

# The Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



DRAWN BY ESTELLE M. KERR

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Special or extra sizes \$2.75 extra.

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# THE Canadian Courier

A NATIONAL WEEKLY

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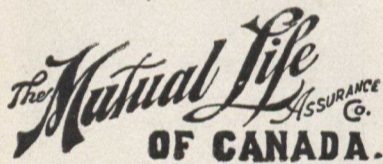
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" Assets	-	1,271,255
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" Income	-	171,147
" Surplus	-	300,341

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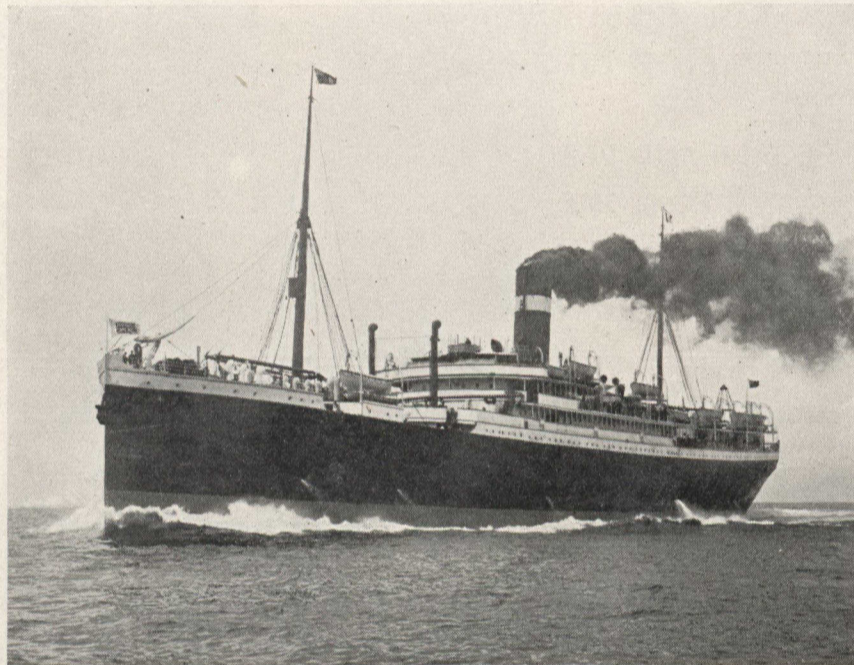
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## Canada and Glasgow

### The Development of the Steamboat Service

WHEN Canadians think of steamers trading between this country and Great Britain they invariably think of Liverpool as the British terminus. Occasionally London is spoken of, as some of our steamers sometimes go there. It is rather remarkable to note that a very considerable trade is now being carried on between Glasgow and the Canadian ports. This trade has existed for many years in a more or less undeveloped state but during 1907 it had very considerable development. In fact, about 17,000 passengers were carried last year between Canada and Glasgow. This year the Allan Line, which controls this business, will have two new steamers in this trade in addition to the two that have been on the route for some time. The Allan Line apparently find Scotland has a very close connection with Canada and that the development of the business between Scotland and the Canadian ports does not affect the traffic between Liverpool and this country.



The Grampian

Photograph copyright by Maclure, Macdonald & Co., Glasgow

It would have been interesting to know just what classes of articles are exchanged by Canada and Scotland as well as the class of passengers who travel to and fro. However, it is not the purpose of this article to discuss this particular phase of the subject. It is sufficient for our purposes to know that the trade is there.

These two new steamers are the *Grampian* and the *Hesperian* and both have been built specially for this trade, the *Grampian* now being in service and the *Hesperian* being almost ready for her first trip. Each boat has a twin screw with triple expansion engines, a gross tonnage of about 10,000 tons. Each is built on the cellular double-bottom system and especially strengthened for the North Atlantic trade. The *Grampian* is 500 feet in length with a breadth of 60 feet and makes a voyage between Quebec and Glasgow in seven days.

The passenger accommodation is in keeping, in style and comfort, with the advance by which the North Atlantic passenger trade is now distinguished. Her tween decks are lofty, and her staterooms large and tastefully furnished. She has accommodation for 200 first-class and 350

second-class passengers, and provision is made for 1,400 third-class, who will be carried in four-berth rooms. For the passengers in each class large and well-appointed dining saloons, music rooms, libraries, lounges, smoke rooms, and covered-in recreation spaces have been provided. The first and second-class public rooms are very tastefully panelled in white enamel, in fumed oak, mahogany and other hard woods, and those of the third-class are finished in polished pitch pine.

The steamer is lighted throughout by electricity, and to ensure its unbroken maintenance, the supply plant is duplicated. In addition to natural ventilation, the tween decks and third class spaces are heated and ventilated on the thermotank system, which supplies cool air in summer and hot air in winter.

There are separate galleys amidships and at each end for passengers and crew, and they, together with the pantries, are fitted with the special outfit supplied by Messrs. Wilson, of Liverpool.

The *Grampian's* deadweight capacity will be about 9,000 tons, and her internal cubic space will greatly exceed this figure. To facilitate the storage of cargo, the pillaring of the holds is of the new tubular form,

widely spaced, and her numerous steam winches and other appliances are of the most complete design for the rapid loading and discharging of cargo. Large chambers, nine in number, with a capacity of 23,000 cubic feet, are being fitted up for cold storage of cargo and ship's provisions, cooled by Messrs. J. & E. Hall's Co., refrigerating machinery.

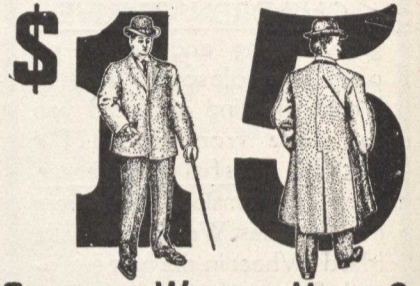
The steamer is designed to maintain at sea a speed which will enable her to make the passage from Glasgow, via Moville, to Quebec in less than seven days, a material advance in speed on the steamers hitherto engaged in the Glasgow-Canadian service. Her ample boiler power is fitted with Howden's system of forced draft, and her engine room has a very complete installation of auxiliary machinery.

The *Hesperian* will be a sister ship and these two ships will be assisted by the twin-screw *Ionian* and the single-screw *Pretorian*, which are also on this route. These services will be opened on the 25th of April by the *Hesperian*, and from Montreal on the 9th of May. The Allan Company are to be congratulated on this last development in the Canadian steamship business.

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No. 19

## IN THE PUBLIC VIEW

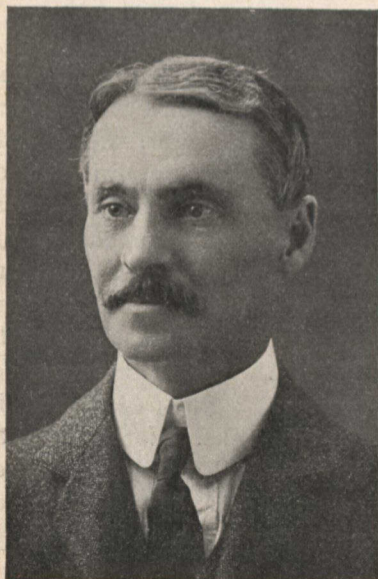


The Bishop of London

**T**HE Bishop of London has given a rude jolt to the world's metropolis. Last Saturday he headed a vast procession of clergy and church workers into the heart of the worst slum in Westminster. The procession was headed by a surpliced choir who sang the hymn "Onward Christian Soldiers." The slum is the worst in London: which is why the Bishop decided to march into it. He has always been out against the powers of darkness in the darkest places. Those who saw and heard him in Canada last summer will remember that he passed as a man of original courage; a man who carried no side or ceremony, but shot his energy straight into the heart of a subject, said what he meant and meant all he said. His courage is in rather inverse ratio to

the retiring disposition of his farmer brother up near Aylmer—the brother whom the Bishop visited last summer when he preached in the Anglican Church at Aylmer. This brother began to learn Canadian farming some years ago in the County of Elgin. Being engaged one day in spreading some dirt about the premises he suddenly discovered that he had missed one heap. "Ah—I beg pardon!" he said politely and went back to finish the work.

**M**R. C. M. HAYS, President of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, has added himself to the list of those who having been abroad in the money markets of the world return with the news that Canada's credit is all right among the financiers. Having succeeded in floating fifteen millions of bonds for his transcontinental road, Mr. Hays is happy to state that with the opening of spring and the passing of a hard winter, British investors have keen eyes on this country as a field for investment. His company has now, he says, funds enough to last it for the next two years, and as twelve thousand men are reported having gone or going to work on the western section of the Grand Trunk Pacific, it will easily be seen where a good deal of the money will go.

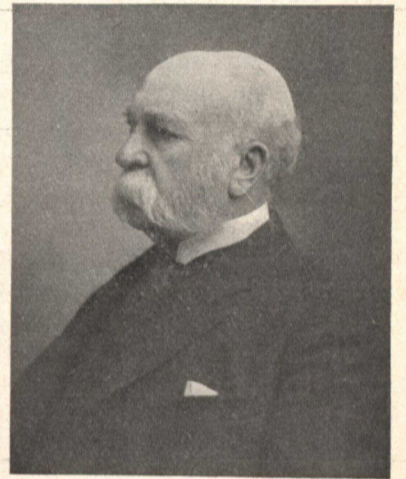


Mr. F. W. G. Haultain

**M**R. F. W. G. HAULTAIN, leader of the Saskatchewan Opposition and city solicitor for Regina, is into a fight with the C. P. R. This is no new thing for Mr. Haultain, who is one of the ablest fighters in the West and has always been at least mildly opposed to the big railway corporation. The present issue is one of taxation. The corporation of Regina claim that the company should pay taxes on street improvements running along part of their property. The company is averse to taxation of that sort.

**B**EARDING the western lion in his den, Mr. James D. Hyndman boldly comes out in Edmonton as candidate for the House of Commons against Hon. Frank Oliver. There are those who consider this as very foolhardy in Mr.

Hyndman. The Mayor of Edmonton states that no living man could possibly beat Mr. Oliver. Mr. Hyndman thinks he knows better. Mr. Oliver has always been a hard man to beat. He has had enormous majorities; but they were in the former days when everybody knew "Honest Frank," as he was then called. Since that there have arisen people who know not Joseph; the new-timers from east and south. It is probably to many of these that Mr. Hyndman looks for support in his fight against Goliath. He is a very young man; born in Charlottetown on the fighting little island by the Atlantic in 1874; studied and practised law in the east before going to Portage La Prairie in Manitoba. In 1903 he went to Edmonton and is now head of the firm Hyndman, Dawson & Hyndman. He has also been president of the Conservative Association. Among those who declined to enter the lists against fighting Frank is ex-Mayor Griesbach of Edmonton, who took a try at the election game during the last provincial election in Alberta, when he came out against Attorney-General Cross.

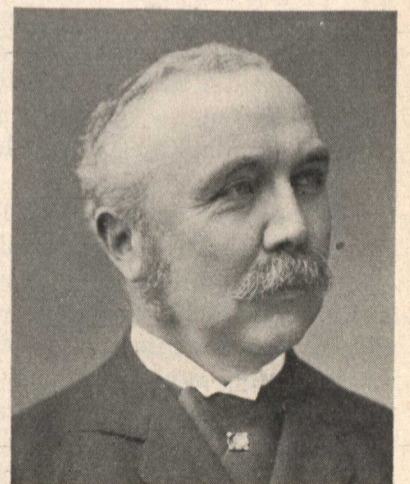


Dr. Andrew Smith  
President Ontario Veterinary College

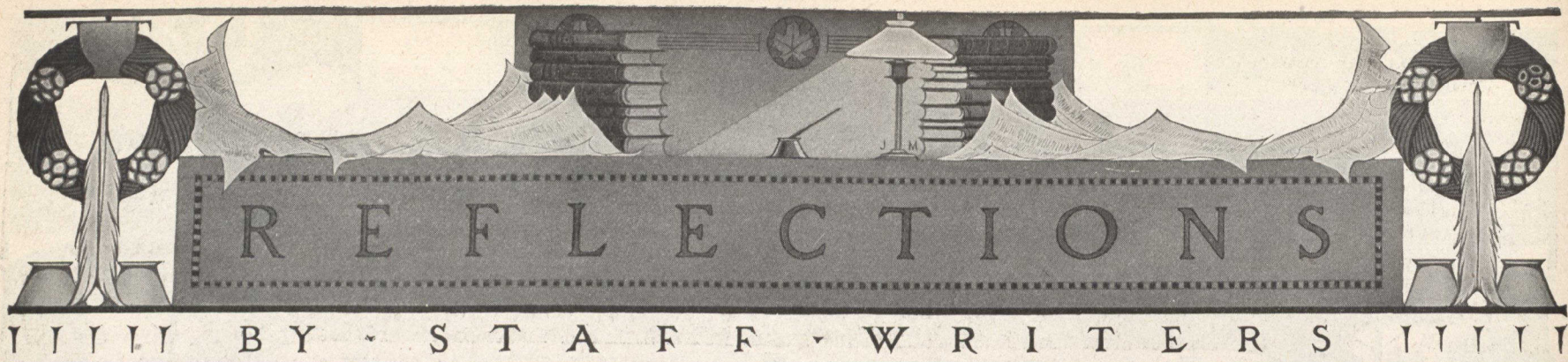
**B**EFORE the opening of the 1908-1909 term of the Ontario Veterinary College it is expected that some vital changes will have taken place in the conducting of that institution. Not only will students have to take a three-year instead of a two-year course before graduating, but it is anticipated that the College will be under the direct control of the Provincial Agricultural Department and be in closer affiliation with the University of Toronto. As Dr. Andrew Smith, the venerable principal, said at the closing exercises last Saturday, this change would put the College on a firmer and better basis than ever, notwithstanding that under the forty-six-year guidance of the revered doctor its success has been phenomenal. Last Saturday's graduating class was the largest that was ever turned out, numbering nearly 200 and including students from Australia, the Argentine, the West Indies, Great Britain, nearly every state in the Union and every province of Canada. President Falconer, of Toronto University, who was present, was evidently much impressed by the appearance of the class and with the intelligence of its members.

**O**N Sunday last it was flashed around the world that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman had tendered his resignation as Premier of Great Britain, and that "His Majesty has graciously accepted it." Emperors, Kings, Dukes, Archbishops and statesmen the world over were interested as well as much more common people throughout the British Empire. It was an event. The Premiership of Great Britain is one of the great positions of the world, for the man who occupies it makes war or peace as he wills, and may at any time profoundly affect the welfare of millions of people who are not British.

C.-B., as he was familiarly known, was not a great man judged by the tests usually applied to statesmen and political leaders. He was not a great orator, nor a great scholar, nor a great administrator. He had little magnetism. Nevertheless he worked his way to the front rank among the men of the Liberal Party by long and continuous political service of a fairly high grade.



Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman



# REFLECTIONS

IIII BY STAFF WRITERS IIII

## NOVA SCOTIA'S PULPWOOD

**F**ISH, coal, iron ore, statesmen and educationists are the chief products of Nova Scotia, according to general repute. It now seems that to this must be added pulpwood. One expert estimates that if the supplies of pulpwood are properly conserved Nova Scotia could supply two and a quarter million cords per annum for ever. As raw wood, this would mean a revenue to the people of about \$11,000,000 a year. Ground into pulp it would be worth about three times that amount. Made into news-print, it would bring a gross income of one hundred millions a year at present prices.

As the consumption of paper on this continent is not likely to decrease, and as the supply of pulpwood in the United States will not last more than another twenty years, it looks as if Nova Scotia had an asset which would prove most valuable in the years to come. Of course, much depends on the policy which the Government now pursues in regulating the cutting and protecting the future growth.

## THE COUNTRY HIGH SCHOOLS

**M**ANITOBA and Ontario are awakening to the fact that the present high schools are educating the youth for the professions and taking them off the farms. In Ontario, the Minister of Education is encouraging what are known as continuation classes in the public schools. This practically means that the rural schools are to have high school features added to them and that the features will be along the line of agricultural knowledge and science. In Manitoba, Dr. Fletcher, the Deputy Minister of Education, is advocating a similar remedy.

Especially in Ontario, the high school system has spoiled many good farmers by making young men into doctors, dentists and lawyers. The Agricultural College was instituted to stop the process, but one college cannot offset a hundred high schools. Now the college is to be carried to the farmers and the influence of the high schools curtailed. The movement is a most commendable one, and its effect will be closely watched by the newer provinces who have not yet advanced to the stage where every farmer's wife tries to make at least one of her sons a clergyman, and another a doctor, selecting the dullest to stay at home on the farm and get rich.

## POLITICS IN ONTARIO

**I**N a couple of months, perhaps sooner, Ontario will be in the throes of a provincial general election. Already every budding politician, every prospective K.C., and every aspirant for a provincial "job," are sitting up nights working on voters' lists and making imaginary speeches. Business throughout the province is none too good, and people have ample time to discuss the situation.

When Mr. Whitney appealed to the people before, it was as leader of the Opposition. The Hon. G. W. Ross was premier, but he has since retired to the Senate. Hon. G. P. Graham was one of Mr. Ross's colleagues, but he too is at Ottawa, directing the Department of Railways and Canals. The Hon. Richard Harcourt is still in the Legislature, but the mantle of Mr. Ross missed him and fell on the Hon. A. G. MacKay. Mr. Whitney and Mr. MacKay are now the rival chieftains.

There does not seem to be any great issue to decide, beyond what majority Mr. Whitney will have in the new House. The most interesting feature of the campaign will be the development of the Hon. A. G. MacKay. People who will vote for him and many who will vote against him, will watch his conduct closely to see if he has real leadership in him. If he is made of as good stuff as his followers think, he will enhance his reputation. He is not likely to be premier, but he may become one of the leading Liberals of the province and thus be marked for future honours either in Toronto or Ottawa.

Mr. Gamey's part in this election will not be so striking as in the

last, but the Hon. Adam Beck, with his free-as-air-hydro-electric-power-from-Niagara-Falls policy will be one of the prize exhibits. Treasurer Matheson, with his money-bags packed full, will be trotted out to show that, as in the days of John Sandfield Macdonald, the revenues of the province are greater than the expenditures. Mr. Hanna will talk about his prison reform schemes, Mr. Cochrane about the riches of New Ontario, and Dr. Pyne about cheap school-books and how he got them. Nevertheless, the chief figures will be the honest, blustering Premier and the skilful, genial Leader of the Opposition.

## A MEASURE TO BE ADMIRER

**H**ON. W. J. HANNA, the hard-working Secretary for the Province of Ontario, who is a pleasing raconteur in his hours of ease, made a masterly stroke of penal reform when he brought in a bill to abolish contract labour in the prison. The change is in keeping with the most modern methods of penology and, what is a minor consideration, pleases the trade-unions without seriously injuring the agricultural community. The latter, having as yet no union organisation of the advanced sort, will not be in a position to make any concentrated protest against this "back to the land" policy for such as break the laws. Nature study, we are told, has a healing effect and will cause the erring citizen to reflect on the sweet reasonableness of keeping in harmony with the views of the magistrate. This latest reform not only does the greatest good to the greatest number, but also secures a vaster vote than has been. The brooms of the Central Prison are to be swept away, to be succeeded by the cultivation of the onion and tomato. The bizarre uniform with stripes is to give place to garments of inconspicuous design. Altogether the Ontario Government is to be congratulated on such a humane and statesmanlike reform, while Mr. Hanna, who is a successful moose-hunter, has proved himself an adept at killing several birds with one extra-smooth stone.

## THE CORPORATION'S EMPLOYEE

**"W**HEN is a man a corporation slave and when is he a respectable citizen?" is a question which requires asking and answering. If a man, employed in an executive capacity, by a corporation, ventures an opinion on public affairs he is silenced with the charge: "You have no right to speak; you are a corporation slave." If a man has been known to sell goods or expert services to a corporation at any time in his career, he is ipso facto believed to be unworthy thereafter to exercise the duties and privileges of citizenship. He cannot write a letter to the newspapers, be a respectable member of any public-spirited organisation, take a public part in any municipal or parliamentary election, or be a candidate for public honours of any kind.

This situation seems to apply to all who make money out of a corporation by doing business with it which is more or less personal, to those who are employed by it in any capacity where wages are not figured by the day. The street-railway conductor, the electric lineman, the telephone pole-erector, the steam-railway trainman or baggage-smasher, or the man who works for a public utility corporation for a daily wage is not supposed to lose his manhood or his ability to act occasionally in the public interest. These men are honest, industrious citizens who think only of what is best for the country, are always well-informed and always able to cast an intelligent ballot or to make a high-minded speech. In fact these perfections of citizenship are to be found most highly developed in policemen, city firemen and employees in city halls. Yet as soon as one of these men passes from a job worth \$3.00 a day to another worth \$17.00 a week, he loses all respect at the hands of his former admirers. He is henceforth a corporation slave, and is not worthy to open his mouth in a public place.

What a ridiculous situation! Why this distinction between a

labourer on the one hand, and a clerk or a business administrator on the other? Is the distinction due to a desire on the part of trades-unions to prove every one unfit to exercise the voting power but themselves? Or is it due to an inherent feeling in the heart of the wage-earner that the man who does not go to work when the seven o'clock bell rings is an economic parasite?

Whatever the cause, the situation is becoming serious. The air is getting so full of suspicion that it will soon be impossible to do business without wearing blue overalls.

To return to the corporation employee who gets \$17 a week instead of \$3 a day—is he to be deprived of his citizenship, because of this corrupting canker of suspicion which has eaten into the heart of trades-unionism? And is this suspicion to extend to all who work for salaries or who do business for themselves in anything but the smallest way? These are questions which are pressing for answer. Probably before they are answered fully, it will be necessary to decide that a man is innocent until he is proved guilty, since at the present time it would be quite within the mark to say that in Canada every man is presumed to be guilty until he is proved innocent—with the exception of burglars, pickpockets, murderers, editors of daily newspapers, small storekeepers and members of a trades-union.

#### TENNYSON AND KIPLING

TO the April number of the Canadian Magazine, Mr. Arnold Haultain contributes a valuable literary analysis entitled "From Tennyson to Kipling," in which a delightful new term—"world-poetics"—is coined. The writer, after mentioning the chief characteristics of the days in which we live "as compared with the days of Wordsworth's successor," turns to Kipling as the exponent of this era. There may be some of us, however, who have found in Tennyson, also, that Imperialism of which Kipling is declared to be the true progenitor. Tennyson was no Little Englander. His ode at the opening of the great colonial exhibition of 1886 breathed a noble understanding of the Britain beyond the seas while his poem on the revolting colonies of 1779 could not have been written by an insular genius. It is true that Kipling has helped in a wonderful expansion of that idea but the older poet was not without the vision. As to the "strenuousness" of the age, which the muse of Mr. Rudyard Kipling finds so much to her liking, many of that writer's sincerest admirers consider "They" and the "Recessional" closer to literature than are all the Kipling "apotheoses of the Mechanical." Kipling's engines, torpedo boats and motors are exceedingly Satanic in their quality of going to and fro but the gasoline occasionally gets into the metre and poetry flies far from the noisy scene. Mr. Haultain will know almost unanimous assent with his choice of Tennyson as chief exponent of the Victorian and Kipling of the later era; but Tennyson was more in sympathy with the toiler than his lighter poems would lead us to believe and Kipling is more perspiring than inspired in some of his machine-made verse. With Mr. Haultain's praise of the "Jungle Books" and the "Just So Stories" we can all most happily agree, for they are a supreme work of art; and it may be said of such that, whether it be a song of "Ulysses" or the chronicles of Mowgli, the fabric "broad and deep continueth." They last because they belong to no particular age or clime, they endure, not because they are scientific, democratic, imperialistic or strenuous, but because they are marked deep with that imagination, insight or whatever else we agree to call genius.

#### THE POLAR SEARCH

GREAT BRITAIN and Australasia are much interested in the expedition of Lieutenant Shackleton who set off from New Zealand last winter on a voyage to discover the South Pole. The bold explorer has been given the somewhat indefinite appointment of postmaster of that Antarctic region known as King Edward VII. Land. It is said that he is empowered to establish the first Antarctic post-office, to issue stamps and despatch mails when circumstances permit, which is a rather Pickwickian permission, after all, since that land is the genuine and unthawing Lady of the Snows. The pioneer post-office in King Edward VII. Land will be a queer edifice and have a more thrilling story than even the narrative related by Superintendent Ross of Toronto two weeks ago. One of the extremely up-to-date features in Lieutenant Shackleton's equipment is the motor car. He is excellently provided, indeed, with all the modern aids to geographical discovery. Lieutenant Peary, who has crept a few miles nearer to the North Pole than any other Arctic explorer has announced his intention of trying again. Mr. Chesterton has written about the

startling quality of "men dying in agonies to find a place where no man can live—a place only interesting because it is supposed to be the meeting place of some lines that do not exist." But the lure of polar adventure is not a new thing and will probably exert an influence so long as there is mystery associated with the spot where, as the old geography taught us, the Earth is slightly flattened. Those who heard the lecture by Nansen and that more recently delivered by Peary have no difficulty in understanding the fascination of the desperate pushing forward towards the goal. England and the United States will have a tamer race than Anglo-Saxondom has yet bred when there is no hardy explorer to set out from Liverpool or New York with the eager confidence of establishing a post-office at the South Pole, with "E. R." blazoned among the icicles or unfurling the Stars and Stripes at the Ultimate North. It must be remembered that there is a difference between the Peary or Shackleton type of explorer and the aimless wanderer who is a very Reuben for instability. The true explorer returns with the trophies of a new land, with the strange tales of a mysterious country and the world is all the richer and happier for his travels. The merchant world of England knows well the debt which it owes such daring voyagers and, even before the days of Elizabeth, made acknowledgment to the "master mariners" who were exploring more wisely than they knew; and the American business world of to-day is alive to the financial importance of this adventurous intrusion into unknown silences. Of course the unimaginative will laugh at Shackleton and Peary, just as their ancestors laughed at Champlain three hundred years ago.

#### AN IDLE POLITICAL DREAM

HOW strange it would be if we were to wake up some morning and find the following despatch on the front page of our morning paper:

Ottawa, April 32nd.—At a conference held to-night in the Premier's office, at which there were present several leading men in both parliamentary parties, it was decided that there should be no more destructive criticism on the floor of either Chamber and that both parties would hereafter work together to advance important measures. The Government on its part agrees to overhaul any administrative department which the Opposition may think is not working well, and the Opposition agrees to confine its criticism to mere suggestions. The Government agrees to pass only such estimates as the Opposition leaders approve and the Opposition agrees to pass all such estimates and appropriations at once. Each party is to be left free to advocate such legislative measures as it may favour, the agreement applying only to administrative matters. It was further agreed to leave the fixing of the date for the general elections to a committee of six, three ministers and three members of the Opposition.

If we were to read such a despatch as this, we would probably think the Ottawa correspondent had been indulging in alcoholic stimulant. But, why not such an agreement? Why should the good name of Canada's administration be continually trailed in the dust? Why should one set of public men be continually trying to prove another set carping critics or corrupt administrators? We should have neither of these classes, and if either exists, parliament as a whole is disgraced.

The policies of the two parties are not at present being discussed—only their characters. The broad principle of Civil Service Reform and how it may be brought about has had no attention as yet, only an attempt to prove and an attempt to disprove that weaknesses exist in the present system. The Hudson's Bay Railway, the Georgian Bay Canal, the Tariff, the railway policy, the land policy and a dozen other large questions are being left untouched while the two parties quarrel as to which is honest, trustworthy and patriotic. Surely no one expects that the public will believe either party has a sense of what is right and statesmanlike if the present controversy continues much longer. There must be a change or soon the people will come to believe that it will be necessary to have a complete change of leaders in both parties. This charge and counter-charge, this allegation and counter-allegation is getting on the nerves of the best elements in both parties. It is painful, disgusting, disastrous.

During the past two years, noticeably in New Brunswick during the recent general election campaign, the two parties have been getting together in the constituencies to prevent electoral corruption. Why should we not go a step farther and get the leaders at Ottawa to agree that slanders and counter-slanders shall be eliminated? If we do not do this, the dignity of our public life will pass away, and the House of Commons become a bear-garden which respectable men will avoid.

# Through a Monocle

**A**LTHOUGH the report of the Civil Service Commission is now nearly a fortnight old, I notice that it is difficult to get people to talk of anything else. It has broken in on the general conversation like a church choir scandal. Even the prosy monologue artists who were conducting what they called "a budget debate," gave it up when they discovered that no one was playing the slightest attention to them. Everybody was whispering in the corners about what was to be done with this explosive Civil Service report. So it is useless for me to attempt to stem the stream. It is true that we chatted about it a week ago; but nothing has happened since to change the topic.

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**T**HE great question for the moment seems to be whether or not partyism can be induced to commit infanticide. Patronage is the child of party; and patronage must be smothered discreetly by some one if the Civil Service is to be reformed. It is that "enfant terrible"—patronage—which leads the Civil Service astray. Keep patronage outside of the palings, and the Civil Service will become a decent, industrious, painstaking and even a somewhat proud-of-its-work organisation. There is a touch of the spirit of public service about performing the work of the nation which gives men a sense of doing their duty and of being more than ordinary salary-winners when they get half a chance. The very policeman on his beat feels more important than the private constable at his post because he knows that he is wearing the uniform of the community and is not a private hireling but a public official. Thus if the Civil Service were simply fenced in from exasperating and humiliating interference by the "foot-pads" of party, and were saved from seeing their best work neutralised and set awry by the "cripples" whom patronage foists upon them, they could not help being a self-respecting and conscientious body, devoted to duty and governed by a nice sense of honour.

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**B**UT will Party strangle its demon offspring? Will the politicians declare an endless Lenten season and give up patronage? That statesmen would be only too glad to do so, every one knows. That men whose purpose in public life is to serve the nation, detest and despise the petty intrigues and the trafficking in base motives that go with "patronage," has been avowed again and again. The man who accepts election as an honour or a responsibility would gladly be rid of the whole annoying and soiling business. But, unfortunately, these desirable classes do not make up our roll-call of "elected persons." There is also the politician. He frequently finds in patronage his most powerful weapon. Patronage is the honey with which he attracts the flies which may bring corruption on their soiled feet, but which—as politics go—often bring, too, the buzz of success. How could he get "the boys" to work for him if he did not have any patronage to distribute amongst them when their task was done? Patronage buys him his nomination, buys him his election, and buys him security in his seat. For him to give up patronage would be to cut off his political right arm.

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**S**TILL the decent men in each party are strong enough to compel the surrender of this unfair weapon if they would combine to put it under the ban. The members of Parliament who abhor patronage and all its works, could, by combining irrespective of party, put through a measure conveying the control of the Civil Service to a Commission; and, once it was clear that they were in earnest, the mercenaries who profit by patronage would be afraid to confess their love of "the unclean thing," and would vie with the decent element in hastening its execution. No political corpse ever had so unanimous a funeral as patronage would get, once our better public men decreed its death. Of course, if they will be misled into striving to make party capital out of the situation, and so dividing the forces of reform, patronage will live and continue to flourish; and the sordid and

unscrupulous elements in politics will remain the potent factors they are to-day. It is by reason of patronage that the politicians for revenue only are so often able to overcome the public men of principle and bring their most cherished projects to failure.

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**I**T should be recognised that this is a question which cuts across the parties. It does not matter two straws whether patronage wears a red or a blue ribbon, its works are equally of the devil. The Conservatives fill the Civil Service with misfits and mercenaries who are ready to "serve two masters" just as certainly as do the Liberals. Only by asking the people to wipe from their memories all knowledge of the past can any party make capital out of this exposure. But the Civil Service Reformers—be they Liberals or Conservatives—can use the awakened public attention which has followed the explosion of the Civil Service report to force their leaders to agree upon a measure of practical betterment which will forever divorce "ward politics" and our national executive staff.

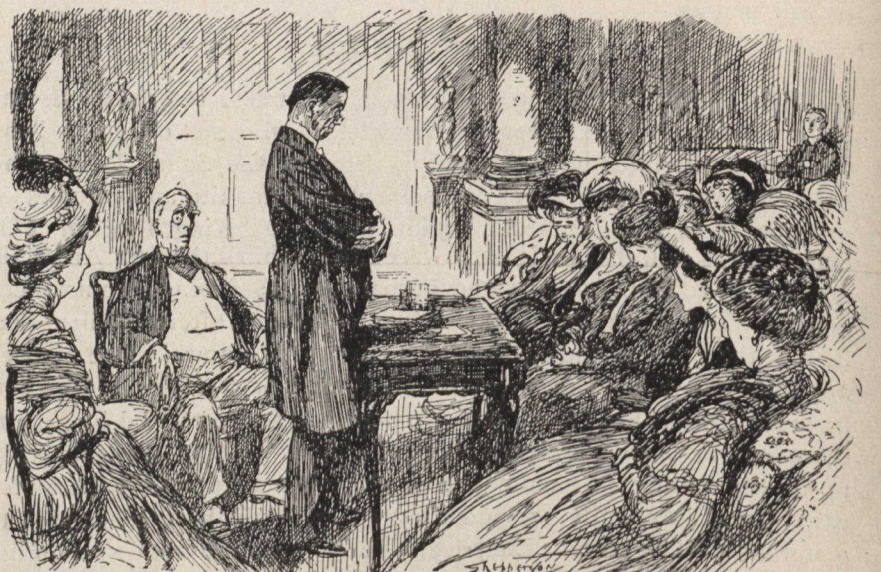
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AN ALBERTAN WRITER.

**A**BOUT two years ago, a humorous sketch, *Sowing Seeds in Danny*, by Nellie McClung, appeared in the columns of the *Canadian Magazine*. The story was so full of original piquancy, so sparkling with the writer's own enjoyment of the experiment with *Danny* that the reader felt as if Mrs. McClung should be "good for" more of such gently satirical narratives. The author of that sketch has found a New York publishing firm (Doubleday and Page) and the book, brimful of such humorous and pathetic scenes as would appeal to a discerning woman in a new country, will soon be offered to the Canadian public. Mrs. McClung belongs to the Province of Alberta, where the people are not so busy making history that they cannot afford time for lighter joys.

THE NEW SEA TELEPHONE.

**C**ANADA as the home of the world's first telephone and the western terminus of the great wireless telegraphy system of Marconi, is indirectly interested in the new sea telephone lately invented by Valdemar Poulsen of Copenhagen. Mr. Poulsen has lately been talking two hundred and fifty miles without wires—from one of his wireless stations at Lyngby to Weisensee, near Berlin. He has been experimenting for several years with his wireless sound waves. He claims that it will be easier to phone across the ocean than to speak from Lyngby to Weisensee. He says of his wireless sparks: "The wireless sparks are to be compared to the shell from a big gun. When fired, you get an enormous blow like that caused by an explosion, but the force of this blow is lost after a short time. The undamped waves produce a sort of singing vibration of enormous rapidity, and they go on their way round the globe with the same force as that with which they leave the transmitting apparatus. Nothing can stop them, not even the highest mountain



Philanthropist (home from China). You know, my dear people, the prisons there are not the sort of places to which you and I are accustomed."—Punch.





Shell of Saw-mill Boiler, carried nearly a quarter of a mile and skipping like a stone



Fire-box of Saw-mill Boiler hurled 300 feet and stopped by a tree

## Portable Saw-mill Boiler Explodes

ONCE in a while in the rural parts of Canada a portable saw-mill has a boiler explosion; and when it does it is likely to be one of the strenuous sort. One of these swift episodes occurred a week or two ago up in Lambton County, Ontario, when the shell of the boiler was carried twelve hundred feet; a boy who stood near the engine was killed on the spot; the fireman and the tail-sawyer were both injured. As twelve hundred feet is nearly a quarter of a mile and the shell of that boiler would weigh some thousands of pounds, it may be surmised that a great deal of force was suddenly generated around this portable saw-mill on that occasion.

Now a portable saw-mill is a mill that may be moved from place to place to cut up logs in cases and places where it is easier to move the mill to the timber than to move the timber so many miles to the mill. In this case, however, it seems that the boiler was the most portable thing in the outfit. Many of those who know anything about the early clearing of farms and the earlier industries in the woods of Canada will remember that this sort of mill was a peculiar thing. It was toted from corner to corner and set up somewhere in the woods.

This mill would be an ordinary threshing engine with a horizontal boiler of locomotive type, and a large drive-wheel for the belt that ran to the sawing-rig. The sawing part would be a large circular saw about five feet across hung in a frame, and a long carriage on which was jugged the log that had to be sawed. The carriage was moved forward by the gear of the machinery and the log run into the teeth of the revolving saw. Thus were the woods hauled for miles and fed into the maw of this thing and the lumber piled up among the heaps of sawdust.

It was not long before the mill of this kind created quite a settlement. One which the writer remembers and which he hauled logs into and lumber away from was the nucleus of a little wooden hamlet inhabited by the mill hands. The houses were set around on the sawdust and not far from the edge of the road ditch. They were built of straight up-and-down boards doubled, and the space in the shell was filled with sawdust, of which there was also a pile clear around the base of the house.

The owner of the mill lived in exactly the same kind of house as his mill-hands and teamsters. He was lord of a little industrial settlement and his business was to make that "rig," as he called it, pay a good dividend. He sawed logs for farmers at so much per thousand feet; or he took lumber for the work and sold it again; or when he got well established he bought logs outright and made his own lumber. It was a busy place; the hands were up early in the morning; the teamsters fed and harnessed the horses and in winter the fireman fired up by lantern light; steam was got up before breakfast; and at seven o'clock sharp whether it was creeping dawn of winter or sun-up of a summer's day the whole band were at work around that screeching saw in the open air, or under a canvas, and the puffing, coughing engine on the other end of the drive-belt. They quit at six; but if there was much work on hand and many barns building on the farms thereabouts, they stuck to it till dark of the early summer day, sometimes running with a night shift.

Rural Ontario owes a good deal to these portable

saw-mills; Quebec has had a large number of them, and down in the Maritime Provinces they are well known. Lately they have come into use away out in the Saskatchewan land where there is much timber and where a permanent mill might be too expensive.

The boiler of this Lambton mill blew up because it was over-worked. It was a good boiler and had been inspected a few days before the accident. Its shell was stamped at 50,000 pounds tensile strength; one-quarter inch thick; made entirely of iron; a boiler 44 inches in diameter, 14 feet long and containing forty tubes each ten feet long. When the coroner's jury viewed the remains of that boiler hurled clear out of the mill-yard and away from the logs, and across the road nearly a quarter of a mile from where the mill was, they concluded that the cause of the explosion was too much pressure. The firebox was carried three hundred feet towards the stable, and would probably have gone as far as the boiler-shell but that it struck a tree which stopped it. The boiler lighted three times in its 1200-foot flight, and skipped like a stone on water. The water-column of the boiler was picked up nearly three hundred feet from the engine and the glass was not even cracked.

## Shortening the Distances

IT was in 1851 that the Hon. Joseph Howe made his famous prediction that Canada would have a transcontinental railway and that people would be able to cross Canada quite comfortably in

a week. It required more than thirty years to fulfil the prophecy, but it was done. And since 1886, the date of the fulfilment, much more has been accomplished.

Last year, the C. P. R. entered into an arrangement with the British Government to take mails from Liverpool to Yokohama via Canada on a twenty-nine day schedule. Only once in a full year has that "Overseas Mail" been late—a truly remarkable performance. Whether the service will be continued is a matter to be decided by the British Government, but certainly the Canadians who undertook the work have carried out their contract in both the letter and the spirit.

Again, it is startling to hear that after June 15th trains are to run from Toronto to Winnipeg over the new C. P. R. line via Sudbury in thirty-six hours. This is quite a change from the day when the Red River Expedition of 1870 spent weeks crossing this stretch of land, and quite different too from the days when the troops went west to quell the Rebellion of 1885. When the Canadian Northern and the Grand Trunk Pacific get their lines completed between the Rockies and the East, which will be done within five years, it will be possible to travel from Quebec to Edmonton and back in a few short days. In fact, journeys between the cities of eastern and western Canada will be no more tiresome nor lengthy than were the journeys between Ontario and Nova Scotia a few short years ago.

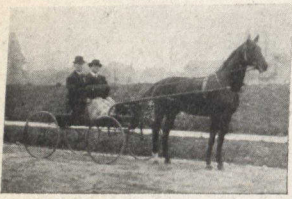
The effect of this shortening of the distances on internal commerce and national cohesion must be tremendous. General elections and national festivals help to bind the country together but real unity of sentiment is produced by the exchange of conversations, merchandise, personal letters and literature.



Mill-yard in Lambton County where the Explosion took place. Cross shows the spot where the Boiler used to be

# The Vancouver Horse Show

By BONNYCASTLE DALE



Mr. F. B. Springer's  
"King Miller"

FROM mountain ranches, from coves far up the deep sounds of the sea that penetrate the coast, from the valley of the Fraser, from the modern commercial city of Vancouver, from the island in the Gulf of Georgia, from beautiful Victoria, from the lower Sound cities across the line, Seattle, Tacoma, Portland, by "fluttertail" steamer; by scows behind pleasure launches, by the magnificent "Princesses" that plough the Gulf and the Sound waters, by the C. P. R., by the N. P. and the Great Northern there has poured into Vancouver a line of four-horse tallyhos, tandems, standard bred stallions, saddle and harness horses, hunters, roadsters, high steppers, and jumpers that made the entries into the classes at the Vancouver Horse Show number 800.

This big seventy-five thousand populated city of Vancouver is crowded with visitors. Hotels are full, rooming houses overflowing. Windows are fairly ablaze with the gold and purple decorations. Stepping into the Armoury one is astounded at the mass of decorations. I have seen many a good show in Toronto, but they never outclassed this for enterprise and cleverly-finished work. All the sides are laid out in boxes and reserved seats, the railings of the boxes all stained purple and the ring rail a deep green. The walls are hung in green, panelled off into squares that contain hunting scenes. The bandstand and galleries are hidden in masses of gold and purple, the roof is one tremulous mass of Union Jacks, Canadian flags, Stars and Stripes, and the

red sun of Japan shows in the centre of its huge field of white. All down the centre hang masses of looped green, reminiscent of St. Patrick's Day just passed. Below these hang great bunches of flowers, and from these stream with every breeze gold and yellow streamers. There is a man out here, the genial F. M. Logan, who is secretary and manager that deserves much praise.

At two o'clock the band of the 6th D. C. O. Rifles plays "God Save the King." We all rise and Premier McBride in a speech, ornate and tense as is his vogue, declares the first Horse Show of Vancouver duly opened. It would have pleased the good horsemen of Toronto to see the genial James Murray, with his hat at the same old tilt, judging the horses. With him were Dr. Warnock of Pincher Creek, Alberta, and Lieutenant Wm. McLeod, Montreal. The ringmasters were Dr. Tolmie of Victoria and J. A. Fullerton of this city.

The British Columbia Breeders' Association, with the Hunt Club, have every reason to be proud of the success of this show. They have erected big preparing tents as an annex, have the timing and the announcing down as pat as if horse shows were old-time events here, and society—well, I have seen many a mass of triumphs of the millinery and ladies-tailors' world, but the brilliant assemblage that filled every seat, every box, was more flower-garden-like than usual. The climate must be considered; remember flowers are blooming out of doors already and it looked as if one great mass from an artist conservatory had been transplanted here within the hour.

Not only is the success great—it is almost overdone. They will never get through with the seventy-eight events in the time laid down, and remember all the classes are well filled. To see eleven standard bred stallions, thirty-one runabout, mare or gelding,

eight horses in heavy harness, ten standard bred mares, a double ring of delivery waggons, a ring literally filled with heavy draught with massive glittering harness and new, spick and span, up-to-date vans and waggons, twenty-two single trotting horses driven by amateurs, five tandems, full rings



Mrs. Considine's (Seattle) "Lady Arva." Blue Ribbon  
in Class 72D.

of lady and gentlemen riders, and the grand last of the hurdling. Two jumps are used and they have laid matting beneath the coat of sawdust to prevent any falls on the last two days. There is one lad here of about twelve years of age that takes the hurdles like a bird on his spirited horse. Then there were the military riders with their skittish horses, leaping and prancing and kicking — and the armouries filled every day at every event. In fact the immense supply of programmes printed—and these were a triumph for the "Saturday Sunset"; why, they are works of art—ran out and I heard two dollars and a half vainly offered for one.

The prize list contains some beautiful cups, many money prizes, harness, gold watches. United States men as well as Canadians have donated for this purpose. The show has been heavily advertised by the press as the inflowing crowds show. Never in my most enthusiastic days did I attend every afternoon and evening performance of a show as I and everyone that can get in are doing at this one. Picture to yourself a country where winter is not, where a bit of rain falls for three months in the year, where straw hats are worn in early March days, where the salt sea tides lave and freshen everyone and everything, where the complexions and the spirits and the action of man and animal go to make up a scene of unbounded delight and high animal spirits, and do you wonder that the city of Vancouver and its first great Horse Show are unqualified successes?



Cabriolet with a happy party

## The Re-Building of London

By H. LINTON ECCLES



The War Office. (Part of Charles I's old Palace of Whitehall now used as a naval and military museum is on the right.)

been nothing like the present revival since Sir Christopher Wren and his contemporaries set about rebuilding London after the Great Fire. Even the average Londoner, who is one of the blindest of observers of his city's natural and ordinary beauties, cannot fail to notice the gradual improvement that is taking place.

DURING the past year or two London has been in process of re-building. It used to be a standing reproach with us that we had few buildings within the metropolis that were worthy of the Capital of the Empire, but we are gradually ridding ourselves of that reproach. There has

This has been brought about through various agencies, among which may be mentioned the efforts of the London County Council; a more progressive spirit among the architects, particularly of the younger school; and the large number of new theatres and hotels that have been, and are being, built. Another important point is, that greater freedom has been given in the matter of open competitions for the erection of public buildings. The benefit of this relaxation was strikingly emphasised quite recently, when Mr. Ralph Knott, a young architect of twenty-five—an "outsider" not even in practice for himself—cut out all the bigwigs of his profession and won the competition with his design for the new County Hall, which is to be the headquarters of the governing body of London, and will cost three million dollars.

The County Council lent their powerful aid to the beautifying of London when they carried what is known as the Holborn to Strand Improvement Scheme. This involved the making of a handsome thoroughfare between the two principal avenues of traffic that join up West with East London, namely

Holborn and the Strand. The new thoroughfare was christened Kingsway, and it is connected at its southern end with the Strand by means of a crescent, which has received the name of Aldwych. The Council has made the wise restriction that all buildings fronting the new thoroughfares are to be stone-faced, which ensures uniformity in at least one particular.

Already the following new buildings adorn Aldwych and Kingsway: The new offices of the "Morning Post" newspaper, the Waldorf Hotel, the Waldorf Theatre, the Aldwych Theatre, the Gaiety Theatre, the Gaiety Restaurant, the new County Council School of Arts and Crafts, the Tollard Royal Hotel, the Baptist Church House, and the Holborn station of the Great Northern & Piccadilly "Tube" Railway; whilst other sites are continually being taken up. There is a possibility of the Australian Commonwealth taking a frontage to the Strand in the new scheme; whilst another proposal is to erect a Veteran's Club for old pensioners of the army, a movement in which Lord Roberts is deeply interested.



The New Central Criminal Court, known as the "New Bailey."

The Government is taking a big share in the great work of reconstruction. The magnificent new War Office frowns over Whitehall, making the old palace of Charles I. look quite insignificant. The Home and Local Government offices now in course of completion will add considerably to the stately appearance of Parliament Street. A new Post Office is also building, and will take up a site of half-an-acre. By the way, the old War Office in Pall Mall is now to be the headquarters of the Automobile Club. Further west, the new Victoria and Albert Museum is now almost ready for occupation.

The City of London has improved out of all appearance of its old conservative self. Its finest

new building is the Central Criminal Court. Its predecessor was always known as the Old Bailey, but Londoners are still disputing as to what the nickname of the present building ought to be. "New Old Bailey" seems a contradiction of terms, and though the name "Old Bailey" still clings to the memory, it will probably have to give place to "New Bailey."

Citizens are beginning to ask, how long will it be before the rebuilding of the Bank of England is put in hand? The Bank as a building has certainly lost prestige in contact with the new erections all round it, and even the exterior of the Mansion House begins to look dingy and insignificant. The site of

the Liverpool, London & Globe Insurance Company's new offices, which frown over the Mansion House, cost five million dollars. Indeed, \$350 per square foot is reckoned as the average rate for land in the vicinity of the Bank of England. One fine morning before long, Londoners coming into the city to begin their day's work will rub their eyes to see the "Old Lady of Threadneedle Street"—as they love to call the Bank of England—and the hoary old Mansion House in the hands of the house-breakers. And why not? This is an intensely utilitarian age, when we gloat over the sight of time-honoured and weather-worn walls giving place to new ones with all their history and service in front of them.



Some of London's Older Buildings

The Bank of England (on the left) and the Royal Exchange with an equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington in the front of the latter.

# Making Maple Sugar

A Reminiscence of Days too Sweet to Last

By L. J. GILLELAND



When the Sap runs

THE greatest fun that the boy had on the old farm came at the close of winter. It was an occasion long to be remembered. What a pleasure it gives him now to think of the sugaring-off in the days gone by. The dull bubbling of the sap kettles comes faintly to the ear as the picture of the curling smoke and the bare, waving arms of the giant trees rises like a mirage before the mind.

We boys loved mystery in those by-gone days. The glamour of freemasonry would have just suited us. On one particular day of the long ago, mystery was present in our every act. The glances which were exchanged at the supper table betokened that there existed some secret of great import known to but two of us. We spoke very little, so heavily did the matter weigh on our minds. After supper all our chores were hurriedly performed. When the animals were all fed and bedded in clean straw, we ran into the barn and hastily snatched up the loaf of bread, the paper of salt, and the basket of eggs which had been hidden in the hay-mow during the day; then out we rushed and away like mad, as though Old Harry himself were after us. We headed across the fields to Prout's bush where Sime was boiling sap. He had promised to sugar off for us if we would not tell the "old folk" and would bring a lunch with us. The bright reflection of the

fire could be seen a long distance through the trees, and as we neared the place, dark shadows could be seen passing and re-passing in front of the blaze.

The sugar camp was located on a sandy knoll overlooking a spring creek. Two forked posts were firmly fixed in the ground about ten feet apart. A long, stout pole lay across the forks. From this hung the kettles. To the large end was attached a heavy weight of stones. When the kettles were to be removed from the fire, the small end was raised and swung to one side, the operation being assisted by the weight of stones fixed to the long, heavy end. Standing around the camp were large barrels and old milk cans used for holding the sap as it was gathered from the troughs. At one side stood a shack of rough boards where Sime took an occasional sleep when doing night duty. Once the boiling began, the fire was kept going steadily except on Sunday. The heat had thawed the snow for some yards around the camp. The ground was quite dry. To sit on the dry, warm sand was a foretaste of summer. The short logs prepared for fuel were dragged over near the blaze to make a support for our backs as we sat with feet stretched out toward the warmth, and elbows resting on the logs behind. While watching the sparkling flames and the bubbling kettles, we listened eagerly to the reminiscences of the old log school-house and of the hunting in the bush. Almost every man likes to tell of himself as being the hero of some boyish prank at school or of a successful hunting expedition and these old boys in the sugar bush were no exceptions to the rule.

When at the camp the boy stuck close to the fire. He took care not to get outside the circle of bright light from the flames. He could not be hired to go out alone into the dark woods. Any snapping of twigs, or rustling in the branches, or cracking of the trees due to a sharp night's frost, made his hair rise and his courage sink. Most lads have experienced this uncontrollable feeling. A visit to the

sugar bush by daylight made everything look different. There was no sign of anyone having been around except the man who gathered the sap.



Tapping the Trees



The Habitant Sugar-Making in Quebec



The Old Sugar Bush

The boy knew that it was foolish to be afraid of the dark and laughed the next day at his silly fear; but all the same when the night returned, the dread crept back into his blood as before.

The maple trees were tapped in the old-fashioned way by a slanting cut made with an axe. Just below the lower end of this cut, the hollow gouge was driven into the tree. A wooden spile whittled to fit this cut was then firmly fixed in place. The sap ran down the groove in the spile and fell drop by drop into a wooden trough below. It was wonderful how quickly a succession of drops would fill a trough. This trough was made from the trunk of a small bass-wood tree about eighteen inches in diameter. The tree was cut into blocks. These blocks were then split in halves, and each part hollowed out by an adze. This was the first sap "bucket."

Once a day a second man drove back to the bush with the sleigh to help in gathering the sap, and to bring a fresh supply of provisions. Roads were broken through the bush in all directions, and as the sleigh with its empty cans passed along, the sap was gathered from the troughs. To assist in hastening the work, a yoke was made from a piece of wood and hollowed out to fit across the man's shoulders. The back of the neck fitted into a round opening in the side of the yoke. The ends projected slightly beyond the shoulders and from each hung a wire on which the buckets were slung at an arm's length from the shoulder so that the man could steady the buckets with his hands to prevent the splashing and the spilling of the sap. Each day's run of sap was

hauled to the camp and emptied into the large barrels to be ready for the night and next day's boiling. When all was ready to commence the boiling, several kettles were slung over the fire. The sap was first put into the big one at the end and as it thickened was dipped into the smaller one alongside, then to the next, the smallest and last where it was brought to the syrup stage. Another tiny kettle kept in reserve was used only when there was "sugaring off" to be done. As the liquid passed from one kettle to another, it had to be tended constantly so as to be kept free from scum, leaves, twigs, bark, or cinders. To do this the man in charge had to bear the scorching of the fire and the smarting of his eyes from smoke, as he stood over the kettles to skim the dirt from the top of the boiling sap and dip the liquid from kettle to kettle. To save himself somewhat, he fastened his skimmer and dipper to the ends of long, stiff sticks of green wood, and stood on the "windward" side of the fire.

After an hour or two of a wait in camp, the boys became hungry and produced the supplies that had been smuggled from the house. The eggs were boiled hard in the sap, then stripped entirely of their shells and eaten with the bread and salt, washed down by the hot syrup.

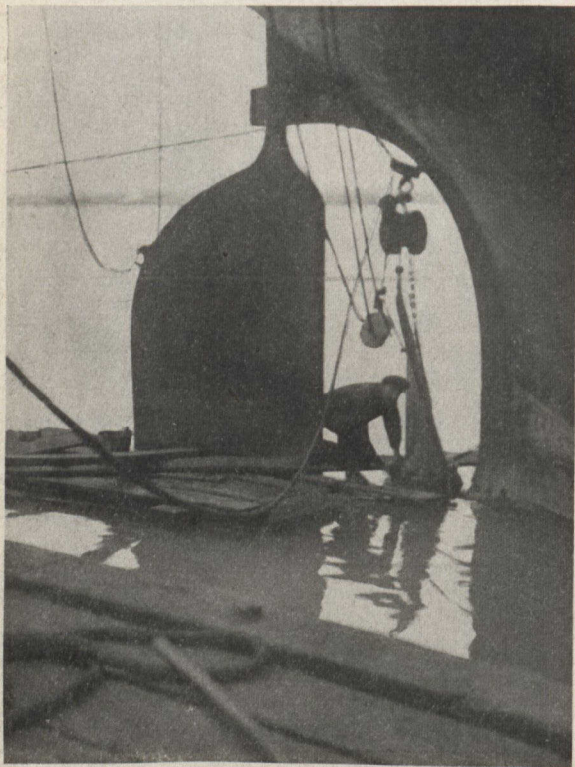
It was the boy's great delight to sit in front of the roaring, crackling fire and to watch the flames playing about the kettles. It must have been from these brief experiences of camp life that the boy learned to love the bonfire and the night in the great out-of-doors. He enjoyed the sugar camp so much that every detail is yet clear to his mind.

Two large logs were usually rolled up below the kettles and the fire kept burning between them. Small pieces of wood were piled in around the kettles. One man was kept busy watching the kettles and getting wood. When the boy was in the camp he helped to cut up the wood; but instead of being a help he proved a hindrance by getting in the way and doing things at the wrong time. He wanted to be always piling wood on the fire regardless of the injury wrought by too hot a blaze and a kettle boiling over. When this happened he would run to get the piece of fat pork that was fastened into the split end of a long stick, and would hold it in the kettle until the froth and boiling subsided. Afterwards a plan was adopted by which the fat acted automatically to soothe the angry sap. The pork was suspended by a string from the pole above so as to hang a little below the level of the top of the kettles. When the sap boiled up, it came in contact with the fat which acted like oil to calm the troubled waters.

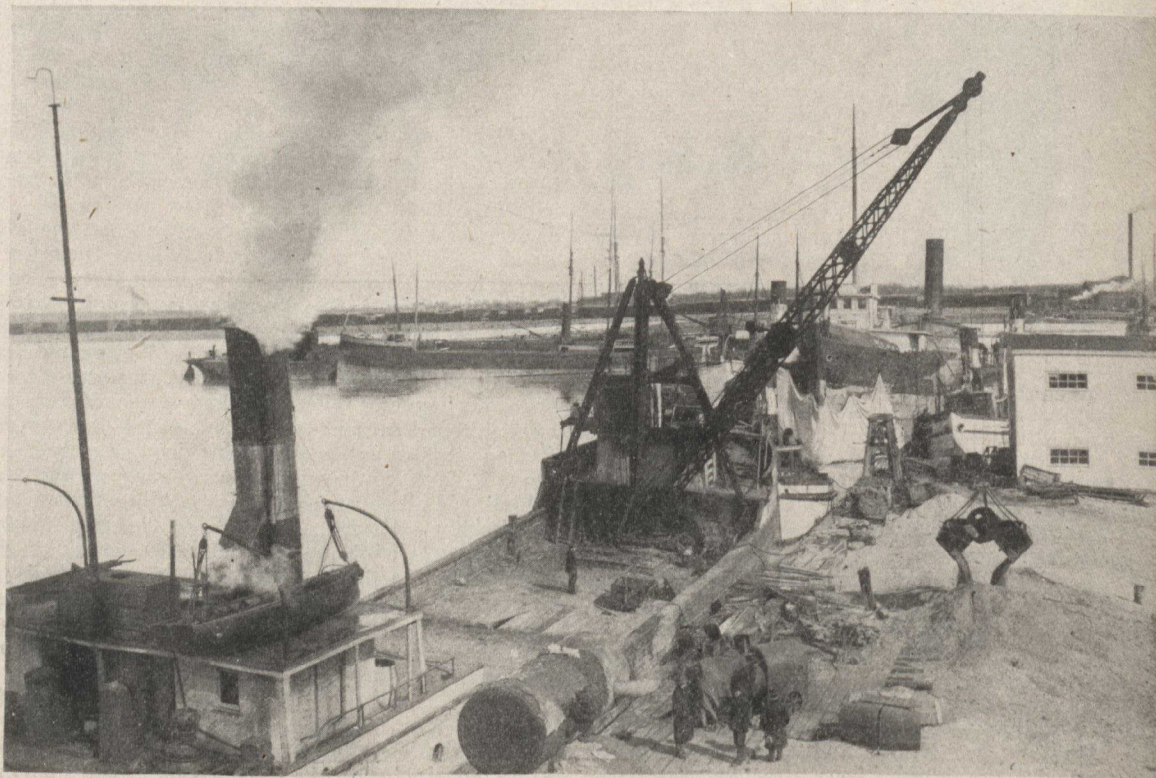
The boy was continually dipping the long-handled cup into the sweetening liquid to get sips of the delicious beverage. Naturally he could never wait for it to cool, but was always burning his mouth by his haste.

About midnight the time for the taffy arrived. The small kettle was taken from the fire and the fun began. The hot syrup was poured into a dishful of snow or on a cake of ice to cool it off. The sticky taffy was then ready for use. The boy had only one fault to find. He could not eat it fast

(Continued on page 14)



Putting a New Blade on the Propeller Wheel



Along the Docks at Sarnia—A Busy Place at this time of Year

SPRING OVERHAULING AT PORTS ON THE GREAT LAKES

Photographs by Mr. John Boyd, Sarnia

# BALAM'S BABY

A Complete Story by WINIFRED BOGGS

**B**ALAM—his Christian name was lost in obscurity—was the type of man on whom others laid their burdens. He invariably took them up cheerfully, and "did his best." It was well his shoulders were broad and his pluck invincible.

And one day it came to pass that the strangest of all burdens was laid upon him.

He burst into the smoking-room of his club, where his three friends were sitting, with a face that caused them to lay down their pipes with gasps of amazement.

"He's got a brief, and doesn't know what to do with it!" cried a slight, fair youth.

"I think," wailed Balaam, "I could manage a brief, but a baby—!" His voice trailed off miserably.

The mouths of the three smokers opened wide.

"A distant connection has left it to me," explained Balaam; "and it's coming round to our chambers to-day. It's a—a—legacy. I spoke to Mrs. Burt about it, and she is very angry. She says I shall have to wash it (fancy Mrs. Burt thinking about washing!) dress it, and feed it, for she won't. If only I could afford a nurse—"

Then the three listeners doubled up and yelled with laughter.

"Balaam's going to dress and wash babies!" they spluttered.

Balaam did not laugh.

"I shall do my best," he said simply.

He was a handsome youth of two-and-twenty, with keen grey eyes and a kindly, resolute mouth. People always trusted Balaam; they also loved him. Fate had not been over-kind to him hitherto, but it was said among those who knew a likely thing when they saw it that some day Balaam would go far. He had made up his mind to succeed at the Bar, though he was without influence or money, and kept body and soul together indifferently well by doing hack press-work—which he hated. He was entirely alone in the world, the mother of the baby having been his only relative. Hers was a sad story; a late, ill-advised marriage, a bad husband, and then privation and the approach of death. As she lay dying the thought of Balaam came to her, and it was to him she left her baby, happy in the thought that the helpless little mortal would have a strong arm between her and the world.

The coming of this odd penniless legacy would mean more hack work, but it never occurred to Balaam to refuse. His cousin had left to him her greatest treasure, and he meant to prove worthy of the trust.

"Coming to our chambers!" burst out Tom Carstairs suddenly, and they all stopped laughing. This was no laughing matter. The four young men lived together in one of the Grey's Inn squares, where they inhabited an attic floor of somewhat rickety nature.

"It jolly well isn't!" cried Jim Burton and Kenneth Earle, with heat. "A baby in the chambers! What next?"

"It's got to," sighed Balaam. "We must make the best of it. The woman who is bringing it over leaves it and hooks—"

"Then let us do ditto," said Carstairs, callously. "How are we to work with squalling going on?" demanded Earle, angrily, of his friend.

"You can't work less than you do, that I see," retorted Balaam. "And there's that little room Legget used to have, quite out of the way. It's got to be looked after properly."

"Don't expect us to help—that's all!" said the three young men quickly.

"I don't," sighed Balaam, and he marched away as if preparing for execution.

They looked after him uneasily, conscious of having failed "old Balaam" in his hour of need. They glanced furtively at each other, half-rose, and then sat down blushing. They were all very young—mere boys, beginning their fight with the world, and they all secretly thought an inordinate amount of Balaam, who was slightly their senior and had been their school captain.

Carstairs was the first to rise; he angrily knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and strode towards the door.

"Going to help Balaam act nurse," he said defiantly.

Earle and Burton rose with relief and followed him, and the three young men dashed through the Strand and up to their attic floor in Gray's Inn. They felt fully repaid when Balaam turned towards them with a glad flash in his eyes. He was hanging

out of the window, waiting for the momentous arrival. Carstairs went and hung out of the other; it could not be said they any of them looked cheerful, for at the most they were merely resigned, and signs of acute nervousness were not lacking.

"There's a cab now," said Carstairs in a hoarse whisper, "and—and—a rummy sort of bundle inside."

Balaam turned very white, and an awful silence settled on the room.

"The woman will give it to Mrs. Burt," he said at length; "she promised me she would carry it up—this time. I—I could not trust myself all at once. I've heard they squirm out of your arms if you're not careful and hurt themselves; if they fall on their heads they grow up idiots."

Carstairs came away from the window, though not before he had seen a minute bundle handed to Mrs. Burt. "It's a very little 'un," he tried to say consolingly.

"The little 'uns are the worst," muttered Earle. "You have to wrap them in cotton-wool, and then they die—" he broke off suddenly, conscious that his remark was scarcely encouraging.

Balaam shivered with fright and wiped his forehead. Stumbling steps ascended the stairs, and once more Earle acted the part of Job's comforter.

"Mrs. Burt is drunk," he said, horror-struck. "She will drop it and break it."

Balaam gave a gasp and plunged towards the door, prepared to rescue the hapless infant; then, as a shrill scream fell on his ear, he wavered. The door was flung open suddenly, and Mrs. Burt, very red and dishevelled, appeared, dragging by the hand a small sprite with a piquant face alit with two great velvet brown eyes, and a golden mane of hair curling round her head. The little lady was plainly in a violent rage.

"Will have it—will have it!" she screamed, making snatches at the bundle Mrs. Burt carried, where a tiny waxen face was clearly visible.

Balaam stretched out his arms towards the bundle.

"Give me the baby," he said, commandingly, "and take this child away. What is she doing here?"

Mrs. Burt collapsed suddenly, and began to laugh shrilly, while a distinct odour of whiskey filled the room.

"Oh! bless you for an innercent!" she gasped. "'Ere's the babby, then." And, to the young man's horror, she flung it carelessly on the couch.

The little girl sprang towards it with a shriek of rage, but Balaam was before her, and tenderly lifted up in his arms—a *wax doll!*

"Want dollie! Give me my dollie!" demanded the little maid imperiously.

Balaam handed it limply to her, while the three young men roared with laughter. He then assisted Mrs. Burt outside, and held out his hand to the small visitor.

"So you are not a baby," he said—and oh! the relief in his tones—"but quite old."

"I am eight," said the damsel, quite self-possessed. "You are Balaam, I suppose. I've come to live with you, Balaam, till mother comes and fetches me. I like you. You are very good-looking."

Balaam blushed, while the others laughed again. He lifted the beautiful little girl on his knee, where she sat contentedly, telling him her name was Pixie, while the young man stroked her curls and told her he felt sure it could be nothing else. Then she said she was hungry, and wanted jam and cakes for tea, and the three lads departed to buy recklessly the good things, while Balaam and his ward chatted happily together.

"I like you," she said, resting her head against him.

The young man put his arm round her in silence, and from that moment the odd baby crept into his heart.

The four lads showed themselves excellent tea-makers, and it was a very merry party that sat round the shabby old table. A clean cloth was unearthed in honour of the small princess. All the sunshine seemed to linger round the golden head as if loth to leave, and Pixie herself was like some shining star in the dull, dingy old room. Everybody pressed good things upon the child, enough to make her ill, if the truth must be told; but Balaam suddenly found wisdom, and made his charge eat chiefly of bread-and-butter, with a little jam at the conclusion of the feast.

"That was a very good tea," said Pixie gravely, when she had finished. "I think I shall like bein'

Balaam's little girl very much." And Balaam beamed all over his handsome face.

So Pixie came into the lives of those four lads, taking possession of their hearts, their home, and all that they had, and giving love to them all, but adoration to Balaam, who worshipped the child. And who shall say what they owed to the unconscious influence of the child, what snares avoided for her sake, what temptations overcome? It is at least certain they gave themselves ridiculous airs on account of her.

"Oh, no," they would say with elaborate carelessness to a friend, "can't stop just now. Balaam's Baby will be expecting us." And off they would go to amuse the maid, and assist with clumsy but willing fingers at the unfastening of strings that *would* get into a knot.

Never was a child so thought of, never were parents as proud as Pixie's adopted ones. The care, the thought, the sacrifice expended on her! The exquisite presents they bought for her! Balaam sat up writing till dawn half the week, that the baby might have some new gift, or a day in the country. The others might give her presents, but none but he might feed and clothe her; that was his proud prerogative, and one over which many a hot argument ensued, for Earle was getting on well as a black-and-white artist, and Burton and Carstairs had allowances from home. Perhaps it was because he had to work so hard for her, because she cost so much in many ways, that she became more and more precious. Balaam's love for the child was a blind, worshipping adoration that became almost painful to witness when one thought of the future.

Some day the child would be a woman—what then?

Married women living close would have made a pet of the lovely child, but Pixie declined their offers.

"It is very kind," she would say gravely, "but I have no time to come and play with your little girl and drive in the park with you. I must look after the boys and mend their things, and get the tea, and buy some supper."

And all this, and more, the quaint, old-fashioned little thing performed by the time she was twelve. She was still small and fragile, but growing fast—too fast, a woman warningly told Balaam, frightening him badly. Well-meaning friends told him other things, showed him the serpent in his Garden of Eden, informed him matters could not go on like that! the child must be sent to school, properly educated, put under the charge of women.

"She is being educated; we educate her," said Balaam, almost fiercely. "We each give her an hour a day, and she is wonderfully clever. I'm sure she knows twice as much as most children of her age."

And so she did, but it was boy's knowledge, not girl's, she learnt from her proud masters, and her quick, clever brain developed rapidly. Balaam tried to put a great dread from him—the thought of losing her, for some day he knew she must go to school, grow up, and perhaps leave them for months.

She was fifteen, very tall for her age, like a slender lily, when that terrible day dawned, Balaam, a rising young barrister of thirty, looking old and over-grave for his years—strenuous years they had been.

Pixie wept wildly as she said good-bye to the three young men, who all blew their noses violently, and told her time would soon pass and she must be quick and "get finished," and come back grown-up to live with them for ever after. In a few years Balaam was going to have ever such a grand house for her.

Balaam said nothing. He felt it was the parting of the ways—perhaps a lifelong parting. Things could never be the same again. When she was grown-up, even if she lived with him, people said they would have to have some lady as companion, which would spoil everything. He would be a dull old fogey, and she—it would be youth to youth, as it should be. He was losing her, and he knew it.

He went with her to the school, and after a long conversation with the principal, to which she listened amazed at his wisdom (for love had given him much wisdom), and promised to fulfil his many injunctions for the happiness of the new school-girl, he went to say good-bye to Pixie—the hardest task of his life. She did not make it any easier, for she clung to him, gazing imploringly in his face, her eyes wide with anguish, begging him to take her back.

"I can't live here away from you, Balaam," she sobbed.

"It's only three years, and I shall see you often," he managed to say, "and I am going to work hard, and there will be a nice house for you to choose and furnish—"

"You are not to over-work. Do you hear? I will not have it, Balaam," the half-child, half-woman cried quickly. "And oh! do remember to change your socks when they are wet! Promise, Balaam!"

And Balaam, a great lump in his throat, promised huskily.

Then he tore himself away and went back to his empty life and hard work.

## II.

If the first coming of Balaam's baby had been a surprise, the second was a whirlwind.

One dreary winter day Balaam sat in the same old chambers in Grey's Inn, busily engaged on a brief—an occupation which was no longer a novelty. He raised himself at length, stretching his arms wearily, and sighed. He worked so hard, and somehow to-day things seemed extra cheerless and lonely. As the light fell on his face, it was clear that the last five years had not been altogether years of plenty; hard work—too hard work—struggle and endeavour, were deeply scored upon it; there were lines round the firm kindly mouth, and more than a little grey in the dark hair. He looked older than his thirty-five years. It all spelt one word—Pixie.

First, that illness of hers at school, when he had been with her day and night through endless hours of anxiety and danger. Then the second parting two years later, when she, as lanky as one so dainty could possibly be, had seemed cold and constrained. The doctor insisted on a sunny climate for a couple of years, and so Balaam had arranged she should finish her education and build up strength at the same time in foreign places.

She had gone and stayed away not two, but three years, and though she was nearly twenty, she showed no wish to return, though she might have guessed he was living cheaply and working hard, so that when she came it would be to a home worthy of a young girl's dream. But lately he had felt that home would never be; that the fruit of his endeavour was to be ashes. Her letters were few and far between, full of constraint, and she never mentioned her return. He ceased to mention it in the end. All the rest was satisfactory. She won golden opinions wherever she went; she was not only lovely, but clever and charming, and—so her chaperone told him, proudly—surrounded by devoted young men everywhere.

The young barrister sighed again, and looked dully into the dying fire.

"Youth to youth, gaiety to gaiety," he muttered. "What right have I to selfishly condemn her to make sunshine for an old fogey like me?"

He did not look much like an old fogey; if extremely grave, he was, and always must be, an unusually handsome man, with a tall, strong figure, an alert carriage; but perhaps his responsibilities made him feel old, and his friends had long gone their several ways, and somehow he had never seemed to have time to make new ones. His energies had been spent in preparing for the coming of Pixie, yet they were wasted years—she would never come now. He read Mademoiselle's last letter only too plainly. There was someone out there, young, gay, handsome, entirely eligible. Pixie evidently liked him greatly. The fire was going out, dying like his own youth and happiness, but it did not seem worth while to shout for more coal; probably Mrs. Burt would take no notice. The whole room looked cheerless, miserable, but he had grown accustomed to lack of brightness since Pixie had gone.

Suddenly a noise startled him—a light, flying tread, the rustle of a dress. The next moment the door burst open, the room became illuminated by a whirlwind of fleecy skirts, a mass of golden hair piled on a small, lovely head, and Pixie—the old Pixie—leapt at him through the dimness and was clinging to him in a state half-laughter, half-tears.

"Oh, Balaam! to be back at last!" she cried. "How long the time has been!"

"A lifetime!" he returned, his arms round her. "Did you really want to come back? I thought—"

"I was counting the days. I wanted to do you credit, to learn enough to make me a companion to you. How sick I got of the blue skies and the sunshine with my heart in these dear old chambers all the time! And so the boys have gone, and you are all alone. It's time I came. You and I are left, Balaam; you and I are left."

"Thank God!" he echoed. "You and I are left!" He bent and kissed her—his own little loving Pixie! As their lips met a strange emotion seized him. This was not the old Pixie, but a new Pixie—a woman. As when he had put his arm round her at that first coming, so now, when she nestled within it, she crept into his heart all over again—but in a new way, an even dearer way. He did not realise what it

meant; he only knew he had never dreamt such joy as this. Then she pulled herself suddenly away, and a sense of shyness fell upon them for a moment.

"So you are still pigging it," she exclaimed indignantly at length. "You always told me you had lots of money, that I was to deny myself nothing, and all the time you've been living in this discomfort, denying yourself. Oh! what a selfish, blind little beast I've been!"

"No, don't, dear. I waited for you to come and choose your home. We will see about it at once. Where is Mademoiselle?"

"In France," she retorted. "I ran away from her. I am quite capable of looking after myself, and it's all nonsense about a chaperone. I won't have a third, so there, Balaam! Besides, I am your ward, your adopted daughter—" She broke off, laughing nervously.

"Yes," he agreed quietly, "that is it—my adopted daughter." And the life went out of his voice.

"Light the lamp," Pixie commanded. "I have not seen you yet, and I want to know if you like my frock, and think I have grown up a—credit." As the lamp was lit she uttered a startled exclamation. "Oh!" she cried. "How old you look! And your hair is grey!"

"Oh, I am quite suitable for a father," he attempted to say, lightly, though he had winced at the careless words. "But let me look at you. Ah!" It was no wonder he broke off with an exclamation, for Pixie had more than fulfilled the promise of her lovely childhood.

"I am glad you like my frock," she said, demurely. "It was made in Vienna, and cost—oh, you poor Balaam!—crowds. And I kept it for our meeting."

"It's not altogether the frock, child," he said, smiling. "You have grown up quite terribly lovely, my dear, and you will be a shocking responsibility, and I fear I shan't remain in undisputed possession very long."

"Why not?" she cried, growing very pink.

He only smiled and sighed in answer.

Then she went round the flat and scolded Balaam about the dust and disorder she found everywhere. "It really is time you had someone to look after you, you helpless old bachelor!" she exclaimed. "We will look for the ideal flat or house at once, and say good-bye to Mrs. Burt and whiskey. Do you hear?"

"I hear and obey," returned Balaam, radiant. He determined to live in the present; he would not think of that third parting which must come some day.

She got the tea, though he insisted on helping, and a more delicious tea, in spite of stale bread and salt butter, neither had ever tasted. Then she unpacked some of her possessions to make him admire her frocks and the useless presents she had bought for him. After that, she went into his room and brought out an armful of garments sadly in need of repair, and while she plied a nimble needle and chatted gaily, Balaam sat smoking in contented silence by her side.

When at length she rose to go to her own room, she did not kiss him as in the old days, but shyly offered her hand, and Balaam's face unmistakably fell. He held her fingers tightly for a moment, only too conscious of what had happened—he had fallen in love with his ward and adopted daughter. Was there ever anything more ridiculous? He dropped her hand and turned away with a sharp sigh.

"Good-night," said Pixie radiant, dropping him a demure curtsey.

A few days later they were established in a furnished flat, while Pixie sought and found the ideal home and furniture. At the end of a month they were settled in a delightful home, and people began to call and ask the lovely orphan to numerous entertainments. Most of them took it for granted that Balaam, who never had gone out, did not care for society. "He is quite past that sort of thing—a regular old fogey," they said. At first they had looked upon the *menage* as a queer one, till they remembered that Balaam had always been so old for his age, and had never seemed like other young men.

Fifteen years between such a pair is equivalent to a lifetime," they said. "Besides, she's his adopted daughter." And so the matter dropped.

As time went on, Balaam grew even quieter, and was seldom at home. He pleaded an excess of business. There were days when he could not trust himself alone with Pixie without betraying some of the great love surging in his heart, and to let her guess was to end everything. It was his wish that she accepted all the invitations, showed off her brilliant accomplishments, was courted and feted and admired. Once or twice she had made him accompany her, and he stood aside while men thronged round her, pride and agony in his heart. Some day, soon, one of them would claim her, and everything would be over. Yet because her happiness must come first he told himself he wished her to

find it early, and he was prepared to make large settlements upon her. At last the blow fell; he knew it was coming when he saw her face, and braced himself up to meet it, though he had felt the colour leave his very lips.

"Come and tell me all about it," he said with a smile, trying to put her at her ease. "I know he is a good sort, or you would not care for him. Who is it?"

She sat on the arm of his chair, her eyes down-cast, her cheeks bright pink.

"He is the best man in all the world," she said fervently.

"Of course," agreed poor Balaam cheerfully.

"And the handsomest," she went on, defiantly.

"He ought to be."

"And the bravest and cleverest, and most unselfish and devoted," she insisted.

He also agreed to that.

"You see, I've got tired of always going out alone," she explained shyly, "and I thought a—husband would be the nicest sort of companion and chaperone—"

"But you are not marrying just because of that, dear?" he asked very anxiously. "You love this man, Pixie?"

"I could not help it," she returned; "no one could. I love him awfully."

"You have not told me his name."

"Well, you see, he has not asked me—yet." And she laughed nervously.

Balaam looked his amazement.

"But he's only waiting for encouragement, of course?"

"I hope so," she assented; "that's why I'm giving it him. Oh, Balaam, how dull you are!"

He turned to her trembling.

"You cannot mean—?" he gasped, trying to look into her eyes.

She met his gaze bravely for a moment, then she slipped into his arms and nestled contentedly against his shoulder.

"At last," she sighed. "How backward you have been, sir! I have practically had to ask *you*, and you fell badly in love with me when I came back—you know you did! I've always meant to marry you Balaam. That was why I let you send me away for such ages; I wanted to improve myself to be worthy. Sometimes I got frightened in case someone might take you away; that's why I hurried back without any notice, and so—"

Balaam was too happy for words, but as he drew her closer and kissed her, the sunshine came back into the room, never to desert it again.

There is someone else now—a Very Great Personage, with the true right to the title of "Balaam's Baby," and Balaam is no longer an old fogey.

(Continued from page 12)

enough. His teeth would stick together until the taffy melted. He ate taffy till he fairly loathed it, and vowed that he would never come near the sugar camp again; but strange to say, next day there was nothing he craved for so much as taffy.

When at school the "fellows" told how they put chunks of soft taffy into the dog's mouth and closed his teeth tight upon it. The boy did not forget to try this trick on Towser, and fairly doubled up with laughter at the antics of the dog as he rolled on the ground and clawed at his mouth to get his jaws apart; but open they would not until the taffy was ready.

I have often wondered if the boys of to-day have as much real fun as we had in those jolly times. How far back it seems, and yet how vivid is the recollection as though but yesterday! I can see again in my mind's eye the old sugar camp with the tall trees reflecting the cheerful blaze with a background of dark woods beyond, as plainly as when a boy I sat beside the fire, ate taffy, and listened to the stories of the men who told of their boyhood days—days that brought as pleasant memories to them as the old sugar camp does now to me.

## IN APRIL.

When spring unbound comes o'er us like a flood  
My spirit slips its bars,  
And thrills to see the trees break into bud  
As skies break into stars;

And joys that earth is green with eager grass,  
The heavens gray with rain,  
And quickens when the spirit breezes pass,  
And turn and pass again;

And dreams upon frog melodies at night,  
Bird ecstasies at dawn,  
And wakes to find sweet April at her height  
And May still beckoning on.

—Ethelwyn Wetherald.



THE

# YELLOW GOD

BY

H. RIDER HAGGARD.



AUTHOR OF "SHE"

"KING SOLOMON'S MINES"

"THE WITCH'S HEAD", ETC.

Resume: Major Alan Vernon withdraws from partnership with Sir Robert Aylward and Mr. Champers-Haswell, promoters of Sahara, Limited, because the editor of "The Judge" has informed him of the company's dishonorable methods. Vernon refuses to sell to Sir Robert a curious idol which has been a feature of the office for over a year, and which seems to have a talismanic quality. Vernon spends the week-end at "The Court," Mr. Champers-Haswell's home, and while there Jeeki, the negro servant, tells the story of the idol, the "Yellow God," which was brought from Africa. Miss Barbara Champers, the niece of the host, is the object of Sir Robert Aylward's and also Major Vernon's devotion. Alan finally wins Barbara's promise to become his wife but their engagement is to be kept secret. Sir Robert becomes Alan's bitter enemy on learning of the betrothal. Alan and Jeeki set out for Africa in search of treasure from the worshippers of the Yellow God, "Little Bonsa."

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE DWARF TALKS.



IT was dawn at last. All night it had rained as it can rain in West Africa, falling on the wide river with a hissing splash, sullen and continuous. Now, towards morning, the rain had ceased and everywhere rose a soft and pearly mist that clung to the face of the waters and seemed to entangle itself like strands of wool among the

branches of the bordering trees. On the bank of the river at a spot that had been cleared of bush, stood a tent, and out of this tent emerged a white man wearing a sun helmet and grey flannel shirt and trousers. It was Alan Vernon, who in these surroundings looked larger and more commanding than he had done at the London office, or even in his own house of Yarleys.

"Jeeki," he called, "wake up those fellows and come and light the oil stove. I want my coffee."

Thereon a deep voice was heard speaking in some native tongue and saying:

"Cease your snorings, you black hogs, and arouse yourselves, for your lord calls you."

A minute or two later Jeeki himself appeared, and he also was much changed in appearance, for now instead of his smart, European clothes, he wore a white robe and sandals that gave him an air at once dignified and patriarchal.

"Good morning, Major," he said, cheerfully. "I hope you sleep well, Major, in this low-lying and accursed situation, which is more than we do in boat that half full of water, to say nothing of smell of black man and mosquito. But the rain it over and gone, and presently the sun shine out, so might be much worse, no cause at all complain."

"I don't know," answered Alan with a shiver. "I believe that I am fever proof, but otherwise I should have caught it last night, and just give me the quinine, I will take five grains for luck."

"Yes, yes, for luck," answered Jeeki as he opened the medicine chest and found the quinine, at the same time glancing anxiously out of the corner of his eye at his master's face, for he knew that the spot where they had slept was deadly to white men at this season of the year.

"Will those four porters come with us through the forest, Jeeki, as they promised?"

"Yes, yes, they come. Last night they say they not come, too much afraid of dwarf. But I settle

their hash. I tell them I save up bits of their hair and toe nails when they no thinking, and I mix it with medicine, and if they not come, they die every one before they get home. They think me great doctor and they believe. Pr'aps they die if they go on. If so, I tell them that because they want show white feather, and they think me greater doctor still. Oh! they come, they come, no fear, or else Jeeki know reason why. Now here coffee, Major. Drink him hot before you take tub, but keep in shallow water, because crocodile, he very early riser."

Alan laughed, and departed to "take tub." Notwithstanding the mosquitoes that buzzed round him in clouds, the water was cool and pleasant by comparison with the hot, sticky air, and the feel of it seemed to rid him of the languor resulting from his disturbed night.

A month had passed since he had left Old Calabar, and owing to the incessant rains the journeying had been hard. Indeed the white men there thought that he was mad to attempt to go up the river at this season. Of course he had said nothing to them of the objects of his expedition, hinting only that he wished to explore and shoot, and perhaps prospect for mines. But knowing as they did, that he was an Engineer officer with a good record and much African experience, they soon made up their minds that he had been sent by Government upon some secret mission that for reasons of his own he preferred to keep to himself.

He could not conceal from himself that the enterprise seemed somewhat desperate. But of this he said nothing in the long letter he had written to Barbara on the previous night, sighing as he sealed it, at the thought that it might well be the last which would ever reach her from him, even if the boatmen got safely back to Calabar, and remembered to put it in the post. The enterprise had been begun and must be carried through, until it ended in success—or death.

An hour later they started. First walked Alan as leader of the expedition, carrying a double-barrelled gun that could be used either for ball or shot, about fifty cartridges with brass cases to protect them from the damp, a revolver, a hunting-knife, a cloth mackintosh, and lastly, strapped upon his back like a knapsack, a tin box containing the fetish, Little Bonsa, which was too precious to be trusted to anyone else.

After him in single file came the four porters, laden with a small tent, some tinned provisions and brandy, ammunition, a box containing beads, watches, etc., for presents, blankets, spare clothing, and so forth. These were stalwart fellows enough, who knew the forest, but their dejected air showed that now they had come face to face with its dangers, they heartily wished themselves anywhere else. Indeed, notwithstanding their terror of Jeeki's medicine, at the last moment they threw down their loads intending to make a wild rush for the departing boat, only to be met by Jeeki himself who, anticipating some such move, was waiting for them on the bank with a shot-gun, where he remained until the canoe was too far out in the stream for them to reach it by swimming. Then he asked them if they wished to sit and starve there with the devils he would leave them for company, or if they would carry out their bargain like honest men.

The end of it was they took up their loads again and marched, while behind them walked the terrible and gigantic Jeeki, the barrels of the shot-gun which he carried at full-cock and occasionally used to prod them, pointing directly at their backs. A strange object he looked truly, for in addition to the weapons with which he bristled, several cooking-pots were

slung about him, to say nothing of the cork mattress and a mackintosh sheet tied to his shoulders beneath his robe, a box containing medicines and food, which he carried on his head, and fastened to the top of it, with string like a helmet on a coffin, an enormous solar-tope stuffed full of mosquito netting, of which the ends fell about him like a green veil.

For a mile or more their road ran through fantastic-looking mangrove trees, rooted in the mud, that in the mist resembled, Alan thought, many-legged arboreal octopi feeling for their food, and tall reeds on the top of which sat crowds of chattering finches. Then just as the sun broke out strongly, cheering them with its warmth and sucking up the vapours, they entered sparse bush with palms and great cotton trees growing here and there, and so at length came to the borders of the mighty forest.

On the second day of their march in the forest Alan chanced to see such a tree fall, and the sight was one that he never could forget. As it happened, owing to the vast spread of its branches, which had killed out all rivals beneath, for in its day it had been a very successful tree endowed with an excellent constitution by its parent, it stood somewhat alone, so that from several hundred yards away as these six human beings crept towards it like ants towards a sapling in a cornfield, its mighty girth and bulk set upon a little mound of the luxuriant greenness of its far-reaching boughs made a kind of landmark. Then in the hot noon, when no breath stirred, suddenly came the end. Suddenly that mighty bole seemed to crumble, suddenly those far-reaching arms were thrown together as their support vanished, gripping at each other like living things, flogging the air, screaming in their last agony, and then, with an awful, wailing groan sinking, a tumbled ruin, to the earth.

Silence again, and in the midst of the silence Jeeki's cheerful voice.

"Old tree go flop. Glad he no flop on us, thanks be to Little Bonsa. Get on, you lazy nigger dog. Who pay you stand there and snivel? Get on, or I blow out your stupid skull," and he brought the muzzle of the full cocked, double-barrelled gun into sharp contact with that part of a terrified porter's anatomy.

Such was the forest. What puzzled Alan was that all through these impenetrable recesses there ran a distinct road, which they followed. He asked Jeeki who made the road.

"People who come out of Noah's Ark," answered Jeeki.

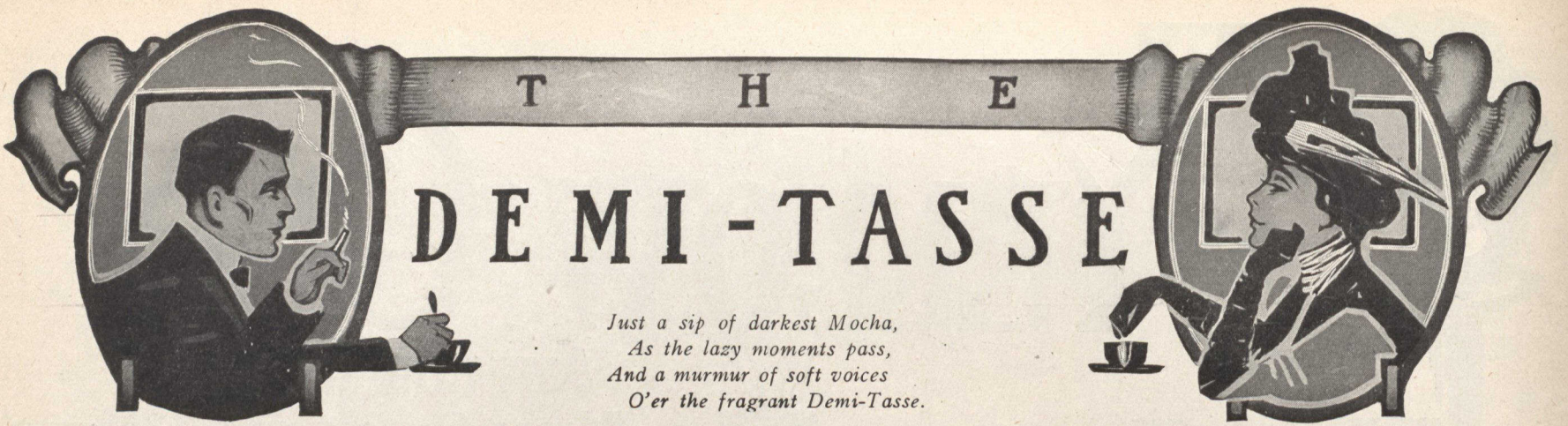
"You mean you don't know," said Alan.

"No, of course don't know. Who know about forest roads made before beginning of world? You ask question, Major, I answer. More lively answer than to shake head and roll eyes like them silly fool porters."

It was on the fourth night that the trouble began. As usual they had lit a huge fire, made of the fallen boughs and rotting tree trunks that lay about in plenty. There was no reason why the fire should be so large, since they had little to cook and the air was hot, but they made it so for the same reason that Jeeki answered questions, for the sake of cheerfulness.

Alan lay upon the cork mattress in the open, for here there was no need to pitch the tent; if any rain fell above, the canopy of leaves absorbed it. He was amusing himself while he smoked his pipe with watching the reflection of the fire-light against a patch of darkness caused probably by some bush about twenty yards away, and by picturing in his own mind the face of Barbara—that strong, pleasant

(Continued on page 21)



Just a sip of darkest Mocha,  
As the lazy moments pass,  
And a murmur of soft voices  
O'er the fragrant Demi-Tasse.

TIMELY RHYMES.

The powers which truly reform  
Remarked: "It is getting quite warm,  
With Courtney to say  
That we're in a bad way,  
It looks like a fierce thunder-storm."

Said Hanna: "We kindly shall wipe,  
From the convicts, disfiguring stripe.  
They shall go out and farm  
And come to no harm  
While they watch the green lettuce get ripe."

\* \* \*

ANOTHER NAME FOR IT.

THERE is a hotel called "Boundary House" just across the line from New Brunswick in that part of the State of Maine which Lord Ashburton kindly handed over to Uncle Sam. The manager is a worthy Dutchman who knows little of the equipment of a modern hostelry and who is also ignorant of the subtleties of up-to-date slang. A Canadian politician recently spent a week at this hotel and in conversation with the manager referred to the appropriateness of the name.

"Yaw," said the innocent Dutchman, "but some theatre folks who were here last month kept on calling it *De Limit*."

\* \* \*

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

IT was a lovely morning and the editor of a certain Canadian publication felt at peace with the world, the flesh and the printer's "devil," when unto him there entered a sweet young girl bearing a manuscript.

"Poetry!" said the editor to himself, and prepared to read something about love and violets. The maiden explained just how different her work was from anything else the editor had ever encountered and indulged in departing in the flying remark:

"You won't find any maple leaves in it."  
"Indeed," said the canny editor who has Scotch blood in his veins. "But maybe I'll find some chest-nuts."

\* \* \*

CONGRATULATIONS.

IN a small town of Western Ontario there lived a widower who for many years was regarded as one of that class whose heart is buried in the dear wife's grave. But this gentleman, who was a vivacious young thing aged seventy, finally decided to wed a charming brunette about forty odd years younger than himself and wrote announcing his betrothal to his son George. The latter vouchsafed no reply to this burst of confidence but the preparations for the wedding went on merrily.

The happy day arrived and, after the ceremony and the Mendelssohn, came the breakfast, to which half the town had been invited, for the widower was a prominent manufacturer, a church trustee and a member of Parliament. The chicken salad had been consumed, the ice cream had disappeared and congratulatory speeches were being made when a telegram was handed to the blushing bridegroom. He promptly passed it to the clergyman with a request that it be read aloud. The latter, who was decidedly absent-minded, fumbled for his eye-glasses, then read aloud in sonorous voice:

"There's no fool like an old fool.

"George."

There was a deadly silence ere the bridesmaid giggled and a pearly tear stole down the bride's fair cheek.

\* \* \*

NOT IN CANADA.

THERE was a tingle at the officer's telephone. "Say," said the voice at the other end, "I would like to get three or four of the members of your bugle band to parade down the street behind a large ad. of mine. I think it would be a great scheme, don't you? When can I get the men?"

The officer gradually regained his breath and held on to the receiver with difficulty.

"Might as well try to thaw out the North Pole with a spirit lamp."

"But they do it in the States," the voice persisted. "Possibly, but not where they wear His Majesty's uniform. If you see the officer commanding his answer will be the same, I can assure you."

That enterprising merchant, according to latest reports, has not yet reached the officer commanding and doubtless never will until he can satisfy himself why they do things so "peculiar" in Canada.—*B. C. Saturday Sunset*.

\* \* \*

HE KNEW.

A YOUTHFUL witness appeared before a British judge who is an ardent golfer. His lordship, fixing his eye on the boy, inquired: "My boy, do you know the nature of an oath?"

The reply was somewhat disconcerting: "Yes, my lord. I am your lordship's caddie."

\* \* \*

"WE WILL PUT YOUR NAME ON FILE."

Needy One: "I say, old man, could you lend me a dollar for a day or two?"

The Other One: "My dear fellow, the dollar I lend is out at present, and I've several names down for it when it comes back."—*Harper's Weekly*.

\* \* \*

A LONG DROP.

"Speaking of bad falls," remarked Jones, "I fell out of a window once, and the sensation was terrible. During my transit through the air I really believe I thought of every mean act I had ever committed in my life."

"H'm!" growled Thompson. "You must have fallen an awful distance!"—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

\* \* \*

COMING EVENTS—

A TRAVELLER waited at a certain provincial town in vain for the much over-due train on the branch line. Again he approached the solitary sleepy-looking porter and inquired for the twentieth time, "Isn't that train coming soon?" At that moment a dog came trotting up the line, and a glad smile illuminated the official's face.

"Ah, yes, sir," replied the porter. "It'll be getting near now. Here comes the engine-driver's dog."—*London Daily Mail*.

\* \* \*

A GOOD FARMER.

Hall Caine, according to a London journal, is a successful farmer. Nearly every one can do something well.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

\* \* \*

SO CONSIDERATE.

Assistant (to country editor): "How's this obituary?"

Editor: "Why, it's my own."  
"Yes. That Haskins chap—the dead shot—was in here yesterday looking for you with a gun and I thought if anything should happen you might like to correct the proofs beforehand."—*Life*.



"Really, Mary, I can't have so much of hilarity every night in the kitchen."  
"Hilarity, the constable, ma'am! Why, he hasn't been to see me the last week."



# PEOPLE AND PLACES

FIFTY years ago on the twenty-third of March the first gold was prospected on the Fraser River. But one of the survivors of the great rush is living—Mr. James Moore, who lives near Victoria and is a veteran in his seventy-sixth year. At the time of the news about the Fraser find he was in San Francisco. The steamer Otter of the Hudson's Bay Company brought the news in the usual innocent way. The purser of the boat had some gold dust which he got from the Indians on the Fraser. A prospecting party was formed with Mr. Moore as one of the members. Moore was the first man to locate a claim on what is known as Hill's Bar. Some lively times were had in those days; one of the most exciting in the memory of Mr. Moore being a fight over whiskey. A boat belonging to a Captain Taylor came in with a cargo of whiskey which the captain declined to sell to the miners but began to dispense to the Indians at five dollars a bottle. The miners of course rose in arms. They had no desire to see a lot of drunken Indians lifting their scalps; so they pitched into the Taylor crew and confiscated the liquor, which however they did not drink in the usual way, but spilled it a hundred gallons strong into the bar and gave the buccaneer half an hour to vamoose.

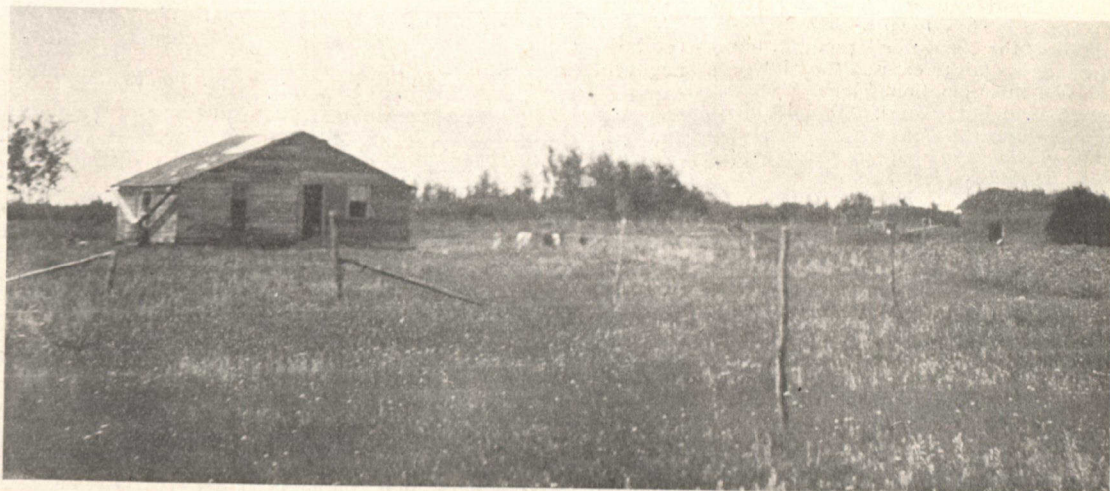
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ONTARIO is clamouring for more hired men. With all the shoals of unemployed immigrants hanging about the towns and cities the farmer is still in the quandary which he began to be in ten years ago when the West took away the surplus natives and most of the legitimate hired men. The gap left by the exodus has never been satisfactorily filled. Now at the turning of the furrow the thought of the farmer once more reverts to the old problem—who are you going to hire this year? It's hard to keep a man on the place any more. The old-style hired man was good for a five-years contract without a line of writing. He naturally grew up with the boss and took his wages whenever the boss happened to have any money in the fall. He lived in the house, or if he was a married man he probably had a house on the place with a garden and a cow-pasture thrown in. He worked the year round and he was paid by the year. In the winter he helped the boss cut wood and get out rail cuts and timber for barns and stables. Now there is little to do in winter but feed cattle, and that has become so scientific that a hired man seems to be no longer such a necessity. So the rush comes in the spring and the chances are that here and there you may find a farmer who misses the parade and who has to borrow his help from the neighbours.

\* \* \*

GONE are the good old shack days on the prairie when every man's shack was every other man's that happened to come along. In the former days a man who had a house on the prairie was supposed to keep an inn, for there were a lot of men likely to be a long way from home when night or meal time came. A few years ago near Edmonton the writer of this and a companion were driving out on a houseless country and at noon came to a shack which looked good to the eye but was vacant, for the owner was away in town. He tried the door, but it was locked; the windows, but they were nailed down. The other man said unprintable things about the lack of hospitality that leaves a house locked,

for we were hungry and the man probably had eatables. However, we found his hen-house and rummaged out four eggs, which we took down to the creek along with an old tin pan able to hold water in one corner. We boiled the eggs and ate them without salt. An exchange prints an amusing



The Kind of Prairie House that was Supposed to be Always Open

story about an experience that happened to the owner of a prairie shack in the old days. This young bachelor was absent from his shack very often and on his return he began to discover that his few possessions were rapidly disappearing—axe, sleigh, grindstone, etc. No doubt some of these things had been borrowed in good faith by neighbours, but it was bad form to take them in that way, and he decided that he must put a stop to it, and in order to do so he went "home" to sleep at nights. The first night was uneventful, but on the second he had a dream, in which he felt that he was on the sea crossing the rolling billows towards his English home. A noise awakened him, and his amazement may be imagined when he discovered that his residence was actually gliding across the prairie. Various wild theories flashed over his mind as he sprang up, but on looking out of his little window he found that a team of horses was rapidly hauling his shack away, the long grass serving almost as well as snow for the purpose. His indignation was great and just, and his first impulse was to take summary vengeance, but being a young man with a strong sense of humour, he threw himself on his couch and decided to wait until morning and see the strange adventure through. At daybreak his shack ceased its long journey, and it was evident by the noises outside that it had reached its destination. Those outside imagined that this was to be its future site. Then the door of the shack opened and the rightful owner stood there smiling cheerfully on two startled men who were unhitching the horses. "Well, boys, you needn't unhitch here," he said, genially. "I'd planned to go to town this week. Won't you drive me on in while I get breakfast? You must be hungry."

\* \* \*

DOWN in Kingston they are wondering what will happen to the old Model School, now that the new Normals have been decided upon. But for a

long while now the Model School has been a wonder to Ontario. There are some thousands of teachers in the province who got the first of what they know about teaching in one of these curious places. The Model term was the time in every young tyro's career when first he learned to tremble and to loaf.

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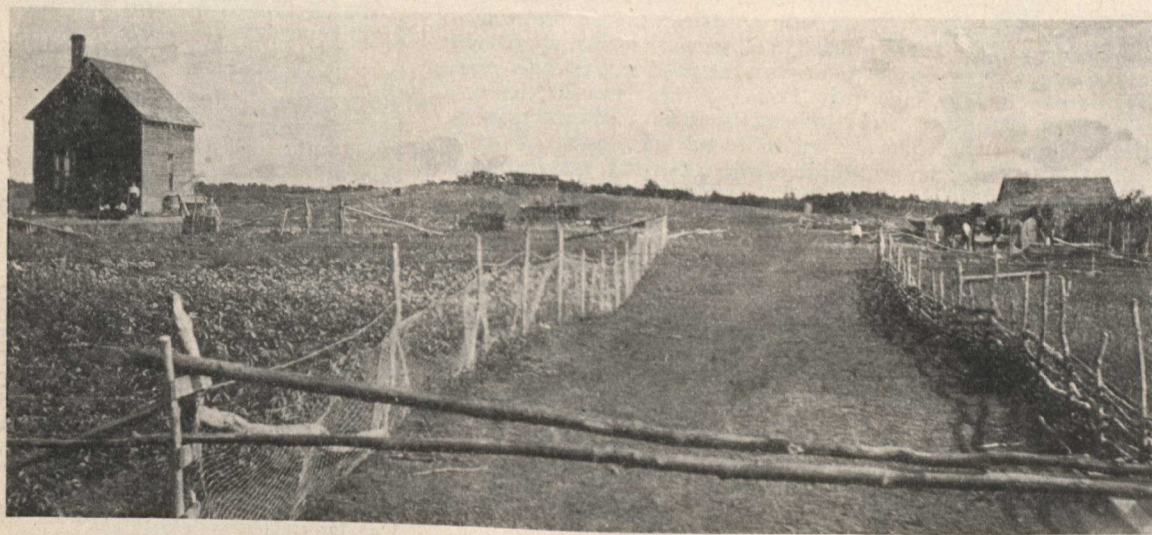
MAJOR STRICKLAND, commander of the Fort Saskatchewan division of the Mounted Police, is gone. The Major was one of the youngest chiefs in the force; he was under forty years of age. He had seen service in the Yukon and in South Africa. He was one of the original force sent into the Arctic at the time of the Klondike rush, and he had been in command of divisions at Regina, Prince Albert, and Edmonton before going to Fort Saskatchewan, which is twenty-five miles from Edmonton. He was born in Lakefield, near Peterborough, Ontario.

\* \* \*

A FRENCH-CANADIAN giant named Louis Dubois has killed a bear out in the Rockies; not with a gun or a knife or an axe, but in a polite hand-to-hand scuffle catch-as-catch-can style, in which the Frenchman and the bear exhibited all the latest wrinkles of the pure science of wrestling. Dubois and a Scotchman, Campbell, were cutting cordwood somewhere round the Toulon mountain when they came on this bear's den and began to investigate. Louis thought he saw the bear's nose sticking out of the hole and he aimed a swipe with his chopping axe. What he had hit, however, was the foot and that was lopped off and out came the bear. Louis aimed another blow, but the bear sparred and knocked the axe out of his hand. Campbell quit the scene to run for help or something. Louis found himself in the hug of the bear. The struggle was very earnest and there were no immediate spectators. Louis managed to trip the bear, however; he got him down and sat on him and pinned his throat to the earth. Before he let the bear up Campbell and another hand had come up. They finished the bear.

\* \* \*

NOVA SCOTIA coal is nearly all marketed in Nova Scotia, which speaks well for the industries of that thriving province. This is indicated by the figures from the mines report. According to the report the amounts of provincial coal sold in the different markets were as follows: Nova Scotia (by land) 1,554,229, (by sea) 288,190—total 1,842,419 tons; Quebec, 1,709,592; United States, 616,312; New Brunswick, 427,128; Newfoundland, 146,502; Prince Edward Island, 77,493; Mexico, 7,591; West Indies, 2,598; other countries, 12,483; bunker, 204,572. The bulk of the United States and Newfoundland and all the Mexican shipments were from Cape Breton county, as well as all the bunker. The St. Lawrence shipments from Cape Breton totalled 1,388,926 and the Nova Scotia sales amounted to 1,195,201 tons.



A Step Further in the Evolution of a Prairie House; back on the Hill may be seen the Homesteader's First Dwelling

**PADEREWSKI'S FINGERS**

Some Comments on Mechanical Piano-playing

Mechanical piano-playing is like mechanical reading: dull and uninteresting. Yet there are musicians who play mechanically because they have not succeeded in conquering the amazing difficulties which lurk in piano technique. They have a clear appreciation of the composer's thought, but their fingers fail to express their intention and their emotion. It may seem paradoxical, but because of their inability to conquer the mere mechanics of piano-playing, their playing is mechanical. If they were technical virtuosi, then they would be great musicians, for they have temperament and poetic insight. For such persons the ordinary pneumatic piano-player is of no advantage, because it does not permit of much expression, but the Angelus is not an ordinary piano-player. Its marvellous patented inventions make it possible for the person playing to clearly bring out the melody of any composition and subdue the accompaniment, to accent the base or the treble sections separately or to accelerate or retard the music at will. The Angelus has everything that Paderewski has in his fingers; all it lacks is a musical brain and poetic temperament, and those can be supplied by the operator of this amazing device, for every music roll gives a clear indication of correct interpretation. Canadians can secure their Angelus as an interior part of one of the finest pianos made in this country, the Gourlay. Messrs. Gourlay, Winter & Leeming have done a great deal for the progress of musical art in this country by providing such a magnificent combination instrument as the Gourlay-Angelus, now on exhibition at the Yonge street warerooms.

**The Winnipeg Women's Musical Club**

By F. H. RANDAL

FOURTEEN years ago six women, whose musical education had been obtained abroad, and who wished to keep up their practice, met in Winnipeg on a certain Monday afternoon to enjoy an hour together. So pleasant did it prove that the Monday afternoon drawing-room recital became a habit which was never broken, and the little group of women has now become a Club, boasting a total membership of 476. The founders of the Women's Musical Club of Winnipeg were Mrs. Higginson, Mrs. L. A. Hamilton, and Mrs. Kirkland (the two last named being residents of Toronto at present), Mrs. Frank Matheson, Mrs. Stobart and Mrs. Brophy.

Under most capable presidency, and with the influx of many excellent pianists and vocalists, the Club has prospered greatly and has set up a high standard, marked improvement being shown from year to year. When Miss Drummond was president she collected programmes and plans of work from numbers of musical clubs both in Canada and the States and took from them what seemed the best features. This helped to remove the stereotyped nature of the selections from special composers, and now the Club will compare favourably with any similar institution.

This year much attention has been paid to chamber music, within its own ranks the society finding those whom it needs for the programme, with the exception of a feminine 'cellist, and some well-known masculine musician is asked to supply this deficiency. The Club is intended for amateurs and to them it has been of much value as well as delight. Among the ninety active members there is great talent, both vocally and instrumentally, while not a few rank as composers, as in the case of Mrs. Sanford Evans, Miss Drummond and Mrs. A. R. Wade. Provision is made for student membership, those under the age of nineteen being admitted although not allowed to vote nor asked to take a part in the programmes. There are seventeen of these students now enrolled, and 369 associate members, who pay a fee of \$2. Those who may be eligible for active membership play before an executive committee of five members who pass upon the qualifications of the performers. A prospective active member must be proposed by two active members.

The Club's finances are in excellent condition, from two to three hundred dollars being yearly set aside for a working fund. A balance now remains, amounting to perhaps \$800. The members hope eventually to have a club-room fitted up with two pianos, which would be suitable for recitals to be given by well-known artists. Then, too, at some future time a paid secretary may be appointed. A very fair library has already been established in connection with the Club.

The officers of the Club are: Hon. President, Mrs. Higginson; President, Mrs. R. H. Bryce; Vice-Presidents, Mrs. Nanton, Mrs. Sterling, Mrs. Grant, Miss Patterson, Miss Elliott; Secretary, Mrs. A. B. Clark; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. C. S. Riley; Treasurer, Mrs. A. R. Wade; Assistant Treasurer, Miss Falconer; Programme Committee, Miss Elliott, (convener), Mesdames Osborn, Sterling, C. S. Riley, Landry, Wade, Fletcher, Miss Tupper and Miss Bull.

The plan of work for 1907-08, drawn up many months ahead by the Programme Committee, was as follows:

November—Chamber Music and English Song Writers; Schubert;

Composers of the Classical School; Etudes and Modern German Songs.

December—Chamber Music and American Song Writers; Liszt.

January—Chamber Music and Women Song Writers; Chopin; Composers of the Romantic School; Comparative Compositions.

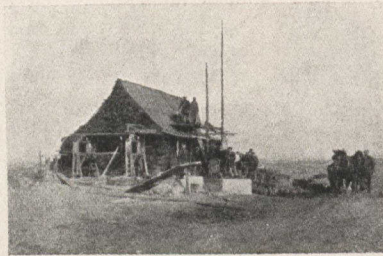
February—Chamber Music and Song Cycles; Grieg; Composers of the Eighteenth Century; National Music and Folk Songs.

March—Chamber Music and Melodrama; Brahms; Composers of the Nineteenth Century; MacDowell; Music relating to Children.

A novelty in the series of programmes prepared is that devoted to "comparative composers," in which different settings of the same song, and different treatment of a nocturne, waltz and polonaise are noted.

**QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S NEW COTTAGE.**

HER Majesty Queen Alexandra has never been averse to simple surroundings, and it would be difficult to imagine plainer accommodation for royalty than that provided at her



Queen Alexandra's New Bungalow

new bungalow on the beach at Snettisham, about four miles from Sandringham. This modest building is now nearly completed. It is a wooden structure, containing two rooms, the larger of which will be exclusively used by the Queen and her friends, the smaller being reserved for the royal servants. On the side facing the Wash a verandah similar to that which is attached to the Queen's tea-house at Sandringham is being erected, and from this a fine view of the sea will be obtained. The bungalow is railed off from the rest of the beach and is in a quite charming situation.

**HIS CLAIM FOR FAME.**

SINCE Frederic Thompson announced his willingness to help the American dramatist by giving his manuscript a careful reading, he has been overwhelmed with plays from all quarters. They have been sent in all shapes and sizes to his Broadway office, to his Luna Park office, and even to his apartments. Going on the road in the early stages of "Polly of the Circus," the bombardment kept up. Manuscripts arrived daily at his hotel, or at the theatre where his play was being presented.

The limit was reached when Mrs. Thompson (Miss Mabel Taliaferro) was sought out as a possible intermediary. She was halted in the lobby of her hotel in Philadelphia by a man who held a formidable bundle under his arm. He pressed this upon her with an urgent request that she persuade Mr. Thompson to read it.

"Mr. Thompson is very busy," said Miss Taliaferro, "and I doubt if he could spare the time now on a pen-and-ink manuscript. Most plays are typewritten."

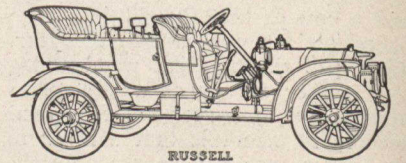
"Oh, I wouldn't dare trust my work to a stenographer who might make

(Continued on page 10)

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BRITISH NOTES

THE announcement, "Druce Ltd. Wound Up," appears to bring to a close the most sensational case of the last twenty years. A company was formed to push the claim of Mr. George Hollamby Druce to the estates of the Duke of Portland, the shares being taken by persons of small means who were dazzled no doubt by the prospect of sharing in the splendour of the final triumph which was confidently expected. The opening of the notable tomb in dispute and the discovery that the coffin contained an indubitable Druce corpse, followed by a confession from Mrs. Robinson, the chief witness, that she had invented the Druce-Portland revelations and the "diary" have brought about a collapse of "Druce Ltd." Probably many of the stockholders were readers of lurid fiction, the sort of stuff in which the honest factory-girl or pretty barmaid becomes the bride of an earl or possibly a duke. To such humble devourers of cheap romance, the idea that Druce of the Bazar and His Grace, the Duke of Portland were the same man made an irresistible appeal. Hence their hard-earned pennies went rapidly into the shares of the hopeful company. What a multitude of castles-in-Spain crumbled away with the opening of that famous coffin!

\* \* \*

THE death of the Duke of Devonshire has removed a character of peculiar influence, which occasion-



The Late Duke of Devonshire

ally seemed to be of a somnolent nature. The first peer was a son of one of the Commissioners appointed for visiting and taking the surrenders of religious houses during the reign of Henry VIII. As the head of the House of Cavendish, which has been a great Liberal power since the days of William III., the late nobleman served many interests of State since 1863, when he became Lord of the Admiralty. Like many other Liberals he was unable to sympathise with Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule measures in 1886 and became the head of the Liberal Unionists. As Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, the late Duke took a deep interest in the fortunes of his *alma mater*. When Mr. Chamberlain's fiscal policy was announced, the Duke of Devonshire at once took the platform in behalf of Free Trade principles. In fact, throughout his career, an independence, both rare and wholesome, was manifest.

His Grace is succeeded by his nephew, formerly Mr. Victor Cavendish, M.P. in the Liberal Union interests for West Derbyshire, who married Lady Evelyn FitzMaurice, daughter of the Marquis of Lansdowne. The present duke is said to resemble

his distinguished uncle both in features and independent characteristics.

\* \* \*

THE serious illness of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman continues to be the absorbing interest of political circles. The underlying urbanity of British parliamentary life which keeps personal friendship from being disturbed by the differences of party debate has been manifest during the last four weeks of suspense. Mr. Balfour has been unflinching in courteous inquiry and the British Conservative press has modified all hostile comment since the Government has been handicapped by Sir Henry's absence. This recognition of the fundamental deficiencies of social intercourse is a feature of British public life which is deserving of emulation. It is related of Mr. Balfour, who is one of the coolest members of the House, that he once became thoroughly enraged and roared at an audience in anything but Balfourish fashion. The cause of this extraordinary outbreak was an act of mob violence in one of the southern towns of England by which a flying missile had struck Mr. Gladstone. On the evening of that turbulent day Mr. Balfour spoke to a crowded audience in the town and forgot in his resentment of the attack on the venerable statesman, to say anything about the policy and prospects of his own party.

\* \* \*

HON. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL, Chief Secretary for Ireland, has found his office no couch of roses and the genial author of *Obiter Dicta* is likely to know many sorrows before he removes the grievances of the Irish nationalist. Mr. Redmond and his followers are not to be convinced that half a loaf is better than no bread. Consequently there will be much dissension before the terms of Mr. Birrell's Home Rule idea are finally set forth. Literary circles are deploring Mr. Birrell's devotion to politics, while the powers that legislate are congratulating themselves on the possession of so strong a member. Out of the many questions pressing upon an embarrassed Cabinet, that of Ireland's future status is by no means the least perplexing.

\* \* \*

THE suffragettes are a live issue and are becoming a livelier issue every day. It is impossible to ignore or to despise an association which can raise thousands of pounds sterling in one evening's agitation. Such a feat has recently been achieved more than once by the suffragettes and their supporters. Curiously enough the novel, *The Premier and the Painter*, by Mr. Israel Zangwill, written years ago, and dealing picturesquely with woman suffrage as an election issue has not been heard of during the fray. It would make excellent campaign literature and may be revived before the next election. The suffragettes have made it plain that the men who aspire to cabinet positions must listen to their plea and do more than take it into their respectful consideration.

(Continued from page 18)

a carbon copy of it and thus steal it," responded the proud author. "Then, too," suggested Miss Taliaferro, "before reading a play himself, Mr. Thompson might want some assurance that you are an experienced writer. Have you written anything else?" "Oh, yes, indeed," said the owner of the bundle of paper. "I recently had a play refused by Julia Marlowe."

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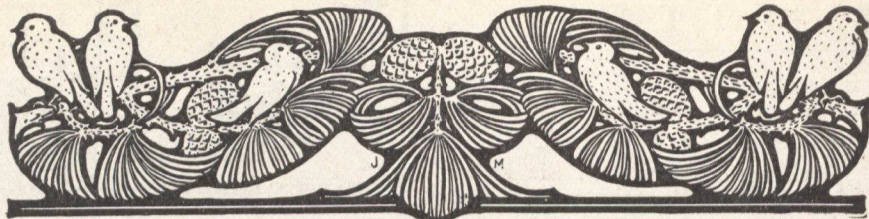
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## FOR THE CHILDREN

**THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN.** There was an old woman called nothing at all, Who rejoiced in a dwelling exceedingly small. A man stretched his mouth to its widest extent, And down at a gulp house and old woman went.

\* \* \*

### BEDTIME.

**T**HE short hand of the clock had crept round to seven, and Aunt Alice came to take Harold to bed. There was a nice, snapping log on the grate, and he was sitting cross-legged on the rug, watching it burn. He begged hard to sit up a little longer, although his eyes blurred often and his neck ached from trying to hold his head upright. But he said he was not sleepy.

"I will tell you a story," said Aunt Alice, "about some little people who have to find themselves a place to sleep every night instead of having a nice, warm bed, as you do."

This made the little snarls leave Harold's face, because he loved the stories Aunt Alice told.

"I have told you about the flock of English sparrows that huddle in a bush near my window, but this story is about the dear little British blue butterflies."

Harold followed Aunt Alice up the stairs, and was not long in cuddling down in his own little bed, waiting for the rest of the story.

"These butterflies," continued Aunt Alice, "have gray spotted wings, and are seen flying over the downs all day, and when it comes night they go in great numbers to a sheltered place, where the grass is tall, and each one chooses a separate blade of grass on which to make his bed. Each butterfly turns his head downward and folds and lowers his wings, so that he looks exactly like a seed growing on the grass. If the night is cold, they creep down lower and lower on the blade, and as the wind blows the grasses to and fro they are rocked to sleep."

"I should like to see them," said Harold, sleepily, "but I am glad that I have a bed—and an Aunt Alice." And while he was thinking about the little butterfly brothers, all sleeping together, he made his journey to dreamland.—Youth's Companion.

\* \* \*

### A LIZARD WHO LEARNED TO FLY.

(Adapted from the London Magazine.)

**S**OME two million years ago, in a cosy little marsh near the shores of the Bay of Biscay, lived a lizard family, Strong-Arm, Long-Beak and their son, Wing-Finger. Now, there was just one thing that made Strong-Arm and his family any different to the hundreds of their tribe that lived along the Biscay shore, and that was the fact that Wing-Finger, their small son, instead of just being a thin, bony little lizard as baby lizards always are, was covered with a fine, filmy web stretching right from his long arms down to the tips of his toes. And his tail, too, was draped with this fine, silky skin. At first his parents were afraid that he was going to be a freak baby, but as time went on and he grew into a big, strong fellow,

catching his own flies and behaving just as any other healthy young lizard should behave, they became rather proud of this distinguishing mark of his, and often boasted of it to their less fortunate cousins whom they met in their rambles on the beach.

For a time Wing-Finger became a very spoilt lizard, much petted and fussed over, with no one to take him down a peg or two, which was what he very much needed.

When he had quite grown up he fell in love with a dainty young maiden-lizard called Rush-Green, who lived in the next marsh to theirs. But Rush-Green would have none of him. "No," she said, when he asked her to marry him, "if you think yourself so splendid with your funny little webby wings, why don't you do something splendid?"

Rush-Green had romantic notions of her own about the lizard she would marry.

Sooner than he thought Wing-Finger had an opportunity of distinguishing himself.

One day, when he had just crawled



Katsu Mogi, a little maid from Japan who now resides in Toronto

up to the top of the hill above their home, what should he see right in front of him but a huge animal with a long, thick neck and heavily mailed body. Cruel teeth, and sharp and angry-looking claws made him indeed a terrible sight, and Wing-Finger knew there would be very little hope for him if this monster took it into his head to make a meal of him. And sure enough that is what he decided to do. Poor Wing-Finger was rooted to the spot with terror, as the great head moved nearer and nearer, jaws open ready for the trembling prey.

And then a very wonderful thing happened. With all his force Wing-Finger pushed himself from the ground with his feet, spread out his arms, and lo! and behold! Wing-Finger flew. Far off he went into the air, the great animal staring after him in amazement, till he landed in front of his own door.

The news soon spread through the lizard world and from all around lizards came to see Wing-Finger fly. He never tired of showing what he could do, and of course it was very wonderful, for in those days there were no birds, and most things only crawled.

Rush-Green married him, and they lived happy ever after.

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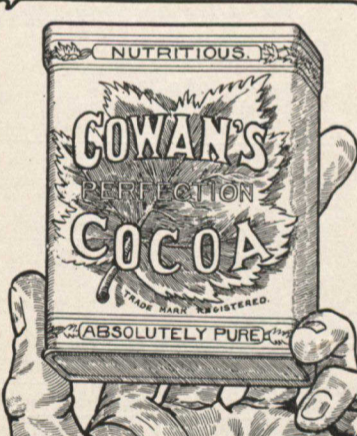
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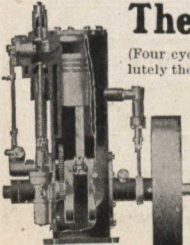


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**The Yellow God**

(Continued from page 15)

English face—as it might appear on such a background. Suddenly there, on the identical spot, he did see a face, though one of a very different character. It was round and small and hideous, resembling in its general outline that of a bloated child.

"Look there," he whispered to Jeeki in English; and Jeeki looked, then without saying a word lifted the shotgun that lay at his feet and fired straight into the bush. Instantly there rose a squeaking noise, such as might be made by a wounded animal, and the four porters sprang up in alarm.

"Sit down," said Jeeki to them in their own tongue, "a leopard was stalking us and I fired to frighten it away. Don't go near the place as it may be wounded and angry, but drag up some boughs and make a fence round the fire, for fear of others."

"Jeeki," said Alan presently as they laboured at the fence, "that was not a leopard, it was a man."

"No, no, Major, not man, little dwarf devil, him that have poisoned arrow. I shoot at once to make him sit up. Think he no come back to-night, too much afraid of shot fetish. But to-morrow, can't say. Not tell those fellows anything," and he nodded towards the porters, "or perhaps they bolt."

"I think you would have done better to leave the dwarf alone," said Alan, "and they might have left us alone. Now they will have a blood feud against us."

"Not agree, Major, only chance for us put him in blue funk. If I not shoot, presently he shoot," and he made a sound that resembled the whistling of an arrow, then added, "Now you go sleep. I not tired, I watch, my eyes see in dark better than yours. Only two more days of this damn forest, then open land with tree here and there, where dwarf no come because he afraid of lion and cannibal man who like eat him."

As there was nothing else to be done Alan took Jeeki's advice and in time fell fast asleep, nor did he wake up again until the faint light which for want of a better name they call dawn, was filtering down to them through the canopy of boughs.

"Been to look," said Jeeki, as he handed him his coffee. "Hit that dwarf man, see his blood, but think others carry him away. Jeeki very good shot; stone, spear, arrow or gun all same to him. Now get off as quick as we can before porters smell rat. You eat chop, Major, I pack."

Presently they started on their trudge through those endless trees, with Fear for a companion. Even the porters who had been told nothing, seemed more afraid than usual, though whether this was because they what Jeeki called "smell rat," or owing to the progressive breakdown of their nervous systems, Alan did not know. About mid-day they stopped to eat because the men were too tired to walk further without rest. For an hour or more they had been looking for a comparatively open place, but as it chanced could find none, so were obliged to halt in dense forest. Just as they had finished their meal and were preparing to proceed, that which they had feared happened since from somewhere behind the tree boles came a volley of reed arrows. One struck a porter in the neck, one fixed itself in Alan's helmet without touching him and no less than three hit Jeeki on the back and stuck there, providentially enough in the substance of the cork mattress that he still carried on his shoulders which the feeble shafts had not the strength to pierce.

Everybody sprang up and with a curious fascination instead of attempting to do anything, watched the por-

ter who had been hit in the neck somewhere in the region of the jugular vein. The poor man rose to his feet. Then he turned towards them, said something in a composed voice, and fell upon his face stone dead! The swift poison had reached his heart and done its work.

His three companions looked at him for a moment, and the next, with a yell of terror, rushed off into the forest, hurling down their loads as they ran. What became of them Alan never learned, for he saw them no more and the dwarf people keep their secrets.

One of their hideous little assailants, made bold by success, ventured to run across an open space between two trees, showing himself for a moment. Alan had a gun in his hand, and mad with rage at what had happened, he raised it and swung on him as he would upon a rabbit. He was a quick and practised shot, and his skill did not fail him now, for just as the dwarf was vanishing behind a tree, the bullet caught him and next instant he was seen rolling over and over upon its further side.

"That very nice," said Jeeki reflectively, "very nice indeed, but I think we best move out of this."

"Aren't you hurt?" gasped Alan. "Your back is full of arrows."

"Don't feel nothing, Major," he answered, "best cork mattress, 25s. 3d. at Stores, very good for poisoned arrow, but leave him behind now, because perhaps points work through as I run; one scratch do trick," and as he spoke Jeeki untied a string or several strings, letting the little mattress fall to the ground.

"Great pity leave all those goods," said Jeeki, surveying the loads that the porters had cast away, "but what says Book? 'Life more than raiment.' Also, 'take no thought for to-morrow.' Dwarf people do that for us. Come, Major, make tracks."

So Alan "cut" and the huge Jeeki blundered along after him, the paraphernalia with which he was hung about rattling like the hoofs of a galloping giraffe. When the light came on the following morning, however, they perceived by many signs and tokens that the dwarf people were all about them. Some arrows were shot even, but these fell short.

They got on as best they could, till towards midday the forest began to thin out. Now as the light grew stronger they could see the dwarfs, of whom there appeared to be several hundreds, keeping a parallel course to their own on either side of them at what they thought to be a safe distance.

"Try one shot, I think," said Jeeki, kneeling down and letting fly at a clump of the little men, which scattered like a covey of partridges, leaving one of its number kicking on the ground. "Ah! my boy," shouted Jeeki in derision, "how you like bullet in tummy? You not know Paradox guaranteed flat trajectory 250 yard. You remember that next time, sonny?" Then off they went again up a long rise.

"River other side of that rise," said Jeeki. "Think those tree monkeys no follow us there."

But the "monkeys" appeared to be angry and determined. They would not come any more within the range of the Paradox, but they still marched on either side of the two fugitives. "No, no, if say die, can't change mind to-morrow morning," gasped Jeeki in a hoarse voice. "Here top rise, much nearer than I thought. Oh, my aunt! who those?" and he pointed to several hundreds of big men armed with spears who were marching up the farther side of the hill from the river that ran below.

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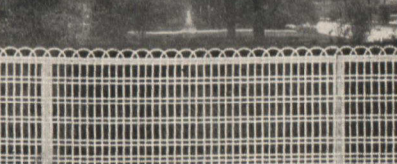
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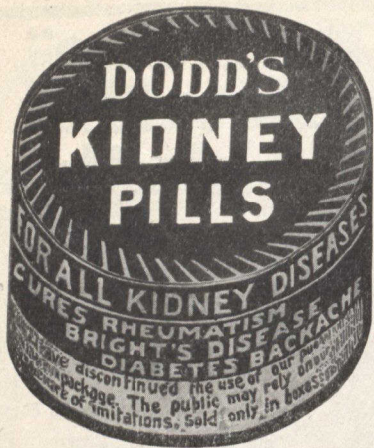
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of their pursuers who just then appeared on the ridge to the right and left. The dwarfs on perceiving these strangers, uttered a shrill yell of terror, and wheeled about to fly to their fastnesses in the forest, which evidently they regretted ever having left. It was too late. With an answering shout the spearsmen, who were extended in a long line, apparently hunting for game, charged after them at full speed. They were fresh and soon overtook the dwarfs. The end may be guessed—save a few whom they reserved alive, they killed them mercilessly, and almost without loss to themselves.

When Jeeki saw this fearful-looking company, for the first time his spirits seemed to fail him.

"Ogula!" he exclaimed with a groan, and sat himself upon a flat rock, pulling Alan down beside him. "Ogula! Know them by hair and spears," he repeated. "Up gum tree now, say good-night."

"Why? Who are they?" gasped Alan.

"Great cannibal, Major, eat man, eat us to-night, or perhaps to-morrow morning when we nice and cool. Say prayers, Major, say 'em quick, no time waste."

Then Jeeki with really marvellous swiftness cut the straps of the tin box that Alan wore upon his back, and since there was no time to find the key and unlock it, seized the little padlock with which it was fastened between his finger and thumb and putting out his great strength with a single wrench twisted it off.

In a minute it was done, the golden mask was clapped on Alan's head and the leather thongs were fastened. Moreover, Jeeki himself was arrayed in the solar-tope, to which all this while he had clung, allowing streams of green mosquito netting to hang down over his white robe.

"Come out now, Major," he said, "and play god. You whistle, I do palaver."

Then hand in hand they walked from behind the rock. Having seen the two men the savages guessed that they had taken refuge behind the rock, their spears were lifted to kill them, since when he beholds anything strange the first impulse of a savage is to bring it to its death. They looked, they saw. Of a sudden down went the raised spears. Some of those who held them fell upon their faces, while others turned to fly, appalled by the vision of this strangely clad man with the head of gold. Only their chief, a great yellow-toothed fellow who wore a necklace of baboon claws, remained erect, staring at them with open mouth.

Alan blew the whistle that was set between the lips of the mask, and they shivered. Then Jeeki spoke to them in some tongue which they understood, saying:

"Do you, O Ogula, dare to offer violence to Little Bonga and her priests? Say now, why should we not strike you dead with the magic of the god which she has borrowed from the white man?" and he tapped the gun he held.

"This is witchcraft," answered the chief. "We saw two men running, hunted by the dwarfs not three minutes ago, and now we see—what we see," and he put his hand before his eyes, then after a pause went on; "As for Little Bonga, she left this country in my father's day. He gave her passage upon the head of a white man, and the Asiki wizards have mourned her ever since, or so I hear."

"Fool," answered Jeeki, "as she went, so she returns, on the head of a white man. Yonder I see an elder with grey hair who doubtless knew of Little Bonga in his youth. Let him come up and look and say whether or no this is the god."

"Yes, yes," exclaimed the chief, "go up, old man, go up."

The elder arrived, making obeisance, and when he was near, Alan blew the whistle in his face, whereon he fell to his knees.

"It is Little Bonga," he said in a trembling voice, "Little Bonga without a doubt. I should know, as my father and my elder brother were sacrificed to her, and I only escaped because she rejected me. Down on your face, chief, and do honour to the Yellow God before she slay you."

Then Jeeki shouted: "Little Bonga has come back and brought to you, Man-eaters, a fat offering, an offering of the dwarf people whom you hate, of the treacherous dwarf people who when you walk the ancient forest path, murder you with their poisoned arrows. Praise Little Bonga who delivers you from your foes, and hearken to her bidding. Send on messengers to the Asiki saying that Little Bonga comes home again from across the Black Water bringing the White Preacher, whom she led away in the day of their fathers. Say to them that Asiki must send out a company, that Little Bonga and the Magician with whom she ran away, may be escorted back to her house with the state which has been hers from the beginning of time. Say to them also that they must prepare a great offering of pure gold out of their store, as much gold as fifty strong men can carry, not one handful less, to be given to the White Magician who brings back the Small Swimming Head, for if they withhold such an offering, he and Little Bonga will vanish never to be seen again, and curses and desolation will fall upon their land. Rise and obey, Chief of the Ogula."

Then the man scrambled to his feet and answered:

"It shall be done, O Priest of the Yellow God. To-morrow at the dawn swift messengers will start for the Gold House of the Asiki. To-night they cannot leave as we are all very hungry and must eat."

"What must you eat?" asked Jeeki suspiciously.

"O Priest," answered the chief with a deprecatory gesture, "when first we saw you we hoped that it would be the white man and yourself, for we have never tasted white man. But now we fear that you will not consent to this, and as you are holy and the guardian of the god, we cannot eat you without your own consent. Therefore fat dwarf must be our food, of which, however, there will be plenty for you as well as us."

"You dog!" exclaimed Jeeki in a voice of furious indignation. "Do you think that white men and their high-born companions, such as myself, were made to fill your vile stomachs? I tell you that a meal of the Deadly Bean would agree better with you, for if you dare so much as to look on us, or on any of the white race with hunger, agony shall seize your vitals and you and all your tribe shall die as though by poison. Moreover, we do not touch the flesh of men, nor will we see it eaten. It is our 'Orunda,' it is consecrate to us, it must not pass our lips, nor may our eyes behold it. Therefore we will camp apart from you farther up the stream and find our own food. But to-morrow at the dawn the messengers must leave as we have commanded. Also you shall provide strong men and a large canoe to bear Little Bonga forward towards her own home."

"It shall be done," answered the chief humbly. "Everything shall be done according to the will of Little Bonga spoken by her priest, that she may leave a blessing and not a curse upon the heads of the tribe of the Ogula."

(To be continued.)



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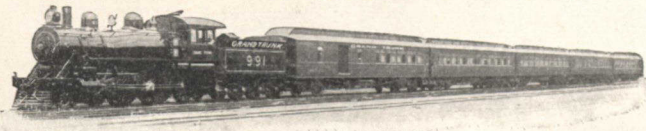
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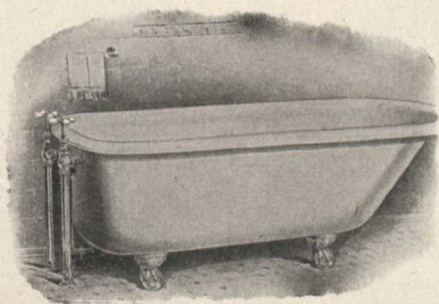
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