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THE MAGAZINE OF THE WEST

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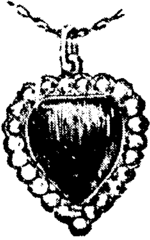

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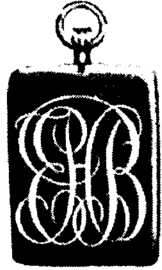

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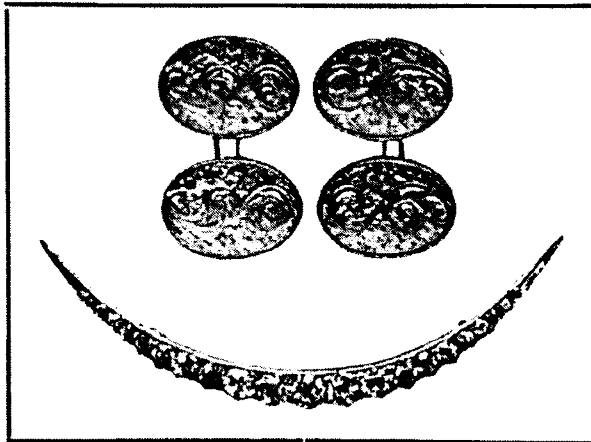

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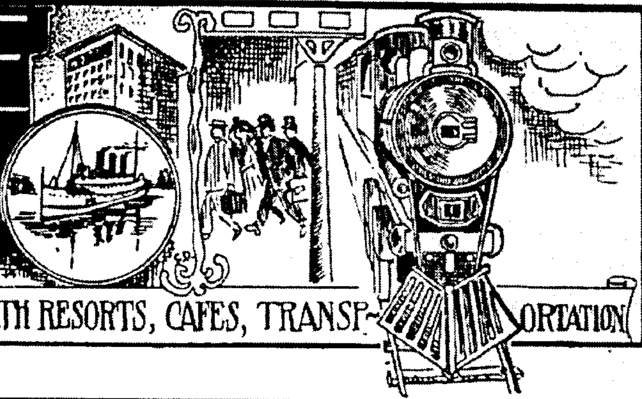

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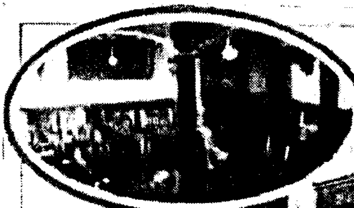

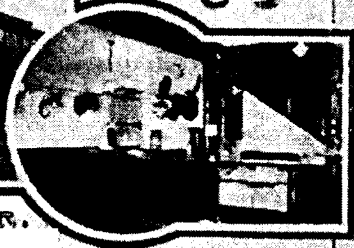

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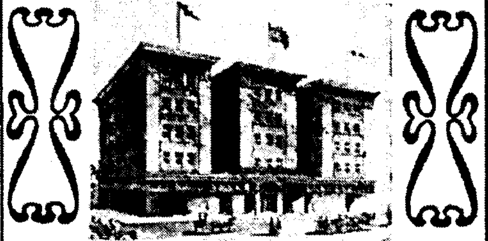

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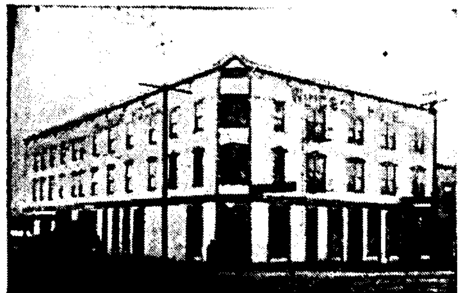

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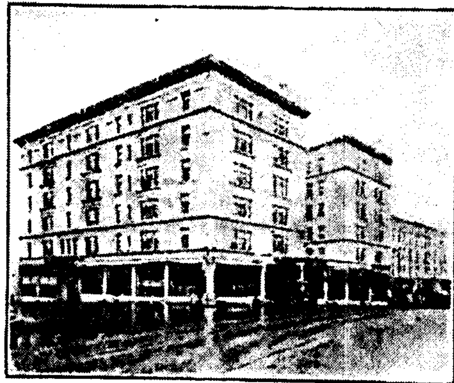

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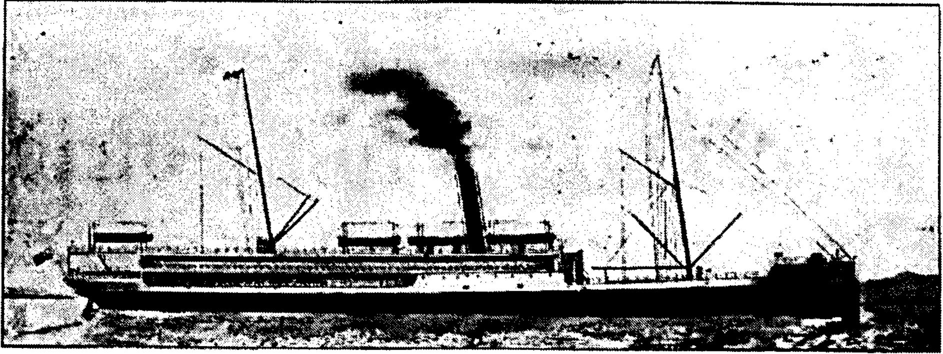

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March	82669	66195	16474
April	89358	77384	11969
May	84557	68089	16468
June	78809	64965	13844
July	81273	59151	22122
Total	416661	335784	80877

Note the Turn of the Tide—June-July

	DAILY WORLD	DAILY PROVINCE
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July	81,273	59,151
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The Pikeman

By Jessie M. Orchard

IT was Mrs. Clegg's idea. She had been educated at a cheap boarding-school, apprenticed to a milliner, and had soaked her understanding with three-penny editions of florid, bombastic novels. These latter bore fruit when she became the wife of Jonathan Clegg, mine host of Ye Olde Castle Inne at Dunsterbury.

The attractions of Dunsterbury were many. It boasted a well-preserved cottage—the birthplace of a celebrated sixteenth-century statesman. There was the site of a famous Royalist and Roundhead battleground to be seen about a mile from the town. On the hilly slope above the river stood a castle, inhabited by the descendants of the first earl who owned it, and in a marshy spot, near a ruined part of the castle walls bubbled the waters of a Wishing-Well. When the annual summer-outing parties and visitors had viewed the armoury, the park, and other parts of the castle demesne to which the public were admitted; had walked over the battleground, and sighed at the Wishing-Well, they usually adjourned for light luncheons or heavy teas to Ye Olde Castle Inne. These were provided in the shady gardens and arbours of the hostelry which claimed to be as old as the castle itself.

"That being so," observed Mrs. Clegg, soon after her marriage, "we must have everything in keeping. Our gables and lattice-windows look lovely and ancient, but what would be really splendid would be a man in armour marching up and down in front of the stone archway that leads into the courtyard where the stables are."

And though at first Mr. Clegg vehemently objected, in the end he had to give way. A cousin of Mrs. Clegg's was in the "fancy dress" line, and at her request he promptly forwarded a suit which was his rendering of the costume sported by a foot-soldier of the Elizabethan period. It was scarlet in parts, it was padded, it had high, flapping leather boots, it had much tin-plating about it. The helmet was shaped like an inverted teapot, the wearer fitting his head where the lid ought to be, while the

final accessory was a pike which originally might have served as a battering-ram. Even Mrs. Clegg had her doubts as to the historical accuracy of the outfit, while Mr. Clegg observed that the tenant would think he had got nailed up into a roasting-jack.

Nevertheless a soul brave enough to don it was found, and the man-at-arms was soon installed in position. The successful applicant—mainly on account of size, since the gorgeous trappings had evidently been designed for a juvenile giant—was a splendidly-made specimen of mankind, ruddy and healthy of cheek, straight-backed, clean-limbed, pleasant in manner, and uniformly good tempered in spite of the bulky covering adorning his person and shamelessly registered eighty and eighty-five in the shade.

Mrs. Clegg was convinced from the appearance and bearing of their Goliath that he was nothing less than a duke obliged to seek disguise because of undeserved troubles at home. Mr. Clegg said he was probably a gentleman "crimp" in hiding from the police.

As time went on the fifteenth century soldier became one of the "shows" of the district. He was so huge, so distinguished, so taciturn, that public curiosity was whetted, and that year more visitors than ever went to Ye Olde Castle Inne in preference to the Blue Boar and the other hotels.

"It was so pleasant," the ladies of the neighbourhood said, "after the round of sight-seeing to take their friends to lunch or tea at that dear old-fashioned place of Clegg's, where the roses and wistaria grew all over the quaint embowered garden seats, and you could fancy while you sat at the green-painted trestle-tables that presently some early-English dame in ruff and farthingale would come tripping round the yew-hedge at the corner. Oh!—and then, too, one must not forget that handsome mysterious stranger who gives the delicious touch of romance that just completes the charming mediaeval flavour of the whole thing, don't you know!"

And they continued to smile and make eyes at the Pikeman until he blushed again under his tin-plated helmet. This same helmet was the source of much trouble to him, for if he moved his head too quickly in animated conversation it had a way of unexpectedly tilting to one side and giving him a rakish, disreputable appearance entirely at variance with his known character for respectability and sobriety, while if he moved circumspectly in order to preserve its balance he developed a rigidity of demeanour that would have done credit to a funeral mute. Mrs. Clegg explained that this variation in his manner was occasioned by the natural pride of the Duke getting uncomfortable by being mixed up with the lowly position of the serving-man. And she began to wonder how long it would be before the old family lawyer should arrive to clear up the scandal associated with his name, and carry him back to his Dukedom, his coronet, his ancestral halls, and liveried retainers.

In the meantime the usual round of excursionists and holiday-makers came and went. The summer waxed and began to wane. Visitors to the inn began to grow scarcer, and the first leaves to fall from the trees in the garden. Then one morning a party of pleasure-seekers arrived by the early train, and came, full of laughter and merriment, down the High Street to the hostelry to order a meal when the day's pilgrimage should be over. An elderly lady and gentleman ascended the steps leading to the main entrance followed by a crowd of pretty girls with their attendant cavaliers. One was prettier by far than the others, with a graceful, distinguished carriage, a proud, sensitive face, and glorious, dark-grey eyes. She was dressed with exquisite taste, though her clothes were a shade severer in style than seemed altogether necessary for a girl who was evidently scarcely out of her teens. Mrs. Clegg, peeping out from one of the upper windows to view the arrivals told a companion who they were.

"General and Mrs. Crofton from Crawley, a village about twenty miles from here. They've got their house-party with them. Oh, and isn't one of them beautiful! I've never seen her before. Whoever can she be. Somebody very grand, I know! Now that's the sort of girl who makes you see for your-

self how hard it is to hide birth when it's really good."

Her friend, a dressmaker, on a holiday from her work at Mdme. Belton's of Bond street, edged her way to the casement and looked out, too.

"My!" she ejaculated, excitedly, "why, there's Miss Upton! Fancy seeing her here! Though after all I needn't be surprised, because this is the very place that Americans always do come to in swarms."

"Which is Miss Upton?" inquired Mrs. Clegg, her eyes still on the lovely grey-clad figure below.

"Why, that one! You're looking at her! How do you like the frock she's wearing? I helped to make it. She would have it like that—quite plain and simple, because she says it's wrong to spend much money on dress. But those two or three touches of pink lighten it up splendidly and make it quite smart and Frenchy, don't you think they do?"

"Yes," agreed Mrs. Clegg absently, experiencing keen throes of disappointment at the death blow to her theory of noble birth and long descent. And she asked dolefully: "Is that very pretty creature really an American, then?"

"Yes, and most awfully rich like the rest of them," replied Miss Thorne, who evidently pinned her faith to tradition. "Her father made his fortune out of a bone-boiling factory, or something like that. But nobody minds about him. He's dead, and she's got all the money. But she isn't a bit stuck-up—not a bit like some Americans to talk to. No nasty bounce about her," continued Miss Thorne, growing eloquent. "One of the most pleasant young ladies I ever came across. It was a treat, I can tell you, to fit her. So gentle and nice all the time. But that's because she feels for working people. She's a Socialist, you see."

"A Socialist!" exclaimed Mrs. Clegg, in alarm, her mind filled with visions of lean-faced Anarchists, black-browed bandits, fur-coated Nihilists, bombs, infernal machines, knives, stilettos, torpedoes and clockwork explosives of every unhallowed description, though she did not very well know in what they differed from one another, nor the weapons peculiar to each.

"Yes, a Socialist," Miss Thorne continued, meditatively, all unconscious of the shock she had given her friend. "And she says she's no real right to the riches her father left her. So she gives a lot of it back every year in different ways to the working people who helped to make it."

"How did you find this out?" queried Mrs. Clegg, allowing curiosity to get the upper hand as Miss Thorne's placid manner assured her there was no immediate danger to be apprehanded from the youthful firebrand on her premises.

"Oh, we always know everything about the people we work for," Miss Thorne answered with professional pride. "Sometimes the lady's maids tell us; but just as often we learn it from the things they say about others when they come with a friend to be fitted. They talk about the most private things as if they thought we'd got wool stuffed in our ears, and couldn't hear what they said if we tried."

Meanwhile the younger members of the party had halted for a moment in the doorway to survey the picturesque, straggling street, with its cobblestone sidewalks and narrow, diverging alleys, through the gloom of which the overhanging eaves of the black-beamed, gabled houses could be faintly discerned. Having duly observed the swinging signboards outside the oldest and most tumbledown of the shops, the white canvas covered carrier's cart disgorging some chattering villagers from a neighbouring hamlet, and the country-women sturdily tramping along with the great baskets containing the eggs and butter they had come to sell, the little group turned to go inside. Miss Upton brought back her eyes regretfully from the animated scene of an old English town in its market-day dress, and as she did so they fell upon the Elizabethan soldier. He had just stepped out from the courtyard to take up his sentry-go, and stood, shouldering his pike in transfixed amazement as he caught sight of the girl in the doorway. She, on her part, was equally surprised, but, womanlike, concealed it. Laying her hand on

the wrought-iron railings of the steps on which she stood she leaned over and smiled happily at the Pikeman.

"Is it really you?" she asked, in a tone of gay banter. "What is the meaning of this gorgeous apparel. Are you qualifying for a post in a lunatic asylum, or is it only a rehearsal for a Fancy Dress Carnival? I'm afraid you'll find it very hot dancing with an extinguisher on your head and a tin pot around your waist." And she gave an airy flourish with a dainty suede-gloved hand in the direction of the cuirass he wore.

The Pikeman perceptibly hesitated for an instant. Then he looked her straight in the eyes. "It is really myself," he said. "But I do not extract amusement out of these clothes. Others do that. I only earn my living in them." And in a few words he explained his occupation.

Miss Upton's face changed as she heard him. Her smile suddenly vanished, and she drew herself up with a look of angry surprise. "So you mean to tell me that you consider you are working for your bread—earning your living —by just wearing those ridiculous clothes!" she exclaimed incredulously, pointing this time at his attire with a finger that was both accusatory and contemptuous.

The Pikeman reddened hotly, but the look with which he met hers was unswerving and straight. "Our compact did not stipulate any special terms of service," he said quietly, approaching her as he spoke. "But I have worked hard and fairly nevertheless. I said I would. I am only doing this now because——" But she cut him short. "Because you were tired of doing some real hard work for once, and wanted a holiday," she observed, with icy disdain. "Of course, you could never guess that I should come and spoil your enjoyment of it."

"I do not feel in the least caught like a naughty schoolboy," he returned equably. "And if you will only listen I can explain what naturally causes you some surprise." But for all the imperturbability of his bearing a quick clenching of the hand that held the pike showed he was stung by her words.

" 'Listen!' " Mis Upton repeated, lapsing from her coldness into passionate indignation. "Listen! Why, I have heard too much already. That you should dare to mention our compact to me when all this while you have been simply tricking me into believing that you were labouring honestly as you said you would. You have made a jest of my idea, and spent the time we agreed upon in being shamelessly dressed up as a buffoon while you act the part of a witless clown to match it. Oh, I am ashamed of myself," she added, bitterly, "for having trusted so blindly in your honour and your truth."

Beneath the absurd helmet the young man's face showed white, but with undisturbed self-control he still besought her to hear him. "You do me immeasurable injustice," he protested, earnestly. "Appearances are against me, I admit—"

"Not at all," the girl interrupted, with a scornful laugh. "The part you have chosen to play exactly suits you in every way. It's so easy!"

His patience went at last. His eyes gathered fire, and he set his jaw, saying incisively:

"You do not realize what you are saying. Your accusations are monstrous and unjustifiable, and you have no right to ascribe such ideas to me."

"I have every right!" she retorted, standing very straight and still before him. "I have every right to show displeasure at your conduct. Does it not speak for itself! Come, let us go back to the very beginning. We liked one another very well, I believe, when first we met at the Foley's. But I did not approve of your society ways—your wasting of time and opportunity—when there is so much want and suffering waiting for the idle rich to relieve. You told me that you would reform—you promised that you would disappear from your usual haunts and try to realize the hardships of the poor by working among them and living as they do for six months on end, so that, later on——" she faltered, but recovered herself almost immediately and proceeded as before—"you could assist me with better comprehension of the cause I have at heart. And I had such faith in you," she subjoined,

scathingly. "I believed you—then! But now I know what you are."

"And what am I?" he demanded, his voice as hard and tense as her own.

And she replied unhesitatingly: "A man who shows himself untrustworthy. A man who thought it a joke to fool and laugh at me. A man whom—I utterly despise and renounce!" And she turned, and would have gone, but he detained her peremptorily.

"Miss Upton. Stay, I beg!" And at the sound of entreaty in his voice the girl started and listened involuntarily. He had dropped his pike, and sprung forward to where she stood.

"I have made every allowance for your feelings with regard to the equivocal circumstances under which you find me here," he said, austerely. "But when, notwithstanding my entreaties, and assurances, you deliberately refuse to believe that I can justify myself, and even deny me a hearing, then matters are placed upon another footing altogether. You have impugned my honour: you have cruelly attributed the basest of motives to my presence here today, and I am, reluctantly, therefore, forced to the conclusion that you wish to intentionally and irreparably insult me. Unless," he amended tersely, "you express some sort of regret for your unfounded taunts and imputations."

Miss Upton's grey eyes opened wide. "I—apologize!" she gasped.

"Certainly," he returned firmly, "I expect it."

He was such a goodly specimen of humanity standing there, so tall, broad-shouldered and splendidly proportioned, his calm, full gaze so unflinchingly meeting hers, his smooth, unruffled forehead and finely-cut aquiline features indicating such steady strength of will and purpose that for a moment a sudden tenderness made her half-relent, and descending a step, she asked softly: "Will you give me your justification, then?"

"When you first show your contrition to me," was the brief reply.

She flung up her head at that, and with haughty derision in every line of her beautiful face made a gesture of complete renunciation.

"Sir Jasper Caversham," she said, with trenchant utterance, "I never apologized to a man in my life, and, believe me, I never will."

"And I," he rejoined, "have never yet tamely submitted to a gratuitous insult from man, or woman, or child. And, Miss Upton, the day will never come when I shall." He bowed, and turned on his heel, and left her.

And upstairs Miss Thorne had heard every word they said.

"I never could have believed it!" she exclaimed, as, breathless and bewildered, she listened to the measured tramp of the Pikeman's feet as they died away in the distance. "To think Miss Upton could ever be so frightfully fierce and impatient! And to find that John Merford is actually a baronet after all. Won't Mrs. Clegg be pleased!" She sat stiffly upright in paralysed astonishment and tragically addressed the reflection of herself in a pierglass, Mrs. Clegg having departed to attend to affairs downstairs. "Well, she's done for herself with him. Anyone can see with half an eye that he's not the sort to give way to any girl if he thinks he's in the right over some disagreement. And yet you can tell—the two sillies!—that they're as fond of each other as they can be. Ah, if she only knew what I know she'd never have treated him like that!" And she again nodded sagely at her double.

She spent a minute in deep cogitation, and then suddenly bounced up from her seat in intense excitement. "And they shan't spoil their lives either if I can help it!" she cried, and without further delay she hurried off to a secret conference with Mrs. Clegg.

Later on in the day, the sight-seeing and the subsequent dinner at the inn at an end, Miss Upton was by herself in a nook she had discovered. She had followed one of the upper winding passages until she emerged onto a little wooden balcony, around which trails of ivy and Virginia creeper hung and clustered. Leaning her arms on the broad ledge she looked out over the landscape that lay before her.

Through the gathering haze of an early September evening the distant river shone and glimmered. Some red and white cattle stood fetlock deep where the

water babbled over the pebbly shallows, while the rest of the herd grazed contentedly in the lush far-stretching meadows. A woman in a blue cloak was leading a little child over a plank-bridge that spanned the reed-edged banks, and a dog gambolled and bounded before them. Beyond the fields beech-covered slopes arose, crowned by the Castle whose stately keep and towers were melting indistinctly into the pale hues of the falling twilight. And over and above all hovered the ineffable charm of the evening hour.

But the girl was indifferent to it all. The whole day long she had laughed and jested with counterfeit zeal, and presently she would put on her mask again. But for the moment she was only conscious that she was very tired, very weary, and that she wanted, above all, to think. Yet she was incapable of evolving more than one idea. She had quarrelled irreparably with the only man who had ever touched her heart—the man to whom she was practically engaged.

"He might have had patience," she reflected bitterly, oblivious that her own conduct had hardly been conspicuous for that virtue. But the gist of the matter lay in the fact that in the whole course of her wilful, petted life she had never known what opposition meant until it met her in the person of a resolute, masterful, tenacious-of-his-rights Englishman, and the experience had startied and unbalanced her. She turned as a voice at her side unexpectedly aroused her from her thoughts. Miss Thorne was presenting herself to her recollection. Miss Upton remembered her perfectly well, and her smile delighted the little dressmaker who found her the captivating, kind Miss Upton once more. She was interested in hearing about Miss Thorne's happy holiday, but that, it appeared, was not what the dressmaker was venturing to trouble her about. Knowing her sympathy and goodness towards those in distress she had ventured to come to her on behalf of someone she knew—a young man.

"Your young man?" inquired Miss Upton, with a faint smile that almost turned to laughter at the expression of shocked deprecation on Miss Thorne's face at the very suggestion.

"He is a gentleman,', she announced, solemnly. "In fact, its Mrs. Clegg's Elizabethan Pikeman." And her round, innocent-looking eyes were stolidly conscious of the suspicion that dawned in the clear ones searching her own. It was necessary to plunge at once and desperately into her theme. So she started.

How he was evidently under some cloud that had forced him to earn his living in ways to which he was evidently unaccustomed. He had told them he had done bricklaying, railway navvying, carpentering, wharfingering, and so on, his last venture being into a chemical works where he had had his hands badly burnt through helping to save a fellow-workman from the results of an overturned bottle of acid. It was corroding its way through the clothes to the skin of the victim, and in helping to tear them off John Melford's fingers were so fearfully injured that he had to hurry away to the hospital. After a fortnight's agony there he was turned away to get his bread with a pair of hands that were absolutely useless for the purpose. He was unable to grasp or hold a single tool or implement. "So, if he hadn't happened to see Mrs. Clegg's advertisement goodness knew what would have become of him,' Miss Thorne concluded, excitedly.

"What do you think I can do for him?" Miss Upton asked, after a moment's pause.

During the dressmaker's recital she had leaned again on the ledge, with averted head. But Miss Thorne had seen how the scarlet flooded her cheek, and then ebbed, leaving it white as the lily.

"I don't know," she answered, forlornly, suddenly perplexed as to the effect of her plot, since Miss Upton's voice was so level and unemotional. "I thought—perhaps, you might be able to get him a place as nightwatchman or hall-porter or something easy like that," she added, with a doubtful eye on the girl. "You see, the season's nearly over here now, and Mr. Clegg can't keep him

much longer. He'll starve!" she ended, explosively.

Miss Upton stood upright. "I think I know of a place that will suit him," she said, quietly. "If you will be so good as to ask him to come to me here I will tell him about it."

And if her tone showed lack of feeling her face was eloquence itself. She sank down on the wooden bench as he came and stood before her. The tin-plated suit was discarded forever, and the crimson tunic was doffed. He was attired in ordinary dress; his chin freshly-shaven, and his whole appearance well-groomed and neat.

"You sent for me," he said, announcing himself with sombre brevity, auguring ill from his reception, a sudden nervousness having made her seem cold and haughty once more. "I must ask you to pardon me if I appear hurried, but I am starting for home, and there are several things that I have yet to see to. I go by the up-train tonight."

"We return by that one, too," Miss Upton said, with a little laugh, quickly recovering herself as she saw the softening that stole, despite himself, into the glance with which he regarded her. "But its not due for nearly an hour. We have plenty of time to—to—talk!"

He scanned her face, bewilderment gathering in his own. But what he read in the sweet, shy face uplifted to his sent him to her side in an instant. With a soft, caressing movement she took his hands and tenderly touched the medicated gloves that covered his wounded fingers.

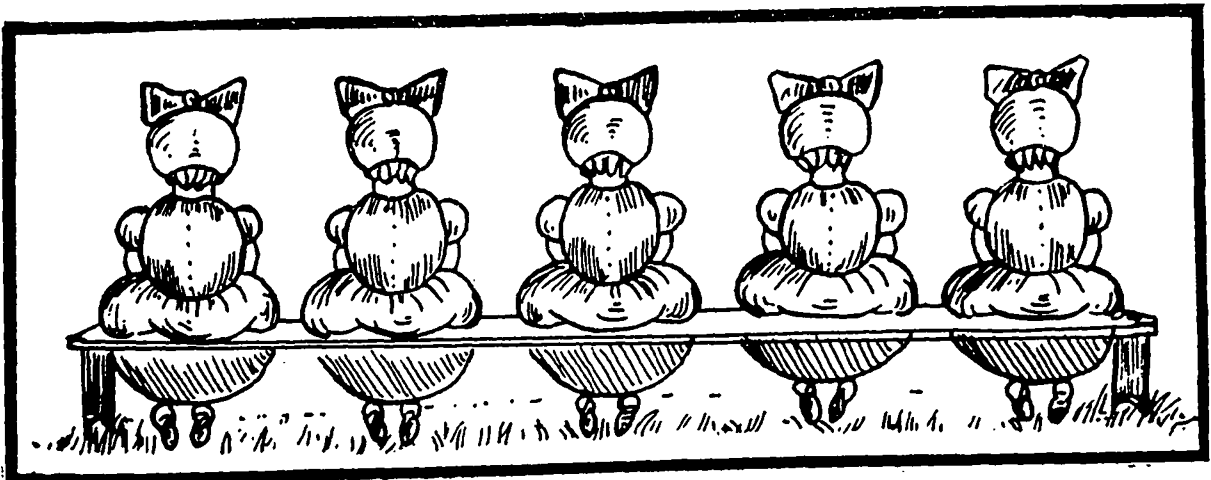
"I have heard all," she faltered, "about your bravery—everything! Oh, Jasper, dear, forgive me." And she bent to find and kiss his injuries. But he would not let her see them. "I must hide them: they might frighten you," he said, with a loving smile. And the place of concealment was about her waist as he drew her close within his arms.

There was just room on the bench for two. And no one could see that he kissed her, or hear him say that she had nearly broken his heart. For the ivy and crimson creeper hung in heavy festoons from a wooden canopy overhead, and the evening shadows were falling thickly in the far corner where they sat.

Some little time later at Mdme Belton's Miss Thorne, while fitting Miss Upton for her wedding dress, confessed her unpremeditated eavesdropping. But the girl was not in the least offended.

"Your subsequent assistance more than condoned what you did," she said, smiling. "If it had not been for you I might have remained an old maid for the rest of my life."

And the little dressmaker, in happy content, put the last pin in the creamy white satin of the bodice.



The Wreck

Drifting from Ocean to Ocean on the breast of a hungry sea,
Derelict, broken, forsaken, at the mercy of all winds that be,
Buffetted, torn and driven by the force of each passing squall,
While the ragged sail on her mast top sends forth a wailing call.

No hand at the wheel to steer her when the black winged night time falls,
No one to guide her safely where the foaming Rock Siren calls,
Rising and heavily dipping on the curve of the rounded swell,
While the loosened bell at her fo'castle tolls deeply her own death knell.

Tangle of ropes in the rigging, splinters of masts on the deck,
And her solitary guardian standing, half bound to the helpless wreck,
Glass eyes that stare in the distance, blue face and white teeth that grin,
Like a terrible witness standing to speak of unspeakable sin.

Triumphant the white tipped breakers strike heavy against her side,
Shrieking with jeering defiance at the ship in her broken pride,
And sullen and heavy, unyielding, she stands 'gainst their onslaught cold,
Her spirit untamed, still resisting their quivering shock as of old.

Beneath where the sound of laughter and joy and music and song,
Had thrilled her staunch heart to the centre as she swept her way along,
The creeping water is washing from wall to farthest wall,
And the splintered and broken fragments lie scattered or rise and fall.

Waterlogged, slowly but surely the whispering waters creep,
Till heavily deeper and deeper she sinks to the grasping deep,
Plunging with groans that shake her from endmost stem to stern,
Dipping her sides to the waters then slowly to backwards turn.

Struggling with unquenched courage 'gainst the waters that threaten and call
Where once in her pride and her beauty she carelessly rode over all,
Falling and rising and sinking, drifting from tide to tide,
While the floating sea-weed slimy makes fast to her helpless side.

Drifting from Ocean to Ocean on the breast of a hungry sea,
Derelict, broken, forsaken, at the mercy of all winds that be,
Buffetted, torn and driven by the force of each passing squall,
While the ragged sail on her mast top sends forth a wailing call.

—PETE.

The Romance of a Coal Dock

By Charles Dorian

THE temperature in the fuel foreman's office rose at one point to ninety-five degrees "foreign heat," the foreman, himself a Frenchman, being consistently hot-temperatured; the gang over which he held sway, Italian, who kept mercury dancing in the altitude; and the trouble particularly affecting an American coal barge produced an atmosphere of—not exactly barometric balm.

The vessel was laden with three thousand tons of three-quarter Pittsburg diamonds, which analyzed, would disclose a mass of three-quarters coal dust and the rest carboniferous shale—valuable as votes in that time of industrial depression.

Two long days and nights was it transcribing its course across two inland seas. Arrived at the unloading point its heart sank clean to bilge when two other coal barges loomed into view at the docks.

The American captain of this American vessel gracefully ordered his mate to lower a yawl and scull him to shore where he would find him the foreman and give him a cigar.

The foreman at the moment of the captain's approach was administering orders for a new move by which two vessels might be unloaded at the same time. As soon as the captain heard the details of the new scheme he smiled twice as widely and gave the foreman *two* cigars.

"I always said that you had a head that never shrunk," he observed, slapping the foreman flatly between the shoulders. What he really meant was quite different: the foreman had a head that, if anything, expanded—but Captain Orsman knew tact.

The foreman chose to be unusually silent and morose. The flattering eulogy upon which the captain had merely touched grated this morning and the captain thought it best to leave him to his plans just then.

He picked his way over rocks to the "Lakeview" to renew handshakes with the proprietor—but that worthy was away on an extended bear hunt. So he was left with nothing better than a rising ugly mood. He slumped into a verandah chair and scanned the rugged hills, muttering against their imposing grandeur.

He looked down upon the fishing village to the right huddled snugly on the flat beach; to the left upon the coal dump, a huge pile of glittering jet. He had seen it all before and hoped he would never see it again—but the will of a mere captain is powerless against the conditions arising from the caprices of Wall Street when it chooses to indulge in a bouleversement. The bare lake was not more desolate than this forsaken place, he thought. He had boasted once before that he had more accommodation on his vessel than all the houses in the place—including the hotel.

And the last time he had been there he had enjoyed it more than he was doing now: he was in dock at dark and away before two sunrises—that was a piece of luck, to be sure. Laying over in a place that has nothing but scenery and fisheries could not appeal to anyone, he had said—even if he had a sweetheart there. He passed islands completely deserted which he liked better—because he was able to pass them. His hours aport were his sorest touch for his heart was with the sea. That was the whole secret.

* * * * *

But the skipper had taken his little daughter to bear him company and with her it was different.

"Where's papa?" she asked the mate, skipping lightly across the deck to where he stood looking landward.

"Gone ashore, miss, half-an-hour ago," he replied.

"And he forgot me!" she pouted. "Just for that I'm going to elope. What a lovely beach! Oh, Mr. Mate, please let down my skiff: I'm going across there to pick pebbles. My! how dazzling they are."

The skiff was lowered and the rope ladder let down for her to descend. "Good-bye," she called merrily to him and her paddles dipped silently in the calm water. She began to carol gaily as she went; she disappeared a moment behind a rocky promontory; then he heard her voice but faintly and saw her fairy-like form among the pebbles away off. A big, manly sigh escaped him as he turned quietly and entered the chart room.

Upon that promontory stood a youth among the trees watching the approaching skiff, and his heart heard something of the notes the girl sang. This was his cove, his rock, his beach. He went there daily when it was bright to dive from that rock. But this morning he lingered over-long. This new invader fascinated him and he was loth to surprise her. The birds came thus and he delighted in their warble near him. Many a morning he missed his swim as he did this because the birds came close to him and he kept very still so as not to disperse them.

He saw the skiff dragged up. The carolling went on while the girl gathered pebbles. There were no pebbles anywhere as those around Jackfish, and Jack Brandon had a big collection of them—greenstones and agates.

He stuffed his bathing-suit into his pocket and absorbed the sweet music wafted across the cove to him. Presently there was silence and the girl sat on a rock looking out across the lake, her chin resting in her smooth hands. She was pretty and something more: Jack could see that from his distance. She was not a child as her voice would suggest and what she was just about to do caused his eyes to avert to the trees where the birds were. He hesitated about running away altogether.

He trusted himself to look again in her direction and saw her wading with childish delight. He was surprised that so delicate a creature could bear the icy chill of Superior water but she seemed to revel in it. She felt safe there, too, in the solitude of that silvery beach.

"What was that?" she whispered in a tone of frightened inquiry, looking around startled. As if in answer to her question the brush back from the beach crackled and a tawny face peered out. She screamed: that is, she made the facial signs of screaming but her voice was dead. The full body of a young Indian emerged from the spot where her eyes glared with shocked intentness and sauntered down to the water's edge to grin with half-closed eyes at the pretty object there.

It would be a horrible leer in the face of a white man but in this young Chippewa it recalled the stories she had read of the aborigines and she actually believed that she had innocently stumbled upon a savage rendezvous. If he had drawn a knife and scowled she would not have been less afraid. His smirking and grinning were too horrible! A convulsive shiver ran through her slender frame and she felt the chilling pain incurred by those frightened by the thoughts of impending drowning.

The ugly spectator of her misery gurgled some incomprehensible serenade and then turned to the discarded hosiery. He picked up one and looked at it askew and then at her.

"You fiend!" she shrieked, all the blood in her body rising to her face.

"Yah! yah! yah!" he jabbered and began removing his mocassins. She saw his purpose and shuddered. Then, before she realized what was happening, a tall young man stood before the young animal threateningly.

The youth of the rock was now a man and his strong frame pulsed with emotion. The flabby Indian leapt to his feet and glowered at him, but the eyes of the man held a command. The mocassins went on in an instant and without one word being spoken the Indian marched off. Jack Brandon followed

him as far as the railroad track. The girl feared an encounter there between the thwarted savage and her rescuer. She came out of the water and rehabilitated quickly looking fearfully toward the bush the while, straining her ears to catch the sound of voices. There were none. Soon the faint crackling of the alders announced the return of her hero of the strange encounter.

"You were so kind," she said to him. "I do not know what I should have done all alone."

"You were never alone," he assured her. "I kept watch on yonder rock. I had almost decided to go when this young wanderer appeared. They are harmless," he explained, "but sometimes one cannot tell what they will do when they are not watched."

She shuddered again, but her eyes were full of gratitude. "I am so glad you were near," she said, and forthwith colored, recollecting her frolic. But this young man was grave and she trusted his eyes.

"I must be going back to the boat," she said, after a pause.

"Will you come back to the beach again?" he enquired.

"Why, I'll be too frightened to look at it even!" she laughed.

"Very well," he said, gravely as before, as he pushed off her skiff. "Good-bye," and turned to go.

"Oh, I hope you do not think I am ungrateful," she said, seriously, hesitating to dip her oars. "I may see you again if you live up in the village."

"I am always busy when I am in the village," he replied. "When I wish pleasure I come here."

She was rowing off slowly but stopped to ask: "Have you to go back now?"

"I fear so. I allow myself only an hour down here and it is now that long since I came."

She liked the simple frankness in this young man.

"Our boat, the 'Torpedic' may be ready to leave tomorrow night. I *might* come to the beach a little while tomorrow morning."

This seemed to delight him and he smiled. "I will look for you," he said.

Perhaps it was his boyish smile, perhaps the clear notes of his voice that thrilled her but as she rowed away she hoped that the "Torpedic" would be detained for a long time.

* * * * *

Foreman LeDuc had just left the boat with the gangs in the one nearly finished and the clams gobbling up coal from the other. The new scheme was working admirably despite the murmurs among the laborers. At the rate those clams shot up and down from the high towers the "Torpedic" would be docked that night.

"They're risin' a foot an hour," observed LeDuc from his watch tower in the power-house. The coal was coming out so fast that the white hulls seemed to grow in size every minute. It was wonderful work and LeDuc was proud of his ingenuity.

He divided half his stock of cigars with the cupola man and descended to his office. He had just reached the bottom step when the cupola man shouted down:

"Thair be trouble, sir. The 'ole bloomin' gang is leavin' the boat."

LeDuc turned out the nearest door and traced his steps dockward—only to meet the whole gang half way. He clamped his jaws and retraced his route to the office without a word.

The timekeeper was startled by the babel without as a score of smudgy faces clamoured before the window-pane and yelled their numbers. He looked at the foreman inquiringly but that excited person was launching into a half-French, half-Italian tirade upon the men, punctuating his flow of vehemence by a champ into a prodigious quid of tobacco.

He found from their leader (they were never without one—when they walk in pairs one is always a little ahead), that they had not the customary grievance of wages but just took a fancy to run the job their way.

"You'll run this job *my* way or get to h— out!" spoke LeDuc with heat.

"Gimme time! Gimme time!" came in every degree of vocal expression, and a gabbling, gurgling, rattling confab ran in undercurrent as the feeling grew warmer.

LeDuc left the rest to the timekeeper and started off to the telegraph office.

On his way he met the Dock Superintendent, to whom he explained the trouble in highly-coloured expletives.

"It's like this, Mr. Brandon: if we give in to 'em they'll run us. Better to wire for a new gang and we'll take out all the coal we can with the clams till they come."

This looked feasible; the clams being able to take up nine-tenths of the cargo.

"Have you tried your car men in the boat?" asked Brandon.

"I could do that, but who'd work in the cars?"

"Unload on the dump," advised Brandon.

"Your orders, sir," and accordingly, LeDuc looked up the trimmers and ordered them to go to the boat. This, however, did not work as he had planned for the trimmers had been talking to the boatmen and anticipated just what LeDuc would do. They, therefore, refused to take the strikers' places for less than double time. LeDuc was staggered. He appealed to the Superintendent.

Brandon's youthful face was transmitted now into a virile mould of determination. This man could listen with sympathy to the song of birds and his whole soul expand with the buoyancy which animates all young life, but in dealing with men he was stern and uncompromising. He had an appealing manner in any situation and this adaptability had made him successful.

"Have you a sufficient force to dump the coal as it comes round the cable system?" asked he of LeDuc. LeDuc counted mentally and replied:

"I can manage it."

"Work the machines, then. I'll arrange with the captains to make room for the 'Torpedic' so that when the new gang comes we'll have the whole fleet clammed out ready for the buckets."

The new arrangement was working well when Captain Orsman appeared at the office where Brandon and LeDuc were in conference.

"How long before we get unloaded?" he asked.

"Tell you better when you're started," replied LeDuc.

"I want to know," persisted the captain. "If I cannot get decent despatch I'll pull out now. Costs too much to pay for the benefit of seeing a gang of Dagoes on strike."

Brandon spoke up and advised the captain to wait. He explained the plan.

"But," objected Orsman, "how am I to be assured that that new gang will be here in time to avoid detention? I'd look sick anchored out there with three parts of my cargo gutted, wouldn't I? I'm not the owner of the barge, but I have the say whether she dumps here or not."

LeDuc was about to interject a remark about "bluff," but Brandon said quietly:

"Better trust us, captain. I'm pretty sure you'll get out without detention. I'll make a personal effort to get the best despatch for you."

Orsman had been taking side glances at the outline of Brandon's jaw as if it held some potent attraction, but now that he had spoken and both looked squarely at each other there was the best confirmation of a rigid purpose in the Superintendent's expression and the captain submitted.

"I'll leave it to you, then, Mr. Brandon—but, by Texas! if you haven't those other vessels out tomorrow I'll pull out with half my cargo."

This was the worst threat a Captain could make and LeDuc meant to tell him the direction to certain sulphurous regions but Brandon laughed quietly.

"It will not be that bad, I hope, Captain," he said. "We're mighty touchy upon the question of the dock's reputation and I would not have you do as you say for a great deal. We will have to trust for better, that's all."

"It's up to you, then," and without relighting his defunct cigar, the captain strode away to appear a few minutes later on his own boat, determined to carry out his purpose.

* * * * *

Next morning at nine o'clock the youth in Jack Brandon reasserted itself. There was a twinge of sharpness in the air though the sun came out ere long in glorious effulgence dissolving the fog-

laden air as it crept slowly, majestically up the heavens.

The girl and the skiff waited at the beach and Brandon quickened his steps toward them. Her face was flushed with the exercise and her eyes scintillated with joy from the grandeur of the morning. Perhaps they were unwontedly brilliant. Her beauty, Jack observed, was of richer quality than when he had first seen her. He hesitated to speak, merely smiling recognition and allowing his fancy to riot with the shimmering, golden hair; the eyes, too deep for color, holding a spell in their brilliance like unto the depths of sky and lake; and the half-parted lips engaging his soul with delight.

"My name is Jack Brandon, I presume you are Miss Orsman," he said, when speech had at last found way.

"Truly," she asked half-credulously. "Father speaks proudly of Mr. Brandon, the Superintendent of the docks. Are you he?"

"Not at present," he answered lightly. "I am Jack Brandon of the beach—an entirely different person."

"I am going to thank you again, then, Jack Brandon of the beach, for what you did yesterday. You are sure to think of Alice Orsman for as long as she will think of you and I wish it to be with the same regard."

"If Alice Orsman,"—and he smiled the smile that thrilled—"thinks of me as I have thought of her ever since her voice broke out in melody upon this lake, there will be an enchantment such as distance will never break."

She did not reply but looked far out to the gleaming horizon as if there lay away beyond a happiness greater than she knew. His eyes followed her gaze and the same thoughts enveloped him. Thus they remained for a long, long time, silent spectators of the vast unknown, their souls wafting together out to the boundary of the universe, returning unsatiated fused beyond the power of words to sever.

"Father says our boat will be out tomorrow," she said, at length, wishing to break the silence in some way.

"Tomorrow night at ten o'clock," he confirmed.

"He mentioned the trouble up there and he fears that the end is not yet," she went on.

"Whatever happens, I have promised him a clearance within a reasonable time," he said, his managerial tone arising.

"If father did not dread these long waits I would almost wish we could remain longer," she said, naively.

"Do you like it here so much as that?"

"I'd love to live right on this beach," she replied with enthusiasm. "Yonder rock as a foundation, and these round, glistening granite stones built into a bungalow—it would be ideal."

"All alone?" he asked, with that seriousness which characterized him. Her head drooped and a slight flush crossed her face.

"Alice!" he prompted. Still her eyes were cast down. "Would you live alone, Alice—if I asked you not to?"

He had approached her where she sat on the gunwale of the skiff. As he spoke two quick blasts followed by two more from the power-house whistle caused him to speak more hurriedly and anxiously. "Would you, Alice? Quick, dear! I must go."

The sound of the shrill whistle caused her to start and in doing so the boat rocked and she swayed toward him, clasping his hands to steady herself. "No, no, no," she answered excitedly, he trying to encourage a quick response to his question. "I want *you*—there!"

Oh, the ecstasy of it! Though the whistles blew two thousand times two he could not have answered them just then. A fair cheek nestled close to his chin, her eyes shyly concealed against his shoulder, the boldness of her action engulfing her with half-shame, half-joy. He picked her up in his arms while she clung desperately to him lest he would leave her too soon. He lavished showers of kisses upon her hair, her cheeks, her lips before placing her in her skiff. Then with a gallant effort he broke away from the engaging arms and darted away with the fleetness of a deer.

She looked after him wistfully, half-tearfully, not understanding his sudden departure. She found herself floating aimlessly about the cove long after he

had gone: then picking up her paddles, at the same time waking up to the reality she steered toward the dock to hear what the trouble could be that took Jack Brandon—her Jack now—away.

* * * * *

The news which greeted Brandon was this: The "Torpedic" would be clammed out, or "broke down" and the other two boats ready for the shoveilers at one o'clock that afternoon. No shovellers had arrived to do the work nor were they likely to come—five hundred feet of the Heron Bay trestle was burned to ashes that morning!

What would be done? No trains were running. The passenger trains were all diverted over the Soo branch and it would be three days before the bridge would be rebuilt. What was to be done in this momentous extremity?

Jack Brandon thought first of what it meant to his suit were Captain Orsman disappointed. That would rouse him to some action surely, but what could he do? He did not say. He could not think concentratedly there with the details on a telegraph form before him and an excited foreman making fitful suggestions in a jargon of mixed languages.

He would run out into the hills and think it out there as he had thought out other problems. True, he had never had so exigent a situation to cope with before. Three hours to win or lose in the greatest contest of his life!

To the hills, therefore, he went.

In the hills he was met by a pair of brown eyes that glinted hate. In less time than he could have summed it all up he was surrounded by a horde of brown faces whose eyes all glinted hate. He could not escape them—he did not think of trying to escape.

Being surrounded by a horde of semi-savages was not a whit more delightful than being surrounded by a horde of ultra-savages. He stood calmly looking on to the exhibition of fiendish antics which betrayed their Indian propensities. They drew closer—a score of them, stalwart sons of Nimrod, brown as walnut, half-ragged and formidable, each armed with a knotted bludgeon.

There was one among them whom all eyes regarded covertly. They seemed to await his orders. This elderly one now presented himself to Jack to whose surprise he spoke in French. Chippewa French though it was, Jack understood it.

The demand was this:

One of their tribe had seen a beautiful maiden wading at the beach and that maiden had acquiesced in his desire by speaking to him. This young son of Omeemee was thwarted in his suit by respected sir, and he, the chief, had a proposition to make: that respected sir confer with beautiful maiden's father and compel that gracious chief to give his daughter in marriage to the son of Omeemee.

A flash of humor shot into Brandon's eyes—and with it a plan.

"It is customary," he spoke in French, "for those who wish to win in contests of the heart to prove their worthiness for the maiden by some deed of valor."

The tribe nodded attention.

"It is only by entering into competition with other men that the son of Omeemee can hope to aspire to the hand of Captain Orsman's daughter."

Interest deepened among the tribesmen who nodded knowingly.

"These are all big, vigorous men. The son of Omeemee is only one of them. Let him cast his lot with the rest in a feat of endurance to win the beautiful girl and I will lay the victor's petition before her father, the great chief."

Would they? The son of Omeemee was the only dissenter.

"He says," explained the chief, "that yourself be included in the feat."

"I am agreeable," assented Brandon.

"Produce your challenge," quoth the chief, all eyes according Brandon the right to do so.

"It shall be a feat of arms truly—but not for blood," began Brandon. "The lady would frown upon such a procedure. Captain Orsman and his beautiful daughter live in a castle on top of the ship 'Torpedic.' They will witness the contest from start to finish. They can see when valor shrinks. All you men, therefore, march forth; arm yourselves with shovels, and the man who stays longest at the task of filling buckets with coal will be given his award before the

great Chief of the Lakes, Captain Orsman!"

The chief repeated it to make it all clear. Twenty pairs of heels were soon clapping together and the sing-song chant of a war song announced that they were in it to a man.

Jack feared for a moment that he had made a grievous mistake in pitting his strength against that of these half-savage men. And suppose he were beaten! They would murder him if he did not fulfil his part of the agreement. He banished that thought. They were half-savage, true! But they had the faculty of distinguishing work from warfare after they were in it for awhile—and Jack trusted to his knowledge of the Indian character to give him assurance of his own success. And, besides, had he not himself risen from the rank of coal shoveller?

At one o'clock he left his room attired in overalls; his face smeared with butternut stain; his hair disarranged and a red kerchief around his neck.

The twenty stalwarts appeared upon the stroke of the hour and LeDuc slouched dejectedly from his office at the same hour. He gaped open-mouthed as the file of Indians halted before him and their leader demanded shovels for the gang.

"What!" he gasped. Then, "Brandon, you brown devil! What the deuce powwow do you call this?"

"Come, LeDuc, get shovels; I mean business—I'm running this gang. Tell Orsman to watch our smoke. You needn't give the game away. We'll clean these boats out slicker than a nut!"

"Well, you beat the bunch!" he commented. "Orsman nearly had a fit when he heard about the wreck; swore he'd pull out at one sharp if our gang did not turn out. The strikers, too, said they'd mob the new gang—but I guess they won't. They didn't count on Indians! Haw! haw! Brandon, you're a genius!" Every time he thinks of that parade to this day he stows his quid and smiles.

At six o'clock the "Mistic" had an hour's work in her. Brandon recommended that they stay and finish her so that the next boat could berth while they were at supper. It was enough that he stayed. The eyes of the fair princess would detect any shrinking on the part of the tribesmen! They stayed and worked up to the pace set by Brandon.

It was a less supple gang which apeared next morning but they went to work with a vigor that expanded, and at three o'clock the "Torpedic" lay at the dock, the last boat to be trimmed out.

Brandon worked silently but the "bucks" had been chanting as they worked. Now there was a decided falling-off in the volume of their lay, and at four o'clock one man ascended from the hold. He returned in a short while with a bottle of painkiller to his lips and looked over the edge of the hatch.

At five o'clock three more had followed his example. At seven only thirteen out of the twenty returned to work, but the work they did would have put an outfit of any other class of men to immortal shame.

Those in the boat would have been a winning crew had the defaulters not returned with their temptation. The fire of the pain-killer had aroused their savage traits, however, and they remained to tantalize the ones who worked.

It was a blow to Captain Orsman when he saw seven men ascend from the hold within half-an-hour and the lest looking groggy. Now that he had waited so long he meant to leave with a clean boat.

The pain-killer was too much for them. Pain-killer kills pain but it kills Indians too. They all succumbed when darkness had set in and the lamps were in full glare in the hot vault beneath the water line—all, except the son of Omeemee. The end was near.

Toward ten o'clock it looked like a tie between Brandon and the Indian for the hand of Alice Orsman. The captain and his daughter had come alongside the hatch to watch the final struggle with the cargo he had threatened to deprive them of; to watch the stand made by the two heroic Indians.

It might not have ended quite so soon if they had not seen the son of Omeemee pause to wipe the sweat from his forehead; steal across the open space and deal Brandon a blow with his shovel.

Seeing one strike the other the girl screamed. The captain shook his first at the miscreant. It was enough! They had seen. The wrath of the great had descended upon the head of the son of Omeemee and his spirit was broken.

He went ashore with dejected strides, the few remaining revellers in pain-killer following. Brandon's arm was sprained from the impact of the shovel but he doggedly persisted in "cleaning the 'Torpedic' slicker than a nut."

"That man should be rewarded," quoth the captain—while LeDuc chuckled as he backed up into a shadow. "I'll give him ten dollars out of my own pocket!"

"I'm cashier," said LeDuc, coming forward again.

But the burst of generosity had this answer from Brandon:

"Keep your money, captain. I've worked solely to win your consent to the marriage of your daughter, Alice, to the victor in this contest."

The captain staggered. "Brandon!" he gasped.

"Jack!" exclaimed the girl. "Oh, Jack! You dear old Indian!" and, black as he was, her white arms flew to his neck.

Captain Orsman was dismayed and only for the genuine tenderness of the tableau he might have slain Jack Brandon on the spot.

The Foreground

We all can paint in a moderate way,
With a daub of blue, or a streak of grey,
The distant hills—like an A. R. A.—
And miles more round;
But that which puzzles the tyro brave,
And makes him shrink like the meanest slave,
And tempts him to long for oblivion's wave,
Is the Foreground.

There are tricks of the trade that we work with some ease
On our fair-enough sky, or our far-away trees;
You fancy you could, in our stretching seas,
Swing an oar round.
But the rocks and the grass; the roads and the rails
We put in the front, or our boats with their sails,
We confess that the best of us now and then fails,
At the Foreground!

It is something like that in the Picture of Life;
We can rub in the Past with a broad palette-knife,
But the Present is bitter with labour and strife
As is horehound!
We sweat at it, strain at it, grunt at our toil;
The Future is easy: our colours and oil
Go sweetly on that, but heavens! what moil
Is our Foreground!

—BERNARD McEVOY.

The Fatal Necklace

By Agnes Lockhart Hughes

MANY centuries ago, in a glowing age, and a beautiful country, when the three-toed horse lived in the gorgeous valley of the great river (now the Columbia) and East of the high mountains, at a point we call Craig's Ferry, forty miles Northeast of Ellensburg, Washington,—there lived a great King, a ruler of a powerful nation, whose dominions extended from the O'Ranagan to the Cascades. This King was the possessor of many magnificent jewels, but the greatest of his possessions, was a beautiful daughter,—Yakimas,—a maid of pure delight.

The suitors for her hand were many, Her followers and admirers lavished upon her great stores of gifts, but like all maids of high degree she demanded exceptional qualities in him who should win her hand and heart. About this time there was living in the land of the Athabascas, many miles North,—another Princess, equally beautiful, but who possessed the most wonderful amulet known, in the shape of thirteen white Elk teeth. Now, white Elk were not common, and few if any have ever seen a white Elk. However, this necklet was obtained in rather a peculiar manner, as follows: On the thirteenth day of the moon, and the thirteenth year of the age of the most beautiful Princess of the Athabascas, she was commanded to go to a high plateau, at the full of the moon, and there await the approach of a young white Elk. If, on the appearance of this sacred animal, she, the Princess should show fortitude, and otherwise deserve the favour which the Gods would bestow on her if worthy, the Elk would shed one of his molar teeth, which must be taken by the Princess, and would form a golden string after being fashioned by the best jeweller of the nation. This gave to the reigning Princess great power, and kept her lovely until the appearance of a white Elk, with but one molar tooth; then the Princess would die, and the same ceremony would be enacted when the next Princess in succession should attain to the age of thirteen years. Now, this had continued until thirteen Princesses had seen the white Elk, and the amulet had become an intrinsic jewel of thirteen beautiful teeth. Its fame soon became known throughout the land, and its possessor was looked upon as a goddess divinely blessed by the gods.

Now, women in this age were much the same as their sisters of today, and the Princess Yakimas was no exception, —she envied the fame of her fair Northern rival, and coveted the rare amulet, that she had been denied. So, she made it a condition, that he who should win her as his bride, must bring her six teeth from the amulet of Princess Ma-me-ka-mas. One young warrior, Na-Na-mequa,—a Prince of the Snakes,—grown bold to possess Princess Yakimas, undertook to fulfill the condition, and win the prize. He journeyed forth to the land of the Athabascas, and craved the hospitality of the nation. The Princess of that people,—Ma-me-ka-mas, by name,—meaning "Earth's Fairest Flower,"—fell deeply in love with the handsome Prince, and his charming manners. He wooed her in most ardent lover fashion,—until he dazzled her fair young head, and completely won her heart.

"As a token of our betrothal, and a proof of your love, give me, 'Earth's Fairest Flower,' six teeth from your treasured amulet,—then shall I be most happy."

A trifle dismayed, Ma-me-ka-mas started back: "What further proof of my love should you need, than that I

give myself wholly to you, the Prince of another people?"

Then, seeing a look of annoyance cross his face, she added more gently,—"But what jewel have I in my possession greater than your love? So, on our wedding day, you shall have six of the Elk teeth, from my sacred amulet,—and you shall part the golden links that bind them."

The Prince's heart was sore, but thinking only of the beautiful Princess Yakimas and his vow to bring her the jewels, he accepted the decree, and became the husband of Princess Ma-me-ka-mas. When the wedding festivities were ended, the Princess bade the Prince sever the amulet in two. He did so, when horrors! The white Elk appeared, and the fair Princess fell dead.

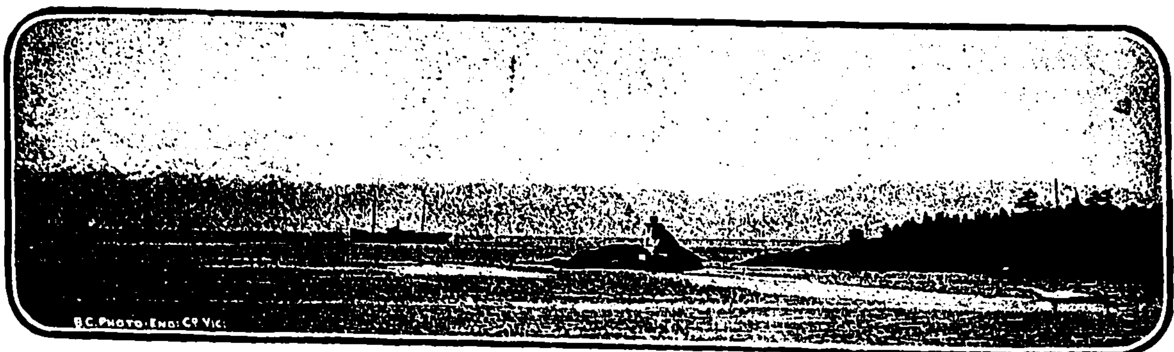
Panic-stricken, the Prince rushed from the scene, and hastened back to Princess Yakimas with the six fatal teeth from the broken amulet, but he told her nothing of the tragedy connected with his obtaining the precious and coveted teeth. Greatly pleased with her suitor's daring, the Princess Yakimas agreed to become the bride of Prince Na-na-me-qua, without delay.

Elaborate preparations were made for the wedding, and a great feast was spread. The old King was delighted to give his beautiful daughter a banquet, rivalling in splendor anything hitherto seen among his people, and so the Prince and Princess were married with great ceremony. While the festivities were at their height, Prince Na-na-me-qua placed around the ivory-like neck of his lovely Princess, the part of the famous and fatal amulet. Happening just then to look out at the rising moon, on the low hills, the Prince uttered a death cry, and fell to the floor. The Princess looking, beheld in horror, a beautiful white Elk, outlined by the moonlight, and clutching the amulet, with a shriek, she sank to death beside her husband.

The Prince and Princess were buried side by side, on the banks of the Columbia River. Many there were who asserted that for years after at the full of the moon, a white Elk would appear plainly pictured against the silver-crowned purple hills, fading softly away as mysteriously as it had appeared.

During the first decade of this, the twentieth century, a well known scientist was guided one day to this particular spot on the Columbia's banks where the Prince and Princess had slept their dreamless sleep for ages, and searching the royal tomb, he found the broken amulet, with the dead hand still clutching it. He claims that a vision appeared, commanded him to remove the amulet and carrying it to the great waters, dispose of it. He obeyed the command by carrying it across the water where he disposed of it to a curiosity dealer.

These wonderful teeth of the white Elk—links between a long past legendary age, and the present prosaic one,—now repose with other antiquities, in the showcase of an Old Curiosity Shop, in Vancouver. Few of the relic hunters who gaze carelessly on the innocent looking molars, dream of the part they played in the legendary tragedy of a Prince and two Princesses, when three lives was the price paid for part of the Fatal Necklace, of white Elk teeth.



Her Last Cigarette

By Isabel B. Macdonald

"I suppose they think they understand me!" and Dee threw down her needle-work with a vicious little slam on the table: her thimble fell on the floor and rolled into a corner but she did not stop to pick it up.

"I just feel so wicked—to think of being cooped up in here and this the only day of real sunshine we may have all year—one may expect anything in this gloomy, murky, muddy land. No wonder people think so much of Paradise here—it's something to look forward to."

Dorothy Riddle was a little rebellious Canadian girl who had been transplanted to the cold grey soil of Scotland and there left to the discipline and finishing education of two maiden aunts who, upon observing her distaste for plain sewing had promptly set her to do "white seams."

Dee had discovered that she was woefully lacking in those accomplishments which her Scotch aunties approved of.

"Couldn't turn the heel of a stocking?" Aunt Margaret had held up her hands in amazement. "And you sixteen past—such crass ignorance—any collier's wee lassie in the school can do it."

"But who would I knit them for?" Dee asked, by way of wriggling free from an accusation which hurt her pride more than she would admit.

Dee had only been six weeks with her aunties but she felt as if they really intended to put her back in her infancy and set her to learn her A B C's over again.

From the day that Aunt Janet had come to meet her at Holytown junction there had been something wrong. Aunt Janet had said nothing till they were approaching home and had turned the corner of the street leading up to their cottage, then she gave an extra hitch to her skirt which she was holding up above her ankles, though the hot pavements reflected the warm June sunshine. "Where is your umbrella, Dee?" she asked in a subdued undertone as she noticed Mrs. Paterson looking out of the window.

"Oh, one of the ribs got broken and I thought it was not worth bringing all the way across the Atlantic. I never use one anyway," she promptly added. "Let me carry your waterproof for you, Aunt—what made you take it on such a lovely morning?"

"Why, lassie, I couldn't go all that way without a cloak, and me with my new jacket on. I thought there would be a shower before now, but it'll turn to rain in the afternoon. And you don't mean to tell me you have nae got an umbrella, Dee? Gracious me, child, ye'll no need to let on to your Aunt Margaret. We'll be going to Glasgow on Saturday and maybe you can get one on the sly. Everybody carries an umbrella here—it's more respectable-like."

At mention of this august word Dee felt a chill run down her spine: she never had her respectability doubted before and the idea was not pleasant. Would it all be gone when her aunt discovered that her waterproof being old-fashioned had shared the fate of her umbrella and that she was destitute of both?

That was the commencement of Dee's discipline and this morning as she sat at the parlour window with her sewing in hand she felt particularly rebellious. A yellow butterfly fluttered past and lit on a sprig of golden-rod that grew in a corner of the front plot—it reminded her of that sunlit land across the sea:

that would always be home to her. She envied the butterfly its life and freedom Then with a passionate impulse she had thrown aside her work and left the room.

Was there anything she could do to give vent to her pent-up feelings? She thought for a moment—Aunt Janet was upstairs in the front bedroom and Aunt Margaret was out doing the morning's shopping. At last an idea occurred to her and though it savoured a bit of revenge it took all the more hold of her youthful mind.

Presently she softly ascended the stairs, entered the lodger's room on tiptoe, which she had never dared do before, opened his cigarette case, lying on the dressing table, and taking out one quietly but swiftly left the room. Shutting the door gently so as not to attract Aunt Janet's attention she slipped noiselessly down-stairs again, got a matchbox from off the mantelpiece and carried a kitchen chair out with her to the back garden. She sat down, tilted her chair back on two legs till she could rest her feet on the window sill, then placing the cigarette between her lips she struck a match in truly mannish fashion. Through the wreaths of pearl grey smoke she measured her dainty ankles with satisfaction, glancing up now and then apprehensive that the nicotine fragrance might reach Aunt Janet's olfactory nerves.

Dee's perilous position added to the zest of it all; she laughed at her own dare-devil pluck and a merry, mischievous light danced in her eyes. The sunshine was intoxicating and she felt deliciously wicked, sitting thus at her aunt's back door while sober respectability dwelt at the front. She knew too that she was a pretty girl now the frowns were banished and half wished the grocer's fair-haired boy or the young man who came with the gas bills would appear on the scene.

Suddenly the gate creaked and she heard a muffled footstep on the gravel pathway.

"It isn't Aunt Margaret coming home yet and they are going round to the front door, so it's all right," she soliloquized. She took one more puff, sat farther back in her chair, poised the cigarette gracefully between two fingers and watched the smoke curl upwards as it issued forth in dainty pearl wreaths from between her pretty red lips.

Suddenly she became aware of a silent presence watching her, her heart gave a thump and with a guilty conscience she glanced over her left shoulder expecting to meet with a sharp remonstrance from Aunt Margaret.

She looked once, twice, feeling like a paralyzed rabbit the while. Whose were those grave eyes of condemnation that gazed down upon her with such a look of shocked respectability? It was only a tramp—a genuine Weary Willy, tattered and torn and beggarly, with his feet protruding from remnants of what were once a pair of shoes. His hands hung limp at either side, his mouth was agape and his whole attitude signified a thunderstruck consciousness of some unseemly sight. But from beneath the shaggy eye-brows there gleamed forth an awkward spirit of Presbyterian austerity, that seemed to fall with crushing condemnation on the frivolous girl before him. Such a look as John Knox have cast on poor trembling Mary when he denounced her follies.

Slowly the man closed his mouth with an oath, pulled his rheumatic frame together and shuffled off as if he refused even to beg a copper from her.

At last collecting her thoughts Dee gathered herself up, sprang down from her perch and fled.

"He looked like the spirit of a covenanter come back to earth," she said, taking a long breath as she got safely indoors, "Anyhow, I won't try that again—if it had only been Aunt Margaret or the Rev. Mr. McNeil—but to have that horrid thing look down upon me like that—ugh!"

The Child of the Mist

By Allan K. Stuart

ONE evening as I sat lounging in an easy chair, with my pipe in my mouth, at the "Angler's Club," Vancouver, B.C., I became aware of the arrival in the room of a tall, sad looking but still handsome man of apparently about forty years of age. His face seemed familiar to me, but I could not place him. Other members were squatting around, some playing a game of crib or taking a hand at whist, others glancing at the latest copies of the magazines and discussing the accounts of the "best baskets" made since the trout-fishing season opened.

"Who is that, Fred?" I asked, quietly, looking towards a curly-headed young Irish-American named Rolloe, who was sitting near me, cleaning his pipe with a bit of string. He was the Secretary of the Club which boasted about ninety members.

"That's the new honorary member, John Riverside-Downes," he answered. "Very decent chap, they say. Made several trips round the world. Don't you remember we ballotted on him at last meeting. He's quite a sport, I'm told, and has lots of dough, it seems."

Downes, who had evidently met Rolloe before, gave him a nod of recognition, shook hands with another chap named Bunting, who was mounting some hooks on a new kind of devil minnow, had a chat with some other members to whom, apparently, he had been introduced before, and then picking up the latest copy of the "Angler," became absorbed in its contents.

Merely noticing that he was a strikingly good-looking man and dressed in the best of taste, I dropped back again into my cosy chair, and, refilling my pipe, thought and thought where had I seen that face before. Just as I had given up racking my brains for a recollection which would not come back to me, I happened to look up and saw Downes looking at me.

"Hullo, Harrison," he said, jumping up from his seat with evident pleasure; "by Jove! I am glad to meet you here. Why! it must be about fifteen years since we worked on the 'Blue Ridge Paystreak' together. Well! You don't seem to have changed much."

"Not much," I said, "only grown older and got married," shaking hands with him cordially. "It's like old times to see you again. Your name and face seemed familiar to me when you came in, but for the life of me I could not place you, as you seem to have changed a great deal."

A look of pre-occupation and pain shot over his features, but he said nothing. After settling down again in our chairs Downes sent for the drinks and cigars, and we had a long chat over old times.

Downes walked part of the way home with me and I found out he had just completed his third trip round the world and was on his way to England, after which he intended to make an extended tour of the Siberian Provinces of Russia or some other outlandish part of the world.

Shortly after my wife and I received an invitation from Downes for a two-weeks' outing with him up the Tamlatn River, famous as a trout-stream, about eighty miles up the coast. The day came round and on arriving at the wharf where the launch was to leave we found Downes very busy with Teddy Rolloe, whom he had invited, getting provisions of all kinds on board.

We had a fine trip, the "Esmeralda" doing her twelve knots an hour with comparative ease. At the mouth of Tamlatn River we found awaiting us several Siwashes with pack ponies, there being

a four-mile trip ahead of us to the camping ground. On arrival all hands at once set to work to put up the tents on a shady, dry knoll overlooking the river, near a point where it widened considerably forming a very large pool with a strong back eddy, above which was a regular cascade formed by the waters rushing through a short but narrow canyon. I had noticed that Downes, on alighting from his horse seemed very pale and high-strung but thinking he must be tired as he had kept busy all the time I paid little attention to the fact.

The intincts of a trout-fisherman had been born in me and I was up bright and early next morning and taking my rod and a strong cast I made for the big pool. Early as I was Downes was ahead of me, but instead of fishing was simply gazing at the pool.

"Good-morning Harrison," he called out, "I hope you slept well. They're not rising to fly this morning. See that mist on the water? Not while the mist is on the water will the trout rise. We'd better go back to camp, I think."

As he said this he cast furtive glances at the mist which seemed to hang only over the spot where the back eddy joined the rush of water as it poured out of the canyon. A large white boulder jutted into the pool close to this point on which it was possible to stand to make a long cast.

"Not just yet, my boy," I said, "let me have a few casts with a pearl spoon. I can soon tell if they are on the feed." I had jumped on the white rock and was just about to cast my spoon in the back eddy when Downes stopped me with an excited cry:

"My God, Harrison, to please me don't cast there until the mist goes. In fact, fish any part of the river but this. Look where you are standing man! Don't you see!"

I had never seen Downes so excited before and not realizing what he could refer to, I looked down and certainly there was a strange reddish-brown rusty-looking stain on the rock just under my feet. An unaccountable shiver ran through me—I knew not why, as I noticed that the stain was in the exact shape of a man's hand.

"Tell me, Downes," I asked, "is that anything to be afraid of? What is it?"

"Blood!" he simply answered, looking steadily at the column of mist as the first glints of the sun's rays seemed to play and dance through it.

"Good Lord!" I ejaculated, "what a curious thing! Tell me about it?"

"Not now," he replied, his eyes still riveted on the mist; "perhaps I will another time." The mist had turned suddenly red just as old Sol rose over the brow of distant snow-peaked mountains, and then, in a second it had vanished.

I said nothing more, but went further down the river to try my luck whilst Downes walked back to camp. In half an hour I succeeded in landing a fine rainbow trout and took it in for the morning meal.

Several pleasant days, with good sport, went by. Rolloe, who was an enthusiast, caught many a fine basket. I amused myself botanizing and fishing alternately, whilst we sat round our camp fire in the evenings and had many a chat. I had noticed Downes several times standing at the white boulder gazing intently into the pool but never fishing there. As for Rolloe, Downes had evidently asked him not to fish the big pool as I never saw him there.

However, as the last evening in which we were to be in camp came round and as we all sat round watching the glowing embers of the log fire outside the dining-tent, curiosity got the better of me and turning to Downes I begged him to give us something of the history of the place, how he came to know about it, and above all, explain the mystery which seemed to shroud the white boulder pool.

I saw the same look of sadness I had often noticed flit across his countenance, and a decided disinclination on his part to talk on the subject, but on being pressed by Rolloe and my wife, both of whom were consumed by the same amount of curiosity as myself, after a few minutes he filled up his pipe and launched into the following story, which I tell as nearly as possible in his own words:

* * * * *

"You will recollect, Harrison," he began, looking at me, "that I left the office

of the 'Blue Ridge Paystreak' in the spring of 1885, being sick of indoor work, and as I had, through sub-editing the 'Mining News,' made the acquaintance of several mining men and prospectors, who told me so many interesting and exciting yarns of the pleasures and hardships of prospecting with the chances of striking it, I determined to quit my job and go in for the life myself. I had met a kindred spirit in the shape of an Irishman named Michael O'Halligan, with some money and a considerable knowledge of mining and minerals. It was not long before our arrangements were made. O'Halligan had a most remarkable personality, bright red hair and brown eyes of the softness of a fawn's, which, however, flashed like a tiger's when he became heated or excited on any absorbing topic or when giving way to an in-born tendency for strong drink. We were about the same age, approaching thirty, our tastes both social and intellectual were very much in common and it was not long before we became fast friends. In the early part of June we made for the Canadian Gold Range and engaged a reliable man as guide. Determined to combine sport with prospecting we ranged through an extensive area looking for "float" as we fished the streams, shooting an occasional bear or goat and in fact spending an enjoyable summer. By the time the fall came round we gathered together our trophies of the chase, staked several promising looking prospects, recorded them at the office of the district, and took ourselves down to Victoria for the winter.

"One morning not long after settling down I received a letter which had evidently been a long time reaching me, and which originally had been sent to the 'Blue Ridge Paystreak' office advising me that my poor old father had suddenly died in Duluth and asking me to come home as soon as possible, as, being the only son, I was needed to straighten out the affairs. I accordingly took myself off home and found that my father had been a much more wealthy man than had been supposed and that I now had an ample competence for life. My dear old mother begged me to stay at home during the remainder of her life, which she felt would not be long, so I at once acquiesced and wrote the particulars to O'Halligan, telling him of my fortune, transferring to him all my interest in our mineral claims and hoping, when he had turned them over for a good round sum that he would pay me a visit.

"To this I got an answer from O'Halligan, advising me he already had a deal on with Victoria parties which he hoped to pull off in time, and stating that he might have to go to 'Frisco and that I would hear from him from there. Months, however, went by and I heard nothing, and I began to wonder what might have happened to my chum when at last in the early spring of 1886 I received a letter from O'Halligan, stamped 'Whale Harbor, B.C.,' stating that through mere chance he had discovered the whereabouts of his only uncle, Timothy O'Halligan, and that he was on his way to pay him a visit at his place on the Tamlatn River, where the trout fishing was excellent, and begging me to come there to spend the summer with him. In this letter he went on to say that his uncle was a good old sort, but that in years gone by he had been ostracised by the rest of the family for having married a half-breed girl, and that he had one daughter who was of exceptional beauty, shewing very little of the Indian blood, and that she was the 'apple of her father's eye.'

"The longing for a roaming life, accentuated by my having been cooped up in Duluth for the winter, came over me so strongly that I told the mater I wished to go for a trip to the Coast for the summer, and after a brief but reluctant good-bye on her part, I was off.

"O'Halligan was in high spirits, telling me on my arrival how he hoped to make $10,000 on the deal for the mineral claims, how he intended to give the 'old man' some of the money and then gave me a minute description of his cousin who kept house for the old man.

" 'Nepola is only seventeen,' he said, 'but she is the loveliest girl I have ever seen. I have fallen desperately in love with her, old chap, although I have only been here three weeks, and in spite of

the fact that her mother was a half-breed.'

" 'Well Micky,' I remarked, noting his enthusiasm, 'I wish you luck, I'm sure, and I hope she returns your love.'

"As we came in through the gate the old man shook me warmly by the hand, looking me over from head to foot, telling me at the same time that he was glad to welcome to 'Tamlatn Lodge' the friend of his nephew. As we stood for a moment in the verandah watching the last rays of the setting sun over the 'Nepola Mountain,' a sweet voice from the door called us in to tea. It was then that I first saw Nepola. Her mother, when she died soon after her birth, had called her by the pet name of 'Nepola,' which in her dialect meant 'Child of the Mist,' and the old man had kept to it ever since. At the advice of the Catholic priest who visited Tamlatn occasionally, the child was sent to a convent and it was only within the last year that she had come back to look after her father in his solitary old age.

"It would take too long for me to describe those happy days and weeks when with Nepola and her cousin we went fishing or picnicing up or down the river, the old man often coming with us and telling us much of his early days in the secluded valley. The first real hint I had that my heart had completely gone out to this 'Child of the Mist' was when I found I was secretly glad one morning when Michael announced that he had to go away to Victoria for a week or so to close up his mining deal. Then I *knew* that my fate was sealed, although I intended to keep it to myself for Michael's sake.

"I will not refer to Michael's leave-taking of Nepola, except that I noticed he was greatly unnerved bidding her good-bye in tender words whilst she told him in a cousinly way it was only for a week.

" 'By Jove! old man,' he said to me as he skipped over the gang-plank, 'I am glad it's only for a week or so. I shall be miserable the whole time. I can trust you to see that no harm comes to her, old fellow. I haven't told her yet how much I love her. If I thought'——

"But the steamer was already backing away from the wharf and I did not catch his last words for the whistle blew loud and shrill.

" 'So long,' I yelled, and with a wave of my arm I saw my friend depart.

"To tell you the truth I was sorry for him, for I felt his heart must be eating itself out at having to go away, and still I felt glad I had, as it were, the field to myself which, perhaps, was only natural. At first Nepola appeared to be shy with me alone, but as the old man came along and watched me as I showed her how to cast on the deep eddying pools and landed the trout she hooked, or as I read some poetic effusion from books I had brought with me whilst she embroidered something for her father, the constraint gave way to freedom of manner and before the week was out we were on the most friendly terms.

"The week went by but Michael had not returned. Another week passed and still he had not come. Nepola seemed surprised, but not anxious. Soon I noticed, however, that she seemed very demure and thoughtful, acted as if she wished to avoid me, which I put down mainly to maidenly reserve, so I used to bury myself in the old man's newspapers and periodicals, and pretended I did not care. My God! though, how I did care! At first I was afraid she was moping for her cousin, but when I came upon her suddenly in some shady nook, working with her needle, or in the kitchen busy with her little household affairs, and saw the bright red flush which came to her soft cheeks the truth was no longer hid from me, and I felt that, come what may, I must tell her of my love. So I told her as we sat one evening in July at the edge of the white boulder watching the rippling eddies and the trout as they 'rose to fly' at the further end of the pool.

" 'And you must know, Nepola,' I added, 'I feel sorry for your cousin, as, before I even got here he told me of his love for you. If you and he had been betrothed I would have gone away and eaten my heart out to myself, but since he has never told you and has gone for nearly a month instead of a week I felt

I could not hold back the promptings of my heart any longer.'

"Resting her head on my shoulder and looking at me with her fathomless brown eyes, she replied: 'I love you, Jack, more than anyone else in this world. I should never have loved him except as a cousin, so it is as well he did not ask me.'

"I pass over all the happy days until one when the old man got a letter from his nephew stating that he had found it necessary to go to 'Frisco to close the deal, but that he expected to reach Tamlatn shortly. He also asked after Nepola and myself.

"To this the old man wrote a jocular reply to the address given in Victoria telling him we would welcome him back when he came, and, in referring to our engagement, asking him to spend part of the proceeds of the deal in securing, on his behalf a suitable present for the appointed day, which had been fixed for the 21st of August, so that I might take my fiancee and her father to visit my old mother before the winter set in. But time passed and no reply came to the old man's letter. As I said before, the 21st of August had been fixed for the quiet little wedding, when the Catholic priest intended to be at Tamlatn and would unite us. I had already sent away for all that was needful for the occasion and Nepola and I and the old man were very happy. The evening of the 20th of August was still and quiet. Father Gurkin had come to stay with us over night, and Chief George, who had known Nepola's mother, was to come up in the morning as a witness to the joining of hands. The setting sun had given place to a beautiful moon and Nepola and I took a last stroll in the evening to the spot we loved so well by the deep pool with its eddying waters, and talked of the happy days to come, as we sat on the white boulder and saw its reflection in the moon-lit waters."

At this point an overwhelming pathos seemed to have taken hold of Downes, the sweat stood in drops on his brow as he strode back and forth, lost as it were, in a vivid dream. Presently, as we sat still and listened, he went on:

"The stillness of the night was sublime, when suddenly, as if from the dug years back in his efforts to find a vein of decomposed quartz, a dark figure of a man dirty and besotted, with bloodshot eyes, leaped towards us with an upraised dagger in his hand, and dragging Nepola's head from where it lay nestling on my arm, with a quick thrust he stabbed me deep in my left shoulder. In that second as I fell with the force of the blow into the pool, I recognized in that dishevelled, distorted and besotted figure my erstwhile friend, Michael O'Halligan. He had the appearance of a man mad through jealousy and drink and his fawn-like eyes glared with the blood-thirstiness of a demon of hell. All I remember for a few seconds was a shriek of despair from Nepola and a feeling of dizziness and pain as I sank in the eddying waters. As I rose to the surface again I heard O'Halligan's laughter, the fiendish laughter of a mind diseased, as with a quick grasp he had clutched my poor Nepola by the waist. How well I can see her as she stood erect and brave, ready to resist him to the death! Then I sank again, and as I rose I found myself being dragged to the margin of the pool by the iron grip of the madman.

"'So ho!' he laughed, 'I will show you some fun before I send you where I want you.' Then, pushing my brave girl aside as she vainly tried to tear him away from me, and call for help, he tied me with a rope he had brought to a standing tree at a point where I could view the whole pool. Poor Nepola, evidently thinking her cry for help would be heard at the Lodge, knelt by my side, kissing me in an ectasy of pain and trying to staunch my wound, exclaiming, all the time, 'My poor Jack, oh! how I love you.' The blood poured from my wound all over O'Halligan's left hand as he roped me, but he never stopped, and then, like a stroke of lightning he grasped Nepola by the arm, half dragging, half lifting her to the white boulder. As he did so he slipped but saved himself by his left hand on the rock, leaving a blood-stain which to this day has never gone.

"Then a most awful thing happened, sending a sickening thrill through me, powerless as I was and gasping for

breath. Seizing her by the arm, the madman, for he was nothing else, dragged her to the top of the white boulder. Here he drew up a long rod attached to which was a powerful line and reel used only for the heaviest spring salmon trolling and which he had evidently brought on purpose and deliberately fastened a spoon-bait into her clothes near the neck, and cast her with the strength of a demon into the swift current of the river. Nepola never uttered one scream, not even as she sank below the swift waters. A fierce fascination seized me and although I knew that she whom I loved most in all the world was sinking before me to a certain and terrible death, I could not keep my strained eyes off the scene. Presently the line became taut and then I saw him play out the line and handle the rod with a master-hand, sometimes bringing her with gentler handling back into the eddy only to draw her back again into the cold benumbing waters of the swifter current.

"'Where's my landing net?' he yelled. 'I've caught the finest she-fish in all creation! My God! man alive, hurry up with the net!'

"Only once, as the moon shone clear on the pool did I get a parting glimpse of my beloved Nepola as she rose to the surface still and white as death with the expression of an angel on her features. But just at that moment a strange thing occurred. Thinking, as he afterwards told me, that we were staying out too late by the river, and imagining that he had heard a scream, the old man, accompanied by Father Gurkin, had come down to the pool, and this was the awful sight that met their eyes! With the roar of a lion her father leaped towards his nephew but the madman was too quick. With one cut of his knife he severed the line, the body of my Nepola sank into the eddying waters and with the jump of a feline he had plunged into the swift current. In the meantime the priest had found me just as I fainted away and all things became oblivion.

"There is not much more I can tell you. The priest told me afterwards that they watched but they never saw O'Halligan rise but once, but the farther end of the pool was too far off for them to see clearly. He had found footmarks in the sand leading out of the water, but he could not be sure whether O'Halligan had escaped or had been drowned. Nepola's body was never recovered.

"For weeks I was in delirium and fever, but eventually my strong constitution, combined with careful nursing, conquered, and at last I was able to get about only to learn that the old man had died suddenly, one evening when I was in the height of my delirium, and they had buried him in a quiet spot in the corner of his orchard.

"Years sped by and the place went to rack and ruins. The Indians would not go near it for they declared that Nepola, 'The Child of the Mist,' was not dead but had been changed by the Great Spirit into a rainbow trout of surpassing beauty and they looked upon the pool as sacred. And ever and anon, when that column of soft blue mist rises on the eddying waters they had declared that she was sleeping and must not be waked. No attempt was made to remove the blood-stains from the white boulder and there it is to this day," Downes concluded.

* * * * *

I will dwell no longer on this than I can help, but I must finish the story. Downes, a few days after our return, to Vancouver, came to bid us good-bye and later I got a letter from him from Montreal *en route* to England, saying that he had determined never, if possible, to set foot in British Columbia again and enclosing his deed of Tamlatn Lodge with an accompanying deed of conveyance to me, and asking me to accept it as a gift for the "sake of auld lang syne," also requesting me, as a favour, to blow up the white boulder the first time I was there before fishing in the pool. I simply recorded the deed and put it away as the fishing season was about over, but Downes gave no address so I could not write to thank him.

The following spring, as the place held no horrors for me personally, I went there and took Teddy Rolloe with me. The first thing we did was to stroll

down to the white boulder, taking down with us a single-handed hammer and some drills, dynamite and fuse in order to carry out my friend Downes' wishes. Curiosity led me to look at the blood-red stain on the rock minutely before we started operations and I was struck at once by its being almost obliterated and by a fine but scarcely perceptible line in the form of a square which surrounded the spot where the red-brown stain had been. I felt sure it was not there on my former visit and we examined it closely. Then I saw that the stone of the square had been let in by a master-hand, the joints, where broken, having been filled in by a carefully prepared composition which resembled the rock both in texture and color. It took us a long time to get that square piece of stone out but at last we managed it and what was our surprise when we discovered under the stone a package, and fastened on top, so as to be conspicuous, a letter addressed in a shaky hand:

"To John Riverside Downes, Esq."

I at once opened the letter and it read as follows:—

"Dear Jack,—God knows I was mad when I did that deed and I am sick and dying and cannot sleep. I was mad through jealousy and drink and may you and God forgive me. I escaped that night and hid in the woods and later found out that my uncle had died and you had gone away. But I heard lately that you had been here since with friends so I decided to come back once more. All the money from the mining deal you will find in the parcel accompanying this. I have done it up in old papers I found at the lodge. I leave it here knowing that if you ever come back again it will be to this spot. I cannot touch the money now, nor shall I need it as I shall soon die. I am filled with remorse, my heart is heavy within me.

"MICHAEL O'HALLIGAN."

When we opened the parcel we found it consisted of numerous old copies of faded newspapers, interleaved in every sheet of which were $100 bills totalling to the amount of $10,800.

True to my friend Downes' wishes we set to work, and utilizing the cavity made in the white boulder, we put in a charge of dynamite which tore it apart in a thousand pieces and caused such a scatteration of surrounding rocks as materially to change the course of the back eddy.

William Morris and His Work

By E. Stanley Mitton

"That country is the richest which nourishes the greatest number of noble and happy human beings."
—William Morris.

IN one of the first plays I remember to have seen, an elderly rustic, sitting down suddenly upon a luxuriously upholstered chair in the drawing room of his rich city cousin, jumps up, remarking, "Land sake's, I must have sat on the cat."

In the mid-Victorian period, no one ever thought they had sat on the cat.

At that time, most houses were furnished with stiff-backed abortions, whose thin padding was covered with horsehair. If the upholstering was a little worn, to sit on one of these chairs was as restful and pleasant as sitting on a bed of nettles. Every dining-room was decorated with a picture of shiny fishes on a plate, and unhappy was the home that did not possess a bouquet of embalmed flowers, beneath a glass cover in the parlor.

Few of us realize that the change from ugliness to beauty, from decorative deformity to grace and elegance, is largely due to the influence and work of one man. We are all familiar with the Morris chair, but do we know the man this useful piece of furniture is called after? No other worker of the past century has had such an important influence upon our domestic surroundings; no other has had so much to do with moulding our material environment, and, as we know, environment determines in great measure whether our lives shall sail bravely and safely over the broad back of the open sea, or drift idly and aimlessly upon its shoals and shallows.

At Elm House, Walthamstow, England, on the 24th of March, 1834, William Morris first saw the light of day. No cannons roared, nor did the penny papers devote columns to the event, as when the stork visits the houses of the nobility. Yet here was a lusty infant whose genius was to have as encouraging an effect upon the arts of peace as that of Pericles in former times; who was to wage war upon the shoddy and the cheap, with the same zeal that his countryman, Wellington, had exhibited on the field of Waterloo, and who remained to the last moment of his life the friend of the workingman, condemned to toil day after day beneath the bitter yoke of mechanical servitude.

As a child, William Morris was delicate. He learnt to read very early, and was familiar with most of the Waverly novels when four years old. It is easy to believe that Scott's romances did much to inculcate that love of chivalry, and mediaeval life and pageantry, which impregnated his later work in every field of his varied activities.

When he was six, the Morris family moved to Woodford, where outdoor life brought health and strength to the studious child. William rode about Epping Forest, and became a close observer of animal nature. About this time someone placed a volume of the Arabian Nights in the boy's hand.

This period of Morris' life is reminiscent of the boyhood of another, and very different genius—no less a person

than Alexander Dumas, the elder. Dumas was raised by a tender mother, in the care of nature, in the middle of the ducal forests of Villers-Cotterets. In the wide paths of great woods, he heard related feats of arms relieved by the most strange beliefs—stories of the battle-field and the camp-fire told by the foresters, veterans of the grand army. He, too, relates that after the tales of the foresters, he loved best the Thousand-And-One-Nights. What stimulus for the imagination; what love for gorgeous oriental colouring, adventure, passion, are not these old tales of travelling story-tellers responsible for?

About the year 1841, anyone wandering near Woodford Hall, on the borders of Epping Forest, and within sight of the clear Thames, with its "white and ruddy-brown sails moving among cornfields," might have been surprised by the vision of a curly-haired young knight in glittering armour, riding through the strange glades of horn-beam on one of Titania's palfreys, a pony such as in fairyland might have been tethered to a poppy or stabled in a tree. The prosaic explanation of this is that the future poet had been given a toy suit of armour, and was making such use of it as an imaginative youth should.

As a child William Morris was allowed to roast the rabbits and fieldfares which he shot for his own supper. It was an affair of the imagination, even in those early days; for we are told that his great ambition was to shoot his game with bows and arrows

In January, 1853, Morris went to Oxford. It was the intention of his family that he should eventually enter the church. He found out for himself, however, later on in life, a better way to serve the world. Oxford, at that time, was in a state of spiritual and mental mendicancy. The cobwebs of superstition and tradition were over all, and undue reverence for the past had produced a state of intellectual dry-rot. It was a veritable cemetery of learning.

Indirectly Morris derived great benefit from his college training. He made a friend. Edward Burne Jones, a young man of Welsh descent, destined to write his name large across the history of England's art, had come thither for a purpose similar to his own—that of taking holy orders. Their resemblance in character and taste attracted them to each other, and they remained comrades and associates to the end of life. Together they read theology, ecclesiastical history, mediaeval poetry, and among moderns, Tennyson and Ruskin; together they studied art, and made tours among churches and continental cathedrals. The glorious impressions these scenes left upon him is indubitable. It must be remembered that they meant—at the very least—great pillars and dark aisles and stained glass, and dim rich streaming light over cold mysterious tombs. It must be remembered that they meant curious inscriptions, and strange recumbent figures in eternal armour, with frozen swords and stark upturned feet.

Ever since his schooldays, Morris had been interested in architecture; a taste developed in the school library, and fostered by his college studies, and the excursions among the beautiful cathedrals of Europe. He had long abandoned whatever intention he may have had of going into the Church, and, in 1856, entered as a pupil at the office of George Edmund Street, a well known architect.

Morris was not a man of one idea. He did not believe in putting all his eggs in one basket. To an intense interest in and love of art, he added a strong affection for literature. He realized that all life is expression and knew that to read a little and write a little every day is to facilitate expression, to lighten the burdens of life, and to intensify its joys. Almost from infancy he had written poetry—poetry of a quaintness and freshness of style that has hardly been excelled since Chaucer. Like most young writers, he craved a larger circle of readers than was afforded by the limited number of his friends, and on the first day of the year 1857, the first number of the Oxford and Cambridge magazine appeared. The chief immediate result was the foundation of the friendship between Rossetti and Morris, which sprang up from a successful attempt to secure the former as a contributor.

Rossetti was at this time about twenty-eight years old. A most eccentric genius—generous, unthrifty, warm-hearted, unaffected—a very beau-ideal of a poet, with a handsome expressive physiognomy, more Italian than English, due to his foreign parentage. He was in love with a very beautiful girl, a dressmaker's assistant, named Elizabeth Eleanor Siddal, little dreaming, poor fellow, of her sudden death which took place shortly after marriage with him, and that in the first impulse of desperation he would bury his manuscripts in her coffin.

Rossetti persuaded Morris that he was better suited for a painter, than an architect, and encouraged him to devote himself exclusively to that art.

In the summer the two friends visited Oxford, and finding the new Union debating hall in process of construction, offered to paint the bays. Seven artists volunteered help, and the work was begun.

The painting was done too soon and too fast; the colors began to fade almost at once, and are now barely decipherable, but the broken designs, so long as any vestige remains, will be always interesting as a relic of an important aesthetic movement, and is the first attempt on Morris' part towards decorative art.

After his marriage in April, 1859, Morris set about building for himself at Upton a house which was to be the embodiment of all his principles of decorative art. The furniture and decorations—even to the kitchen utensils—were all specially designed. Morris lavished the wealth of his artistic and creative genius upon his labor of love, which suggested a fresh field for his untiring activity.

At this period all England was shackled by the hideous art of the early Victorian period. Not how good but how cheap seemed to be the motto of most furniture builders. That simplicity is the terminal point of all progress, and the highest form of art, had been forgotten in attempts to lavish upon the products of the factory a wealth of unnecessary and unmeaning ornament; of curves and angles that fatigued the eye; of hideous veneer and glue—in short, the products of souls malformed by a consuming lust for gold, and blinded by the mists of ignorance.

When Ruskin was studying the architecture of Venice, he elaborated the truth that the mediaval workers themselves must have been free to indulge their skill for carving and so forth, for such results to have been produced; and thence he drew the conclusion that artistic beauty in the common objects of modern life is impossible, unless these old conditions can be to some extent recalled.

Ruskin knew, what Morris was to prove, that the drudge who controls a machine is in turn controlled by the machine; he becomes its slave, and is no more able to express the nobler impulses of his soul than a bird in a cage is able to express the freedom and joyfulness of nature.

Morris again and again pleads for the workingman's individuality to be allowed to appear. "In mediaeval times," he says, "everything which was made by man's hand was more or less beautiful"; or again, "Intelligent work which produced real art was pleasant to do, was human work, not overburdensome or degrading"; or yet again, "Pleasure is a necessary companion to the making of everything that can be called a work of art." Art, in fact, is nothing more nor less than the expression of a man's joy in his work.

It was Morris who applied in detail Ruskin's great principle that while machinery has its proper place it is inferior in the production of a work of art to the even halting efforts of a man who has put his soul into his work.

A small company was formed consisting of Rossetti, Webb, Burne-Jones, Madox Brown, Faulkner and Marshall, and in January, 1862, they started business with offices at 8 Red Lion Square. The prospectus stated that the firm would undertake church decoration, carving, stained glass, metal work, paper hangings, chintzes and carpets.

That the business prospered is evidence that taste for good art was not wholly extinct in England. Morris and Company exerted a potent influence upon the domestic life of the period—an

influence which, far from dying out, is becoming more potent with the passing years. He blazed the trail that others now follow.

The houses I have seen decorated by William Morris, are remarkable for the sparsity of their furniture. They are not crowded with superfluous ornament, nor useless brac-a-brac. They invite repose, and suggest comfort. Morris believed that people would be happier with fewer things if these few things were better. Almost every home in England, nearly every home in America has been benefited because of his work.

Morris' labours in the field of domestic art were varied with prose and poetical composition. Few modern authors have succeeded in throwing over their work such a glamour of chivalry and romance, few have succeeded in reproducing so faithfully the naivete and freshness of the Middle Ages. To read some of his earlier prose writings, like "The Story of the Unknown Church," is "to see the flash of helmets and spears, and the dim, shadowy waving of banners, as the knights and lords, and men-at-arms passed to and fro along the battlements; and we could see too in the town the three spires of the three churches; and the spire of the cathedral, which was the tallest of the three, was gilt all over with gold, and always at night-time a great lamp shone from it that hung in the spire midway between the roof of the church and the cross at the top of the spire." It is to feel the breath of the wind, as it lifted the leaves, and showed their silvery white sides, and to catch glimpses of great golden corn seas, waving, waving, waving for leagues and leagues, dotted here and there with burning scarlet poppies, and blue cornflowers; cornflowers that were so blue that they seemed to burn with a steady light, as they grew beside the poppies among the gold of the wheat.

Morris was, perhaps, even more successful as a poet than as a prose writer. He gives expression to that emotion which Tennyson called "the passion of the past," in a fashion that is intense to the point of pain.

Morris was more practical than the theologians; not content to look forward to a future state of bliss, he endeavored to make this the earthly Paradise. One world at a time was enough for him. He desired no golden groves, nor quiet seats of the just. The sights, and scents and sounds of the immediate May time were all that he wanted. But these, with the youth that seemed necessary to complete them, were ever passing away. Like that of a mediaeval songster, whose work he may have admired and loved—Francois Villon—"Passing Away" is the burden of his poetry—so much so that one might almost say that it is possessed with the long anguish of the fear of death. "Where are the snows of yester year?" queried the French rhymester, and Morris brought face to face with the fact that he could not make "quick-coming death a little thing, or bring back again the pleasures of past years,' turned to the Middle Ages as a permanent and definite form of style, beyond the reach of change, where he might embody what he loved and raise it above the beatings of that bitter sea.

The only philosophical utterance Morris ever made about the matter was that perhaps time and change were necessary, or there would be no good stories—our finest stories being those that told of the oldest and saddest happenings.

Morris' interest in Socialism, which interrupted his literary and artistic work for several years, was at heart a passionate enthusiasm for an inaccessible artistic ideal. He did not know human nature well enough to understand that the time for the universal brotherhood of man had not come. "The lower classes," wrote, "must demand a higher standard of living for themselves, for the good of the whole world, and for the regeneration of the conscience of man." His connection with the Socialistic party was eventually unfortunate; the time had not come to obliterate the misery, the injustice, the sin, the squalor—the hell in which poor working men and women were forced to live because of false economic and social standards.

Some time after this Morris turned his attention to the printer's art, and assumed a direct interest in typography. Believing, as he did, that workers should be taught to think over their work, and

take pleasure in it, he abhorred the degeneracy of the art that Caxton and Gutenberg had illumined with the vigour of their imagination and the resources of their intellects. He started a private printing press and for the last few years this new interest remained an absorbing one. A series of exquisite books, which gain in value every year, witnesses to the thorough and whole-hearted fashion in which he invariably threw himself into the exigencies of his life work. His last piece of work, the crowning glory of his printing press, was the Kelmscott Chaucer, which had taken nearly two years to print, and fully five to plan and mature. It was finished in June, 1896.

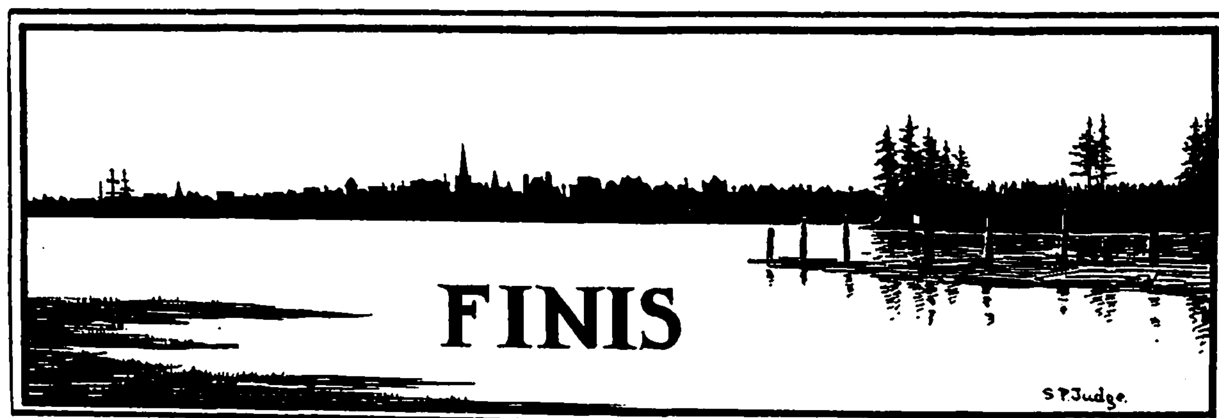
Morris was now advanced in years. Many of his former comrades and associates had passed away. His old friend and adviser, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, had been slumbering in the tomb for more than a dozen years. His work had been crowned with success; all England felt the influence of his rejuvenating thought, and the artistic ideals of a score of years earlier were relegated to oblivion. Upon the long day of this busy life the shadows of evening gradually fell, and early in October he breathed his last. In the churchyard at Kelmscott, the workmen he had inspired, the members of the league which he had supported, the students of the art guild he had founded, and the villagers, stood around the grave, and watched the first handfuls of earth fall upon the coffin of the man they loved.

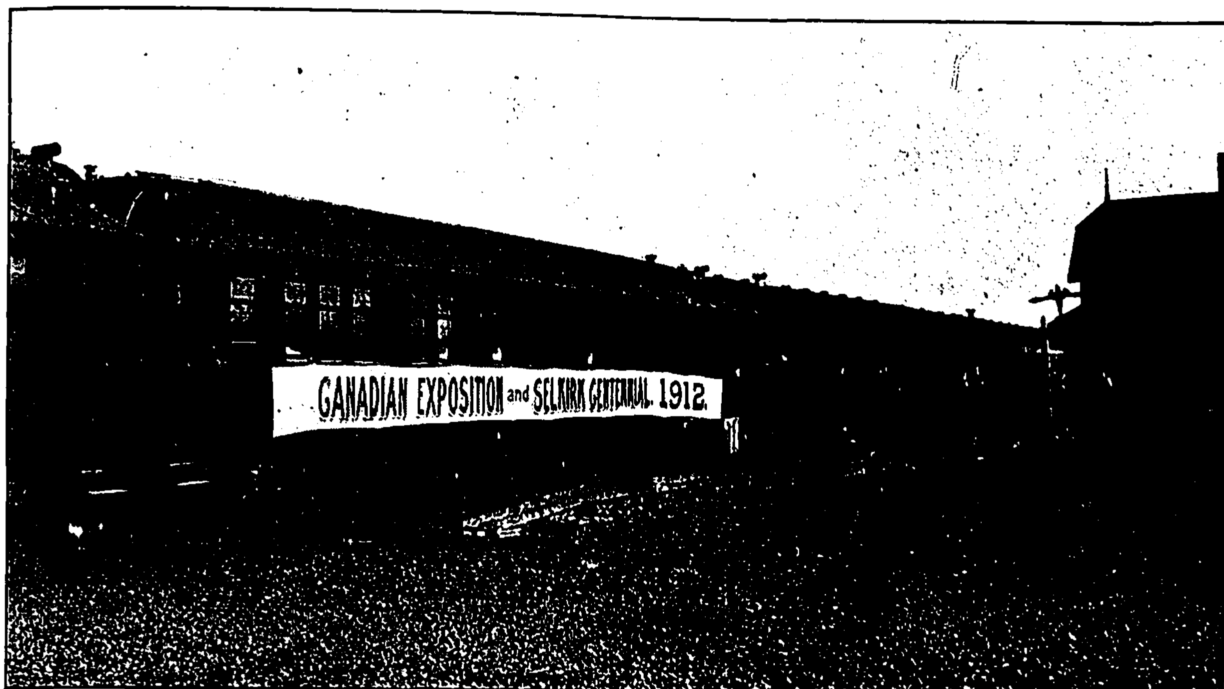
All great men are simple; that is why they are great.

Your faddish, selfish, capricious, haughty, egotistical individual is at best only entitled to a bench in the hall of transient fame.

Like most really great men, Morris retained his childhood to an exceptional degree. To the end, he yearned to shoot his game with bows and arrows; to the end, he played at "make-believe," and sought to recapture the happiness of his own childhood's kingdom.

If you have ever seen a portrait of William Morris, you have been struck with the extreme nobility of his features and expression. The wrinkles and lines of avarice, and meanness, and greed, and superstition, and anger, envy, and fear, are conspicuous by their absence. Here, indeed, was a man worthy of the laurel crown that Emerson says should adorn the brow of him who gives us better books, better houses, better thoughts, better ways to live. A noble being truly, to whom we owe an incalculable debt of gratitude—an indefatigable worker, a busy child.





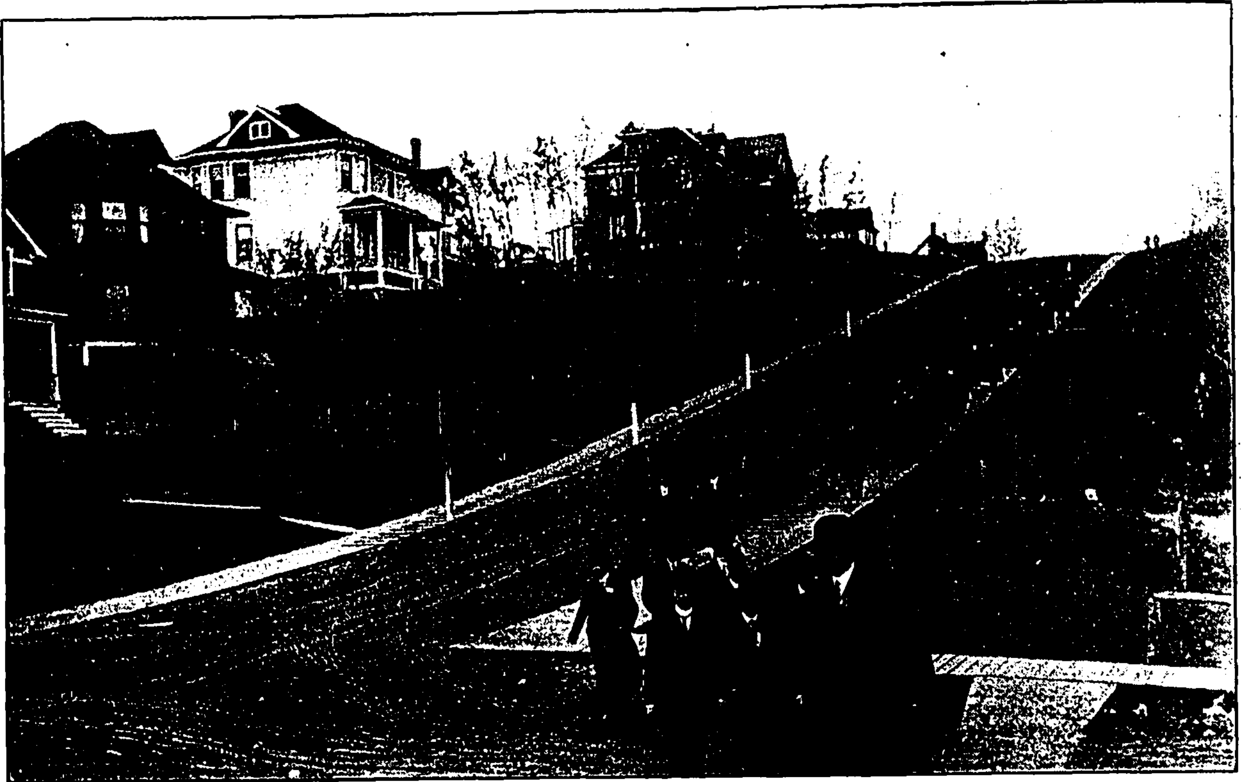
Canada's International Exposition

By George M. Hall

IF the Fates are propitious, Winnipeg will hold the first great International Exposition in 1912 that has ever been held in Canada. This is not to say Winnipeg is to do—or attempt—the great task of getting together Canada's first great Exposition alone—very far from it. The work of assembling in one place an adequate showing of accomplishments and resources of the Dominion is a very great task, indeed, and none appreciate this fact more thoroughly than the men who have given liberally of their time and labour to the initial steps of the proposed Exposition—to the work of organizing, outlining the plan and of placing the proposition before the people of Canada for their approval. After some eight months of steady, hard work, the committee of Winnipeg men who took up the Exposition project find themselves with a very greatly increased knowledge of what it means to take up and carry through so stupendous a thing as an International Exposition.

Travelling all over Canada, invading the United States to enquire minutely into the ways, means, cost and cash returns of the St. Louis, Portland and Seattle fairs, gathering expert evidence and expert advice, setting off the sometimes too encouraging opinion of the optimist against the wet-blanket conclusions of the pessimist, working diligently, hopefully, early and late, and with the utmost concord and general good-will, the Exposition committee finds itself today in the possession of a deal more knowledge of the subject it took up some eight months ago, but also with very much more enthusiasm and belief than was the case at the opening of the campaign for a Canadian Exposition.

As it is pretty well known now, the idea of holding a Canadian Exposition in 1912, had its origin in a suggestion made by Ernest Thompson-Seton that it would be a good thing to celebrate the centennial anniversary of the coming of Lord Selkirk's settlers to the Red River Valley. Beyond a doubt Mr. Thompson-Seton was interested wholly in the historical and ethical value of such a celebration and it is not at all probable that his suggestion carried—from him—any



Delegates at Edmonton Returning from Conference with Albertan Government.

idea of a great industrial exposition. It is certain that the Thompson-Seton suggestion was taken up at first in the light of a historical event worthy of commemoration by some sort of a general celebration very largely local, however, as being of chief interest to the people of the West. What other mind fertile in adaptation of a good idea to a larger purpose, first proposed the celebration of Mr. Thompson-Seton's idea into a great Exposition is not absolutely certain at this time. Mr. G. A. Glines, of Winnipeg, is said to have been the man who made this suggestion and it is in Mr. Glines' favour that nobody has sought to cast any shadow of doubt upon the claim made for him of discovery of Winnipeg as a proper place for the holding of a function, which, viewed in its present aspect, will very closely approach a World's Fair, albeit not so large a World's Fair as those held at Buffalo, St. Louis and Chicago.

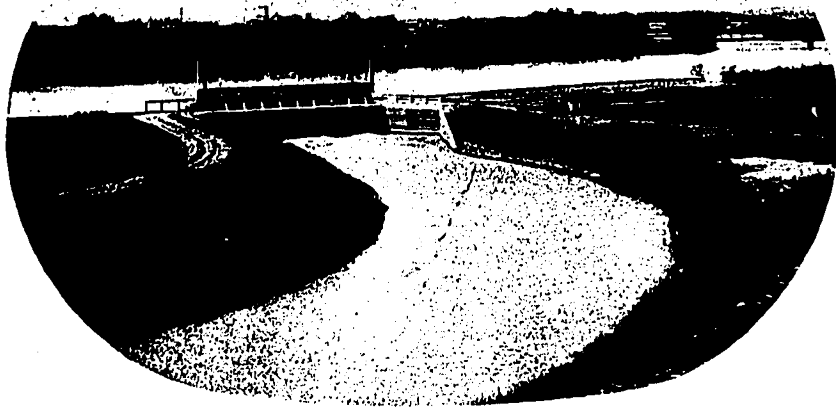
Even then, the proposal was not so large a thing as it has grown to be since. Step by step the suggestion of celebrating—by pageant and speech—the coming of the pioneers who first took up the Red River Valley as a home for white men in number, had advanced to its present comprehensions and dignified state—that of a proposed International Exposition in which will be displayed all of the resources of the Dominion and where the nations of the earth may, if they choose, display their own goods and see those of Canada.

This growth of the Thompson-Seton idea has been normal and healthy. As soon as the plan took on the aspect of an Exposition, the scope of such an Exposition began to grow. The idea of covering Canada quickly grew to the size of taking in the British Empire. Further discussion showed that a big Canadian Exposition will be very attractive to many of the United States manufacturing communities that have great trade stakes in Canada and other communities that are strongly interested in the cheap, rich lands of Western Canada. Canadian trade with the Orient is growing from year to year and one Canadian firm with large department stores in Toronto and Winnipeg, buys one-twelfth of the total manufacturing product in Switzerland. Canada busily engaged in developing natural resources of agriculture, mining, lumbering and fisheries, second to no country in the world for richness and extent, is a very good customer for the made products of many countries. It cannot fail to be true that all of these

Exposition Delegates en route to Victoria, B.C.

countries will call for space at Canada's International Exposition and the fact was soon perceived by the committee.

For this reason, Canada's International Exposition—started as a celebration of an historical event—has taken on the character of a national project, an empire-building, unifying and developing force. Awaiting the official approval of the Dominion Government alone, once this is given the Exposition will be be blocked out and put together as the greatest industrial and development project ever devised for the Dominion of Canada. Not only will all of the vast resources of a country that is too little known, be assembled for the world to see, but other nations will bring their goods and chattels, their things made and methods of making, to show to the people who will gather in Winnipeg in 1912. In the line of farm machinery alone, Canada's Exposition will be the greatest assembling of the class of goods that the world ever saw—Canadian, British and United States manufacturers will see to it that this is so. Other fields of manufacturing and kindred industries will be scarcely less well covered. Canada is making ready to take its place among the great nations of the world to sit—in the family group of the British Empire on the seat next to the throne and to fill her place with dignity and power. No less than the Exposition will help toward this end, does the Exposition idea denote the national spirit—expound the doctrine of nationality dominion.



The Mission of Irrigation

By C. W. Pederson

UNLESS we are able to demonstrate the value of irrigation under sub-humid conditions, such as prevail in Southern Alberta, irrigation development on the western prairies will of course, be impossible. Something beyond humidity has, however, to be taken into consideration. Our northerly latitude is a disturbing feature. The latter is what often creates doubt as to the efficacy of irrigation in Southern Alberta. There are, on the American continent, semi-tropical localities too numerous to mention, with sub-humid precipitation. The tender vegetables and high priced crops grow there profusely and the question as to whether or not irrigation is worth while never arises. That irrigation there, if not essential, is most beneficial, simply admits of no argument. In discussing this subject, therefore, with reference to Southern Alberta the question of latitude naturally becomes an essential factor.

It has been well said that "an ounce of experience is worth a pound of theory." The farmer is by nature conservative. Tangible evidence speaks more loudly to him than mere words. Unfortunately, a combination of circumstances, during recent years destroyed the possibility of our now having available in Southern Alberta object lesson as to the value of irrigation that would settle the argument without further effort.

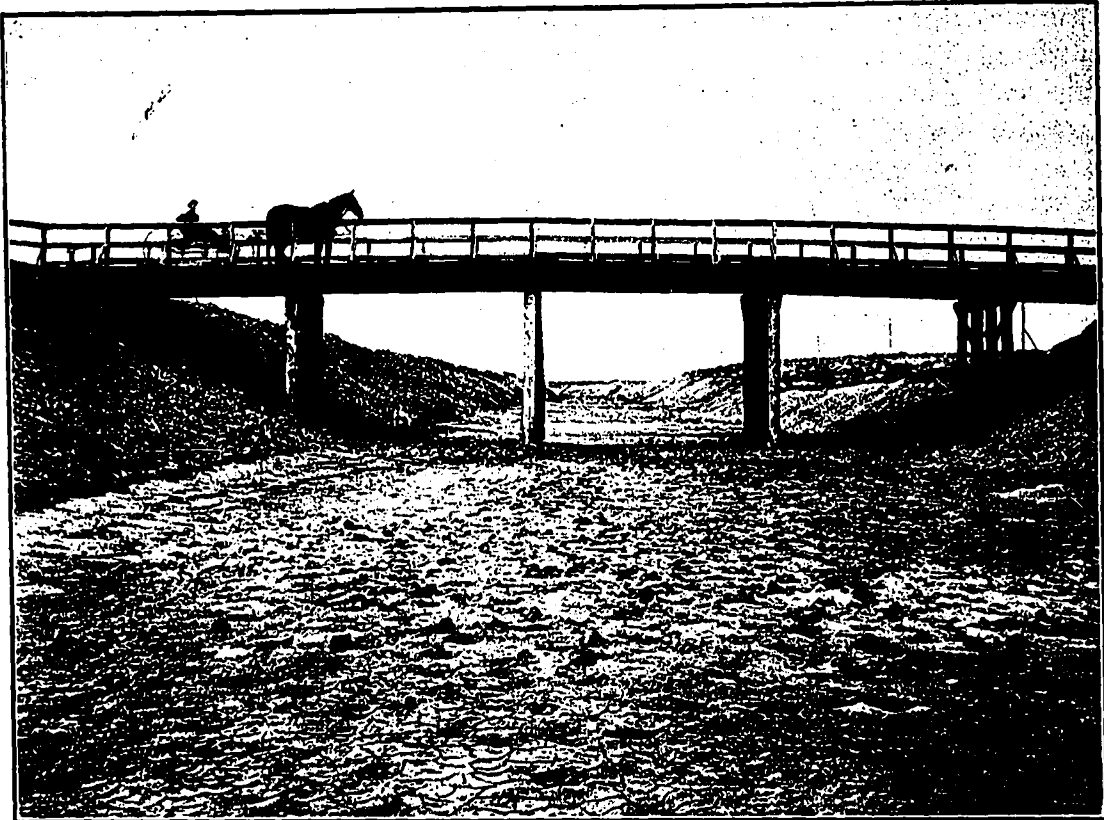
A word or two as to the early history of agriculture in Southern Alberta is necessary to properly grasp the present situation. Partly due to a number of very dry years, and partly to slovenly farming, matters agricultural in this section became very acute in the early nineties. Many private irrigation systems were then in successful operation and great things were predicted when, in the course of time, our mountain streams should all be fully utilized in agricultural development. In March, 1894, the Southwestern Irrigation League of the Northwest Territories" was formed and held a convention at Calgary where strong resolutions were passed calling upon the Governments of the Dominion and of the Northwest Territories, to deal vigorously with the whole subject of irrigation, which was then seriously agitating the public mind. If untoward circumstances had not arisen, the cause of

irrigation would have forged steadily onward from year to year, so that by this time, elaborate arguments in favour of irrigation would have been entirely superfluous. Irrigation progresses, however, received a serious check when succeeding years of high water finally resulted in the total destruction of the cheaply constructed headgates of many of the small private ditches then in operation and, in some cases, caused the mountain streams to change their courses. One or two wet years followed and ranchers, who up to that time had depended largely upon irrigation for winter fodder, delayed the reconstruction of their intakes on a more permanent basis. Settlers then began to come into the country in large numbers and the cattlemen foresaw the speedy end of free grazing on the public domain and prepared to go out of business. This situation removed the pioneer of irrigation from active business and it was only during quite recent years, that large corporations have interested themselves in the matter and they are now confronted with the task of again creating sentiment in favour of irrigation and chiefly amongst a class of farmers entirely ignorant of the benefits and simplicity of irrigation farming.

Simultaneous with the great rush of settlement into Southern Alberta, enormous strides had been made in "dry" farming culture. Every agricultural college in the westerly portion of America grappled with the problem of utilizing desert lands, that could not be reached by irrigation, and wonderful success was encountered through the general introduction of summer fallowing and the use of special implements with a view to the total conservation of the limited rainfall. This system, sometimes in a crude form, gradually permeated the whole of the arid and sub-humid agricultural area of America and was also largely practised in Southern Alberta. The successful culture of winter wheat, a distinctly semi-arid plant, was another important feature that worked an entire change in the agricultural situation of Southern Alberta and gave a value to our non-irrigated farming lands that they had never before possessed. While the country as a whole, profited enormously by this development, there cannot be any reasonable doubt that it tended to delay the progress of irrigation materially.

The association of irrigation with the idea of desert reclamation has blinded the public eye to its enormous value in regions where the task of reclamation is not required. This is to be regretted, as irrigation should be recognized as an agricultural art of wide application and value. In fact, irrigation is a system of improved culture, to be applied, like other means of improvement, when the soil needs it. Water is the most important food of plants not alone because it enters in such volume into their tissues, but because without it, in adequate amount, the plant cannot use other food in sufficient quantities. No one questions the wisdom of the saving and storing of manure and, for worn out lands, the wisdom of a generous outlay for commercial fertilizers or the principle of soil improvement by means of drainage. The same attitude should exist in regard to irrigation. Irrigation, moreover, is not merely an expedient to ensure the safety of a crop. It has been demonstrated both by practical experiences and by systematic experiment, that growth and production can be profitably pushed by irrigation even when the natural moisture seems ample, and in this respect, irrigation aligns itself with fertilization and cultivation as a factor in intensive agriculture.

It would be idle to deprecate the value of non-irrigated lands of Southern Alberta. The richness of the soils within the somewhat "dry" belt of the American continent is simply marvelous. The record of winter wheat production in the interior portions of the Pacific States, where the conditions are distinctly semi-arid and typical of the "dry" West, affords the best proof of what such lands are capable of producing. Wheat growing has been carried on there on the same land, year after year, since 1874 and the yields per acre are apparently as great today as they were thirty years ago. Under the circumstances, it is almost a legitimate conclusion that



One of the C. P. R.'s Main Canals.

the semi-arid soils of America are practically inexhaustible.

Granting, however, that grain raising can be successfully carried on in every portion of Southern Alberta by adopting a system of culture designed to conserve soil moisture, the farmer following such a system will still be labouring under vast limitations. The summer fallow system, in the first place, reduces the crop area to one-half of the farm and, secondly, is applicable to annual crops only, that can be produced with a minimum of moisture. We may, therefore, take it for granted that dry farming, as a permanent proposition, must be practically confined to the ordinary cereals, principally winter wheat. The profitable production year after year, of the most valuable crops of the farm, such as field peas, alfalfa and the ordinary clovers and other forage crops, becomes impossible, for the simple reason that the underlying principle of dry land farming, viz., storing up two season's rainfall for each crop, cannot, of course, be followed on perennial crops.

Diversity means the opposite of what might be termed the "one crop" system. Irrigation stands for diversity, while dry farming in sub-humid countries means the one crop system. There are enormous advantages in diversity. First, it enables the farmer to produce the greater part of his own living with little or no cash outlay. Secondly, it puts him in a position where he is not so much at the mercy of adverse seasons. It also enables him to maintain the fertility of the soil and gives him every benefit which comes from a wise rotation, as well as enabling him to distribute his labour evenly over the whole year. To put the case in a nutshell, the main object of irrigation in sub-humid districts is the total elimination of summer following by substituting artificial watering and a well conceived crop rotation. In other words, to develop a system of farming that will admit of the entire agricultural area being under crop instead of only one-half of it, which would of necessity be the case under a dry farming system. It requires no argument to demonstrate the enormous economic advantages to the individual farmer and to the country at large by the doubling of the normal crop area. The final end of irrigation in Southern Alberta is, therefore, to reduce the average holding of the farmer, and, at the same time, enabling him to attain better

results on the smaller area of land.

The farmer who settles in a new country has generally a two-fold object in view. First and foremost, he desires to establish a home for himself, his wife and his children. Secondly, he aims to acquire, sometime in the future, a competency that will safeguard himself and his family against want when old age overwhelms him. We hear entirely too much regarding the financial side of farming, and not half enough about the home side. Man will endure the terrors of the desert or the rigours of an arctic winter to amass wealth in a short time. This, however, is not home-making. The first consideration of the home-maker is as to whether such surrounding can be created as will justify a permanent residence.

Most everyone knows something about the irrigated districts of the Western States. It is, therefore, needless for me to paint a word picture that will convey the difference between a home in an irrigated district and one, for instance, on the bleak prairies of the Dakotas. In the latter states, most of the farmers control 320 acres. It is obvious that this condition involves scattered settlement and dreary isolation. In the irrigated sections farms are smaller and human intercourse consequently easier.

Schools have a larger attendance and consequently can demand the services of the most competent teachers; large towns spring up and furnish a local market for the products of the farm and, owing to the increased number of business houses, competition among merchants becomes keen and the farmers secure their merchandise at a lower cost. Roads are better kept and the taxes of the community are never a burden owing to the increased number of taxpayers to pay them.

Trees make as much growth in a few years on an irrigated farm as they do in a generation on a dry farm. Flowers, shrubs, in fact, everything that makes the landscape beautiful and the surroundings homelike grow to profusion where water is available.

It is a significant fact, that the vast colonization project with which I have the honour to be identified, obtains the majority of its settlers from the States of North and South Dakota and the smallest number from the irrigating states. This is in spite of the fact that the Dakota men have little or no actual knowledge of the handling of water for irrigation. It has been our experience, that farmers residing in irrigated districts, even though their land is enormously valuable and the demand for it great, absolutely cannot be induced to move in any large numbers. The man on the irrigated farm in a few years creates a productive and a homelike home and, therefore, has no desire to leave it. The man on the half section of prairie farther east, regards his farm not as a home, but as means of creating a certain amount of wealth which he generally contemplates ultimately spending under more congenial surroundings. The points of view are entirely different.

While it is scarcely open to argument that for home-making purposes, there can be no reasonable comparison between the irrigated and the non-irrigated farm in sub-humid districts, the question might be raised as to whether the financial returns might not be greater under the cruder system of dry farming than under the more intensive operations of the irrigated farm, taking total investment and working expenses into consideration.

It is an incontrovertible fact that there is not an acre of agricultural land anywhere in North America that would not be benefited by artificial watering. Under the climatic conditions prevailing in Southern Alberta, there should, therefore, be very little question as to the value of irrigation. In fact, there should be no difficulty in demonstrating, that an acre of irrigated land in Southern Alberta will produce as much as any similar four acres of non-irrigated lands, and consequently, should be four times as valuable.

In the first place, the non-irrigated crop must be grown on summer fallow, where each two acres of land produces one acre of crop annually. This factor eliminates one-half of the crop area which now stands two to one.

Secondly, it is not stretching the imagination unduly to assert that irrigated

lands will produce twice as much as non-irrigated lands in any seven-year period.

The case for irrigation in Southern Alberta does not, however, rest entirely on experience gained elsewhere. It was only in 1906 that systematic experimental work under irrigation was inaugurated here and the Dominion Experimental Farm for Southern Alberta established. The farm is divided into a "dry" farm and an "irrigated" farm. The duty of the Superintendent is to gain the best possible results under dry land culture, on the one hand, and, on the other, to demonstrate the value of irrigation in Southern Alberta. It will, therefore, be carefully noted that it is not, in any shape or form, the duty of the Superintendent to demonstrate the value of irrigation as compared with dry land farming. Any conclusions reached on the farm can, therefore, be relied upon as being absolutely unbiassed and disinterested.

While the object of establishing the Experimental Farm was not to encourage irrigation farming at the expense of dry land farming operations, it is possible to make instructive comparisons between results upon the same farm and under the same management, of crops grown under irrigation and those grown on the non-irrigated area.

The yields of varieties of Spring wheat varied from 25 per cent to 80 per cent. in favour of the irrigated plots, and two-rowed barley from 20 to 50 per cent. Irrigated potatoes in no case yielded less than 100 per cent. heavier than on non-irrigated land and in one case 300 per cent., while vegetables and sugar beets showed a gain of from 30 per cent. to 100 per cent. better under irrigation. Fodder corn, as would be expected, yielded from 50 to 275 per cent better on the irrigated plots.

The above are the first official figures bearing on the value of irrigation in Southern Alberta that have ever been produced. Furthermore, the almost ideal season and copious natural rainfall rendered the conditions enormously in favour of the non-irrigated farm. Again, these results were obtained on newly broken land, while it is readily admitted that irrigation farming will not begin to yield mixamum results until several crops have been taken off the land and the soil has thus been reduced to a good mechanical condition. Under the circumstances, it is abundantly evident, that the magnificent showing of the irrigated crops on the Dominion Experimental Farm are but an inkling of what the future has in store for the irrigated sections of Southern Alberta.

An Unique Railway

By R. Sinclair

THE Antofagasta Railway affords access to some of the finest mountain scenery in South America, and brings the romantic land of the Incas within easy reach of the globe trotter by means of its excellent service, provided with sleeping coaches and restaurant cars, equipped with every luxury. The railway itself is one of the most unique and interesting in the world on account of its narrow gauge, two feet six inches, or a little more than half that of the English railways, and yet its trains run at considerable speeds with a smoothness seldom surpassed, and its sleeping and day coaches would not discredit any broad gauge railway. The main line starts at Antofagasta, a port on the Chilian Coast, a few miles outside the Tropic of Capricorn, and some 684 miles north of Valparaiso.

The fine coast steamers owned by the Pacific Steam Navigation Company and the "Cia Vapores de Sud Americana," leave Valparaiso twice a week and reach Antofagasta in three or four days after touching at several interesting ports on the way; while once a fortnight the direct steamers from Liverpool, some of which are unsurpassed for luxury, continue their voyage up the Coast as far as Callao, and reach Antofagasta two days after leaving Valparaiso.

The through sleeping train-de-luxe leaves Antofagasta every Monday, crosses the frontier early the following afternoon and arrives at Oruro the evening of Wednesday. Here passengers change to the broader gauge carriages of the Bolivia Railway Company, now under the same management, and reach La Paz during the afternoon of the same day in good time to appreciate the views of the magnificent snow-capped Illimani, and the unequalled panorama which unfolds itself of the City of La Paz when the train leaves the flat table land at the "Alto" station and proceeds down the precipitous incline to the charming old Spanish City so happily placed.

From Antofagasta the railway having to reach an altitude of 13,000 feet in 223 miles loses no time in beginning its climb and at Portezuelo, 26 kilometres (17 1-4 miles) the rail level is already 1,800 feet above the sea, giving an average grade of 1 in 50, but at several places it is as steep as 1 in 30. At O'Higgins, kilometre 35, is the junction of the branch (111 kilometres long) to the Boquete Nitrate fields, which are just beginning to be developed. The end of this branch is some 5,622 feet above the sea. At Prat, kilometre 59, is the junction of the branch to Mejillones, the new port opened recently by the Antofagasta Railway Company, situated some 37 miles to the North of Antofagasta and said to be the finest on the Pacific Coast, as it is capable of holding all the fleets in the world and is so protected from the southwest gales that shipping lying in it can never suffer the smallest inconvenience from bad weather.

At kilometre 116 the main line of the railway enters the principal nitrate district of this part of Chili and leaves it at kilometre 162. In this section are situated some twenty Oficinas (Nitrate factories), and the more modern of them well repay a visit as they are models of organization. After leaving the Nitrate zone we catch our first views of the Andes and soon after cross the river Loa and reach the picturesque little town of Calama, at kilometre 238 from Antofagasta (148 miles). Here the eye is refreshed with its green pasture lands, irrigated by the waters of this river, for till now the line has passed through what to all appearance is a barren desert with-

out a blade of grass to be seen anywhere, though the hills on either side are not without a peculiar beauty of their own, due to their variegated colouring caused by the presence of rich copper ores. It is at Calama that the night train makes its first stop at five o'clock in the morning and the time table shows an hour which the traveller will eagerly avail himself of for a stroll in the delicious brisk morning air should it be in the warm season.

Calama even in the time of the Incas was a centre of copper mining and there is an interesting modern smelting establishment in the neighbourhood which obtains its power from the waters of the Loa. It is some 7,400 feet above the sea and many passengers to Bolivia prefer to stop at least a day here to accustom themselves to the altitude before going further.

At kilometre 252 is the short branch (10 kilometres long) up to the copper mines at Chuquicamata 8,846 feet above the sea. At kilometre 298, immediately at the north side of Conchi station, we come to the Loa Viaduct, which is one of the most interesting engineering structures in the world; the level of the rails on the viaduct is as nearly as possible 10,000 feet above the sea whilst their height above the surface of the waters of the Loa river rushing below is 336 feet or more than twice the height at which trains crossing the Forth Bridge are above the waters of the Firth of Forth. The viaduct is a most graceful steel structure, consisting of six lattice girder spans of 80 feet each, in the clear, supported on steel trestle towers.

From Conchi station, beside the viaduct, runs the branch line (20 kilometres long) to the copper mines of Conchi Viejo, the rail level at the end of this branch being 11,450 feet above the sea. At San Pedro station, kilometre 312 (193 miles) and 10,700 feet above the sea, are situated the collecting reservoirs, blasted out of the solid rock, of the waterworks which the Antofagasta Railway Company has constructed at a cost of some £750,000 to supply the town of Antofagasta the Nitrate fields, and its own services, with water; for no other fresh water can be obtained except by condensing sea water, and from these reservoirs pipes run the whole distance of 193 miles, delivering the pure snow water of the Andes at the sea level, which is no inconsiderable undertaking in itself. The water to fill the reservoirs is taken partly from the San Pedro river close by, and is partly brought by 6-inch pipes which run for a distance of some fifteen miles up the slopes of the mountains to springs of most beautiful water situated 16,000 feet above the sea. Shortly after leaving San Pedro station the railway skirts the base of the majestic snow-capped volcanos "San Pedro" and "San Paulo." From the crater of the former ascends a constant column of smoke, and though it has not shewn greater signs of activity than this in recent years, it is evident that in comparatively modern times it has been in eruption, for the railway cuts through a lava bed nearly a third of a mile wide which looks as fresh as if it had been deposited only a year ago. Climbing steadily up, at Ascotan, kilometre 360 (223 miles from Antofagasta) the summit of the main line is reached at a level of 13,000 feet above the sea, and from here it decends rapidly to a level of 12,200 feet at Cebollar, kilometre 387, where it runs alongside a wonderful lake of borax 24 miles long by four and one-half miles wide, owned and worked by the Borax Consolidated Company. The view as the train winds round the snow-capped mountains, whose slopes are bright with metallic hues is quite unique and the glistening surface of the borax lakes with occasional stretches of green water remind one very forcibly of Switzerland. From Cebollar station a short branch runs into the calcining establishment from which some 3,000 to 4,000 tons of borax are exported per month. This lake is said to be the largest single deposit of borax in the world, and the main source of the world's supply.

At Ollague Station, kilometre 435, is the Chilian Custom House, and also the junction of the branch line (96 kilometres long) which has recently been constructed by the Antofagasta Railway Co. to serve the important group of copper mines at Collahuasi, said to be amongst the richest known. This branch

is believed to be the highest line of railway in the world, for its rails reach to the great height of 15,809 feet above sea level, and by those whose respiratory organs do not suffer from the altitude it is well worth a visit, not only on this account but also because of the truly magnificent panorama of snow-clad mountains to be seen on the way up or down—amongst them the giant "Ollague," said to be upwards of 20,000 feet high. This is the one part of the Antofagasta Railway where snow storms are troublesome, the line having been completely blocked for about four days in July, 1908.

Shortly after leaving Ollague Station the frontier line between Chile and Bolivia is cossed at kilometre 442—275 miles from Antofagasta, and from this point to Uyuni (kilometre 610) the line runs at almost a uniform level of 12,000 feet above the sea.

Uyuni is a town of some 5,000 inhabitants, many of whom are Indians, and its market is worthy of a visit. Here for the first time we make the acquaintance of the llama as a beast of burden, as these animals are largely employed in the transport of tin and silver over the mountains from Potosi, some 125 miles distant. They go in troops of 100 or more and take 15 days on the journey. Each animal carries 100 lbs. in weight and it is said that they will not move if this weight is exceeded in the smallest degree. From Uyuni runs a private railway some 33 kilometres long to the famous Huanchaca silver mines, which are situated in the mountains at 13,600 feet above the sea, and at the end of the line is the mining town of Pulacayo, consisting of some 8,000 inhabitants. These mines are owned and worked by an enterprising Franco-Chilian Company, and are well worth a visit.

We now leave Uyuni for Oruro, and at Huari—kilometre 801—come in sight on our left of the mysterious fresh water lake Poopo, which receives 212,000 cubic feet of water per minute and only 2,000 cubic feet flow out of it. At 924 kilometres, or 574 miles from Antofagasta we reach the town of Oruro, which is the terminus of the Antofagasta Railway.

Oruro is a town of 8,000 inhabitants situated at 12,000 feet above the sea. The houses are mostly built of unburnt bricks, plastered on the outside and painted different colours, which gives a very picturesque appearance to the streets; here, also, most of the windows are decorated with boxes of flowers, a rather uncommon feature in South American towns.

For some distance after leaving Oruro the country is swampy and uninteresting but soon this changes for rough stony ground on which grows a short scrub affording food for llamas and donkeys which are seen in large numbers, and later on, this again changes for rough grass and we reach the grazing ground which from time immemorial has supported the flocks of the Incas and their descendants. As the train approaches Viacha, the junction with the railway connecting La Paz with Lake Titicaca, we obtain our first sight of the famous Illimani towering above the plains, 21,828 feet high, and capped with the grandest mass of snow.

A short run brings us to the Alto station and with but little delay the descent to the City of La Paz de Ayacucho is begun, the railway coaches being headed by an electric motor. Of the panorama which unfolds itself of the beautiful fertile valley in which the city nestles we can attempt no description. The traveller having seen it will never forget. The charms of the old world city with its many churches, its wonderful architectural features and endless peculiarities must be seen to be appreciated. From La Paz to Lake Titicaca is an easy journey and many of the most famous Inca remains are within easy reach.

Cock o' the North

By Agnes Deans Cameron

BRITISH COLUMBIA today finds herself on the crest of a just-forming great wave of progress. The commercial awakening is confined to no one part of the giant province nor to any specified industry, simultaneously half a hundred districts are rubbing their eyes, developing each its own latent wealth, crying its special wares in the marketplace.

The reason for this new vital thrill? Many causes contribute,—the westward trend of questing humanity, the influx of Old Country and United Statesian capital, the recognition on the outside of what British Columbia has to offer to the invalid, the artist, the hunter of big game. But beyond and above all these one factor is responsible for the vivifying throb of new life pulsing through the Pacific Province, and this factor is the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway.

For five years, silent men with the transit have been going hither and yon in the tangled wilderness of the Northern Rockies searching out the pass of least resistance by means of which the iron horse of the Grand Trunk Pacific can find a road from the prairies to the Pacific. It has been a second search for the Northwest Passage, a land search this time, and very much more to the purpose than the old hunt for that chimera of the imagination, the Anian Strait.

It is the Yellowhead Pass that has been chosen, and through this by the year 1911 the wares of the Orient will pass eastward, and Canada's rich produce will find ultimate goal among the teeming millions of Australia, India, and the Isles of the Sea.

Do you ask what concern the average American citizen has with an undertaking that is purely Canadian? To this question we would reply that the English-speaking people on the American continent are equally concerned in continental questions, and no man on one side of the dividing parallel of 49 can afford to ignore the history that is making on the other side. The laying of this great trans-continental spine across Canada opens up three hundred millions of agricultural acres, and so makes available America that much bigger than it was before; the traveler, the sportsman and the homeseeker are all interested in this stupendous undertaking. The building of the Grand Trunk Pacific is of greater immediate import to white men the world over than is the Cape-to-Cairo Railway.

Giant Nature is kind to those who take her on trust and beard her in her den. It has been a surprise to the en-

gineering world to learn that easy gradients are possible in the construction of this farthest north line. The makers of the Grand Trunk Pacific carry their road from Winnipeg to their Pacific portal at Prince Rupert over the Rockies with a maximum gradient of 21 feet to the mile going west and 26 to the mile going east a record which would be creditable on the English Midland or the Pennsylvania Line. What do these figures mean? Well, they mean that a *single* engine will draw a heavy train across this new spine of Canada; 2,000 tons can be taken from Winnipeg to Prince Rupert behind one engine.

Comparisons are odious but illuminating. The gross capacity of an engine in tons on the Santa Fe is 376, on the Union Pacific it is 572, on the Grand Trunk Pacific it is 2,041. This means for the great new line immense economy in hauling freight, and it also means the maximum of passenger-safety. Running at high gear on up grades kills dividends, and on down grades kills people.

"But is it not a wilderness away up there?" asks the man who in his little red schoolhouse when he was in the Second Reader and learning "juggrafy" out of the slab-sided book with the yellow cover was told, *"Canada is a frozen land to the north of us where Indians hunt fur and trappers travel in dog-sleds; it is a barren land and England owns it."*

The general conception of Canada a scant generation ago was that of a white waste clinging coldly to sub-Arctic latitudes. General Sherman in a fit of pique characterized Canada as "The Sleeping Empire Beyond," and the writer recently dug out from the archives in the Chicago Public Library the minutes of a Board of Trade convention which solemnly stated that "Minnesota and the Dakotas are too far north to successfully grow wheat." To these commercial gentlemen the Arctic Circle hovered close above their own northern tier of states.

That phantom of the Arctic Circle has within the last two decades steadily been receding northward. For years Winnipeg was considered the northern limit of wheat growth, then Edmonton-on-the-Saskatchewan was quoted as the farthest agricultural north, but Edmonton is no farther north than Liverpool and Manchester.

It is to be supposed that in North America there is a northern limit of wheat growth, but daring the man who should put his finger on any one spot

Grading G. T. P. Railway near Portage la Prairie.

Breaking the Virgin Prairie.

and say, "It is here." The wheat that took the Gold Medal at the Philadelphia Exposition in 1876 was grown not in the United States, nor in Russia, nor the Argentine, nor on that great wheat belt of Western Canada fast becoming the melting-pot of the nations, but in a little garden of the Grey Nuns at Fort Chipewayan on Athabasca Lake.

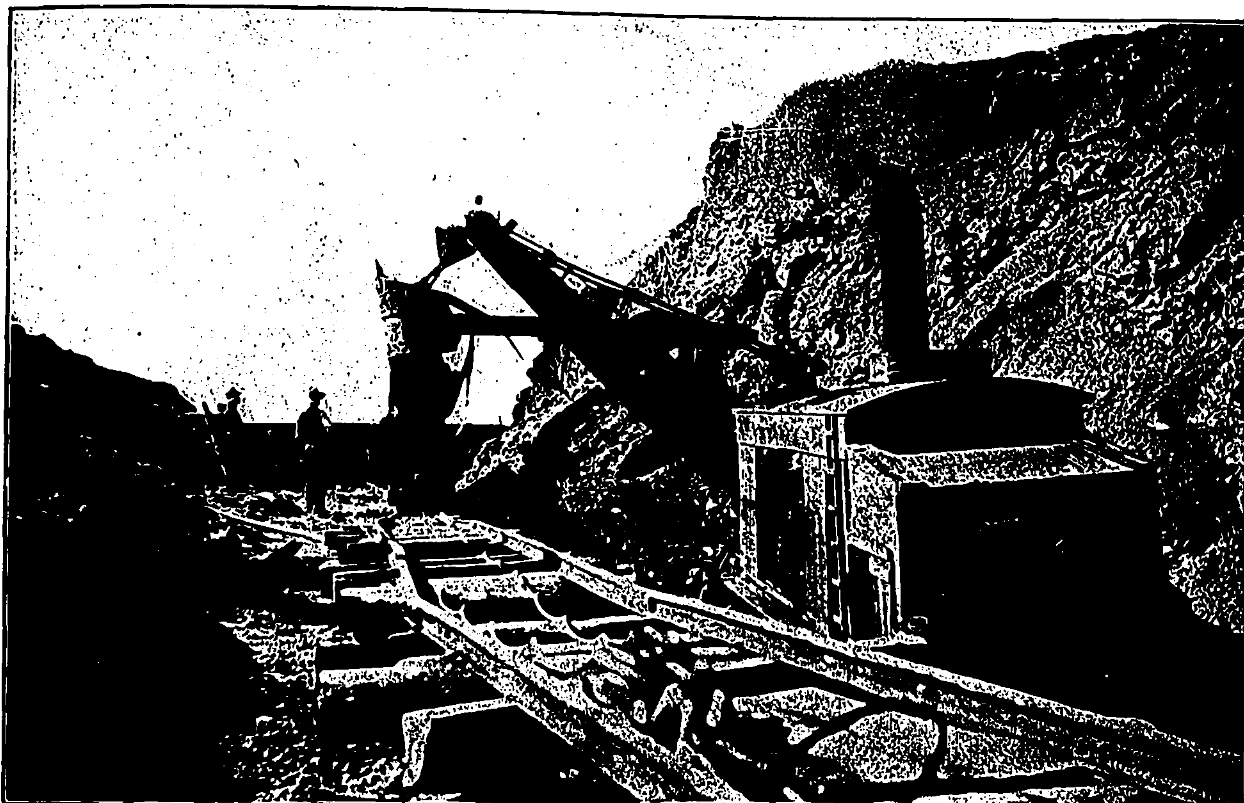
The writer last summer saw potatoes, beets, and turnips growing lustily at Fort Good Hope under the Arctic Circle, and found wild flax north of that mystic line, with wild roses and golden-rod flourishing among tame Eskimo at the very lip of the Arctic Sea. Forest growth persists to where the mighty Mackenzie widens into its 50-mile delta. Along the lush valleys of the Peace are hundreds of miles of prairie where horses graze belly-deep in a tangled growth of vetches and wild grasses.

At Vermilion-on-the-Peace, in latitude 58 deg. 30 min. north, the Hudson's Bay Company for years has maintained a flour mill, grinding into flour the wheat from half a hundred farms at its very door. With no self-advertising or crying of its deeds in the market-place the *Great Company* has floated in its own steamers this flour for hundreds of miles down the Peace and the Mackenzie, feeding the people of its fur posts.

The Grand Trunk Pacific will tap an unknown hinterland which is a kingdom in itself, rich not only in timber, fur, tar, coal, salt, and oil, but pregnant with potential harvests of 40-bushel wheat.

Canada's fertile northland is its oyster, its whole succulent plate of oysters. Also, the present prairie wheat-field, a field a thousand miles long and of unknown depth, is tributary to the new line, and the mind reels in trying to think of the activity which will manifest here in Britain's Bread-Basket half a century from now. Western Canada has 200 million acres of wheat lands, and only one acre out of every twenty is under crop. If Canada's wheat crop for 1908 had been shipped in cars, each holding 15 tons, the cars would have made a continuous train 1,365 miles long!

There is every encouragement to the capitalist to build railways. The people are crowding into Western Canada in such numbers, breaking new soil, and growing wheat, that every channel of egress for the golden grain is choked to congestion. The terminal elevators at Port Arthur and Fort William cannot begin to handle with facility the cargoes



Steam Shovel at Work on Line of Grand Trunk Pacific Railway.

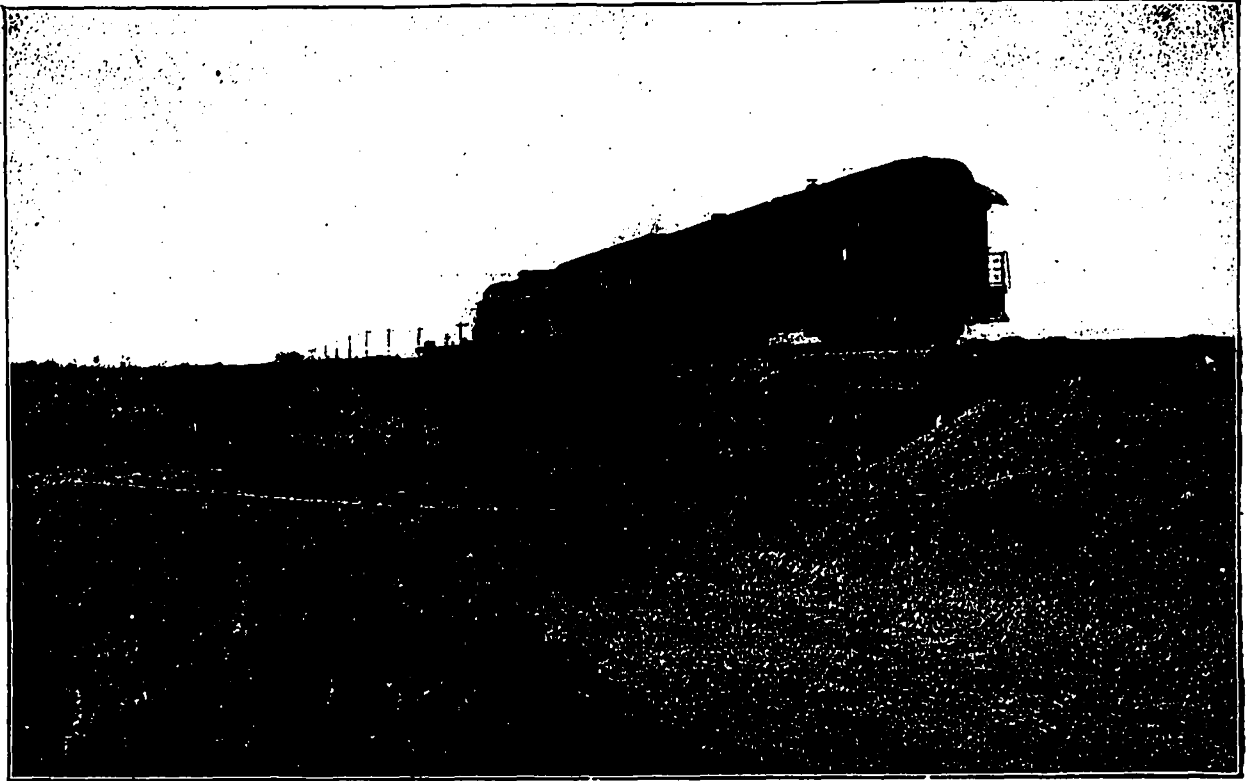
dumped at their doors by the grain-cars from the West. Through Calgary westward the tide of wheat-bags has begun to flow toward China, and yellow palates of Asia are being taught the taste of "Canadian No. 1 Hard."

There is a galloping of iron horses toward Hudson Bay, and this route will soon carry its quota of yellow grain to the markets of England and the Old World. When the first cars of the Grand Trunk Pacific break through to tidewater at Prince Rupert they will carry full freight, and the plentitude of supply will increase and not decrease through the years. The prairies of Western Canada are a bursting granary, and the prairie farmer finds himself in the position of the Bible man building new barns.

The wheat-plains of Canada today form a great centre of energy, from every corner of the compass people are crowding in. The Cry of the Wheat is as insistent here as ever was the Call of Gold when the map of the world opened up to a gold-mining stampede. But how much wholesomer! Those who answered the call of the wild in the days of a gold-rush were often broken men and disappointed, the unsettled, the desperate, and the reckless. Men went alone, with a fever and greed for gain coursing their veins and driving out every gentle instinct and kindly.

Who is it answers the Call of the Wheat? The young man and strong, the home-builder, the sane, the clean, the progressive. The day of the prairie-schooner is not over, these vanguards of civilization still crawl over the fat mesas freighted with men, women, and little children, intent on building homesteads and breaking new ground. Alongside the trains we see them, and the trains themselves carry hundreds of family units bent on the same purpose. They are Makers of Empire all.

Gulliver says, "Whoever makes two ears of corn, or two blades of grass grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, deserves better of mankind, and does more essential service to his country, than the whole race of politicians put together." These diverse people so quietly producing the new harvests are making history as well as homesteads. As we follow the prairie wagons and the wains, we are on the trail of the greatest economic trek this world has ever seen, the historian of tomorrow will rank it with the world migrations. Last year there went north from the United States into Canada 72,-000 men and women seeking free farms.



First Passenger Special on Grand Trunk Pacific Railway.

They write the first chapter of the wheat-story as they turn the prairie flowers under and sow grain in virgin furrows. The Grand Trunk Pacific tells the second chapter as it carries the rich harvest to the ocean-edge. The loaf of bread in the lap of the hungry kiddie in Old World slumdom completes the story. It is the Trilogy of the Wheat. As we watch the drama enacting we stop to note the insistent part played by the women.

Lonely is the life on the homestead in the early days when babies are small and distances between homesteads are great. When Canada takes time to recognize the nation-building work of her prairie pioneers, equal meed of praise must be given to the strong-armed man and the faith-possessed woman. Altruism is at the bottom of both their endeavors, they are treading hard paths that the way of their children may be easy. Is there not in this all the divine tragedy of life?

There is something very inspiriting in looking upon this unfolding page of Anglo-Saxon history being writ far up near the top of the map. It is the story of pluck and determination, whether we view it through the small end of the field-glass looking at the individual farmer, or, reversing the lens, take in the splendid sweep of the Grand Trunk Pacific that brings a market to his door.

In quick imagination we jump the intervening year or two and see this splendid highway a consummated fact. Surely Prince Rupert, the Pacific terminus and entrepot, bids fair to be unique among the great railroad terminals. It is farther north than most of them and yet its climate is moderate and salubrious, on its streets will blend human strands of Occident and Orient, people as diverse as the lands they come from and the freights they interest themselves in.

Prince Rupert is a baby city yet, but the infant is a lusty one; and as Seattle, Portland, San Francisco, and Vancouver have grown to greatness on this shoreline so their Northern sister too will grow, her swaddling-bands are burst and already she is stepping into short frocks. When Prince Rupert is connected by fast steamship with Sydney in Australasia, two of the grandest harbors in the British Empire will be joined. This Grand Trunk Pacific route cuts off between Yokohama and New York 1,500 miles of the present distance if we traverse our earth's orange at the San Francisco parallel, and 500 miles if we count

the route across the continent by way of Vancouver.

The busy man will choose this route because we live in an age of hurry, and the saving of two or three days in the circumnavigation of the world will cause the globe trotter to get his ticket to read "*via* Prince Rupert." It is the route of easy gradients, of quickest transit, and of wonderful scenic beauty. The Grand Trunk Pacific pierces the great new National Park that the Canadian Government has recently set aside. The new line will also bring within ken Mt. Robson, the highest peak in the Canadian Rockies. The actual height of Mt. Robson is 13,700 feet, its pointed apex of ice being usually completely hidden; this is going to be the *piece de resistance* for the tourist and the Alpine climber, and one of the show places of the world.

Is not Prince Rupert very cold? Like the Laodiceans, it is neither hot nor cold, the mercury rarely touching zero. Already in this City of Destiny are comfortable hotels, a weekly newspaper, and two or three thousand busy people. We have said something of the wheat-field that is at the back of the house. What is there in the fish-pond in front? Schools of herring, hosts of halibut, salmon swimming over a thousand miles of seaway. This is the richest fish-preserve in the world, counting as denizens every known species that wiggles tail and swims with fin, from herring to halibut, from sardine to sperm whale.

To contemplate the splendid wheat-farms of prairie Canada already north of that between the Athabasca and the Arctic, is to feel the abounding pulse of a new life. Turning from the turmoil of petty politics, from the little bickerings of little minds, it is like a deep inspiration of tonic air to see the drama of *The Homstead* enfold itself on these fat plains.

The Grand Trunk Pacific is bringing into the world's ken in Unknown Canada a new Empire of productiveness. It is the Belt of Homes. And in between the lines of the Trilogy of the Wheat, the thoughtful reads another story, an exemplification of that beautiful trinity of Lamartine, the trinity of the Man, Woman and Child.

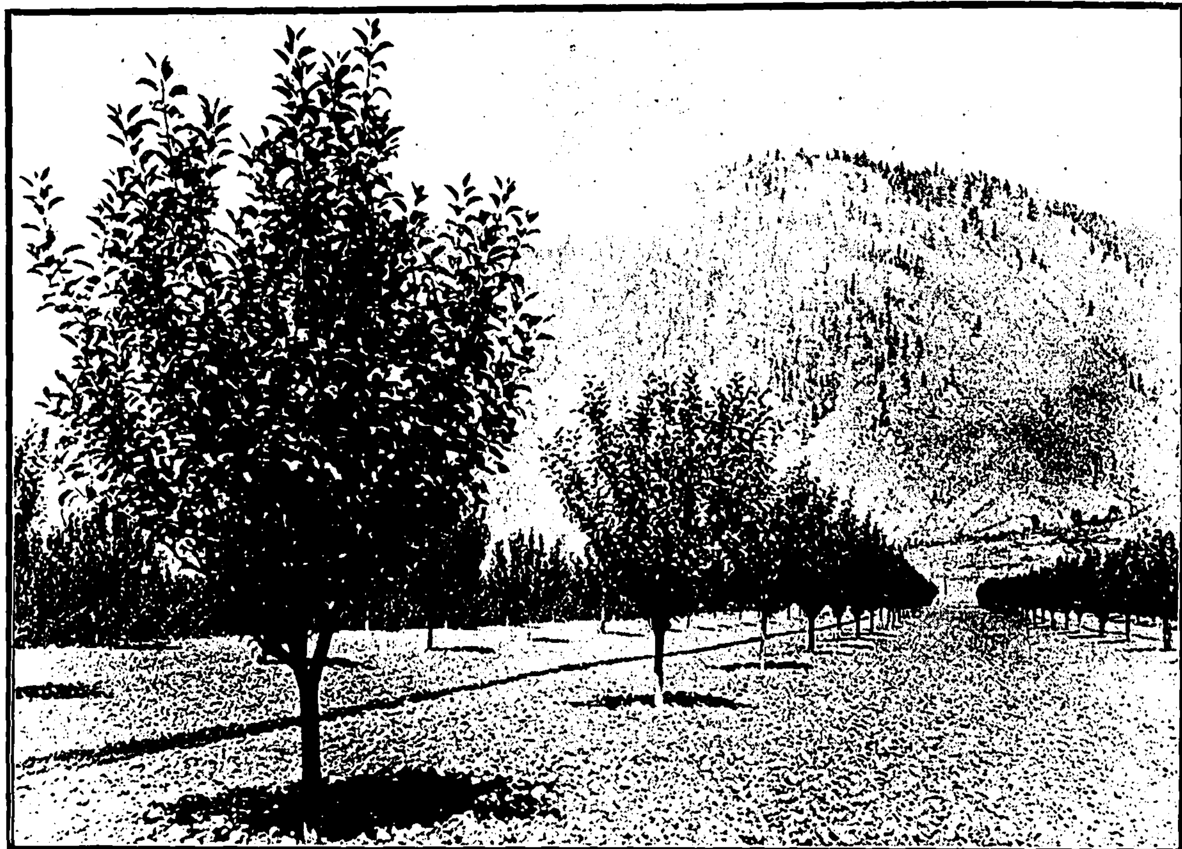
Fruitful Kettle River Valley

By George R. Belton

FOR some reason unexplained, the Kettle River Valley in Southern British Columbia is not as widely and favorably known as its merits deserve. It may be because no extensive tracts of land have been owned by large companies interested in advertising them, for such companies certainly give publicity to the districts they exploit—frequently, it is to be feared, greater publicity than the merits of the districts will warrant. Yet it is a feature of this grand country that its resources are so little known and appreciated that frequently even the apparently overdrawn prospectus of a land company is far surpassed in the actual results found when progressive settlers start to work the soil.

But the Kettle River Valley has been given little publicity of any kind except that very satisfactory sort sent out in the letters of its contented settlers. Particularly is this true of that part of the valley of which Grand Forks is the natural centre and supply point, a stretch of level valley land extending from Danville at the Washington boundary to Fife where the C. P. R. line begins to climb out of the valley along the banks of beautiful Christina Lake, on the way from "the Boundary Country" to Nelson.

Here is a valley about twenty miles long and three miles wide, level as prairie and just as stoneless, all cleared of trees and brush or easy to clear, with some hundreds of acres of orchards bearing or



Fine Showing of Six-year-old Apple Trees in Martin Burrell's Estate.

coming into bearing and more hundreds lately planted out. The mountains around are heavily wooded and supply streams frequently used to supplement the summer rainfall which, however, is sufficient for ordinary crops. Irrigation is used as a sort of insurance against drouth and also to augment the production of bearing orchards.

The climate is as nearly ideal as can be imagined. A long summer is followed by enough winter to give a pleasing change; bright days are the rule the year around; the snowfall is light and lasts for about two months, beginning late in December. Like in most of British Columbia the climate shows definite spring and fall seasons somewhat similar to those of the British Isles, so different from the prairie climate where summer and winter change places with scarcely an intermediary season.

It is probably due to the great interest in mining that growing of fruit was not undertaken sooner and to greater extent. The Boundary Country is famous over the world for its copper: the Granby smelter in Grand Forks produces more copper than any in the Empire and handles from its own mines at Phoenix, seventeen miles away, more tons of ore than is shipped by all the other metal mines in Canada combined. Up the North Fork, which joins the main Kettle River at Grand Forks, are some of the best and most extensive ore deposits in Canada, including the McKinley Camp. Naturally the minds of all visitors to the Boundary district have been turned to the great ore deposits rather than to the prolific character of the soil.

This great and growing mining industry, with the lumbering provided by the North Fork forests, already provides a ready local market for fruit and also for the vegetables and other products raised while the trees are coming into bearing. The Granby smelter alone employs nearly four hundred men at Grand Forks with a payroll of $40,000 per month, and employs many more at the mines in Phoenix. At the latter town, as in many other districts tributary to Grand Forks, there is practically no land available for agricultural purposes, so that the valley at Grand Forks has first opportunity to supply other products needed. As mining and smelting must keep pace with the development of all Canada this great local market will al-

Cooper Bros.' Farm near Grand Forks, B.C.

ways be an important factor in the valley no matter to what extent its production may be developed.

The great export market open to all British Columbia is, of course, the adjacent prairie, Alberta in particular, where development is naturally faster than in any other part of Canada at present—a development that precludes any possibility of the fruit growing ever being overdone. The Crow's Nest coal districts give an even nearer market for produce and fruit, and in these markets the Kettle Valley has a great advantage over other districts: it is from ten days to two weeks earlier than any other district that can compete for this market and thus can obtain the highest prices.

Fruit is not the only product of the valley, although owing to its greater production it seems to be the ultimate aim of nearly all land owners and settlers. The soil is a sandy loam, generally deep and rich, somewhat alluvial in character, and grows grains and vegetables to perfection. The field photographed has been cropped fourteen years and this is the third crop since it was summer-fallowed. The owner, W. A. Cooper, uses no irrigation for any purpose in field or orchard: he carries on a system of cultivating the soil somewhat similar to the dry-farming advocated by Prof. Campbell. His home is seen in another picture which also illustrates the system by which the land is brought under orchard in the Kettle River Valley. Frequently, after clearing, the land is put into grain for a year or so, then the trees are planted and between them vegetables and small fruits are grown. Strawberries are a favourite crop often bringing $200 to $400 per acre. Other pictures show an irrigated orchard, owned by Martin Burrell, M.P.; the irrigation ditch, or rather plow mark, can be seen between the rows of trees. The level land aids in making irrigation easy by gravity systems, which are, of course, the cheapest form of irrigating.

A feature of the Kettle River fruit-growing illustrated by these photos is the rapid growth of the trees. Men experienced in fruit-growing in Ontario or elsewhere declare it almost unbelievable that trees can come to such size and into bearing at such an early age. Apple trees bearing at four years are no novelty

and trees bearing in paying quantities at five years are common. The trees in Mr. Burrell's orchard are six years old; their

Oats grown on Cooper Bros.' Farm, being the fourteenth crop on this ground: third crop since summerfallowed. No irrigation used.

vigour, thrift, and general progressiveness can easily be seen. In common with most of British Columbia, the Kettle River Valley enjoys immunity from pests of all kinds.

What of the future? Opinions of men experienced in other and older fruit growing districts are to the effect that this valley will yet be one continuous orchard, with the side-hills growing grapes. Certainly the results now being obtained on the famous Covert estate and in Honsberger prune orchard are such as justify the brightest hopes. The Covert estate of 320 acres, planted by W. H. Covert, the father of fruit growing in the interior, is now divided into 20-acre orchards, each amply sufficient to support a home, even to bring huge profits to a family. An acre grows seventy trees; each tree at ten years of age will average, on a normal year, ten boxes of apples. Place the net value in the field at $1.00 per box and it means $10 per tree, $700 per acre or $14,000 for one year's crop from twenty acres. Suppose only half that amount be realized, that is, five boxes to the tree, it still means $7,000 gross for the crop. Even two boxes per tree would bring a large increase—and that would be called a "failure of fruit." The price quoted, $1.00 per box, is below the average obtained, and prices are rising rather than lowering year by year. The cost of pruning, spraying, picking, boxing, etc., is considerable and the work entailed is also much greater than is usually made public in articles on this subject; but even if this expense were half the total income it would leave a large and growing margin of profit, year by year, while the work is as healthful and as enjoyable as can be imagined, particularly in a district with such favorable weather conditions as those of the Kettle River Valley.

The Pacific War of 1910

By Charles H. Stuart Wade

CHAPTER IX.

A JAPANESE FORCE ANNIHILATED.

THE noontide sun was shining upon the ruins of Victoria City when some 6,000 Japanese formed-up on British soil under the command of General Harcu; these, after looting the buildings not utterly destroyed, advanced as a flying column along the railway line en route for Nanaimo; whilst shortly after three the Japanese fleet reinforced by a number of destroyers, transports, and torpedo vessels, steamed northward through Haro Street, being watched from the American waters by a powerful squadron of the United States navy, under command of Admiral Sperry; the Canadian fleet was in tactical array off Sidney and Saanich where the troops already transported from Victoria were embarked and preparations made for a stubborn defence of the Strait of Georgia from Stuart Island to the Portier Pass. The "Narrows" between the labyrinth of channels had been well and scientifically protected by the naval mechanical engineers with mines and other destructive contrivances; whilst the sympathy of the great American nation (which had no other means of shewing it without breach of neutrality) was evinced by the United States Admiral removing the Beacon Light established by his nation on Stuart Island; a kindly courtesy acknowledged by Admiral Kingston who immediately sent one of his principal officers to thank him in the name of Great Britain and Canada.

The Japanese flying column had meanwhile followed the railway line from Goldstream until at 6 o'clock in the evening it came into conflict with Lieut.-Col. Todd's outposts which were speedily driven in, whereupon a very hot engagement developed shortly after 8 o'clock. In attempting a turning movement the enemy was attacked by the force of Lieut-Col. Shields when Capts. Whitmore and Barford rushed to close quarters in a most gallant manner, whilst the machine guns of Lieut. Peary completed the repulse of the movement inflicting great slaughter.

The destruction of the railway line prevented the enemy's projected rapid advance, whilst the defensive arrangements were evidently unexpected and the Japanese accordingly camped under arms. During the night a number of reconnaissances were repelled, and preparations were completed by which a skeleton force of 500 men (with an armoured train provided with three machine guns), under the personal command of Lieut.-Col. Todd should defend the railway line, whilst Lieut.-Col. Shields and 1,500 men fell back and took up a position in ambuscade; the famous local guide "Cougar" Joe who had opportunely arrived and offered his services advising this course, and stating that he knew of a spot near Shawnigan Lake where such strategy was certain of success.

By 4 o'clock in the morning every arrangement had been made and the attack was anxiously awaited by the small force left behind, nor was it long delayed, for the enemy ever a lover of night attack "rushed" the position shortly before daybreak, compelling the defenders to retire under the protection of the armoured train, from which so strenuous a fire was maintained by the machine guns that the attackers were compelled to remain at a respectful distance, though ever pressing onward as the entrained force

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slowly retreated. By the destruction of bridges and culverts, the armoured train succeeded in holding the enemy at bay and impeding his advance,—which was accordingly of the lowest character,—and darkness fell as the skeleton force drew near to Cobble Hill, the enemy's forces advancing steadily just beyond range.

Unaware of the exact point selected for the ambuscade, Col. Todd and his men had been constantly on the alert, but no sign of the Canadian force had been visible on either hand, indeed the look-outs were keenly on the watch ahead, when suddenly heavy firing was heard in their rear. Concluding that the trap had been sprung and that the enemy were being attacked by his colleague, Lieut.-Col. Todd gave the pre-arranged signal for the armoured train to steam back full speed to the support of their comrades.

The enemy had been completely taken by surprise, for as the train approached the scene of the conflict it was visible only as one dense sulphurous region of fire and smoke, whilst the noise was deafening.

The darkness of night was lit up by spouts of flame fully as vivid as tropical lightning, while the shrill screaming of the rifles rose in a frantic crackling shriek; then the machine guns adding to the tremendous din opened up with an almost continuous sheet of flame, and poured forth a deadly bullet-storm of destruction far exceeding that of the thunderbolts of heaven itself, or the devastation of a cyclone.

The lust of battle was on the Canadians and the picked shots had done well, for the railway line was covered with the dead and dying; whilst from every tree to right and left poured forth a continuous hail of bullets, each one of which could scarcely fail to find its mark amongst what was left of the 6,000 Japanese who had been thoughtlessly advancing in what they supposed to be perfect security! With a broken bridge cutting off all chance of retreat to the rear, with their enemy to right and left sheltered from view and skilfully dealing death upon them; trapped between three fires it only needed the return of

the armoured train to complete demoralization! Being splendidly served, the machine guns operated by Capt. Leamy mowed them down as a reaper cuts the corn, whilst the soldiers under Capts. Munro and Swinford leaping from the train on either side immediately took cover, adding the strength of 500 rifles to those already surrounding the Japanese column. Revengeful, and mad with rage at the wanton and merciless destruction of Victoria, every man was eager to attack the enemy and come to a hand-to-hand conflict; but Gen. McDonald's orders had been emphatic that "no single British life was to be sacrificed unnecessarily," and each man realized that this was but the first of many engagements, as also, that the surprise was so complete that death or surrender was their only alternative.

Of the Canadians hardly a man had ever fired a gun at his fellow-man; with few exceptions, none had even seen the mimic warfare of a sham fight or military manoeuvres, and the few disciplined men amongst them were entirely insufficient to admit of true military tactics, but the lessons given them had been well studied, and acting upon them no man recklessly exposed himself to the fire with which the Japanese survivors endeavoured to locate the attackers.

It was no longer a fight, it was a carnage! the air rang with Banzai! Banzai! as the stubborn foe desperately attempted to make headway until rank after rank lay heaped one on the other as they fell before the never-ceasing volley issuing from the flat car ahead of them. For nearly an hour the slaughter continued, when a Japanese bugle sounded; white handkerchiefs were hoisted on bayonets, and Colonel Toki with Capts. Noguchi and Loyen, surrendered as prisoners of war to Colonels Todd and Shields. The British loss was small in killed, though many were wounded; but of the enemy less than two thousand survived, whilst most of those bore wounds shewing the terrible ordeal through which they had passed. Amongst the dead were Generals Harcu and Yatsubuchi, with scorces of officers of lower rank.

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The prisoners, having been disarmed were placed under strong guards on Colonel Shield's trains, which had been awaiting the result a few miles ahead, and taken to Nanaimo; whilst the wounded were given such assistance as was possible and subsequently transported to that city also.

"Cougar" Joe having selected a hundred men acquainted with the district was entrusted with the command of a company of scouts, and supplied with means of repairing the telegraph line (which had been cut at many points), as also the necessary instruments which would enable four expert telegraphists accompanying him to communicate whatever useful information he acquired whilst engaged in retracing his course towards the devastated city of Victoria in search of information. Immediately after their arrival at Nanaimo the Japanese prisoners were transported to Vancouver under escort, and thence to the interior.

Being interrogated by Gen. Woolmer-Williams Col. Toki stated that Gen. Viscount Taro Katsura was in supreme command of the Japanese forces; born in 1849 in the province of Negato, he belonged to the Samurai family and the Choshin clan: in the war with China he commanded the Third Japanese Division with such skill that the Chinese called his troops the "Ever Victorious Army." A brilliant soldier, he is also known as a great statesman, having attained a high reputation as Prime Minister of Japan.

The town of Nanaimo, within a very few hours after receiving news of the Japanese invasion, had been thronged with people from the outlying districts of Cowichan, Duncans, Chemainus, and the islands to the south; whilst the mining population to the north, even from Stewart and Comox poured in its hundreds of stalwart miners, prospectors, and hardy pioneers; men who were skilled with the rifle and inured to hardship; who needed no invitation, but came without delay from mountain and valley, on foot, or by boat and canoe to aid in defence of the country.

When news of the destruction of the

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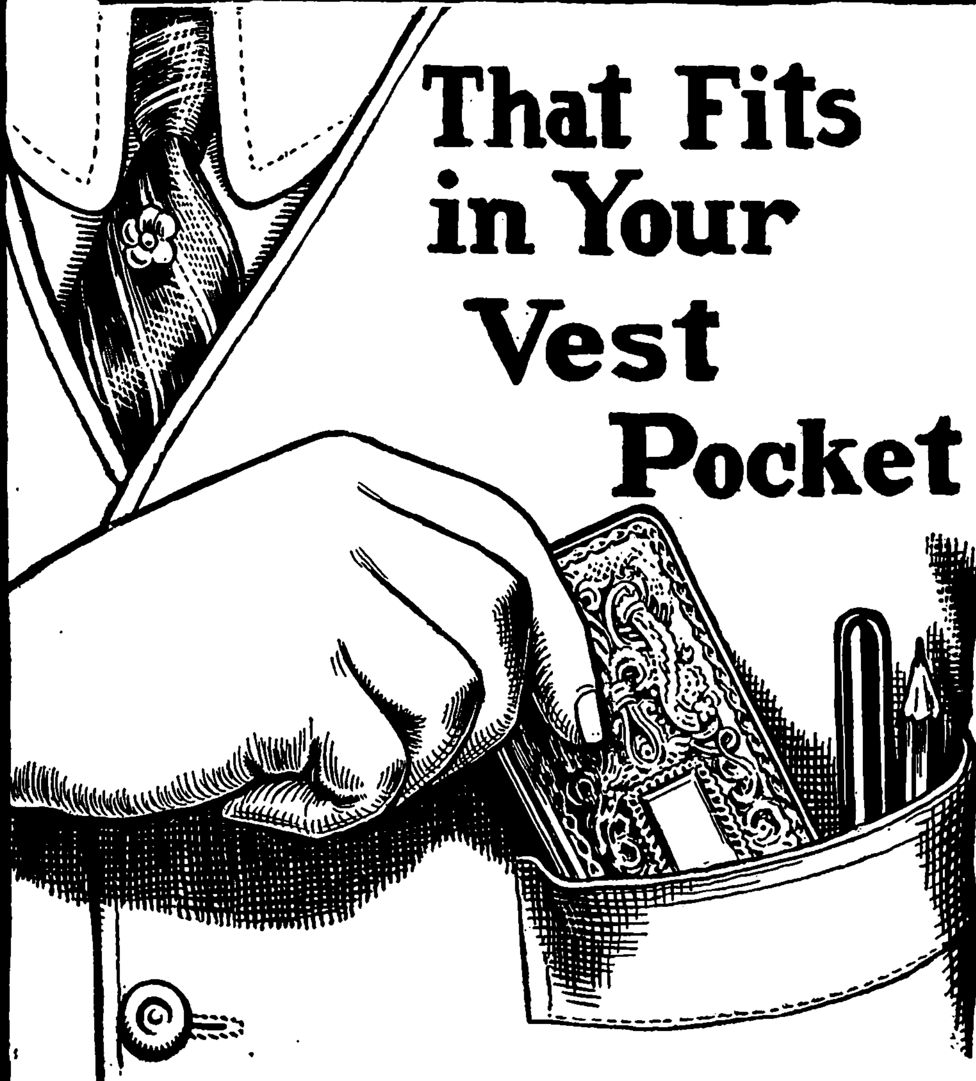

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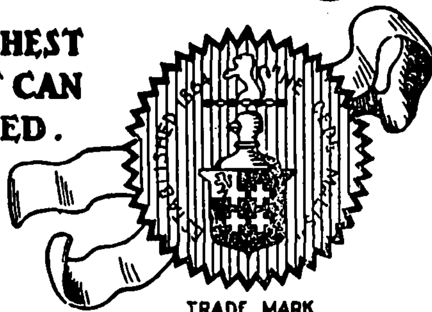
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capital arrived their excitement was intense, and eager their desire for the conflict; whilst the unexpected intelligence flashed along the wire of the great victory at Shawnigan emphasized their patriotic enthusiasm. Having been brigaded Major General Williams addressed the force, informing them—that in view of the enemy's overpowering naval strength, which rendered it impossible to protect the Strait of Georgia, the Government had decided to evacuate Nanaimo. He pointed out that no matter how stubborn a defence was put up in the Strait, it could not be successful; whilst, if Nanaimo were defended it meant their certain capture, or destruction immediately after the Japanese fleet had forced the passage and blockaded Vancouver—as they undoubtedly would.

The coal mines were therefore ordered to be destroyed, as, from despatches found on board the captured vessels, it was known that the Japanese relied upon obtaining supplies from Nanaimo. The entire force accordingly immediately embarked on the transports and crossed the Strait of Georgia to assist in the defence of the mainland.

Admiral Kingston, after the battle of Beechey Head, transferred his flag, with that of Commodore Bertram to the Otsu and Osama battleships, which had been the flagships of the Japanese Admirals Kabayuma (a prisoner), and Yashiro (killed). Both of these vessels were filled with immense stores of warlike material, some of which was of a character unknown to the ordinary engineer—whilst much of the mechanical apparatus was far in advance of that in use amongst European nations. A discovery of great value was a new description of war torpedo, and its manipulation being unknown a search was made in the Admiral's quarters which produced information both surprising, and likely to be productive of the most disastrous effect upon Canada and the British Empire had it not been opportunely discovered.

Most of the documents were in the French and German languages, and shewed how complete was the system of espionage maintained by the Japanese

Government; for even the greatest secrets of the Dominion were known to the enemy. Elaborate maps on a large scale were there, marked with all important buildings at both Victoria and Vancouver, whilst the plans of Esquimalt fortifications and armaments were complete in every detail. Some few years since the secret plans for the defence of the fortifications of Eastern Canada disappeared, and were not found for some weeks; when they were discovered (amongst other papers) on the desk of a Government official—instead of being in the safe custody of the military authorities! Doubtless they had been temporarily purloined—for copies of these plans of "Fortifications and Defences of Halifax and Quebec" were found on board the Osama. A copy of the English "Secret Signal Code," together with copies of the Japanese Code; also special codes "prepared for use during the campaign" and for communication on both battleships. So complete was the organization of the Japanese troops, who had for years been making Canada their home, that every man was registered and had been contributing a portion of his earnings towards assisting in the "Scheme for the Subjugation of Canada."

Regiments, divisions, and battalions had been formed, immense quantities of ammunition smuggled into the country, and every vantage point in British Columbia had its special detachment already appointed, who were ordered to seize and hold every position selected when the signal should be given. A complete list shewed that the "Kicking Horse Pass," Laggan, Banff, and Calgary, were all to be held in force; as also Edmonton, and the Eastern lines between there and Winnipeg, all of which operations were to be undertaken by settlers within the Dominion!

To prevent assistance being rendered from the United States, the settlers in that country had orders to destroy railways and telegraphs if necessary; as also to concentrate within the Canadian boundary line and co-operate with their fellow countrymen.

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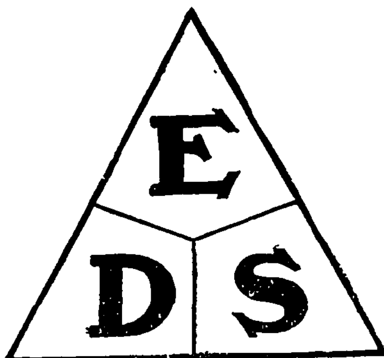

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Much documentary evidence proved that the scheme had for its object the ultimate seizure of Canada; as also the colonization of Australia, for other manuscripts shewed that a large fleet was preparing to make a descent upon the Commonwealth, a complete set of plans of the defences and armaments of its ports and vessels being found.

One of the most serious and far-reaching schemes prepared by the enemy, was for the destruction of the entire system whereby Vancouver and New Westminster were supplied with water and electric light; the plan being, as originally arranged, for the works at Lake Buntsen and other points to be blown up at the same instant, plunging the city into darkness and paralyzing the authorities, the opportunity thus afforded being utilized by the Japanese citizens to

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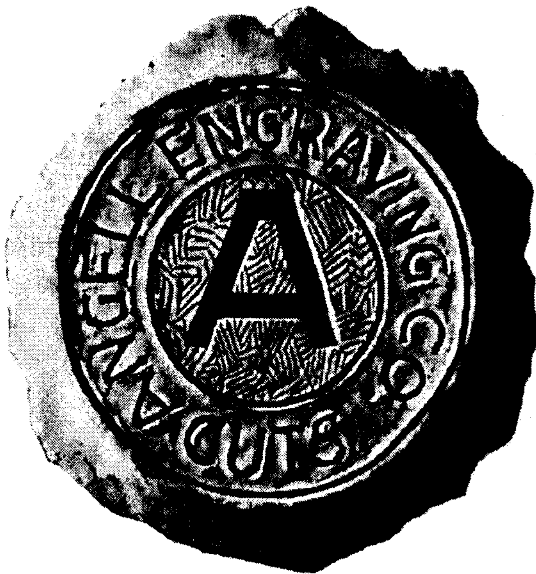

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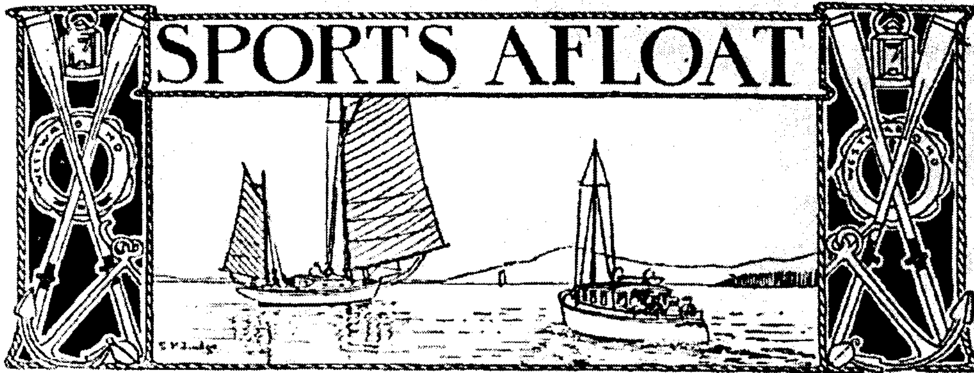

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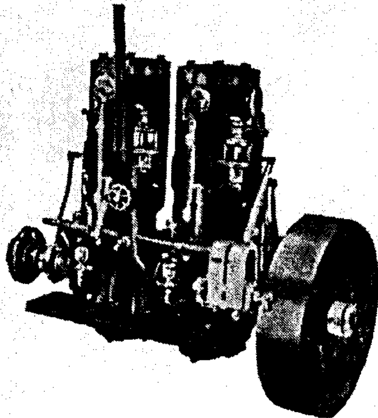

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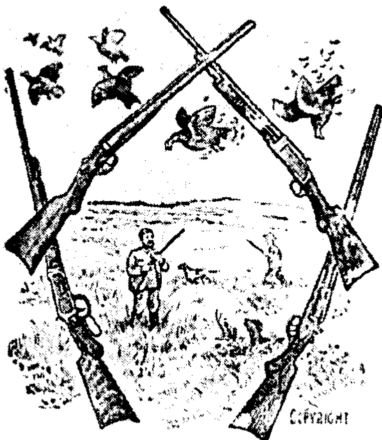

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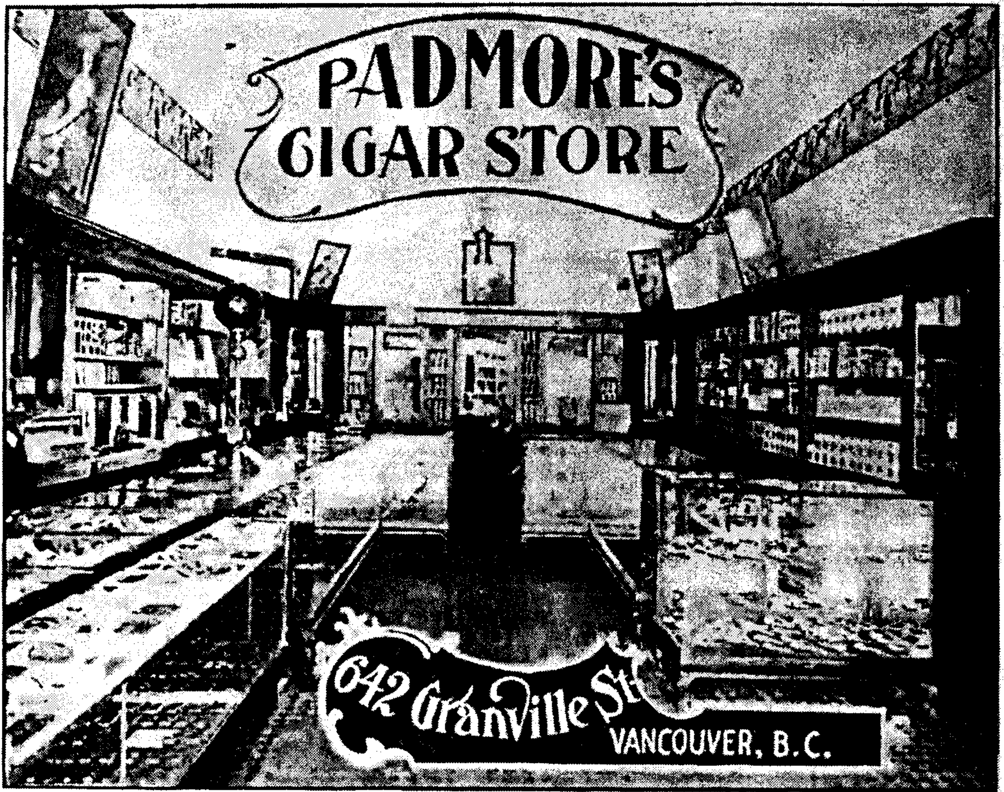

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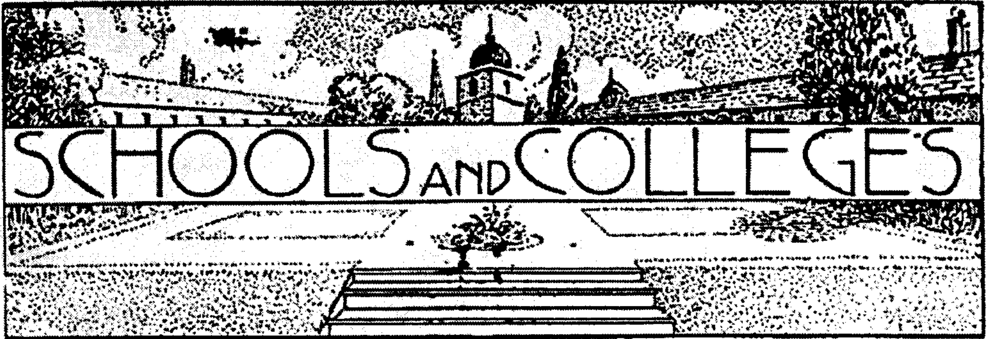

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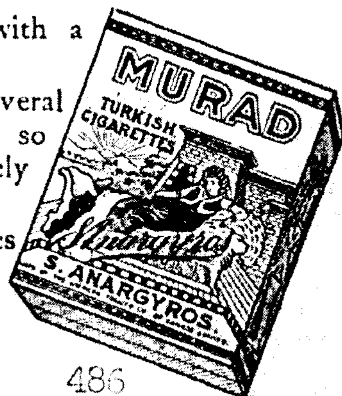

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