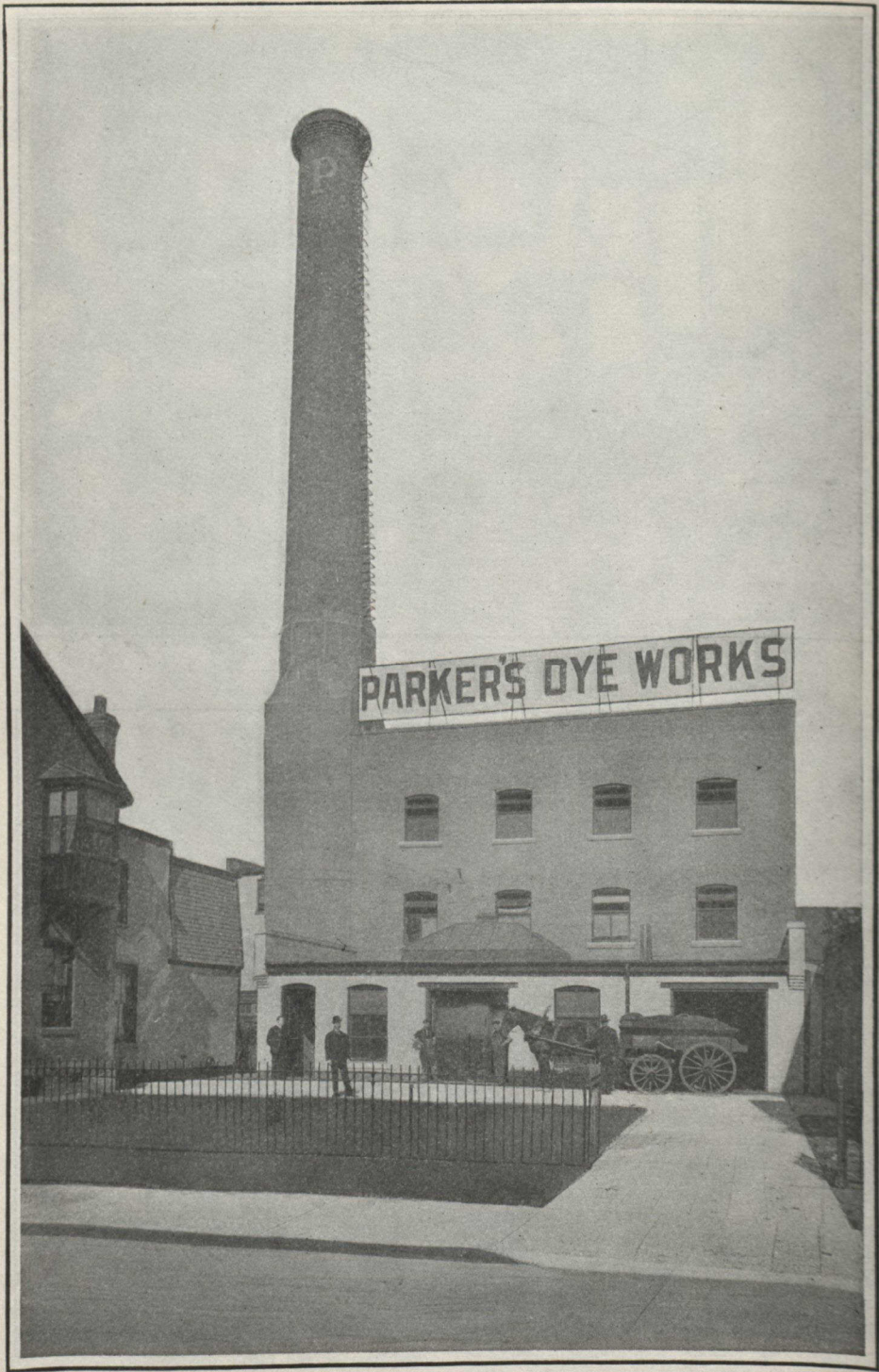
In connection with Parker's Dye Works, there are now, as may be seen by the reproduction of photo-



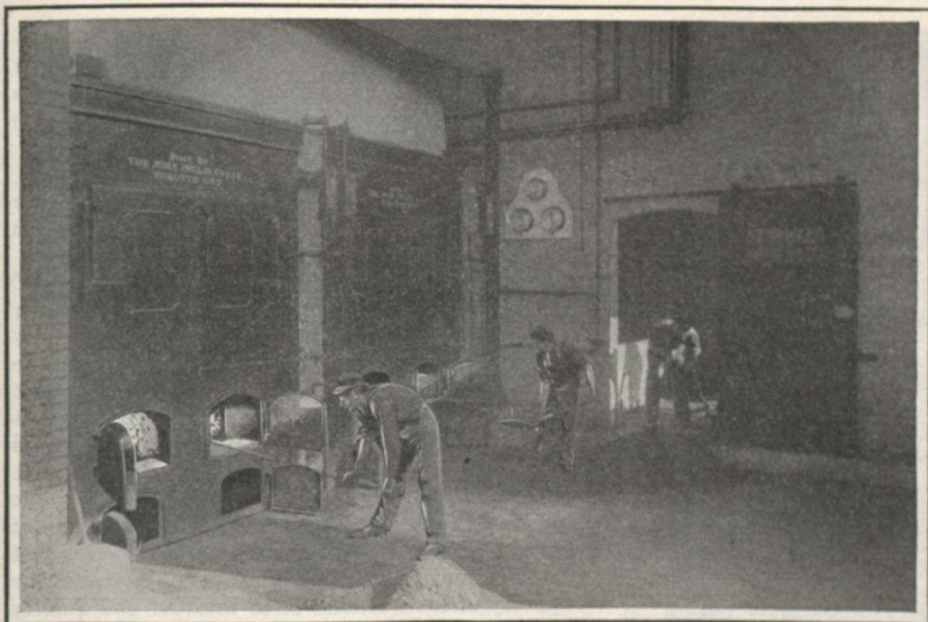
MR. ROBERT PARKER'S PRIVATE OFFICE



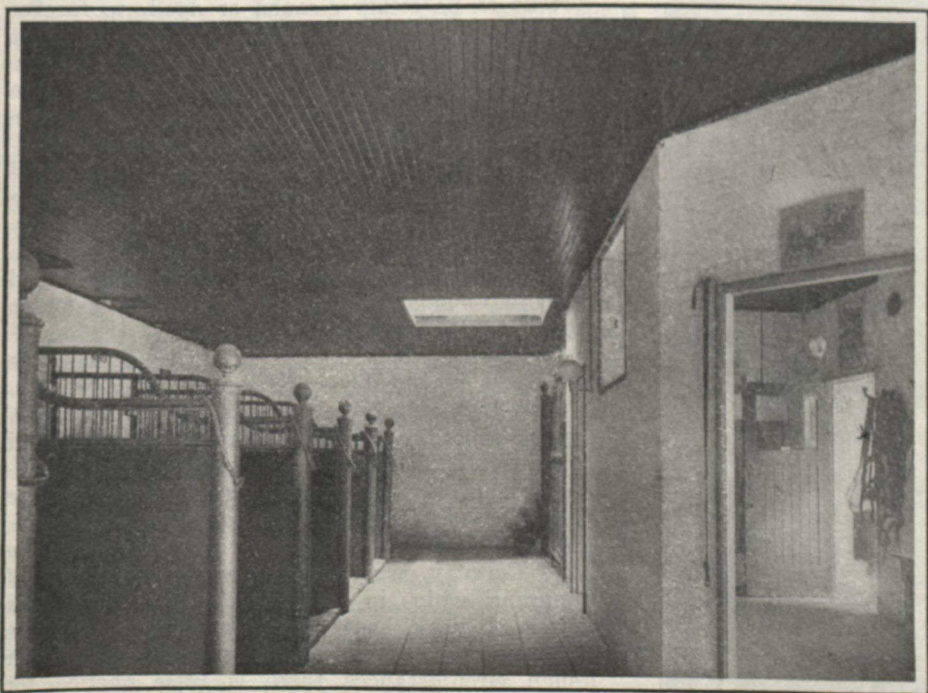
PART OF THE HEAD OFFICES OF R. PARKER AND COMPANY AT TORONTO



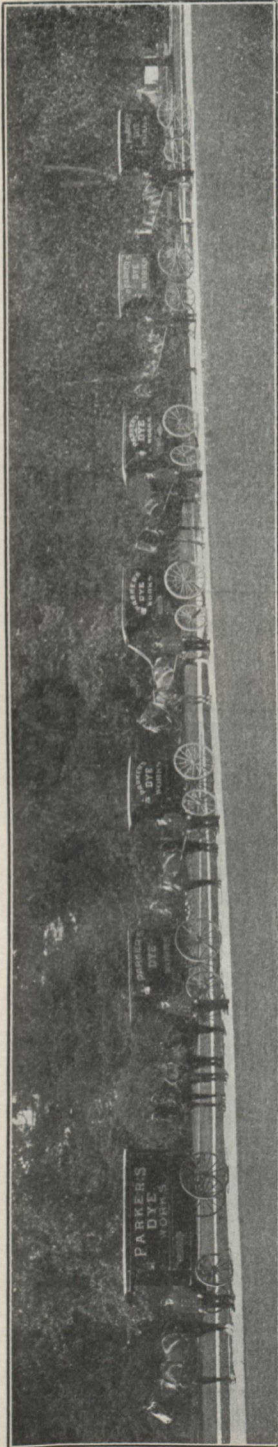
THE BISMARCK AVENUE ENTRANCE TO R. PARKER AND COMPANY'S WORKS AT TORONTO



FURNACE ROOM NO. 2 IN R. PARKER AND COMPANY'S DYE WORKS



A SECTION OF R. PARKER AND COMPANY'S STABLES



R. PARKER AND COMPANY'S DELIVERY WAGGONS FOR TORONTO

graphs presented herewith, branches at Montreal, Hamilton, London, and various other cities and towns in Ontario, with hundreds of agencies from Newfoundland to British Columbia.

The first important addition to the premises, which was made necessary owing to the rapidly increasing business, took place in 1885, when the present property on Yonge street was purchased, and a three-storey building, 30 by 150 feet was erected. Only one year later further additions were made, which, with the introduction also of new machinery, almost doubled the capacity of the works; but the whole concern was then small in comparison with what it is to-day, while machinery of the very latest and improved kind has been introduced, some single pieces costing thousands of dollars. To any one passing through the works, it is very evident that Mr. Parker has never hesitated at the cost of anything that has promised to increase the capacity of his business or to improve the quality of the work turned out, and he has found out that in the long run it pays to keep even a little in advance of the times. Some persons, for instance, are surprised when they send an article to be either cleaned or dyed, to receive it back finished in a manner to look in most cases just like new. But that is easily understood, when it is known, that Parker's Dye Works contain unique steam-heated electric presses and finishing machines, which are almost perfect in their operation, and which could not be maintained in the ordinary dressmaking or tailoring establishment. Still, that is only one of the many details that are to be found in a great business like this, where detail and careful management and attention count for so much to the patron.

Another instance of where Parker's Dye Works excel, is in the dry or French cleaning of women's high-class apparel, such as opera cloaks, silk blouses and dresses, furs, fine laces, and other costly and delicate materials. In this department only women whose life work is the handling of fabrics of this kind, are employed. Most of them have been brought over from the Old Country, where they first served years of apprenticeship in establishments where this class of work has long been carried on in a scientific and thorough-going manner. Under such circumstances there is little chance for delicate fabrics to be injured, owing to unskilled or careless operators. It is to this department



THE MONTREAL BRANCH OF R. PARKER AND COMPANY

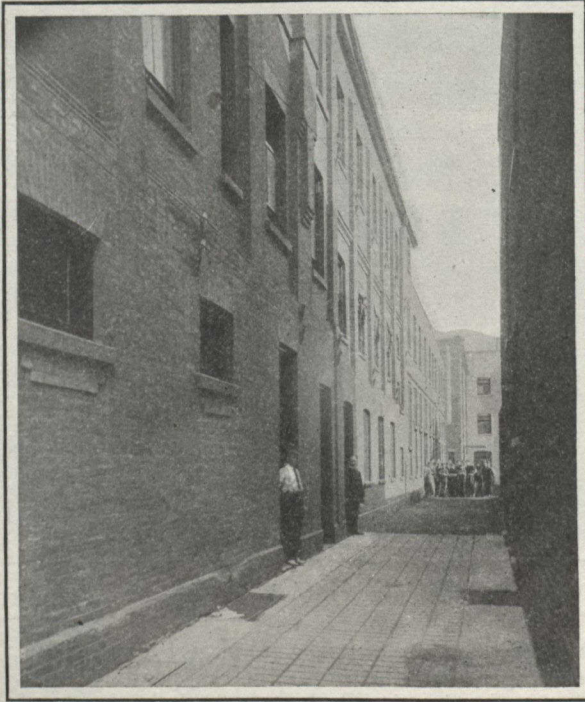
that goods are often sent from long distances, because persons who can afford expensive goods in the first place cannot well afford to run the risk of injury in a poorly-equipped establishment. That is one reason why the name of Parker's Dye Works is so favourably known amongst the best class of customers all over Canada.

Dyeing is, of course, one of the big branches of the business, and it might not be out of place to explain how a concern such as this can turn out individual garments, particularly in the standard colours, at a very low cost. In the first place, the establishment is equipped to handle large quantities of dress goods, Venetian, Panama cloth, cloaking, etc., in a wholesale way, many wholesale and departmental houses taking advantage of their processes to make salable large quantities of goods, the colours of which may have gone out of fashion, or have become faded. R. Parker & Company are able to transform these whole webs into practically new goods, and to finish them in so excellent a manner that even

an expert could not find fault with their appearance. At the same time, when their large dyeing vats are operating, they can put through individual garments without the cost of special preparation, and that means a saving to them as well as to the customer. It is astonishing to see the great quantity of individual garments that pass through the premises daily. The garments come from all parts of the country, and go out from the shipping department to their fourteen different branches in Montreal, Hamilton, London, St. Catharines, Brantford, Woodstock and Galt, daily, while shipments to agents are made weekly.

There is a special department for cleaning and dyeing ostrich feathers, a branch of the business that has grown to be one of considerable importance. It is amazing what good results can be obtained in this department from a feather that before being sent there, seems to be almost worthless. The feathers come out fresh and crisp, and in most instances are just as good as new.

One thing that Mr. Parker has al-



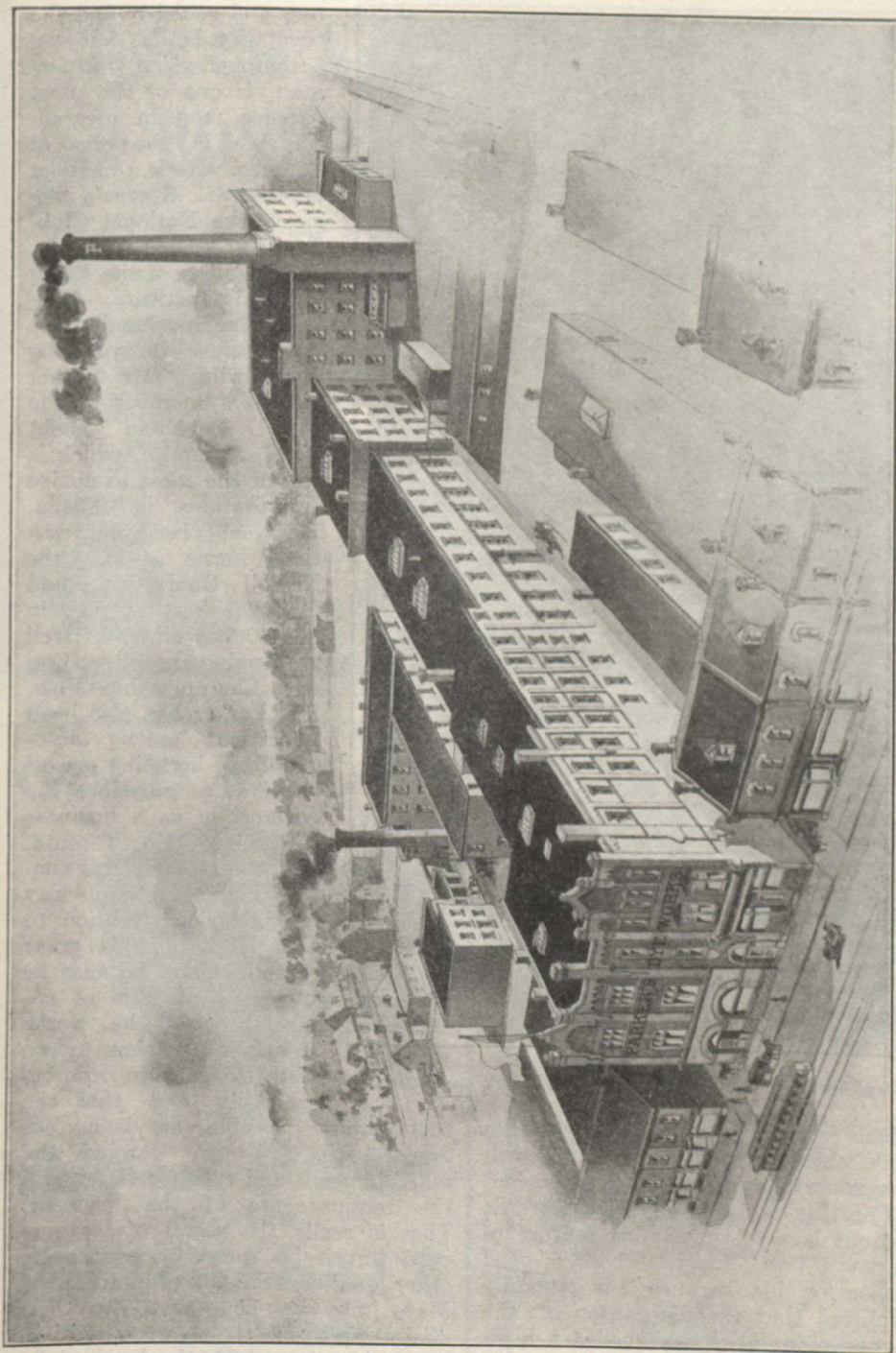
A VISTA ON R. PARKER AND COMPANY'S PREMISES

ways made a practice of maintaining is well-lighted and sanitary work-rooms for his many employees. For that reason, and for many others, where the interests of the work-people are considered, very little friction ever takes place between the employees and the management; and, as a result, there are many employees in this establishment who have been there for over twenty-five years.

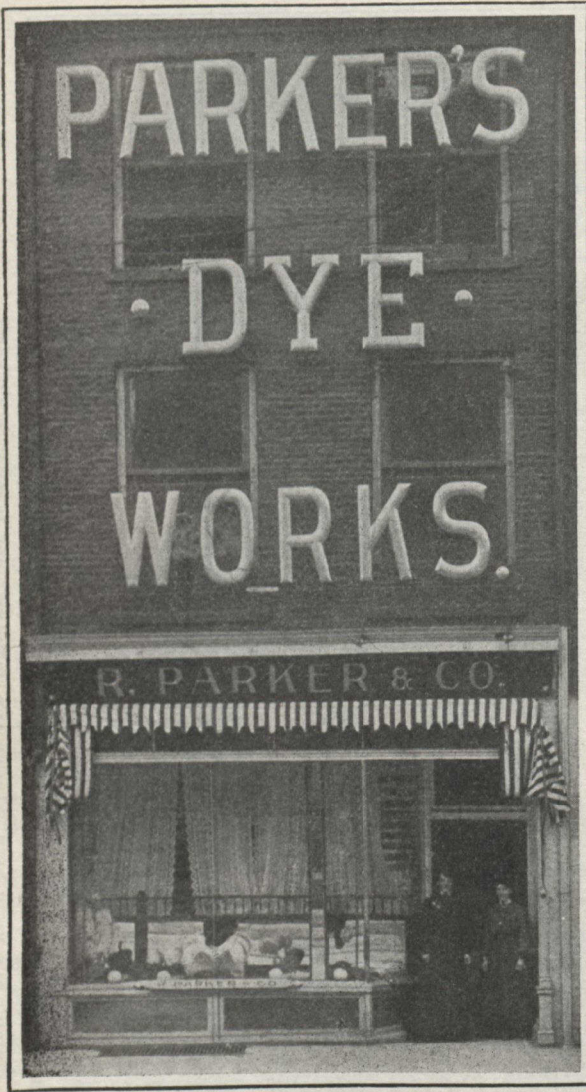
Even the stables and models in this respect. They are clean and well kept, as the illustration presented herewith shows, and the waggons that call for and deliver the goods are familiar sights, at least in most parts of older Ontario.

The latest extensions to Parker's Dye Works consisted of 15,000 feet of extra floor space, together with a splendid modern engine and boiler, large enough to accommodate three stokers. These additions were made on the Bismarck avenue property, and

they join the works that extend back from Yonge and Collier streets. This extra equipment enables the works to be supplied with an enormous amount of power and steam for the dye-house and finishing rooms. Heretofore, in rush seasons, it has been found necessary to employ a night staff of workers, but now, unless the business increases more rapidly than is expected, that will not be necessary for some considerable time. This condition is of more importance than might at first be realised. In dyeing goods, great care must be taken to match colours correctly, and to obtain the desired finish. It is well known that artificial light is not to be relied on in matching colours, and therefore an equipment that can turn out the goods by daylight is bound to pay in the long run. It is an insurance for the customer as well as for the dyer, and increases the general satisfaction all round. A glance at the illustration



A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF R. PARKER AND COMPANY'S DYE WORKS AT TORONTO



R. PARKER AND COMPANY'S HAMILTON BRANCH.

which reproduces a photograph of the high chimney and boiler-room, will give some idea of the recent extension.

Courtesy and consideration towards patrons is a distinguishing feature of Parker's Dye Works. There is good reason for this, because it is generally admitted that the disposition of the management always pervades a business establishment. Mr. Robert Parker, owing to his unflinching cour-

tesy and geniality and the reputation he has as being a thorough-going business man, is one of the most popular men in mercantile life in the city of Toronto. He is a member of the St. George's Society, the National Club, Toronto Board of Trade, and a Fellow of the Royal Colonial Institute, London, England, and takes an interest in yachting and bowling. Mr. Parker is also a member of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club of Toronto, which is one of the most exclusive organisations in Canada. His yacht last year won the Lorne Cup, the Nicholl Gold Cup, and took the best average in her 40-foot class, as well as winning the Silver Cup and Championship Flag. Mr. Parker has also been prominent among automobilists, he being one of the first to introduce the automobile as a business convenience in Toronto. But the secret of his success in a mercantile way is his strict attention to the details of his great establishment, because he makes a practice of going through the works from time to time to see that things are running smoothly and that the best results possible are being obtained. He has been "through the mill" himself, and therefore knows all the requirements of the business. That is really the secret of his success, but it has been backed up by other qualifications of a high order. Many men are content to let their affairs work out their own salvation, but it is not so with the head of R. Parker and Company.

tesy and geniality and the reputation he has as being a thorough-going business man, is one of the most popular men in mercantile life in the city of Toronto. He is a member of the St. George's Society, the National Club, Toronto Board of Trade, and a Fellow of the Royal Colonial Institute, London, England, and takes an interest in yachting and bowling. Mr. Parker is also a member of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club of Toronto, which is one of the most exclusive organisations in Canada. His yacht last year won the Lorne Cup, the Nicholl Gold Cup, and took the best average in her 40-foot class, as well as winning the Silver Cup and Championship Flag. Mr. Parker has also been prominent among automobilists, he being one of the first to introduce the automobile as a business convenience in Toronto. But the secret of his success in a mercantile way is his strict attention to the details of his great establishment, because he makes a practice of going through the works from time to time to see that things are running smoothly and that the

Test the Value and Economy of BOVRIL Yourself.

Let us show you how BOVRIL will help you to economize on and improve your meals.

BOVRIL proves how real its value is ;

—when it enables you to make up the odd scraps of meat and vegetables into appetizing meals with little trouble ;

—when you can make 50 portions of good soup from a 1-lb bottle at a cost of 3½ cents. a portion

—when it saves your gas and coal by lessening the amount of cooking, and the time taken ;

—when it builds up the stamina and strength of every member of your household enabling them to resist colds, grip, etc., thus reducing the doctor's bills.



BOVRIL contains all the TRUE NUTRIMENT of the BEST BEEF in a concentrated, easily digested form.

If you have never tested its value and economy, do so now.

" BOVRIL " Ltd., 27 St. Peter Street, Montreal.

GOLD MEDAL



FOR

Ale and Porter

AWARDED

JOHN LABATT

At St. Louis Exhibition
1904

ONLY MEDAL FOR ALE IN CANADA

A MERRY CHRISTMAS

without a box of

Stuyler's

Candies would be impossible. We have a fine assortment of Fancy Boxes and Baskets suitable for Gifts, and best of all, these can be filled with our delicious confections.

Mail and express orders promptly and carefully filled.

When near our store don't forget our delicious Ice Cream Sodas and Hot Chocolate.

Our Candies made in Canada.

Stuyler's

130-132 Yonge St., TORONTO, ONT.

DON'T
Rub
Boil
Soak
Woolens



All Woolens
COARSE or FINE—RUGS
and CARPETS to most
DELICATE Flannels LAST
longer—LOOK better—FEEL
better—are BETTER—
SOFTER—FLUFFIER—
UNSHRUNKEN when
washed with PEARLINE in
Pearline's Way.
PROOF: More millions use
PEARLINE
THAN EVER BEFORE

A CHILD CAN
DO THE WORK

It's Mostly Rinsing

LACES Cleaned

Lace Robes, Waists and Gowns should be trusted only to experts for cleaning. You can send your costliest and rarest family laces to us with perfect security. Laces on gowns cleaned without removing. Write for booklet and estimates.

R. PARKER & CO.

French Dyers and Cleaners

Branches and Agencies
in all parts of Canada.

TORONTO, CAN.



Handing Out Money

for "Nerve Medicine" and keeping right on drinking coffee, is like pouring oil on a fire with one hand and water with the other.

Coffee contains a drug—Caffeine—and much of the "nervousness," headaches, insomnia, indigestion, loss of appetite, and a long train of ails, come from the regular use of coffee.

Prove it by leaving off coffee 10 days and use well made Postum Food Coffee.

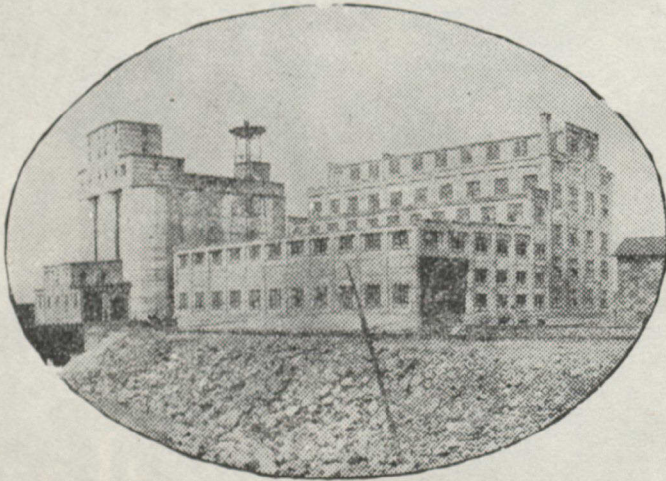
Such a test works at both ends of the problem, you leave off the drug, caffeine (contained in coffee), and you take on the rebuilding food elements in Postum.

A personal test will prove that "There's a Reason" for

POSTUM

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., U.S.A.

Big Mills-And Why



One of the Lake of the Woods Trio—Keewatin "C" Mill—the Largest and most modern mill under the British Flag. Capacity 5,000 barrels daily.

HE who has felt the call of the West and has crossed the shadow of the great mills at Keewatin has mayhap given but a passing wonder to the giant influence behind this Canadian industry.

¶ And perhaps, also, the network of elevators dotting the wheat belt in the Westlands may have had but slight import to the seeker after new sensations.

¶ But to the farmer they are the centre of his universe. To him the Lake of the Woods specialists in charge at buying points are a constant incentive to foster the growth of wheat better at all points than its ancestors, hardy and strong, rich in food value so that each kernel becomes a centre of health and energy.

¶ This wheat flows daily past our doors, but alone the cream of the crop ever feeds the rolls at Keewatin. 'Tis too good and dear for some, but 'tis the only wheat fit to make FIVE ROSES flour.

¶ That's the meaning of the big mills behind-FIVE ROSES, and that's why 'tis such a good flour to live on.

FIVE ROSES FLOUR

MILLED ONLY BY

LAKE OF THE WOODS MILLING COMPANY, LTD.

In any kind of Weather

The *Marlin* No 24-12 Repeating Shotgun

does perfect work. It has the simplest and strongest repeating mechanism. It can't freeze or clog up in service, for the solid top and closed-in breech keep out rain and all other foreign matter.

The automatic, recoil-operated hang-fire safety lock, the side ejection and double extractors are further features of safety and convenience. The full choke guns shoot close and hard, and are unequalled for ducks, geese, foxes and all long-range work.

The new take-down construction is very simple, quick and efficient. You can take the gun apart in 10 seconds anywhere, yet the threads of barrel and frame are not cut away or weakened and the joint is always as strong and rigid as in a solid gun.

Illustrated circular of this handsome, new gun sent free on request, or complete 136-page catalog for 3 stamps postage.

The Marlin Firearms Co.
74 Willow St. NEW HAVEN, CONN.



First Aid to the Injured

GANONG'S

G. B.

CHOCOLATES

The Finest in the Land

G. B.

Is stamped on every piece



GANONG BROS., LTD., ST. STEPHEN, N.B.

10 lbs. NET
EDWARDSBURG
CROWN BRAND
REGISTERED
PURE
TABLE SYRUP

CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP

Delicious Cream Candy for Christmas

Christmas is just the time for making home-made Candy. And "CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP" is just the thing for making candy that's about five times as delicious as ordinary candy.

This candy fairly melts in your mouth—and it's scrumptious flavor is remembered long after you have eaten it.

is easy to make and very wholesome.

- 8 oz. (1 cup) Crown Brand Corn Syrup!
- 8 oz. (1 cup) Granulated Sugar
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of Butter
- 2 " Rich Cream
- 1 teaspoonful Vanilla Flavoring

Mix thoroughly, bring to boil slowly on hot fire and boil for fifteen minutes, until it hardens when dropped into cold water. Handle otherwise as you would other candy. Add the vanilla flavoring at the last.

For cleanliness and purity and your convenience your grocer has it in 2-lb., 5-lb., 10-lb. and 20-lb. air-tight tins with lift-off lids.

THE EDWARDSBURG STARCH CO., LTD.
Established 1858
Works: CARDINAL, ONT.
Offices: MONTREAL and TORONTO

1 Cake of Soap for Cleaning	5¢	} 1 Can of Old Dutch Cleanser = for Cleaning, Scrubbing, Scouring & Polishing	10¢
1 Box Soap-Powder for Scrubbing	5¢		
1 Scouring Brick	10¢		
1 Box Polishing Paste	10¢		
Total - 30¢			



Chases
Dirt

A Simple Lesson in Household Economy

Housewives who use this handy, all-around cleanser save the expense of several old-fashioned cleaners, and at the same time accomplish all their house-cleaning in an easier and quicker way than ever before.

Old Dutch Cleanser

does the work of soap, soap-powders, scouring-bricks and metal-polishes put together, and saves labor, time and trouble. Old Dutch Cleanser

Cleans, Scrubs, Scours, Polishes

everything in the house from cellar to attic. Avoid caustic and acid cleaners with their surface-destroying effects, and use Old Dutch Cleanser, which cleans *mechanically*, not chemically.

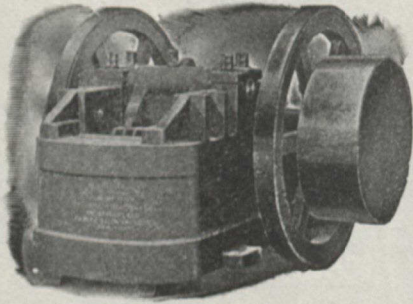
Large Sifting-Top Can (At all Grocers) 10 Cents

If your grocer doesn't keep it, send his name and 10 cents in stamps and we'll gladly pay 22 cents postage to send you a full size can. Also write for our valuable free booklet, "Hints for Housewives".

THE CUDAHY PACKING CO.

Dept. 112, So. Omaha, Neb.

(Branch) Toronto, Canada



¶ We illustrate herewith the Farrel-Bacon Style "B" Ore and Rock Crusher manufactured by us exclusively in Canada under Letters Patent.

¶ It is an evolution of the original world famous Blake Crusher and is recognized by authorities as the Standard Ore Crusher of the world.

¶ The construction is simple, the working parts being few in number and easy of access for removal or repairs.

¶ We build it in 18 sizes from 7" x 10" capacity 5 tons an hour up to 48" x 36" capacity 200 tons an hour, for coarse or fine crushing,

¶ This Crusher is used extensively in Mining, General Contracting, Road Making and Railroad Construction, and its sale is steadily increasing, which is satisfactory testimony to its solid worth.

¶ Catalogue No. 603 will be sent on request to any address and all enquiries will be promptly answered.

The Jenckes Machine Co.

LIMITED

General Offices: Sherbrooke, Que.

Works: Sherbrooke, Que., St. Catharines, Ont.

Sales Offices: Sherbrooke, St. Catharines, Cobalt, Rossland, Vancouver, Halifax.



STANDARD Silverware

is made for people who can discriminate and who take particular pride in the appearance of the tables. Nothing so appropriate as a piece of Silverware for Christmas presents and if it bears this trade mark its quality is guaranteed.

Ask your dealer.



THE STANDARD SILVER CO.,
LIMITED

TORONTO, CANADA

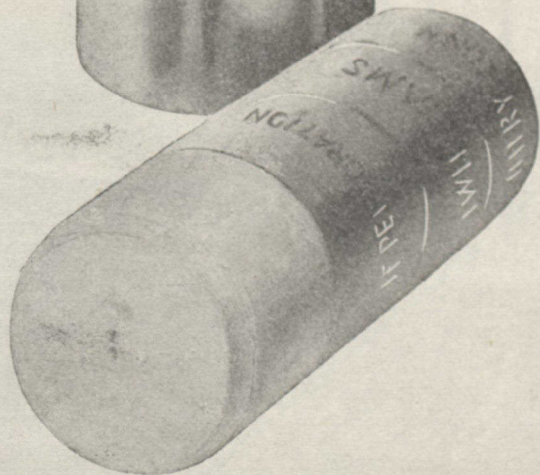
Williams' Shaving Stick

"The only kind that won't smart or dry on the face"

Uniformity
of quality
is one of
the reasons
why so many
men are life-
long users
of Williams'
Shaving
Stick.



Nickeled
Box
Hinged Cover



Mailed by us postpaid on receipt of 25c., if your druggist fails to supply you. Trial size (enough for fifty shaves) sent postpaid for 4c. in stamps.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY
Department A, Glastonbury, Conn.

COMMUNITY SILVER



AS A GIFT, Community Silver is unequalled. Its *unusually heavy* plate of pure silver gives *unusual* wearing quality; while its beautiful designs—comparable only with the best sterling—harmonize with the richest table settings. *At your dealers:*

ONEIDA COMMUNITY, LTD.

ONEIDA, N. Y.

Founded in 1845

Many beautiful designs
at about the price of
ordinary plated ware

IVER JOHNSON

Safety Automatic REVOLVER



Hammer
the
Hammer

is not a revolver for you to make temporarily safe by throwing on or off some button or lever, but a revolver that we have made permanently and automatically safe by the patented exclusive Iver Johnson construction.

Our Free Booklet, "Shots," tells the whole story. Send your name on a postal—it will be mailed free with our full catalogue.

Iver Johnson Safety Hammer Revolver

Richly nickeled, 22-cal. rim-fire or 32-cal. center-fire, 3-in. bbl.; or 38-cal. center-fire, 3½-in. bbl. **\$7.50**

Extra length bbl. or blued finish at slight extra cost.

Iver Johnson Safety Hammerless Revolver

Richly nickeled, 32 calibre center-fire, 3-inch barrel; or 38 calibre center-fire, 3½-inch barrel. **\$8.50**

Extra length bbl. or blued finish at slight extra cost.

Sold by hardware and Sporting Goods dealers everywhere, or sent prepaid on receipt of price if dealer will not supply. Look for the owl's head on the grip and our name on the barrel.

Iver Johnson's Arms & Cycle Works, 145 River St., Fitchburg, Mass.

New York: 99 Chambers Street.

Hamburg, Germany: Pickhuben 4.
San Francisco: Phil. B. Bekeart Co., 717 Market Street

"CHAMPION" SINGLE BARREL SHOTGUN, \$6.00
A 1909 design. Barrel and lug forged from one piece of solid steel.

PITNER LIGHTS

drive away darkness and make a room or store more cheerful even than day-light.

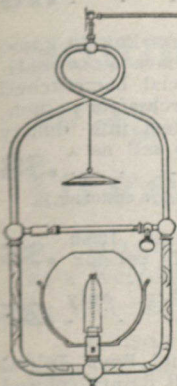
The one-light system (as shown here) consumes one gallon of gasoline in 30 hours and produces 600 candle power of light. Gasoline is forced from the tank a small hollow wire to the lamp by air pressure and any number of lamps may be connected to one tank.

PITNER SYSTEMS produce a brilliant, steady, white light, excelled by no other artificial means.

WRITE for catalogue and prices and mention this ad.

THE PITNER LIGHTING CO.
LIMITED

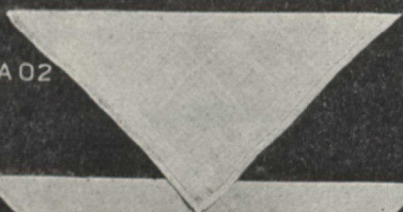
36-38 Lombard Street, Toronto, Canada



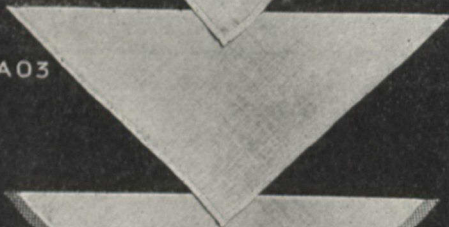
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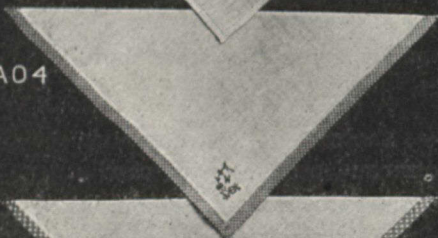
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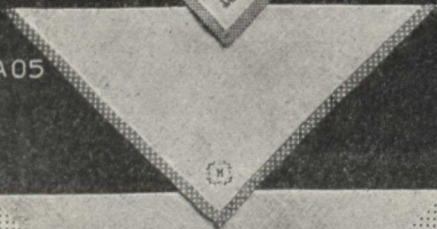
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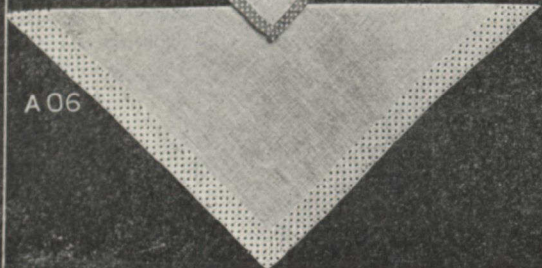
A 04



A 05



A 06



Look at these — BELFAST — Handkerchiefs!

After all our regular buying was done, such a remarkable offer came to us from Belfast, Ireland, that we cabled our acceptance and instructed the manufacturers to rush this lot of handkerchiefs through to us with all possible speed. As a result we're able to make the following

Christmas Offering to Magazine Readers

- A01. This is a pretty picture box containing three dainty colored box handkerchiefs, with initial embroidered on the corner in same shade.
Per Box - - - - - **.18**
- A02. (Hers's a Christmas Box to 4,000 customers.) We have 4,000 half-dozens of this special hemstitched Irish Linen Handkerchief for women. We are putting them into dainty Christmas boxes to sell as a great bargain at - - - - - **.38**
(Not more than one box to a customer.)
- A03. Women's and Girls' Irish Lawn Handkerchiefs, per doz. **.35**
Men's, same quality, only larger, 5 for - - - - - **.25**
- A04 and A05. Girls' and Boys' Initial Handkerchiefs, with dainty colored border, and initial embroidered on corner to match, 3 for **.25**
- A06. Boys' Lawn Handkerchiefs, with white centre and colored borders. Special, 4 for - - - - - **.25**

Address Orders to

THE **SIMPSON** CO'Y, LIMITED
Toronto, Canada

*At the Christmas Matinee*

J. EDISON

The greatest improvement in sound-reproducing instruments was made when Mr. Edison invented AMBEROL Records

No one thing has added so much to the pleasure of the Edison Phonograph as a Record which plays more than four minutes, and reproduces the melody or voice so clearly and perfectly that the illusion almost defies detection.

Edison Amberol Records are the same size as the ordinary Edison Records. They can be played upon any Edison Phonograph by the addition of an attachment which any dealer can supply and any dealer can affix.

Longer selections are now available for the Edison Phonograph than have ever been available before for any sound-reproducing machine, and these selections are better given.

No Edison Phonograph outfit is complete without the attachment to play Edison Amberol Records.

You can hear these new Records at any dealer's. Learn about the attachment and equip your Phonograph with it today. If you haven't an Edison Phonograph, you can now buy one which plays both styles of Records—the two-minute and four-minute.



NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH CO., 6 Lakeside Avenue, Orange, New Jersey

THE EDISON BUSINESS PHONOGRAPH saves the time of high-salaried men and increases their letter-writing capacity.



Keep
Liquids
Steaming
Hot
24 Hours

The Christmas
Gift without
a Peer.

Keep
Liquids
Ice
Cold
72 Hours

The Thermos Bottle

Most necessary for baby.

Most desirable for the old.

Most appreciated by the traveller, the hunter, the motorist or the man outdoors.

THERMOS BOTTLES WILL KEEP LIQUIDS BOILING HOT WITHOUT FIRE 24 HOURS, OR ICE COLD WITHOUT ICE, 72 HOURS.

THERMOS has a thousand uses—In sickness and in health—In the home or on the trail — At the office or factory, hot or cold drinks are always at hand.

Keeps baby's milk hot and sweet 24 hours.

THERMOS is the wonder of the 20th century.

Your dealer will show you how very simple they are.

NO CHEMICALS — JUST TWO GLASS BOTTLES WITH A VACUUM BETWEEN.

THERMOS comes in black metal, nickel, silver and covered in finest leathers.

Handsome leather cases can be had to hold combinations of two or more THERMOS BOTTLES.

If your dealer cannot supply you write us direct.

Free booklet telling all about this marvellous bottle on request.

PINTS, \$3.50

QUARTS, \$5.50

OVER 700,000 SOLD IN 1907

Canadian Thermos Bottle Company, Limited
7 St. Nicholas St., Montreal.

The Year 1847

was a memorable one, inasmuch as at that time Rogers Bros. first introduced and sold their electro-silver plated spoons, and to-day *that year* is a part of the trademark appearing on the original and genuine

"1847 ROGERS BROS."

Spoons, Forks, etc.

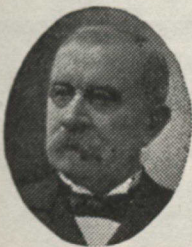
With their great success has come a host of cheap imitations, so that unless you observe the trademark closely, you are likely to receive a cheap and unsatisfactory substitute in place of "Silver Plate that Wears." Send for illustrated catalogue 40

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.,
Hamilton, Canada

Our "1847 Rogers Bros." goods are sold by leading dealers everywhere.



Oxygen Banishes Sickness Without Medicine



Hercules Sanche

Copyright 1907 by Dr. Hercules Sanche
All rights reserved.

The instrument has also been used successfully in Nervous Prostration, Stomach Trouble of long standing, Sore Throat, Sciatica, White Swelling of the knee (a very serious case), Muscular Rheumatism, Asthma, Severe Bleeding from Lungs and Head, Sprained Ankle cured in two nights, Erysipelas, also a case of Scarlet Fever, the Grippe, Catarrh and Abscesses in the Head.

"It has always proved itself a wonderful little doctor."

One instrument will serve a whole family, and will pay for itself over and over again in saved doctor's bills.

WRITE TO-DAY for our free booklet telling about OXYDONOR and its remarkable cures.

Dr. H. SANCHE & Co., 354 St. Catherine St. West, MONTREAL.

Oxygen is Nature's great purifier. It literally burns up all kinds of impurities and disease. Blood impurities, disease germs and unhealthy conditions simply cannot exist in a system charged with Oxygen.

OXYDONOR—applied at home while you sleep—creates in the whole body a powerful affinity for Oxygen, so that it is absorbed freely from the air. This surplus of Oxygen, in blood and tissues, immediately attacks whatever disease may exist, and if no vital organ is destroyed it quickly restores perfect health. No medicine whatever is needed. The Oxygen does it.

Read what Mrs. S. B. Hathaway, of St. Mary's, Ont., has accomplished for herself and friends with one OXYDONOR :

"I prize my Oxydonor more highly every day. It has done wonder for me. I used to be a very delicate woman, now I am strong and healthy I have never had a doctor since purchasing Oxydonor three years ago."

Lea & Perrins'

Sauce

The Original and Genuine Worcestershire

For over 70 years, the world's favorite relish for
soups, fish, game, fowl, chops and roasts.

Inimitable and incomparable.


By Royal Warrant
To His Majesty
The King.



13A


J.M. DOUGLAS & CO.
EST. 1857
MONTREAL
CANADIAN AGENTS

CEETEE UNDERWEAR

MADE ENTIRELY
FROM THE WOOL
OF AUSTRALIAN
MERINO SHEEP

Where True Comfort Begins

Some men and women spend hours deciding what they shall select for a new suit or hat, and almost ignore the question of underclothing—which is the basis of true comfort in dress.

CEETEE Underclothing

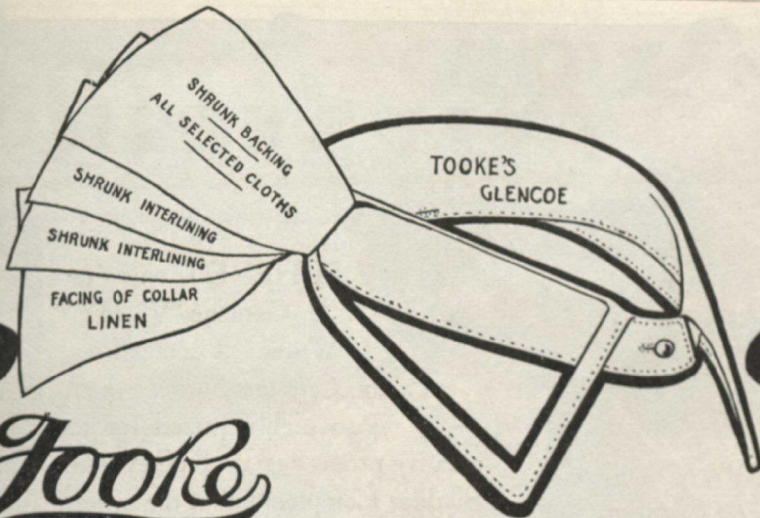
is full-fashioned, and knitted to fit the form. It has no rough seams, is absolutely unshrinkable, and retains its softness and elasticity no matter how often washed.

We manufacture it in all styles for men, women and children, and want you to ask your dealer to show you "CEETEE" Underclothing. It is fully guaranteed by us.

**THE C. TURNBULL CO. OF
GALT LIMITED**
Established 1859 Galt, Ont.

1121





Tooke

COLLARS

This cut speaks for itself,—shows the thoroughly shrunken interlining. It's this interlining that makes the collar keep its shape when laundered. These collars are 4-ply. It's the careful attention to these details that makes these 2 for 25c. Tooke Collars the most popular and best collar value in Canada.

TOOKE BROTHERS, LIMITED

MONTREAL ²⁴

CARLINGS

CELEBRATED
ALE, PORTER
and LAGER

NOTED FOR PURITY, BRILLIANCY AND
UNIFORMITY



**VICHY
CELESTINS.**

THERE is only one
Genuine "VICHY"
Water. It comes from
the *Celestins Spring*, which
is so highly prized for its
curative-properties in Kidney and
Bladder Complaints that the water
is bottled under French Government Super-
vision and sealed with a special label to
prevent substitution.

ASK FOR VICHY CELESTINS

Hairlene

The Famous
Hairgrower

8-oz. Bottle \$1.00

12-oz. " 1.50



Trial
Bottle
40c.

HINTS ON HAIR

Well groomed hair has the admiration of your friends. The well illustrated Catalogue of the Maison **JULES & CHARLES**, the well known **Hairgoods Manufacturers** of 431 Yonge street, Toronto, Ont., will be sent upon request. It contains every desirable information regarding Hair, Hairgoods, and Hair-treatments. The Maison leads in **Fashion, Quality and Moderate Prices**. Special Catalogue for **Men's Wigs and Toupees**. Mail orders by return mail or at shortest notice.

THE
BEST CHRISTMAS GIFT
FOR WIFE, MOTHER, DAUGHTER,
SISTER OR SWEETHEART IS A
SINGER SEWING MACHINE

By this sign
you may know
and will find



SINGER
STORES
everywhere

These machines are now being sold at lower prices, quality considered, than any other. Whether you propose the purchase of a machine or not there is much to interest most women at any Singer Store — and all are cordially invited.



The
Original
and
only
Genuine

Beware of
Imitations Sold
on the Merits
of

**MINARD'S
LINIMENT**

Seasickness Quickly Cured

"Mothersill's" quickly
cures Sea and Train sickness.
Guaranteed perfectly harm-
less to the most delicate.
Money refunded if not sat-
isfactory.

For sale at Drug Stores
and first-class Steamers, or
Mothersill Remedy Co., Ltd.,
196 State Street, Detroit.

Good Health

depends upon the QUANTITY and PURITY of the blood.
If your blood is impure, secure a bottle of

WILSON'S INVALIDS' PORT

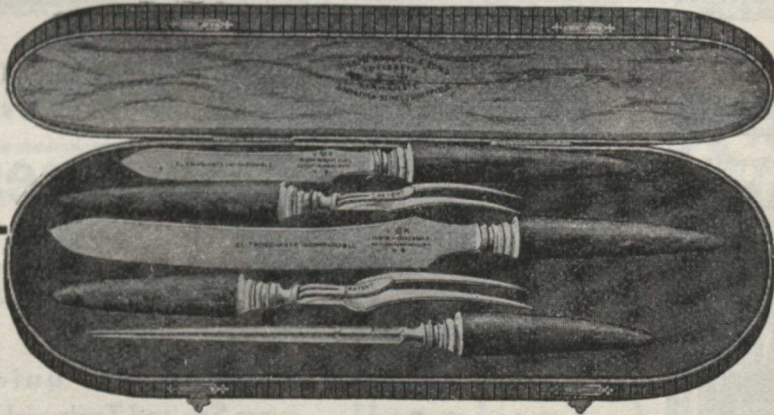
(A la Quina du Pérou)

It is pleasant to the taste, and will cleanse your blood from all impurities.

DR. W. E. METCALFE,
Portage La Prairie, Man., says:

"Wilson's Invalids' Port, I find, is proving itself to be a most valuable restorative in nearly every case of convalescence where such a restorative is required. I have pleasure in advising its use."

BIG BOTTLE ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE



The Most Acceptable Gift of the Season!

A Set of "RODGERS" Carvers

No other Xmas Present gives such pleasure and satisfaction
JOSEPH RODGERS & SONS, Limited, SHEFFIELD, ENGLAND

CUTLERS TO HIS MAJESTY



A Perfect Breakfast

drink, that with its delicious aroma and flavor tempts the most capricious appetite, and with its full richness satisfies the hungriest man, is

SUCHARD'S COCOA

It is a food as well as an appetizing drink, for the selected cocoa-beans of which Suchard's is made are richer in nutriment than even meat or bread. Suchard's is the finest form in which you can get all the appetizing and strengthening properties of one of nature's choicest gifts to man—the cocoa-bean. Try it.

FRANK L. BENEDICT & CO.
MONTREAL.

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER



"Baby's Best Friend"

and Mamma's greatest comfort. Mennen's relieves and prevents **Chapped Hands and Chafing.**

For your protection the genuine is put up in non-refillable boxes—the "Box that Lox," with Mennen's face on top. Sold everywhere or by mail 25 cents. *Sample free.*

Try Mennen's Violet (Borated) Talcum Toilet Powder—It has the scent of Fresh-cut Parma Violets. *Sample Free.*
GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.
 Mennen's Sen Yang Toilet Powder, Oriental Odor } *No*
 Mennen's Borated Skin Soap (blue wrapper) } *Samples*
 Specially prepared for the nursery. **Sold only at Stores.**



LATEST NOVELTIES IN

Art Pottery

Bohemian Glass

Fine China

Christmas Gifts

WILLIAM JUNOR,

88 West King Street, TORONTO



WHEN YOU BUY FLOUR

it is just as easy to get the BEST as to get the next best.
The most skilful baking can't make good bread out of
poor flour, but any housewife by using

PURITY FLOUR

can bake bread that will come from the oven JUST RIGHT.
If you want "more bread and better bread" bake with
Purity Flour. Try it to-day. At all grocers.

THIS IS
THE
LABEL



See that it
is on every
bag or barrel
you buy

WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS CO., LIMITED
MILLS AT WINNIPEG, GODERICH AND BRANDON

819



Give "Him" a Gillette for Christmas

The "Gillette" is neither a passing fancy nor a costly trifle. It is a shaving luxury that more than two million men use daily.

Even if "he" does not shave himself now, he will adopt the "Gillette" way of home shaving, and will thank you from his heart every morning for your gift.

The Gillette Safety Razor makes a beautiful gift, with its triple silver-plated handle, in velvet-lined leather case. Price \$5, complete with 12 "New Process" Blades.

If he has a "Gillette" give him a box of "New Process" Blades

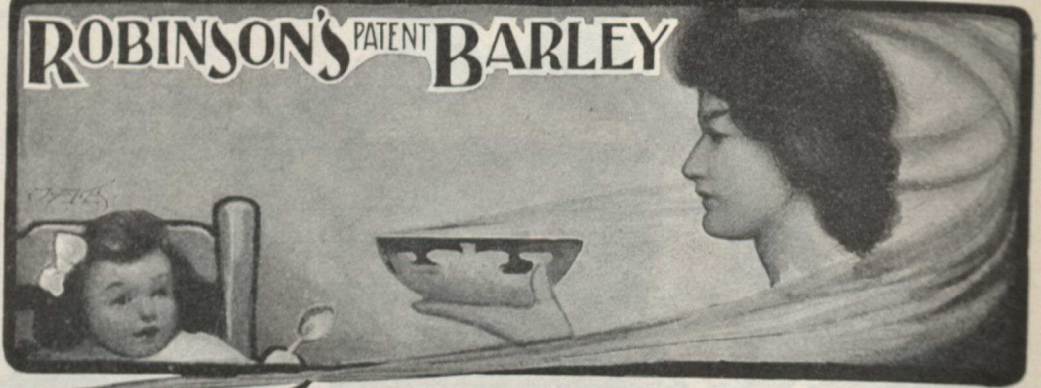
Even if he uses the "Gillette," he may not know about "New Process" Blades. Twelve for a dollar—in handsome nickel-plated box.

Sold by leading Jewelry, Drug, Cutlery, Hardware, Sporting Goods and Department Stores throughout Canada—and

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO. OF CANADA LIMITED, Montreal.

Gillette Safety Razor

NO STROPPING NO HONING



ROBINSON'S PATENT BARLEY

FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS



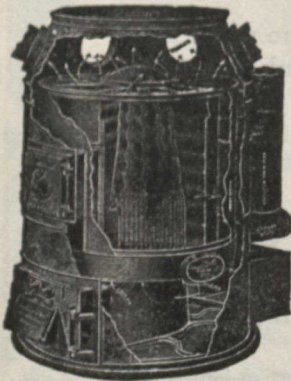
Robinson's Patent Barley

☞ The best food for Infants and Invalids, the only reliable preparation of its kind. ☞ It is quickly and easily prepared, and renders milk easily digestible. ☞ But insist on having **ROBINSON'S**

FRANK MAGOR & CO., Canadian Agents, MONTREAL

ART DEPOSE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

KELSEY



HEATING

☞ Is your home warmed satisfactorily? If not, the chances are that it will pay you to discard the old apparatus entirely and replace it with a **KELSEY**.

☞ The principles of hygienic heating and fuel economy are better understood now than when thousands of heaters in use were built. The **KELSEY** is the embodiment of the highest attainments of heating engineering.

☞ The **Kelsey Zig-Zag Heat Tubes** of which the fire box is formed and by which greater volumes of air are warmed and **FORCED** to every part of the house than is possible in any other heater, saves you enough in coal bills to more than pay for the change, to say nothing of the comfort of having your house kept at just the right temperature from top to bottom all the time. Let us prove it to you.

THE JAMES MART MFG. CO., Limited, Brockville, Ont. and Winnipeg, Man. Exclusive Makers for Canada.

Reasons Why "MAGI" is a Pure Mineral Water



When you drink any bottled water how do you know that the bottles are properly cleansed before they are filled?

What is the use of taking every precaution to keep the water pure if the bottles themselves do not get proper attention?

Every bottle used for MAGI WATER is first washed in a bath of hot water and caustic soda.

This alone will remove all impurities that might be adhering to the inside of the bottle.

But further precautions are taken.

The bottle is rinsed again in three separate baths of hot water.

Even this is not considered sufficient, so the inside of the bottle is scrubbed with hot water and a rubber brush and the bottle is then placed in a receptacle where it is thoroughly sterilized.

A visit to Caledonia Springs

at any time will convince you that these processes are carefully carried out.

There is no more invigorating, more refreshing, or more beneficial Mineral Water anywhere in the world than MAGI, and none bottled under more cleanly conditions.

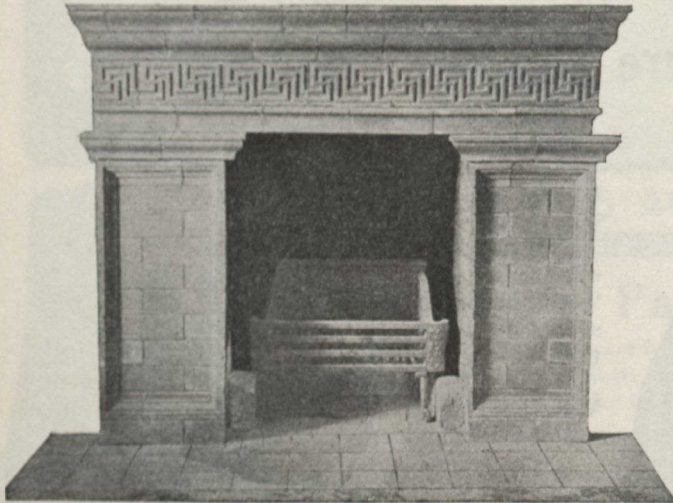
Be sure and see the word "MAGI" is on the label.

"MAGI" is bottled at the Springs in sterilized pints and splits (aerated) and half-gallon bottles (still.)

The Caledonia Springs Co., Ltd. CALEDONIA
Springs, Ont.

Distributing Depots: Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto.

Beauty and Solid Comfort



do not always go together. You get the combination in our brick fire places, which are artistic and give a room a very cosy appearance. All up-to-date houses have them. Buy a good Buff Milton Brick when you build your house.

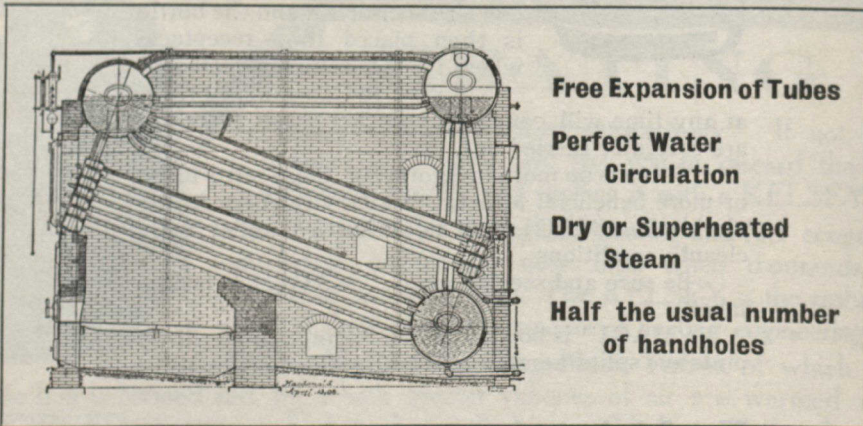
Send for Catalogue

Milton Pressed Brick Company Limited

TORONTO OFFICE:
75 YONGE STREET

WORKS AND OFFICE:
MILTON - ONTARIO

Robb-Mumford Water Tube Boiler



Free Expansion of Tubes

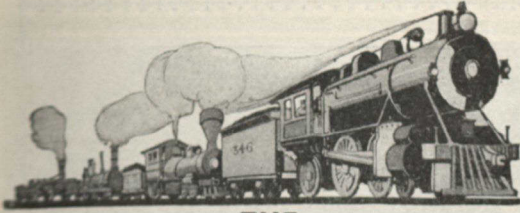
Perfect Water
Circulation

Dry or Superheated
Steam

Half the usual number
of handholes

ROBB ENGINEERING CO., Limited, AMHERST, N.S.

District Offices: { Traders Bank Building, Toronto, William McKay, Manager
Bell Telephone Building, Montreal, Watson Jack, Manager
Union Bank Building, Winnipeg, J. F. Porter, Manager



THE
**Smith Premier
Typewriter**

owes its original success to the fact that it was built upon the soundest principle of successful typewriter construction.

It owes its continued success to the fact that with all its improvements this principle has never been changed.



The Smith Premier Typewriter Co. Inc., Syracuse, N.Y., U.S.A.

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever
**DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S
ORIENTAL CREAM** OR MAGICAL
BEAUTIFIER

Purifies
as well as
Beautifies
the Skin
No other
cosmetic
will do it.



REMOVES Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash, and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 60 years; no other has, and is so harmless, we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the *haut-ton* (a patient) — "As you ladies will use them,

I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations."

For sale by all druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers.

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL TOILET POWDER

For infants and adults. Exquisitely perfumed. Relieves Skin troubles, cures Sunburn and renders an excellent complexion.

PRICE 25 CENTS BY MAIL.

GOURAUD'S POUDDRE SUBTILE

Removes superfluous Hair

Price \$1.00 by Mail

FRED. T. HOPKINS, Prop'r, 57 Great Jones St., New York City

WHY NOT BE AN ARTIST?

Our graduates are filling High Salaried Positions. Good artists

EARN \$25 TO \$100 PER WEEK

and upwards, in easy fascinating work. Our courses of Personal Home Instruction by correspondence, are complete, practical. Eleven years' successful teaching. Expert instructors. Positions guaranteed competent workers. Write for Handsome Art Book, Free.

SCHOOL OF APPLIED ART (Founded 1898.)
N 97 Gallery Fine Arts, Battle Creek, Mich.



Underwood

The World's Best Typewriter



High speed properties in a typewriter are the result of perfect mechanical construction.

The Underwood has won the speed championship of the world in eleven successive contests; and its speed possibilities have not been reached.

It is the pioneer visible-writer, and the model for a score of imitators.

UNITED TYPEWRITER COMPANY, LIMITED

ADELAIDE STREET EAST, TORONTO



Gourlay-Angelus

Player-Pianos

CANADA'S ARTISTIC PLAYER-PIANOS

bring enjoyment to every member of the family every day of the year. All will enjoy the increase of music which it invariably brings. All can, if they wish, help make it.

The piano is no longer silent, nor is one dependent on any one else for music. Though the piano is always available for hand playing, the ANGELUS inside the case gives every one the ability to play, and there is no limit to the character of the selections one may choose from. The repertoire includes every class of music—popular, standard, classic, operatic, dance, accompaniment and sacred, down the very latest successes in each class.

The GOURLAY-ANGELUS will give an artistic rendering of the most difficult music. Its patented inventions—the MELODANT and PHRASING LEVER provide for that. The Melodant accents every note of the melody, subduing the accompaniment; the Phrasing Lever gives the operator absolute control of the tempo, every infinitesimal gradation being possible. The GOURLAY-ANGELUS is the only Canadian piano in which the Melodant or Phrasing Lever is procurable.

If you have listened to other player-pianos that are mechanical, come and hear how artistic and human is the GOURLAY-ANGELUS.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE

Gourlay, Winter & Leeming ¹⁸⁸ Yonge Street **Toronto**



The Development of the

Remington

is the History of the Writing Machine

New Models 10 and 11—Now Ready

Model 10
with Column Selector

Model 11
with Built-in Tabulator

Remington Typewriter Company, Limited
TORONTO, MONTREAL, CALGARY, VANCOUVER and WINNIPEG

Christmas Gifts from Kay's



No. 805



No. 812

FINE FANCY FURNITURE

We have selected the above handsome pieces from our immense stocks of fancy furniture as particularly good value and eminently suitable for Christmas presents.

No. 805—Is a beautiful round table made of solid Tobasco Mahogany, with hand carved base.

The top measures 26 in. x 26 in. It stands 30 ins. high.

Price - **\$25.00**

No. 812—Work Table is a reproduction of an antique Colonial design. When the flaps are raised the top measures 18 in. x 44 in. It stands 28 in. high. The top drawers are fitted with velvet lined trays. We can supply this table in fine Crotch Mahogany or in Circassian Walnut.

Price - **\$33.50**

Prompt shipment of either of these articles, carefully packed, will be made on receipt of the price.

JOHN KAY CO., LIMITED,
36 and 38 King Street West, Toronto

By Appointment to
H. M. THE KING



By Appointment to
H. R. H. PRINCE OF WALES

Gilbey

THE LARGEST WINE AND SPIRIT MERCHANTS IN THE
WORLD, HAVE SATISFIED MILLIONS OF CUSTOMERS IN
THE LAST FIFTY YEARS THAT GILBEY

Gives Greatest Value For Money

W. & A. Gilbey own Three Whisky Distilleries in Scotland, a Gin Distillery in London, Vineyards in France, and many Cellars, Bonded Warehouses and Stores in the United Kingdom and the chief wine producing countries of the world.

W. & A. Gilbey give an unqualified guarantee, under Acts of Parliament of Great Britain as to the Measure, Strength, Age, Origin, Purity and Quality of all brands bearing their seals and labels.

BRANDS ON SALE IN CANADA:

PORT	"Gilbey's Invalid Port," a pure non-medicated Oporto Wine.
SHERRY	"Natural Montilla," a pale nutty wine, nine years old.
CLARET	"Chateau Loudenne," Gold Medal Claret from Gilbey's Vineyards.
BURGUNDY	"Gilbey's Pommard," an excellent wine of fine color and bouquet.
SCOTCH WHISKIES	"Strathmill," Pure Malt, six years old.
	"Spey Royal," the choicest and oldest procurable.
GINS	"Gilbey's London Dry," unsweetened, the finest Gin distilled.
	"Gilbey's Old Tom," sweetened, the finest Gin distilled.
BRANDY	"Gilbey's Plymouth," the finest Gin distilled.
RUM	"L'Or Extrait du Vin," ***** pure Grape Cognac.
	"Governor General," very old, pure Jamaica Rum.

SHIPPED, BOTTLED AND GUARANTEED BY

DISTRIBUTORS: R. H. Howard & Co., Toronto ;
(For Ontario)

Fraser, Viger & Co., Ltd., Montreal ;
(For Quebec)

Bate & Co., 111 Spa.ks St., Ottawa
1074
(For Ottawa)



For
at

Christmas Gifts

. . . You should have Our . . .

— New Catalogue No. 22 —

It is the finest Catalogue of the kind published in the world, containing one hundred pages of beautiful illustrations of the very latest styles in Travelling Goods, Leather Goods and Leather Novelties of the "Julian Sale" Brand.

We mail it free. Pay express charges on all goods in Ontario and make liberal allowances to other points in Canada.

The **JULIAN SALE**

LEATHER GOODS CO., Limited

105 King Street West, Toronto



GRAND TRUNK GENERAL OFFICES

CANADIAN EXPRESS OFFICES

The Grand Trunk Railway System

ITS RAIL AND WATER LINES TOGETHER WILL TOTAL 15,134 MILES

IN 1907 IT CARRIED 20,305,275 TONS OF FREIGHT AND 13,854,883 PASSENGERS

MANY people fail to appreciate the commanding position that the Grand Trunk Railway System occupies among the great Railway Systems of the North American Continent. It is the Pioneer railway of Canada and one of the earliest built and operated on this side of the Atlantic.

From a financial standpoint, the Grand Trunk Railway System is the largest organization in Canada, and one of the greatest in the British Empire—the total capitalization of the Grand Trunk and its subsidiary lines being \$353,268,487. Including the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway the total capital at June 30th, 1908, was the enormous sum of \$447,898,932 for the entire Grand Trunk and Grand Trunk Pacific System of Railways.

The present total mileage of the Grand Trunk, including its subsidiary lines, is 5,300 miles, with a double track mileage of 1,035, which makes it not only the longest double track railway in Canada, but the longest continuous double track railway under one management in the world.

Great Rail and Water System.

Including the mileage of the Grand Trunk Pacific main line now under construction and contemplated—3,560 miles, of which 2,240 miles are under contract, also 5,000 miles of branch lines—the total length of the entire System of Railways will eventually amount to 13,895 miles.

In addition to the rail mileage the Grand Trunk operates steamer lines on the Great Lakes, between Midland, Depot Harbor, and Fort William, Milwaukee and Chicago. It also owns and operates large car ferry steamers on Lake Ontario, between Cobourg and Charlotte (60 miles) and on Lake Michigan between Milwaukee and Grand Haven (distance 80 miles), the total mileage of lake lines being 1,239 miles. Adding the lake line mileage to the rail mileage above, gives a grand total of 15,134 miles of rail and water lines.

Grand Trunk's Enormous Business.

With regard to the amount of business handled: The Grand Trunk also stands in the forefront. During the year 1907, on the entire Grand Trunk System, the number of tons of freight handled amounted to 20,305,275 tons, while the number of passengers handled was 13,854,883. According to the official reports for 1907, the Grand Trunk takes rank among the ten largest Systems on the North American Continent, based on the business handled (freight tonnage and passengers), while on its lines in Canada only it handled 2,000,000 tons of freight and 2,100,000 passengers more than the railway doing the next largest business; also, according to the Government reports, it handled 27 per cent. of the total freight hauled, and 33 per cent. of all the passengers carried by all the railways in Canada.

ALLAN LINE

ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS

Swift Steady Safe Elegant

FIRST IN ALL IMPROVEMENTS

Steel Hulls—1879

Bilge Keels—1881

“Victorian” and “Virginian”—Turbine Engines—1905

ST. JOHN, N.B. AND HALIFAX TO LIVERPOOL

(Subject to change)

	From St. John	From Halifax		From St. John	From Halifax
Tunisian.....	Nov. 28	—	*Corsican.....	Jan. 22	Jan. 23
*Victorian.....	Dec. 4	Dec. 5	*Grampian.....	Feb. 5	Feb. 6
Grampian.....	Dec. 12	—	*Tunisian.....	Feb. 19	Feb. 20
*Corsican.....	Dec. 18	Dec. 19	Hesperian.....	Feb. 27	—
*Tunisian.....	Jan. 1	Jan. 2	*Corsican.....	Mar. 5	Mar. 6
*Hesperian.....	Jan. 15	Jan. 16	Grampian.....	Mar. 13	—

*Royal Mail Steamers

Rates—Saloon	Victorian and Virginian	\$80.00 and upwards
	Other Steamers	70.00
Second Cabin	Victorian and Virginian	\$47.50
	Other Steamers	\$45.00

PORTLAND AND BOSTON TO GLASGOW

(Subject to change)

	From Portland	From Boston		From Portland	From Boston
Sicilian.....	Dec. 4	—	Corinthian.....	Jan. 16	—
*Hesperian.....	—	Dec. 10	Sicilian.....	—	Jan. 23
Ionian.....	Dec. 16	—	Laurentian.....	—	Feb. 6
Laurentian.....	—	Dec. 26	Ionian.....	—	Feb. 18
Carthaginian.....	—	Jan. 9	Corinthian.....	Feb. 25	—

*Will call at Halifax Dec. 12th for passengers, thence sail direct to Glasgow.

Rates—Saloon from \$62.50 and upwards
Second Cabin from \$40.00 and upwards
Third Class, \$26.50

Five per cent. reduction off return portion of Second Cabin round trip tickets.

ST. JOHN, N.B. AND HALIFAX TO HAVRE AND LONDON

(Subject to change)

	From St. John	From Halifax		From St. John	From Halifax
Sardinian.....	Dec. 17	Dec. 19	Pomeranian.....	Mar. 4	Mar. 6
Pomeranian.....	Jan. 7	Jan. 9	Sardinian.....	Apr. 1	Apr. 3
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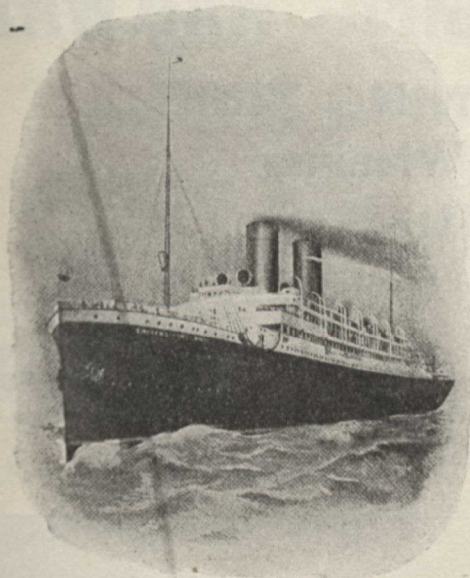
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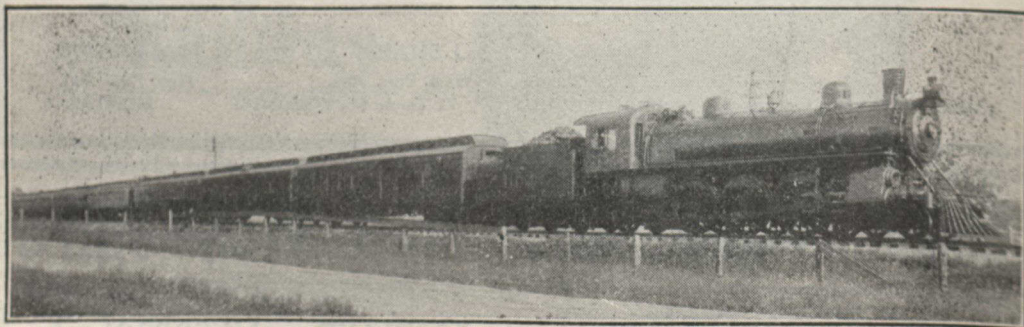
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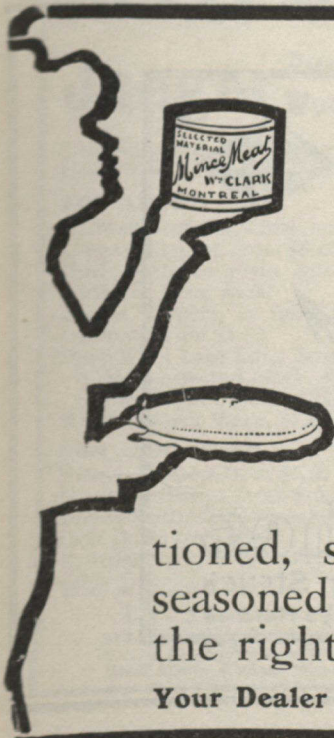
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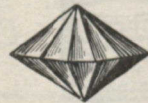
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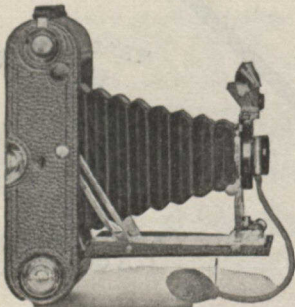
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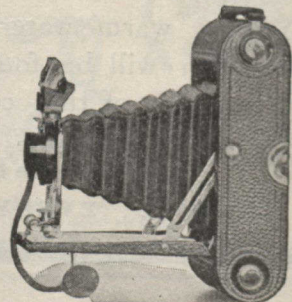
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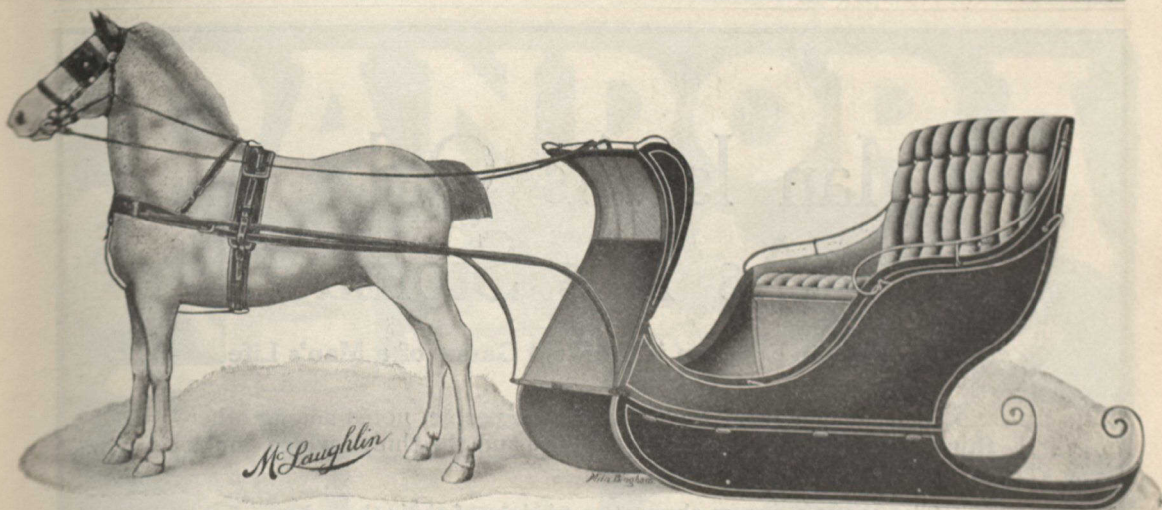
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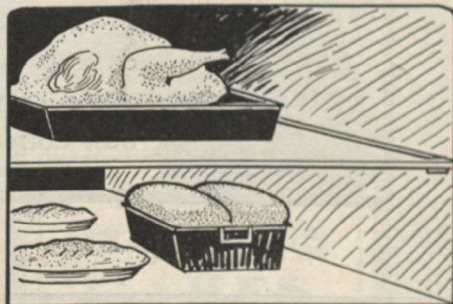
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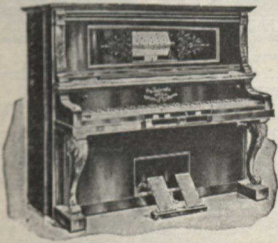
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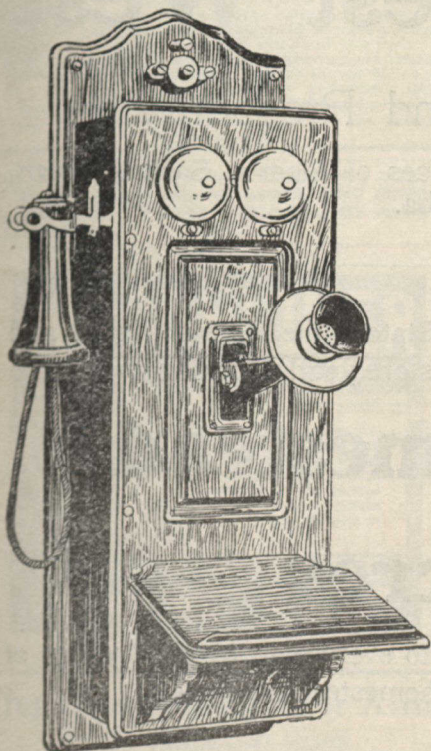
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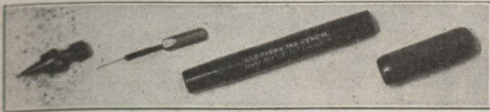
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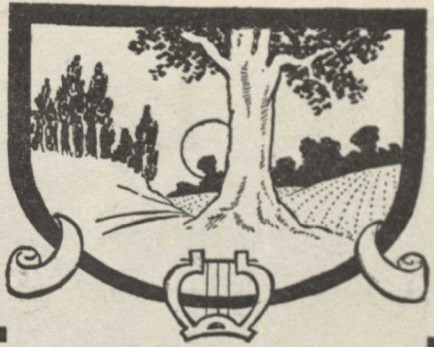
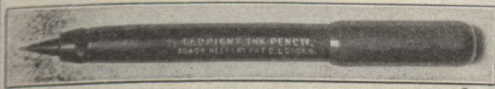
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