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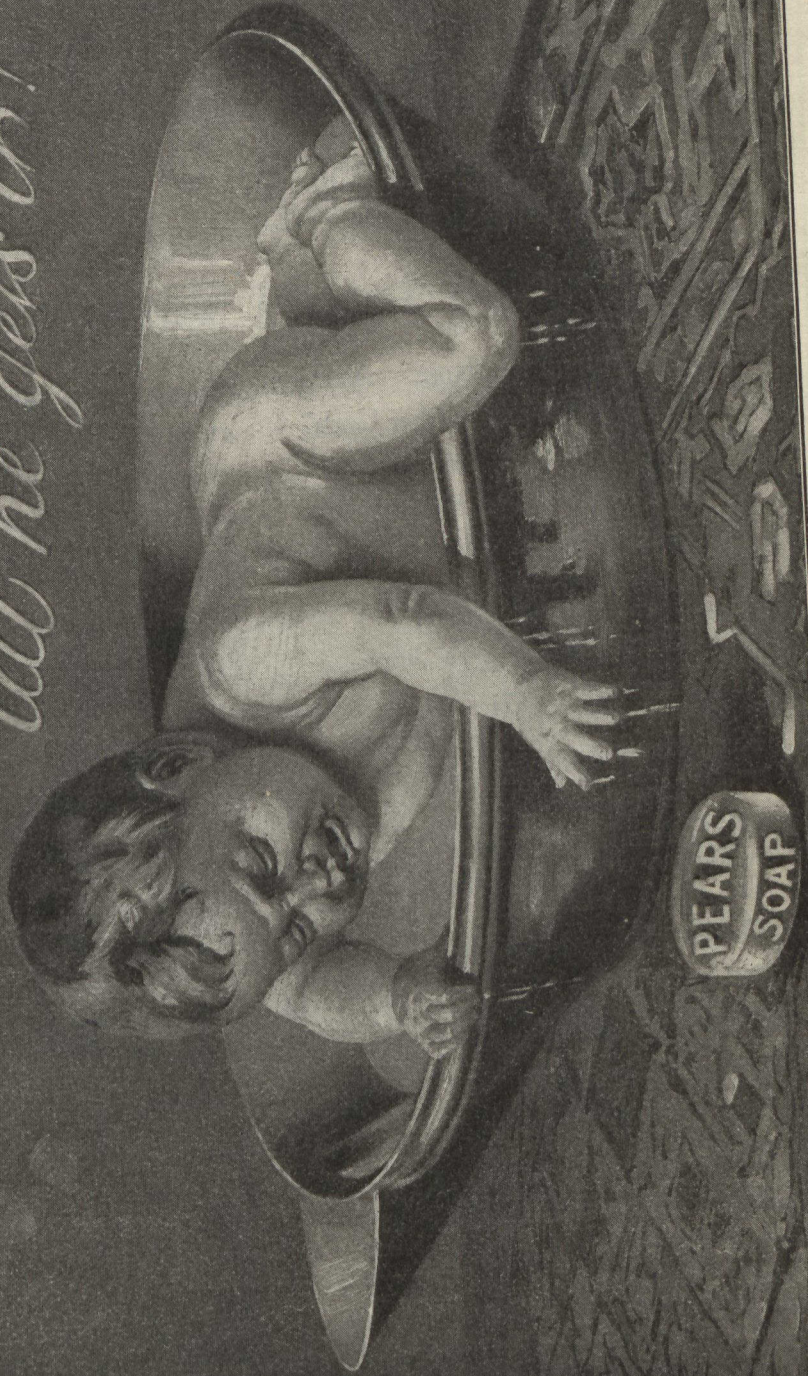
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THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXXIV.

No. 3

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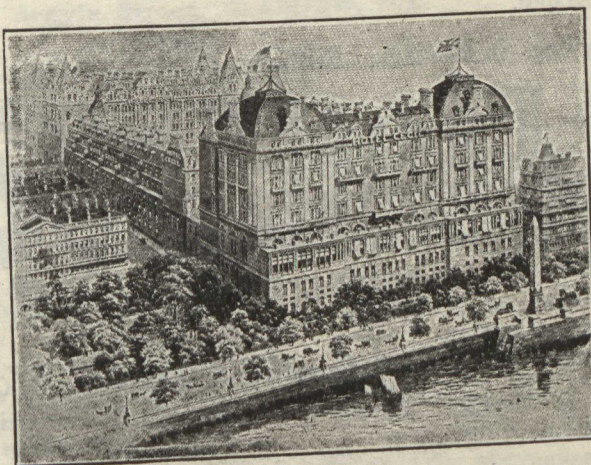
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Meanderings in Mediaeval Brittany.—By Frank Yeigh. Beginning at Saint Malo, whence Jacques Cartier sailed on his voyages of discovery so many years ago. Mr. Yeigh describes in a most delightful vein the scenes that confront the traveller in this quaint part of the old world. There are exceptionally fine photographic reproductions.

"The Toon O' Maxwell."—By Will Dallas. This is a bit of early Ontario History that is well worth preserving. It is an account also of an interesting experiment in Socialism.

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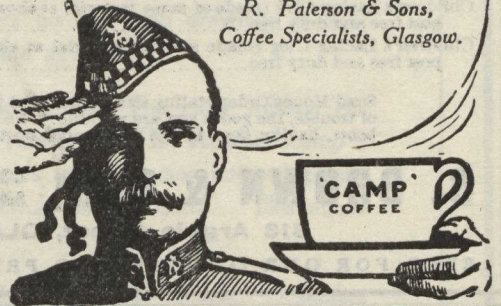


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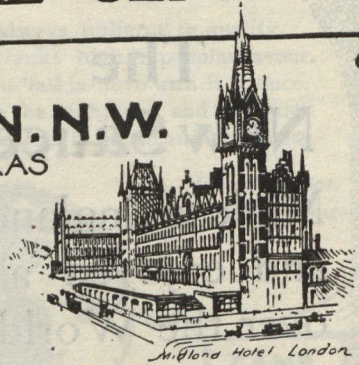
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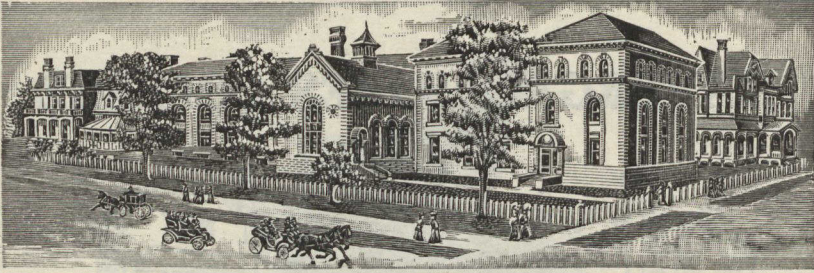
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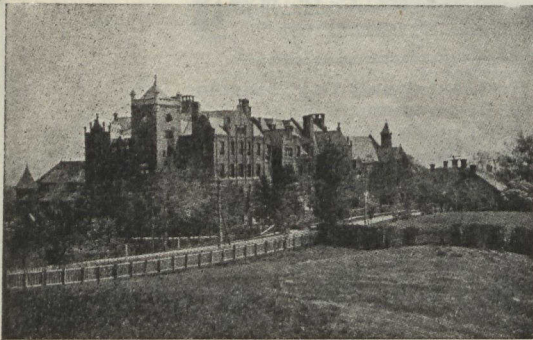
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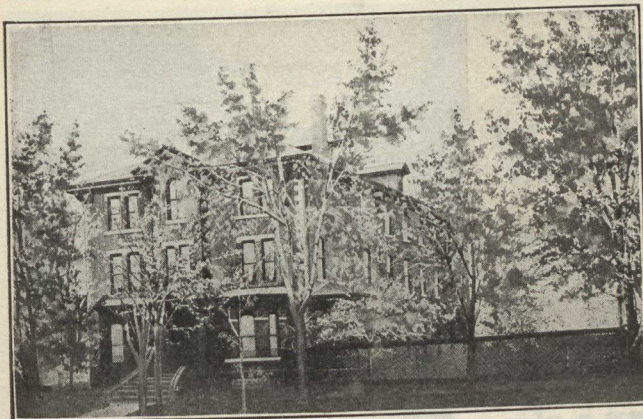
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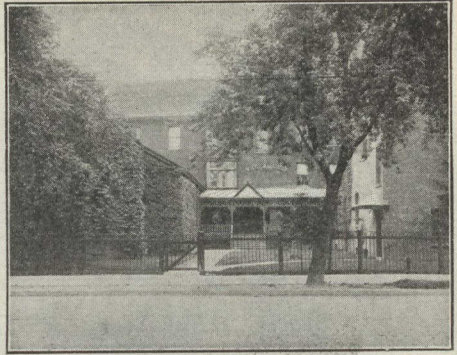
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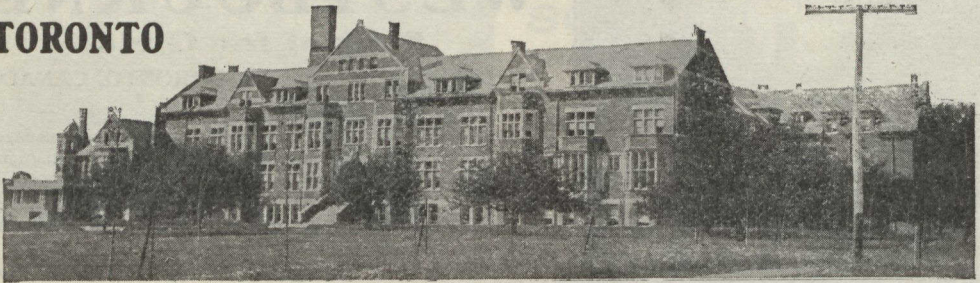
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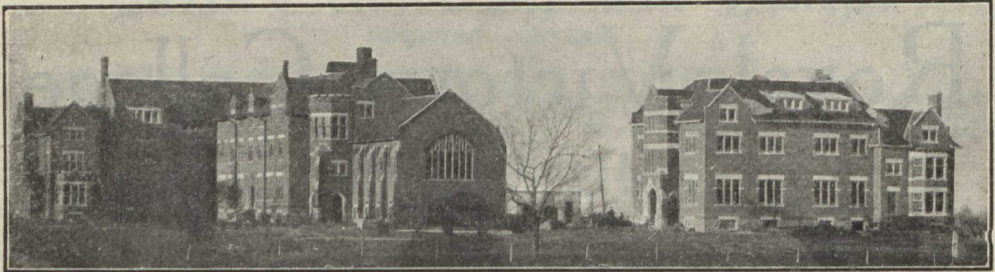
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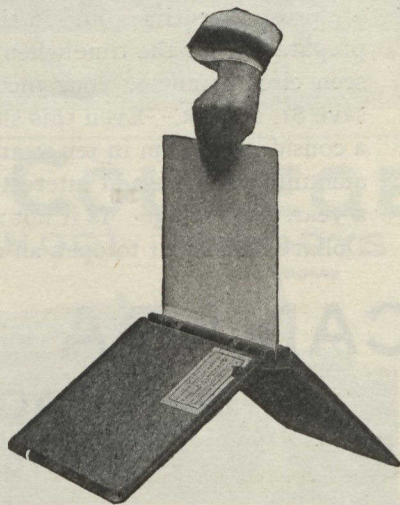
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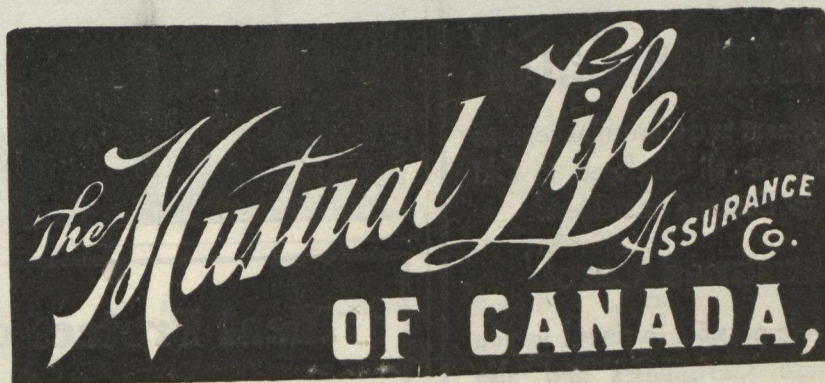


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From a photograph

THE "OLD DUTCH CHURCH," SCARBORO'

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXIV

TORONTO, JANUARY, 1910

No. 3

THE INTERGLACIAL BEDS AT TORONTO

BY PROFESSOR A. P. COLEMAN,
DEPARTMENT OF GEOLOGY, UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

TORONTO is not often accused of undervaluing its advantages, and yet it never prides itself on its most unique and interesting possession—its interglacial formation. The "Toronto Formation," as it has been called, is certainly the most important deposit of its kind in America, and perhaps in the world. Famous geologists have made pilgrimages to it, and its bearing on geological theories has been discussed in foreign scientific journals. It should be worth while, then, for Canadians to know something of the wonderful chapter of the world's history recorded in the Don Valley and at Scarboro' Heights.

Everyone knows that Canada was covered some thousands of years ago with a great ice sheet a mile or more thick, which left behind it boulder clay and moraines as evidence of its work. Not so many are aware that there were at least two ice ages, with an "interglacial" period between, when the climate was warmer than it is now. The best proof of this is found along the Don Valley, particularly at Davies' brickyard, to the north-east of Toronto.

Resting on the solid rock at the

brickyard one finds a few feet of boulder clay with many kinds of stones, some of them brought by the ice from 100 miles or more to the north-east. Nothing but glacier ice could have transported these blocks of granite and greenstone, so we may be perfectly sure that ice covered the region when this boulder clay was laid down.

Above it there is stratified clay, sand and gravel, evidently deposited in a lake sixty feet higher than now. Finally a second sheet of boulder clay covers the lake beds just mentioned, proving that they are interglacial.

With a little trouble a great many kinds of shells can be picked out of the beds of sand and clay, some of them large clam shells (*unios*) that usually go to pieces in your fingers. By very careful handling they may be got home, where shellac dissolved in alcohol judiciously used will make them firm and solid. We have more than forty kinds of shells from these beds in the University collection, including nearly a dozen that do not live in Lake Ontario, and four that are not found in Canada at all, but live in the Mississippi.

Wood also is found in the inter-

glacial beds in the form of branches and even whole tree trunks, greatly flattened by the load of thousands of feet of ice which afterwards covered the region. Certain clay beds are crowded with leaves, and by splitting the clay patiently hundreds of more or less perfect ones have been got out.

Professor Penhallow, the palæobotanist, has determined about forty plants from the Don, thirty-two or thirty-three of them trees. At least two of the trees are new, or rather old, species of maple, which he has named *Acer pleistocenicum* and *Acer torontonensis*. These two maples are unknown outside the Don Valley.

Only one or two land animals have been recorded from the Don exposures; but bones, horns, and parts of tusks have been found in interglacial gravel beds of the same age near Christie and Shaw Streets in the north-western part of Toronto.

Supposing that by means of a "time machine" we could transport ourselves back 50,000 years or more, to the shore of the interglacial Lake Ontario, what should we see?

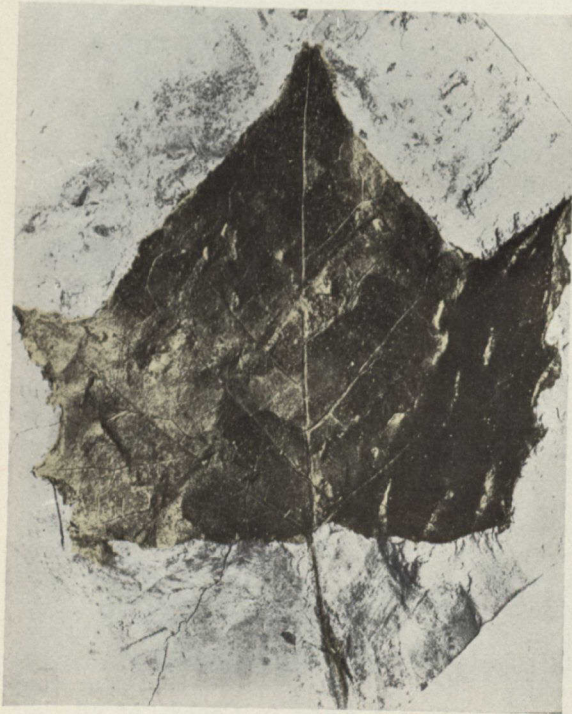
Where Toronto now is there was a broad bay reaching miles to the north with one shore not far from Weston and the other out of sight to the east. A great river flowed in from the north, draining the upper lakes, for Niagara did not yet exist.

Much of the shore was covered with a splendid forest growth of oak and elm and maple and basswood, with dozens of other trees. Wild plums ripened in the summer heat and hickory nuts dropped from the trees in the fall. There were pawpaws and osage oranges with the other trees, and the forest was like that of Ohio or Central New York rather than that of the present Don Valley; but a few of the trees were different from any now living in the same region.

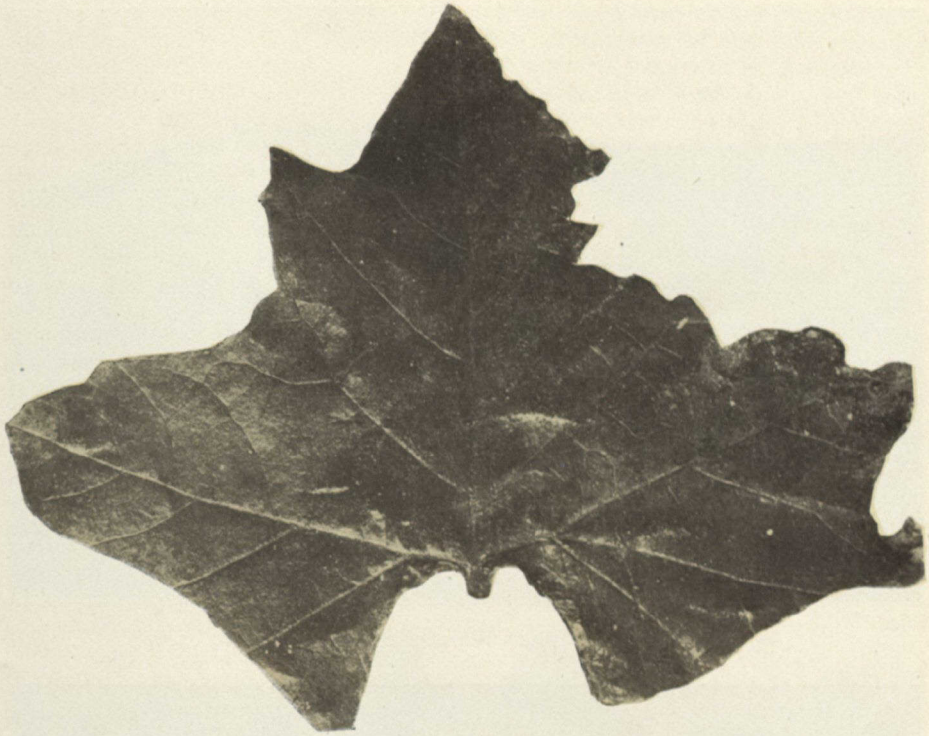
In some open space a herd of buffalo might be seen grazing; and a magnificent deer, as large as a moose, but with head erect, made its way down to the bay to drink. It was *cervalces americanus*, an animal like the Irish elk.

A crashing of branches would give warning that a herd of elephants, mammoths or mastadons, were on their way to the shore; huge and hairy creatures, with tusks differently shaped from those of modern elephants. No doubt there were plenty of other animals, but remains of the three mentioned and a single horn of a caribou are all the records that have been found up to the present.

Was man himself a dweller on the lake shore? Probably not, since no trace of human work has been found, unless bits of charcoal from



ACER PLEISTOCENICUM—AN EXTINCT MAPLE FROM THE INTERGLACIAL BEDS, DON VALLEY



ACER TORONTONENSIS—AN EXTINCT MAPLE FROM THE INTERGLACIAL BEDS, DON VALLEY

the interglacial beds at the brickyard mean a fire-place. Man is the only animal that uses fire, but no doubt forest fires were started by lightning or perhaps in other ways long before man the destroyer began his devastation.

How long the Don stage lasted no one knows, but long enough for a river to cut its bed fourteen feet into the rock, and for slow growing trees to spread north beyond the southern edge of the ice, and for several generations of great trees to live and die on the lake shore, for we find trunks at various levels through forty feet of interglacial beds.

At the end of the Don stage the Scarboro' beds began to be deposited in the deepening lake. The great river from the north brought down mud and silt and moss and leaves, which were spread out on the lake bottom for a breadth of twenty-five

miles, and reached a thickness of nearly a hundred feet along the present Scarboro' Cliffs.

Meantime the climate grew a little cooler, for in certain peaty beds in the clay leaves of spruce and cedar and willow and huckleberry have been found, and there is no more hint of the splendid Don forest. Along with the moss and leaves and bits of bark in the peaty layers there are beetles' wings, which can be picked out with a lens after washing away the clay. Doctor Scudder, of Harvard, has named seventy-two species from these fragments, only two of them still living; and he thinks their relations to present beetles imply a climate not quite so warm as the present.

As the lake deepened the broad delta was built higher and higher, sand being laid down for the last fifty or sixty feet, as shown at Scarboro'.



INTERGLACIAL BEDS (BETWEEN PARALLEL DARK LINES), DON VALLEY



INTERGLACIAL SANDPIT NEAR SHAW STREET, TORONTO, WHERE BONES AND TUSKS OF MAMMOTH
AND HORNS OF DEER HAVE BEEN FOUND

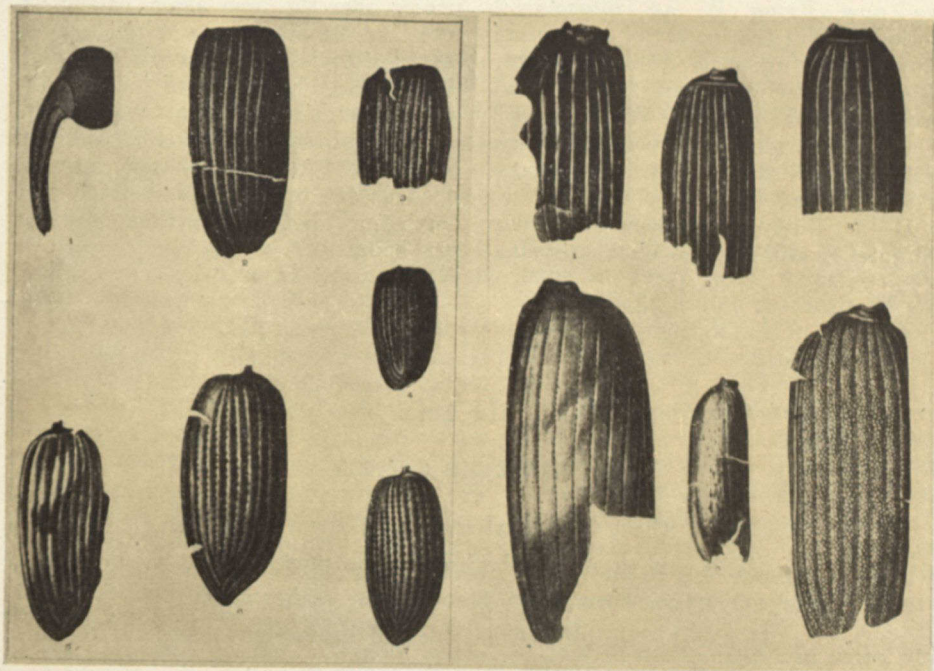
Finally the rise of water stopped at a height of 150 feet above the present Lake Ontario.

Then came a startling change. The interglacial lake was drained till it stood much below the present water level; and rivers began to cut valleys in the wide delta, now dry land. The best known of the river valleys was afterwards filled in with boulder clay when the second ice sheet invaded the region, and since boulder clay stands the weather better than the

before the Canadian Institute was the first recognition of the importance of interglacial intervals in America.

During later years shells and wood and leaves were found by Mr. Townsend and others in the Don Valley, and about fifteen years ago I made a large collection of the fossils, and worked out the astonishing history briefly outlined in this article.

The succession of events gives one much to ponder over. Glacier ice more than a mile thick blotted out the



EXTINCT BEETLES FROM INTERGLACIAL BEDS, SCARBORO' HEIGHTS

softer delta materials, we find the "Dutch Church" carved in it as a monument to this strange bit of history (see frontispiece). The Dutch church, with its tower and buttresses, stands in the middle of the fossil river valley, and marks the end of the interglacial period.

The real meaning of the grand Scarborough' section was discovered by Doctor G. J. Hinde more than thirty years ago, while he was a citizen of Toronto, and his paper on the subject

whole Province for thousands of years, and blizzards raged summer and winter as they now do in the Antarctic ice fields. Then after a long interval, we find the green gloom of a forest, including trees of a more southern type than now live on the north shore of Lake Ontario, trees that mean a sultry summer with the thermometer reaching 90° or 100° in the shade. The slow melting of the vast ice sheet, and the equally slow change from Arctic to warm temperate conditions

have left no record in the Toronto formation.

Afterwards a gradual cooling of the climate went on, till Labrador was once more heaped with ice creeping irresistibly outwards, overwhelming forests, burying mountains and valleys, filling up lake basins, until once more the white desert covered Canada with its perpetual snow.

At present there is no permanent ice in Labrador nor elsewhere in Canada except on high mountains. Are we now living in an interglacial period? Will the ice terror once more crawl down upon us from Labrador, this time wiping out farms and orchards and cities? Who knows? The ice has already covered Eastern Canada twice; why may it not come a third time?

It is likely, however, that our climate is still on the slow upgrade,

the retreat of mountain glaciers all over the world suggesting a general rise of temperature. I have estimated that the Toronto interglacial period lasted at least 50,000 years, and perhaps more than 100,000, and we have covered not more than a third of that time since the last ice sheet disappeared. We may hope then that there are some tens of thousands of years before us in which to buy and sell and build railways and *Dreadnoughts* and airships, before the white death passes over the land again. Long before that we shall have exhausted our stores of fuels and of metals, and civilisation may have drifted back to the crowded cultivation of a worn-out soil under conditions like those of India or of China. Another ice age may be needed to renew and refresh the earth for a better race than ours has yet been.

GIFTS

By FLORENCE CALNON

I thank Thee, God, that thou hast given me
 This gift supreme, the love of one most fair;
 One fair of soul, who breathes the higher air.
 And with Thy gift,—what blessed harmony
 Of long, sweet hours in all the years to be;
 And tender comradeship, so simple, rare;
 The years shall bring no grief too great to bear,
 So kind, so deep, love's sacred sympathy.

I thank Thee for the peace in dear, gray eyes;
 For every hour Love consecrates his own;
 Each kiss, and each caress, these gifts of Thine.
 I thank Thee for the thoughts that bade me rise
 To seek the sun-sweet paths my ways have known.
 My whole life thanks Thee for Thy gifts benign.

THE CONSERVATION OF NATURAL RESOURCES

BY ELIHU STEWART

THE Government of a young country like Canada, which possesses natural resources, has great responsibilities thrust upon it beyond what many economists have contended was the sole function of government, *viz.*, the protection of life and property.

Here we have a vast estate, the property of the nation, and of which the Government is the sole trustee, and it should be the aim of the latter to administer this estate so that it will be made to yield the greatest possible benefit to the people as a whole, not merely of this generation but of succeeding ones as well.

It is unnecessary to dwell at any length on the great natural resources of Canada. We have here half a continent almost in its virgin state, where the wealth of its mines has as yet scarcely been touched; where its fisheries are still in their infancy; where its agricultural lands are greater than we know; where its forests need only protection and proper management to render its future position assured, as among the first countries of the world, for the production of those woods most sought after for general use. Associated with the latter and dependent on its preservation we have water-powers unexcelled, which will be more and more utilised as fuel decreases.

When we reflect on these free gifts of nature bestowed with such a lavish hand on the people, it must be evident that no Canadian boy need envy

the inheritor of an old world estate, for he possesses a greater, which only requires careful management to bring him untold wealth.

As with all other gifts, there comes also responsibility; the same responsibility that rests on the individual who has inherited an estate, to so administer it, that, while using it for his own benefit during his term of existence, he shall hand it down to his successors as unencumbered as he received it.

With these considerations before us I think every patriotic citizen will be glad to know that within a short time a permanent commission will be convened to consider the conservation and management of the various natural resources of the country. Pity it is that such action has been so long delayed.

The questions that will come within the purview of this commission are so comprehensive as to be almost bewildering, and in what manner and to what extent it is to deal with them will be its first duty.

It must be remembered that most of the questions that will receive consideration are at present dealt with and administered by different departments of the Federal and Provincial Governments.

The Federal and Provincial Departments of Agriculture have had relegated to them the agricultural interests so far as it is thought wise that the Government should go in

aiding that interest. The fisheries are under departments that are working diligently for the benefit of the public in their respective spheres. The mining departments give their attention to the minerals of the country. The Federal Department of the Interior and the Department of Crown Lands in several of the Provinces exercise authority over the lands and forests of the public domain, and so on for others that need not be named. Such being the case, it may be asked whether there is need for such a commission and, if so, what should be its functions?

It is to these questions that I propose to direct attention.

In the first place, I think such a commission can be of immense public benefit, not as an administrative body but as an advisory council. It would be impracticable to centralise these departments. They are at present carrying on the work assigned to them, generally in a satisfactory manner, but there is an immense field for such a commission in advising extensions and improvements in the work of these several branches of administrative government, and, perhaps in some cases, in recommending further divisions on the one hand or combinations on the other, and even in the creation of new branches where the public interest demands it.

It may be said that the heads of these departments, or branches thereof, would be competent to advise on these matters, but any one familiar with the public service will perceive the difficulties in the way. For instance, if the official head of any of these departments or branches proposes to make his office more important he lays himself open to the imputation that he is seeking personal advancement, whereas an independent body such as this commission, after becoming familiar with the work done and required to be done, will be in a position to advise changes where necessary without such motives being attributed in any way at all to them.

I do not propose to discuss any changes or improvements in any of these branches except in the one with which I am familiar, namely, that of forestry, and in doing so I must ask the indulgence of the reader for referring to the organisation and carrying on of the work when I had charge of the service and perhaps to certain personal references that are necessary to an understanding of the conditions under which we laboured for several years, with, I must say, a rather indifferent public on whom we had to depend for support. I rejoice, however, to say that it was gratifying to find that the public throughout the Dominion were only passive because their attention had not been directed to the absolute necessity for immediate action.

In starting the work two objects were placed in the forefront. These were the preservation and proper utilisation of our existing forests so far as we had jurisdiction, and the encouragement of tree planting on our Western prairies.

It was found that it would be rather difficult for the Government, anxious as they might be, to do much in either direction unless they had behind them the public sentiment of the country, and the Canadian Forestry Association was formed with the aim of awaking the public to a realisation of the necessity of vigorous action in this regard. Very largely through its influence, a very healthy public opinion has been created, until now there comes a demand from every section of the Dominion that even greater efforts than heretofore should be made in this connection. In fact, recent discussions in Parliament show that, while expenditures in other directions are frequently criticised, the appropriations for forestry are welcomed by all parties, and if criticism is made at all it is generally on the ground that we are not going far enough in this direction.

But I want to come at once to the point and to state what advances in

my opinion should be made in the Federal forestry service.

I recognise the limitations that exist owing to the older Provinces having control of their public lands. Most of these Provinces are now wisely taking steps to a more rational management of their woods and forests, but in my opinion these Provinces would welcome assistance being given them in certain directions in the same way as the agricultural department assists the farming community in the individual Provinces. Take, for example, the education of the public on forestry lines and the prevention where possible of the invasion of insect pests from outside sources. It is well known that by the invasion of the larch saw-fly from the State of Maine several years ago our tamarac tree throughout a vast area have been practically all killed and, from this alone, this country has lost millions of dollars. It may have been impossible to prevent the spread of its ravages, but so far as I am aware no attempt was made. Again, the Federal forestry office should be able to furnish statistics in comprehensive form not only regarding the timber production from Dominion lands but from the whole of Canada, with full information regarding our trade in forest products with other countries. I am, of course, aware that the latter can be obtained from the trade and navigation returns, but this information should be all collected and summarised so as to give whatever the trade requires in very brief space. In this connection bulletins should be issued periodically containing this and other information for which inquiries are frequently made by foreign countries. I believe there is an opportunity now opening for the profitable exchange of our soft woods for the fine hardwoods of tropical countries with which we are entering into trade relations, and our advantages in this respect over the countries of Northern Europe should be made known.

Another matter that in my opinion

should be taken up is the question of wood preservation by the infusion of chemicals. At present the "tie problem" is becoming a serious one to our railway companies, and it is well within the proper scope of the Forestry Branch to encourage scientific and practical work looking to the prolongation of the life, so to speak, of timbers used in exposed positions.

Recognising the present importance of our timber and pulp trade with other portions of the globe and the possibility of its increase, I would favour a permanent exhibit of our forest products with full information thereon at the seat of Empire, at London, on a more comprehensive scale than has heretofore been attempted.

I would also suggest the holding of an Imperial Forestry Congress at London. There is no question that such an assembly would be welcomed and well attended, and the benefits to our trade resulting therefrom would be world-wide in effect. I may be permitted to say that I had such a gathering in mind before I left the service and had broached the subject to some of the leading foresters in Great Britain and to others in the India Forest Department.

I do not wish to be understood as criticising the work now being done by the Federal Forestry Branch in any sense. The officials connected with it are doing all that could be expected with the means at their disposal, but, viewing the question from an independent standpoint and realising the ever-increasing importance of the various matters to be dealt with, I think the time has arrived when this branch should be elevated to the position of a bureau, with expansions of the work in various directions.

When we consider the increasing demand for wood products and the depletion of it in so many countries of the globe which in former years were large exporters, and then recognise that the eyes of the world are turned to Canada as the chief source

of supply for the future, not only for lumber but also for pulp-wood, of which we have an almost inexhaustible supply in our spruce forests, it certainly is time that we should take a foremost place among the nations in the equipment of our forest service.

We devote worthy attention to agriculture, to the fisheries and to the mines, and have well-equipped departments to manage them, but to forestry we have heretofore bestowed far less attention than is given by some of the petty German States whose whole production would bear but a very trifling comparison, indeed, with that of Canada.

But I have only referred to the commercial importance of our forests. There is another function they perform in the economy of nature on which the whole population is dependent. Denude Canada of her forests and the result would simply be disastrous to the husbandman and in time

bring about conditions such as are observable in many parts of the old world, where, from the destruction of the forests, the regular water supply has been so prejudicially affected as to transform vast areas, once as fertile as our prairie lands, into barren wastes.

This country, no more than any other, can claim immunity from the law of cause and effect, and it is not too much to say that if the destruction of timber from forest fires that has gone on for the past forty years in Canada is continued for even a shorter time in the future similar results will assuredly follow here in various sections of the country.

Considering this subject in all its bearings, I have little doubt that the Conservation Commission at an early date will submit to the Government a scheme by which increased attention will be given to the forestry division of the public service.

YOUNG LOVE AND THE ROSE

By MARGARET O'GRADY

The lark's sweet note is wild and glad,
 The lilting breeze a love song sings,
 A gay red rose with saucy pose,
 On a dancing sunbeam lightly swings.
 Madly, madly swings the rose,
 Young Love has come. She knows, she knows.

The nightingale is hushed and still,
 The wind-whipped leaves a requiem croon,
 And a rose, pure white in the pale starlight,
 Hides her face from the tender moon.
 Sadly, sadly droops the rose,
 Young Love is dead. She knows, she knows.

“THOU SHALT HAVE NO OTHER GODS”

BY WALTER L. SAINSBURY

MARGARET DUNCAN sat outside her log hut mending garments, an occupation which aids rather than hinders meditation. Now and again her eyes would lift, and, as her fingers insensibly drew the cotton through the garments on her knees, so her eyes insensibly drew into the texture of her thoughts two men who worked and meditated in the distance.

The young woman's mind was going over her association with these men. She had brought them into the valley in consequence of a dream which promised them gold. Gold had been found, but not in payable quantities, and she wondered what their feelings towards her actually were. John Drinkwater, she knew, liked the place, apart from what it might contain in the shape of nuggets. He had planted an orchard-garden and intended to pioneer and settle the valley. But his partner, Hector Forsyth, found no such consolation. He was after gold, and would be satisfied with nothing but a golden fortune; and she sometimes feared that he might harbour resentment against her. Neither had yet said anything to injure her feelings, and she was sure that John never would. He was too content. His schemes for developing the horticultural resources of the valley thoroughly absorbed his mind. There was no room for anything else.

She mused thus for some time, until at length the descent of the sun

to the mountains reminded her that she ought to be making preparations for the evening meal.

“Well, John,” she said, as he entered the hut a half-hour later, “how are the peaches doing?”

“Fine, Margaret,” he replied, “and we'll beat the universe some day.”

Forsyth came in behind his partner, and she turned to him with a smile: “And how is the gold mine, Hector?”

“Pinched out,” he said, bitterly. “Only a stringer after two years' slavery, and now that is gone.”

“Bah!” exclaimed John. “Throw up the gold idea and take to the land.”

“Too slow, no market,” was the reply.

“I mean as a speculation,” continued John, apologetically. “The market'll be here in another five years and we can then make such a clean-up as has been made in several of the Oregon valleys. The land will be worth \$100 an acre, if it will be worth a cent. You will only have to ‘show’ people what we can do with irrigation, and they will be rushing to buy.”

“We can still do some prospecting,” he added, in a diplomatic concession. “But, in the meanwhile, let us preempt all the suitable land that can be irrigated from the creeks; and when the favourable moment arrives we can demonstrate to the world—what I have already demonstrated to my own satisfaction—that this is a

fruit district second to none west of the Rockies. Why, did you ever see such fine—" he was going on exultingly—

When Forsyth broke in contemptuously:

"John, I took you to be a miner, not a turnip-raiser. If I had thought you would go 'batty' over growing turnips and peaches and desert the old game, as you are doing, I would never have gone into partnership with you."

"Oh, if that is how you take it," his partner retorted, "you can live on canned sawdust and I'll work hour and hour with you, prospecting."

Margaret, fearing that this was the commencement of a serious quarrel, left the table; which gave John an opportunity to add: "You know as well as I that it is different with a woman in the camp. Something more than rough miner's fare has to be provided."

"Yes, apple-trees which will not bear for another three years," sneered Forsyth. "No, my friend, it is not gold you are after. Be a man and confess that you are a farmer, like your father was before you."

John knew that he was being told the truth, which is always unpalatable in such circumstances; because it silences the honest man, and he, being scrupulously honest, could not reply.

He was fully aware that he had never felt their misfortune as keenly as his partner. The success of the orchard and garden, which he had started as a serviceable pastime, soothed the sense of his disappointment; and, as their hopes of discovering rich gold deposits dwindled daily, the pioneering instinct—derived, no doubt, from his father, who had settled on the great plains long before the advent of a railway—came uppermost in his mind, and he decided to embrace the sure future, which the valley offered to the man who would develop it.

*

Weeks and months went by and the

breach between them widened. Forsyth noticed, with bitterness, the feelings of satisfaction which animated John, and a perceptible leaning of the woman to his partner's side increased his vexation.

"Why do you take the trouble to cultivate the land that you will have to leave?" he asked her one day, as she was working in the garden.

"Because I like it," she said.

"Or is it because John likes it?" he queried.

Margaret blushed; then became indignant: "It is none of your business as to whom and what I like."

"But I like you, too," he said, in a bantering tone.

"Do you?" she said fiercely. "Then, if I were you, I wouldn't do it any longer."

Forsyth was hurt.

"Why," he expostulated, "is my good-will not as welcome as John's?"

Margaret was silent.

"I had sufficient faith in you to follow you here," he went on, "and you have never heard me reproach you, because it has led to failure. I love you too much to—" he was now speaking earnestly.

"Stop, Mr. Forsyth," she said, turning to leave him. "You must not say such things to me. I will not hear them."

Thenceforth she avoided being alone with him.

She had already shown some preference for John's society and this threw her into it more than ever.

John somehow seemed her natural protector; she felt a reposeful confidence in him; he was too strong to be unkind; too preoccupied to be dangerous. Besides, she was not sure that she would mind if he did become a little fond of her.

John discerned that there was something wrong between her and his partner and assumed that Forsyth had let fall some indiscreet remark, blaming her for bringing them into the valley, which he had not scrupled to do in John's own presence. John, for

his part, was sorry for Margaret. She had believed in her dream, and there was excuse for it. The country, about that time, was excited by a story of the Mormons having made a great discovery through a similar agency; and it was not unnatural for her to think that her dream might be a profitable one, too. It was they — two sane, educated men — who were to blame, if anyone was, for being as superstitious as fifteenth century peasants. Still, after all, they had found gold, if not in wealth-producing quantities; and who was to say that it was not there in wealth-producing quantities? Only it was like hunting for a needle in a haystack to discover it.

This sympathy for the woman's position influenced him to be very kindly to her, and the sense of protection, which Margaret had in his company, was, no doubt, the outcome of this.

But Margaret did not long rest content in the sense of protection only.

John was of an enthusiastic temperament; he had great schemes in his brain; and she grew to admire him. As he opened his heart to her, his eyes would often kindle, and she loved to see them kindle, and, in certain moods, she encouraged him to talk, solely that she might indulge her fancy for what she described as "picturesque masculinity" and see the soul of the man flash before the windows of sense. But when the mischievous spirit within her tempted her to try to excite the same expression on her own personal account, she reaped humiliation. John simply did not understand, and the only response she received was a puzzled smile.

This failure did not make a deep impression on her at first; she was inclined to laugh at his density; but later a sense of humiliation, out of all proportion to the occasion, settled down upon her, and the half-incredulous thought "he simply does not understand" echoed through her brain like a refrain, to give place to a more practical consideration as to how he

could be made to fully understand.

Margaret now experienced the delicious feelings which came from anticipation.

"It would be splendid," she thought, "to see those eyes kindle to a new passion and to gaze down into them, as his soul rose to a more human stimulus."

But a second and more veiled attempt was equally unsuccessful. John seemed to be possessed with a fanaticism for practical achievement, so strong that it brought within its allegiance the whole sentiment of his nature. He could be gentle and considerate as a mother; yet he could not play up to the shuttlecock of repartee, which has for its central theme the eternal sex problem. Her instincts were shocked; she encountered a barrier, which it seemed impossible to break down; her enthusiasm for the valley evaporated; and she grew as dissatisfied as Forsyth — jealous, like him, of the attention which John lavished on his orchard and garden.

Forsyth noticed the change in her attitude and tried to take advantage of it.

"I am going to pull out shortly," he told her.

"Are you?" she said.

"I don't see much use in remaining any longer. There is no fortune for me here. John thinks he has found one for himself, and I am going to leave him to his delusion."

"But it is no delusion," she broke in, emphatically. "John knows what he is about. I will admit, however," she added, in an altered tone, "that he makes a kind of fetish of it. In fact, it has degenerated into a monomania beside which nothing and no one are of any consequence."

The words were scarcely out of her mouth before she repented of them.

"John's grit," she was about to say, when Forsyth caught her up on the point of her admission.

"So you practically agree with me," he said. "It is sheer madness."

"No," was her emphatic reply.

"Now, Margaret, you know you do."

"John has the grit to make a great success here," she persisted. "I was merely accusing him of too much devotion—not questioning his judgment."

"But, in your heart of hearts, you do question it," he pursued. "And you want to get out of here almost, I venture to say, as much as I do, and I am willing to take you away as soon as you say 'when'."

John little guessed the altered feelings he aroused, as he continued to talk of his cherished schemes. Her sympathy with them had been the main cohesive element in their friendship, and whatever confidences he had given to her had been given on the understanding that she was loyal to his aspirations. Those aspirations came first in his life. "The work is the thing," he would say to himself, "and then the wife." The latter was a mere detail—a nebulous contingency in the scheme of existence, dependent on successful achievement.

Perhaps, if he could have discerned Margaret's point of view—"The wife's the main thing and then the work"—he might have been suspicious of the friendship that had grown up between them, and, probably, he would not have lingered, as he did one evening, seated on a promontory overlooking the valley.

It was one of those rare occasions of the year when the atmosphere has a certain seductiveness about it, which softens the rudest natures and brings upon the man of toil a delicious lassitude, foreign to his general habits.

John experienced something of this. He thought of the tranquillity, which the landscape instilled; and there came upon him a feeling of intimate friendship with his surroundings—an indefinable harmony between his inner emotions and the life which stirred about him—soft and caressing as the note which nature gives as a lullaby when she puts her children to bed.

Neither seemed inclined to talk

freely; there was a gap in the chain of communication or, perhaps, both preferred to enjoy the sensation of easy quietude.

"Maggie, I've found a name for our settlement," he said slowly, as if casting about for something to say to break the silence.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Naramatta."

"Where did you get it from?"

"It's Indian. It means the smile of God."

"How pretty!"

"Yes, but I wish I could invent another to mean the smile of Margaret."

The young woman laughed: "John's first compliment! You know, I believe that if you put that ingenious brain of yours to the business you might break a woman's heart. You have the fancy; you only need the will."

"Margaret, don't make fun," he replied. "I am a serious man and take life seriously, and you must make allowances."

"Yes, John, you do take life seriously," she said, sighing and laughing. "I wish you could be a little flippant sometimes. It would make you—shall I say?—much more human—I mean mortal—weak like the rest of us," she laughed. "You don't mind my telling you what I think, do you?"

"No," he said, lapsing into a self-questioning mood.

"There you are again," she caught him up. "The old serious expression. Doesn't your heart ever sing with the birds? Listen to them." She raised her finger to her ear in a mock gesture of attentiveness.

John smiled; her playfulness charmed him and the lightness of heart, which she displayed became infectious; he felt happier than he had ever been before.

They continued to talk aimlessly, thought tarrying where it listed, dallying now in the pleasant pastures of reminiscence and again in the more intimate and personal gardens of sym-

pathetic feeling and wholesome repose.

Margaret was in high spirits; something told her that to-night was to be her night of triumph; and she exulted in every sensation that thought and emotion could bestow. Everything was beautiful.

"How gay the mountains look!" she said, turning to the sunset. "They have put on gala dress in our honour. What a pageant of colour!"

The sun was sinking in a golden blaze. The light, summer clouds along the horizon shone crimson; the higher reaches of sky paled from a warm glow into a pearly brilliancy, while over the mountains the glory of the sunset was reflected in a rich mantle of crimson and purple, deepening, with increasing shadow, into a sombre majesty.

"Isn't it wonderful!" he exclaimed, his mind carried away by her enthusiasm. She was more wonderful, though, to his eyes at this moment. "I have read of the sunset hues of Italian skies, but this can scarcely be excelled, I should say, even by Italy."

"Alas, John," she said, her voice dropping sadly, while her eyes moistened, "this will not happen for me again."

"No," he said, surprised, "why not?"

"I must be leaving you soon."

John was taken aback; she had not mentioned this before. Then, as he suddenly realised what it would mean to him, he burst out in passionate protest.

"You will be lonely, I know," she said, "but you will have your work and with those great schemes of yours you can never be really lonely."

Looking down towards the hut, they could see the man who sought gold, walking spent and crestfallen.

"Forsyth is also going, I understand," John remarked.

"Yes, he and I will probably travel together," she replied. Then, casting a sympathetic glance in Forsyth's direction, she added, "Poor fellow, he

looks as if he has had his usual luck to-day again."

Although not of a jealous disposition, John experienced a slight pang; but it was immediately swept away by a fuller appreciation of what this woman had been and still could be to him.

"I shall be terribly lonely," he said, sorrowfully. "You will stay — say you will stay," he pleaded.

The man's soul was in his voice. She had to use all her self-control to withstand his entreaty. But she knew that her happiness was at stake. Love must assert her rightful claim above everything.

"No, John, I can't stay," she said quietly, though firmly.

"But you like the valley as much as I do," he pursued. "You love the life here—at least you have always given me to understand that you did."

She was silent, not knowing what to answer; and she gazed out over the landscape, as if seeking inspiration.

Her eyes fell upon the scene, where her strange rival was nestling beneath a pall of gathering mist, and she seemed to hear it say, warningly: "*Thou shalt have no other gods before me.*"

This fancy quickened her will and she answered again, determinedly: "I will not live here."

"Then, Maggie, I shall go too," he cried.

"No, you must stay," she said. "You have gone too far to go back. Forsyth and I will be giving up nothing in going; you would be surrendering everything."

She had brought the matter down to the vital issue. The allusion to his schemes made an instant impression, like a shock; he hesitated; then, throwing off the impression, he added doggedly: "I will not stay, if you go. My life here would be unbearable."

She had triumphed.

Passionate and endearing words began to flow from his lips.

To assure herself—to hear it from his own lips—she said, disengaging herself from his embrace, "You love me above everything, John?"

"Yes, above everything." There was no hesitancy now.

"So be it then," she said, contentedly; and, as she spoke, Forsyth left the hut and came towards them.

*

There was nothing for John to do now but prepare to leave the valley. They could not go immediately; because Forsyth had some equipment to bring in from the hills, where he had been prospecting. There was, therefore, an interval of waiting.

Margaret now began to repent of her triumph. A change had come over her lover which was both exasperating to her vanity and boded no good to their future welfare. She had no fault to find with his devotion. He was, if anything, too devoted. It was a change of spirit, rather than of manner. He was not the man she had coveted and won. There was something lacking. At first she was puzzled as to what it was. Events soon revealed it to her.

One day, unnoticed by him, she crept up to his chair; and, looking over his shoulder, saw that he was studying a set of plans. They were crude, but she grasped the purport of them. She had noticed his preparing something of the kind.

"All this must go," he said to himself. "Not one in a thousand would have been able to set it on foot. Yet I could have done it—it seemed my work."

He was about to set a match to it, when Margaret caught his arm and said: "No, let me have them."

He did so, remarking moodily: "It is like carrying about the dead to keep such things."

Margaret immediately realised what she missed in her lover. It was the old spirit of high endeavour.

A misgiving now entered her mind. She feared that if she still kept him to his promise to take her away, she

would be committing a crime against him and not only him but a vague, pervading essence, which called and called and called. She had heard it herself, when much alone—the call of these great uplands and lowlands for the caress of civilisation and the yearning of their silences for the comfort of human speech.

Margaret began to feel that she had no right to stand between him and what might be his duty. Who knew? Perhaps he had been sent there for the purpose — to answer that call. Something more than mere money had induced him to take up the work, and ought she not be proud that he had the courage to attempt it?

Then she thought of him as he might develop, with his ideas materialising around him; and she saw a glorified John, the founder and leader of a prosperous community, stamped with somewhat of his own inspiring individuality.

"We will stay," she said, giving the plans back to him; "your heart is in these schemes."

Her lover was slow to grasp the new situation. She had insisted so strongly on their abandonment that he could hardly believe his ears.

"You really mean it," he asked, doubtfully.

"Yes, John," she replied, "I really mean it. You will be happier and less restless, if you have this work to do. I believe you have come to regard it as a sort of mission, and it is always dangerous for anyone to stand between a man and what he believes to be his mission. Men with missions are like seriously-minded women. A seriously-minded wife spares not herself in the fulfilment of what she regards as her mission. A mission-haunted man spares not himself or anyone else," she continued, as she smiled meaningly, "in the fulfilment of what he regards as his destiny. Perhaps he is right in doing so, but what possibilities for conflict there are, supposing the seriously-minded woman and the mission-haunted man

should come together and their individual aims should not have equal opportunities for fulfilment!"

John did not follow her last remark; he was thinking of something else. He did not even notice that his partner had returned and was already beckoning Margaret out into the shadows of the pines.

*

The new situation interested Forsyth. He divined disaster. "John will overdo his crank," he told himself, "and Margaret will be glad of an opportunity to escape under any conditions. I will wait."

From the hour that Margaret gave him back his plans, the old familiar spirit re-asserted itself. At first she did not notice it; she was so pleased to see him hopeful and happy. But as the days wore on she felt that he drew away from her, that his work got an increasing hold upon him. There was something within him that seemed positively jealous of the time he spent in her company.

Yet she did not complain; she preferred to endure, hoping for a reaction, which would concede to her the place she claimed in his life.

She was not without her old feeling of jealousy, but this she fought down with the whole effort of her will. She resolved to keep in sympathy with him, if she could, even by loving her own rival, and she tried to outbid him in enthusiasm. But it was all to no purpose.

She grew lonely, terribly lonely. There was no one to relieve her of the burden of her own thoughts; her emotions exhausted her; and she carried her love about with her, feeling the dead weight of its load, without anyone to share it with her.

Until, at last, tortured and desperate, she resolved to re-try the old issue: her love against his passion for personal achievement.

John had brief spells of his old tenderness, especially when his enthusiasm wore out his strength. It was as though he came to her for

recuperation. She chose one of these occasions. The scene was the scene of her original triumph. This association appealed to her, and she thought it must appeal to him likewise.

"John, dear," she said, pathetically, "do you know this place torments me? I feel that I shall go mad here. I must go away."

Her lover said nothing; he was puzzled and alarmed.

"I know that I am fickle and weak," she continued, "but I felt that night, when I made you promise to take me away, that I could never be happy here, and I feel it all the more strongly now."

John decided to treat it as a passing weakness which a little buoyancy on his part would help to dissipate.

"Cheer up, Maggie," he said, placing his arm around her; "it is not as bad as that. I know you must be lonely without any woman companionship. But in a year or two all that will be changed. Why, that little stretch of land over there," he said, pointing to a long bench of land, "will support fifty families, when we have got the water on it; and I mean to get it under irrigation this fall, ready for any settlers who may come along."

"No, John," she replied, "all the society in the world will not make me happy here. You said, you remember, that you loved me above everything, and," she added, falteringly, "you will think me the victim of strange fancies, I know, but somehow I do not believe you can love me above everything as long as we are here."

"You know I love you, Maggie," he protested.

"Yes, John," she said; "but I want to be supreme in your affections, and I feel that I never can be. I am humiliated."

Her lover was worried and began to fear that he could never be at rest with this new responsibility he had undertaken. She was so exacting.

"Must I always be declaring my love?" he asked.

"You would rather that I left you?" she parried.

"No," replied John, alarmed; "I would not have you leave me for the world."

"Substitute 'for the valley,' John," she said; "that is nearer to your heart."

"For the valley, then," he muttered, unconvincingly.

"Still, I feel that I must go," she went on. "I do not ask you to come. I have no right to expect you to sacrifice the future that awaits you here; and, besides, I think you ought to stay; you would never be satisfied anywhere else."

"You need a change, Maggie," he suggested. "William is going to the Klondike. Go with him to the coast. I'll join you there in a month or two; we will be married; and when you feel more at rest, we will return together and make our home here."

"No," she said, wearily, "I am afraid that it is a question of whether you will have me or this valley. I shall never come here again when I once leave it."

John sat silent, pondering awhile. He was on the horns of a dilemma. He did not want to give up the woman and he was at loath to give up his cherished schemes.

"You do not realise what you ask me to give up," he said, at last. "You ask me to surrender your future welfare and our mutual happiness. It is a husband's duty to provide for his wife, and wives do not usually place any limitations on the means whereby their husbands shall provide for them—save only that the means shall be honest and honourable and, in many cases, even such limitations are not imposed. You find fault with the place I choose for our home and you have some rights in that regard, but I am afraid that the grounds of your objections are none too rational, Maggie. I want to make you happy and I am confident that we can be happy

here, if you will only bring your will to it."

"Must we will to be happy?" she interjected.

"Happiness is as much a matter of the will as anything," he replied. "You can let your fancies wander butterfly fashion, and you will never be content or at peace. You will have acquired a vagrancy that will demand continued unvolitional movement to keep you satisfied; and, when there comes an end of such vagrancy, as come there must some day, you will pass the remainder of your life in chafing discontent. Try to put up with the homely happiness which this valley will afford. It does not need a prophet to foresee what should await us here," he proceeded, with rising eloquence. "There is room in this valley for a thousand cultivators and more. They will be our children, Maggie. We shall have brought them here. They will look to me as their leader in practical affairs, and to you, if you rise to your responsibilities, as their leader in social matters. These barren ridges around us will take on an unaccustomed softness. For wild grass, there will be clover; for pine and poplar, orchards and vineyards; cattle will graze where coyotes now prowl; there will be lawns and flower-gardens and beauty for barrenness; for silence, there will be laughter and song; for darkness, the twinkling of homely lights. Children will play in our pastures, and their baby eyes will be filled with the wonder of our great mountains. And, who knows? perhaps even these shall find a corner in the literature and art of the world. You led into this valley two humble fortune-seekers. There is still another realm into which you may lead the way—the realm of social and domestic discovery, where the fruits are perennial and the developments are everlasting; for that which is once won from the enemies of established social life is rarely lost. Let us go hand-in-hand to our glorious destiny," he said, with a gesture,

as though he would lead her back into the valley.

But she did not surrender her hand. She was fascinated; yet she could not concede her desire for supremacy and accept union under the banner of his aspirations.

Suddenly her mind was made up. She would not stay; but John should. She feared to take him with her.

"No more argument, John," she said, firmly. "The path before me is plain. We must part."

John felt staggered. "No," he cried, recklessly, "I go with you."

She placed her arm on his shoulder, in a wave of overwhelming tenderness.

She had at last fathomed the peculiar case of her lover and knew that, whatever her sacrifice would be, he would have to suffer too.

"No, dear, I will not permit it," she said. "Your destiny is here. You are a man whom to divide is to destroy. There are some workers in the

human hive who are workers and workers only. That is their vocation. The world has no other fitting place for them. As husbands they would be failures. At least, they must not turn back even for the sake of a woman. Perhaps, some day, when you have done your great work, we may meet again. Who knows? But I expect that it will not be until we have each fulfilled our individual missions and crossed the Great Divide."

John sat with bowed head, unconscious of the flight of time, and, when at length he looked up, he saw, silhouetted against the skyline of the nearest hill, the figure of the woman he had tried to love above everything else, and beside her walked his partner.

"Who knows? Perhaps we may meet again," whispered the satyr of delusive hope.

And out of the void came, in responsive laughter: "*Across the Great Divide.*"

TO E. M. YEOMAN

BY JOHN MORTIMER

The dreamlight and the daylight
Break not thy slumbers now,
Where the pure white "Rose of Canada"
Blooms o'er thy gentle brow.

No more thou'lt wield a glowing pen
Here in our clayey guise;
Thou art gone to prove thy timid hope
Of "mansions in the skies."

But who shall fill thy vacant place?
Oh, whom shall Genius find
To bear thy marvellous torch aloft
And bid us be resigned?

WESTERN POLITICAL DOMINANCE

BY ARTHUR R. FORD

WILL the political control of Canada in the future be west of the Great Lakes? This is a subject of more than speculative interest. It is a practical political problem which is already beginning to disturb the minds of public men, particularly from the Maritime Provinces.

If the development of the West continues on the same scale and if the remarkable increase in population keeps up for the next two decades as it has for the past ten years, there will be found as large if not a larger population west of the head of the Great Lakes than east of it. It has been predicted that by the time the census of 1931 is taken, if not before, there will be more people in Western Canada than in Eastern.

At the present time the West has thirty-five members in the Dominion House, divided by Provinces as follows: Manitoba, 10; Saskatchewan, 10; Alberta, 7; British Columbia, 7, and the Yukon, 1. The re-distribution bill which will follow the census of 1911 and will probably come before the next election, will add from fifteen to twenty-five members to the West's representation.

The following table shows the population of the Dominion by Provinces in 1891 and 1901:

	1891	1901
Prince Edward Island.....	109,078	103,289
Nova Scotia.....	430,896	459,574
New Brunswick.....	321,263	331,120
Ontario.....	2,114,321	2,182,947
Quebec.....	1,488,535	1,648,898
Manitoba.....	152,206	255,211
Saskatchewan.....	—	91,279
Alberta.....	—	73,022

In 1906, after the formation of the

new Provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan, a special census of the three Prairie Provinces was taken. The population was set down as follows:

Manitoba.....	365,688
Saskatchewan.....	257,763
Alberta.....	185,412

By 1911 at a conservative estimate Manitoba's population will likely be 475,000; Saskatchewan's 400,000, and Alberta's 325,000. In all probability the figures will be above rather than below this estimate. By the British North American Act, Quebec with sixty-five members was made the basis of representation, so that the West should have at least from fifteen to twenty-five more members in the next Parliament.

It is a pertinent and practical question to ask then, What will the change in the centre of our political equilibrium mean to the future of Canada? If the West is to be dominant, what will its influence be? What will be the effect upon Canadian politics? Will it force a re-alignment of the parties? Will the influence of the West in solving the great moral, social, economic and administrative questions which the Dominion must face be for better or worse?

What are the present political tendencies of the West? The most noticeable movement is probably the strong sentiment in favour of municipal and Government ownership of public utilities. Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, for instance, now own their telephone systems. Manitoba bought out the Bell plant early

in 1908, and already the two sister Prairie Provinces have followed suit. It is the biggest experiment in government ownership on the continent.

Winnipeg at the present time has in hand one of the most ambitious municipal ownership schemes in America—the construction of an enormous power plant. The same trend is to be seen in nearly every municipality in the West. The farmers of the West are persistent advocates of government ownership. They are agitating at present for a government-owned system of elevators. A formidable petition signed by 32,000 farmers was presented to the Federal Government during the past session. Public ownership is a popular cry throughout the West; it is a sentiment that cannot be ignored by the party leaders of the future.

There is undoubtedly also a strong feeling in the West in favour of low tariff. Nearly all the Western Conservative members in the Dominion House are advocates at least of lower duties on agricultural implements and the necessities of life and living for the West, while there is an influential section of the Liberal party which would like to see free trade. Both Western Liberals and Conservatives will go further than their party in the East in regard to lowering the tariff. The Western people are great consumers of manufactured products. High prices and expensive living is a problem every householder there has to wrestle with. Why, he asks, should he be taxed to benefit, perforce, Eastern manufacturers? This feeling for lower tariff is bound to have an effect on the parties in formulating their policies for the future.

Is there likely to be more political independence in the West than in the East? It has not possibly shown itself in a striking manner in the past, but the elements at least are present which should make for independence in thought and action. The settlers of the West might be divided into six classes: There are the old timers, the

Eastern Canadian settlers; the old country immigrants, the Americans, the immigrants from Germany, Scandinavia and Iceland, and the newcomers from Eastern Europe.

The old-timers, those who were in the West in the boom days of the eighties, are not strong numerically, though an influential section. However, they can scarcely be regarded as a dominating or powerful political factor. The settlers from the East consist principally of young men, who are not tied down by Eastern customs or habits of thought. Party shibboleths do not bind them. As for the old countryman, he is traditionally independent in politics, as English history has time and again demonstrated. He is always ready to shift his vote and is proving a strong factor towards Western political independence. The American settler has no political affiliation; he has not been born a "Tory" or a "Grit." There is no past to which he clings. He takes to politics, nevertheless, naturally, and during the elections of the past year in settlements where Americans were numerous they attended meetings in large numbers and were always keen for information.

The Germans, Scandinavians and Icelanders are keen politicians. The history of the United States bears evidence to this fact. In Minnesota, for instance, the Swedes control the State. In the last gubernatorial campaign there were two Swedes as candidates. In the Manitoba Legislature there are two Icelandic members. As for the last class (the immigrants from Eastern Europe), of which the Galicians are the most numerous, they form a dangerous element at present in Western politics. Uneducated, knowing nothing of free institutions, with the franchise thrust suddenly upon them, politicians have found them readily corruptible. In a third to a half of the constituencies of the three Prairie Provinces they are numerous enough to be able to swing any election. They are an ever-

present temptation to politicians, honest or dishonest, and are the material out of which political machines are made. It is apparent, then, that there are the elements in the West which should make for more political independence, though there are dangers also in the alien population if it is not Canadianised.

Political carelessness seems to be one of the West's besetting sins at the present time. It is too much absorbed in material development to take as seriously as it should political problems and questions of administration. The passing of time and the soberness of age should alter this. With the class of settlers to be found in the West, there is every reason to hope that Western dominance will mean a higher tone in public life and a keener political conscience in private life as well.

Fears are often expressed that the influx of American settlers may ultimately result in annexation to the States. Every once and a while alarmist tales of this character appear. It would be political suicide for any Western public man to breathe such a sentiment. Annexation is as much

a question of the dead and buried past in the West as in the East. The spirit of nationality is strong in the West. There is a feeling that we have reached manhood's estate and that it is high time we assumed the duties of manhood. A forward policy along broad lines of nationhood is the policy which the successful party of the future, as far as the West is concerned, must adopt. Despite the heterogeneous population of the Western Provinces, there is an astonishingly imperialistic sentiment, and any ideas of nationhood are for nationhood within the Empire.

The Western contingent in the present House of Commons impressed Parliament at their last session by their energy, enthusiasm and optimism. These are Western characteristics and characteristics which are bound to be felt in the moulding of Canadian policies in the future. If the West is to dominate, there is no reason to doubt that it will mean a continuation of British connection and a perpetuation of British ideals of government, while our statesmen should be men of big ideas and of broad vision.

WINTER IN VICTORIA

By DONALD A. FRASER

Here is no sharp extreme of biting cold;
 No deluge drear from lowering cloud outpours;
 No boisterous, rasping wind his fury roars;
 Nor is the land gripped in the Frost King's hold.
 The sky is blue; dull green the grassy wold;
 The sable crow calls loudly as he soars
 From the dark festooned fir, to where in scores
 His mates the gnarled oak's writhing arms enfold.

The rose still shows late hips of yesteryear;
 The glistening holly flaunts her berries red;
 Afar, through purple mists the hills appear;
 While smiles the warm, benignant sun o'erhead.
 Nature's not dead; she does but gently sleep;
 List, Spring's sweet call; the buds begin to peep.



JASPER AVENUE, EDMONTON

EDMONTON TO PRINCE RUPERT

BY HAROLD HAVENS

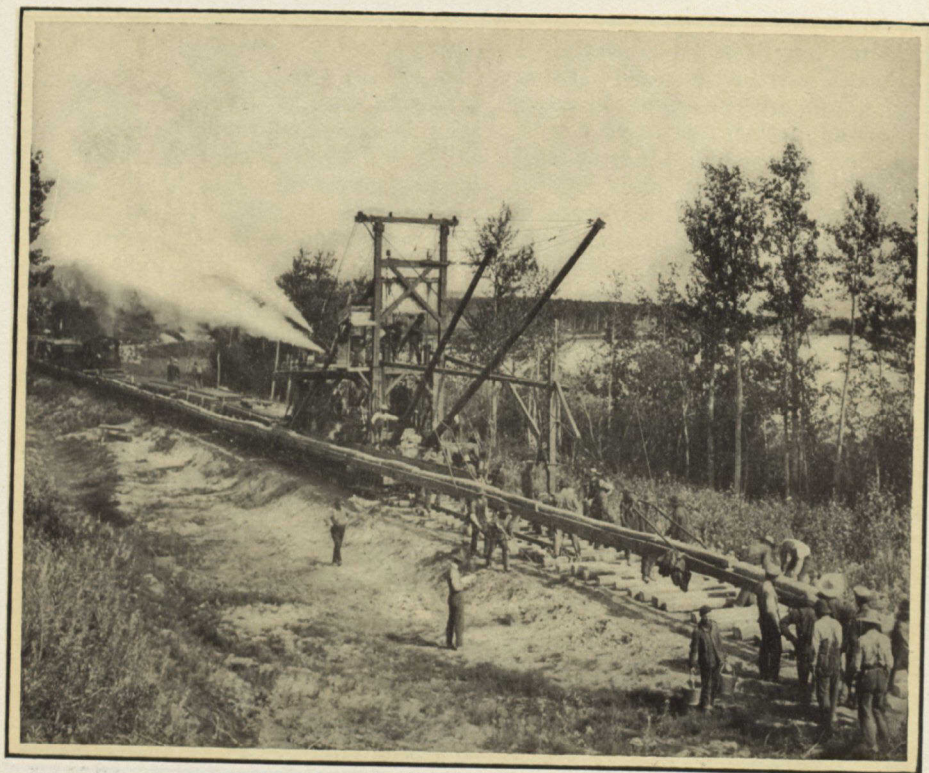
AS the redman chased the buffalo to the Northwest, so has the railway followed the latter to the last fastnesses of this continent. From the extreme south, skirting the warm water-edge of the gulf, the Southern Pacific Railway turns north through drifted dunes to find a port as far north and as near the Orient as may be.

Between the Southern Pacific and the Grand Trunk Pacific many lines find the western ocean, and all head for the Northwest, as the longitudinal lines converge towards the Pole.

This northerly trend of the trans-

continental railways brings the terminus of each just so much nearer to Yokohama, which may be regarded as the intake of the Orient.

Naturally there has been vast improvement in the method of railway construction and vast improvement in the quality of the completed work. It does not follow necessarily that the men of this generation are superior to those of the past, but this improvement in the quality of our railways marks and measures the advancement we are making in all arts and industries. It is already, and it will become more and more, a matter



TRACK-LAYING MACHINE AT WORK ON GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC RAILWAY, FORTY-FIVE MILES WEST OF EDMONTON

of national pride that Canada is to have the best transcontinental railway linking the Atlantic and the Pacific. Already Canada has one of the most interesting railways in the world, and the history of each is one of the most interesting chapters in the story of the conquest of this continent.

The undertaking of this second transcontinental line, involving the expenditure of some hundreds of millions of dollars, counting branch lines and steamboat connections, in a country holding only a handful of people is attracting the attention and commanding the admiration of all men interested in the advancement of the human race. Here in the far north the hushed and what was regarded as a worthless wilderness is being opened up and turned to account.

Vast fields in the fertile plains of the Middle West will be made accessible by the completion of the new road, and mineral wealth undreamed of will be developed by this great civiliser.

As you have asked me to write only of the last 1,000 miles of the line, Edmonton to the coast, I shall not give even a hint of the possibilities of the line through Quebec and through the great pulp-wood forests and mineral lands of Northern Ontario. Nor will I touch the scores of new towns already located along the line, about which a book might be written.

We have known vaguely for many years of the fertile pastoral lands of Grand Prairie and the wheat fields of the far Peace River. We have heard of the asphalt beds along the Athabasca and of the salt deposits in the



LAKE WABAMUM, ABOUT FIFTY MILES WEST OF EDMONTON

far Northwest. We know about the gold and silver, iron and coal of Central British Columbia, but we have heard very little of the real wealth of this section—the fertile valleys, sun-kissed and silent, sleeping between the chinook-fanned hills.

Probably the richest and most interesting of the many valleys that will be settled soon, as a result of the construction of the transcontinental line, is the Nechacho Valley. In this country it is not necessary to experiment. One glance at the heavy growth of wild grass and pea-vine, of wild berries of almost every kind, convinces even the city bred man that this is an agricultural country.

The Nechacho River which flows through the valley from west to east is a beautiful stream averaging about 300 yards in width, which widens here and there into considerable lakes.

Back from the river there are many lakes, some of them ten miles long. The water, both in the lakes and in the river, is pure and sweet. The surface of the valley slopes gently towards the many streams and lakes, providing ideal drainage, and yet nowhere can the surface be regarded as rough.

There are many deep ravines, but the surface of the land is generally level and fit for cultivation. Years ago the timber was all burned off, and now the valley is covered with a dense growth of small poplar interspersed with spruce. There are many open glades or meadows ready for the plough. The Hudson's Bay agents agree that the climate in the Nechacho is ideal. With the exception of a few days, the thermometer in winter ranges above zero. The average snowfall is eighteen inches.

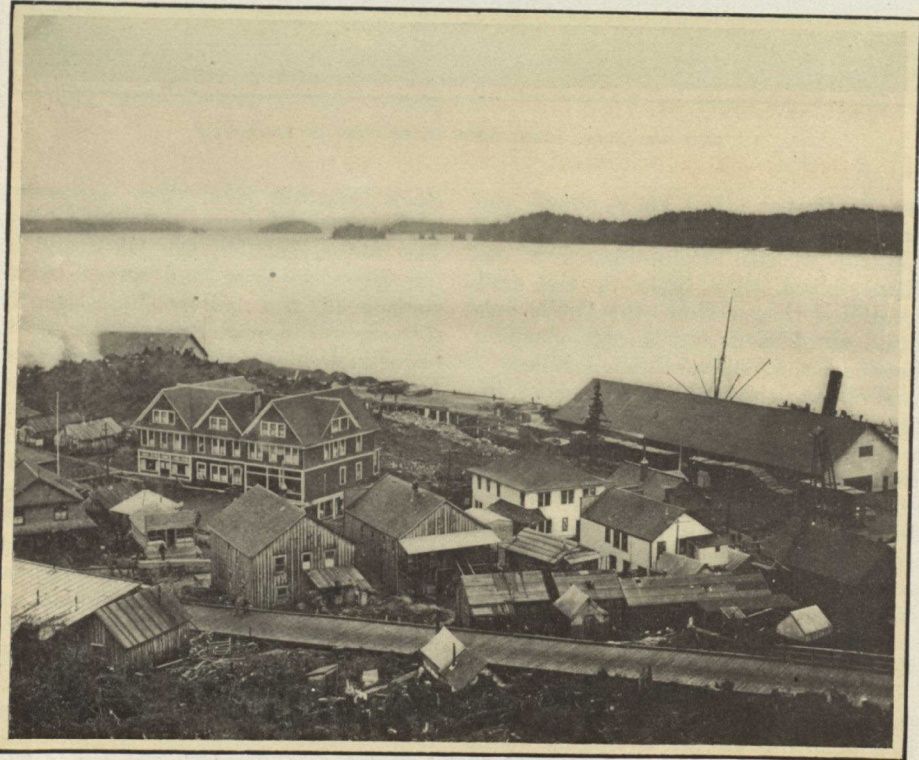
coming about the first of December and leaving the land about the first of March. Small grain planted in April ripens in August.

The rainfall is not only sufficient, but it comes in the growing season just when it is needed. Summer temperature ranges from eighty-five to one hundred degrees, but the heat is not oppressive. The nights, as in all this Northwest country, are cool. After the first frost there is usually long and delightful Indian summer weather. The Hudson's Bay agent at Fort Fraser threshed last year seventy-five bushels of oats to the acre — threshed it or tramped it out on the floor with the feet of horses. Wherever a seed of red top or timothy drops by the trail it springs into life and shows such strength and vigour that there could be no doubt as to the fertility of the land. The mineral resources of the region are

immeasurable, and the timber wealth is great. Not far from the Nechacho Valley a ranchman bearing the novel name of Smith took two hundred pounds of apples from a five-year-old tree. Among the wild fruits that grow here in abundance are strawberries, raspberries, saskatoons, highbush, cranberries, wild berries and many other varieties.

The same Mr. Smith took 225 pounds of plums from one plum tree. He grows cherries and Hubbard squash. Potatoes do well, and corn ripens long before the time of frost. Rhubarb leaves are three feet wide, and the stock thirty-two inches long and five and one-half inches in circumference. This valley is one of the most wonderful sections in the wonderful West.

The Bulkley Valley, over against the coast range, some 200 miles inland from Prince Rupert, is another

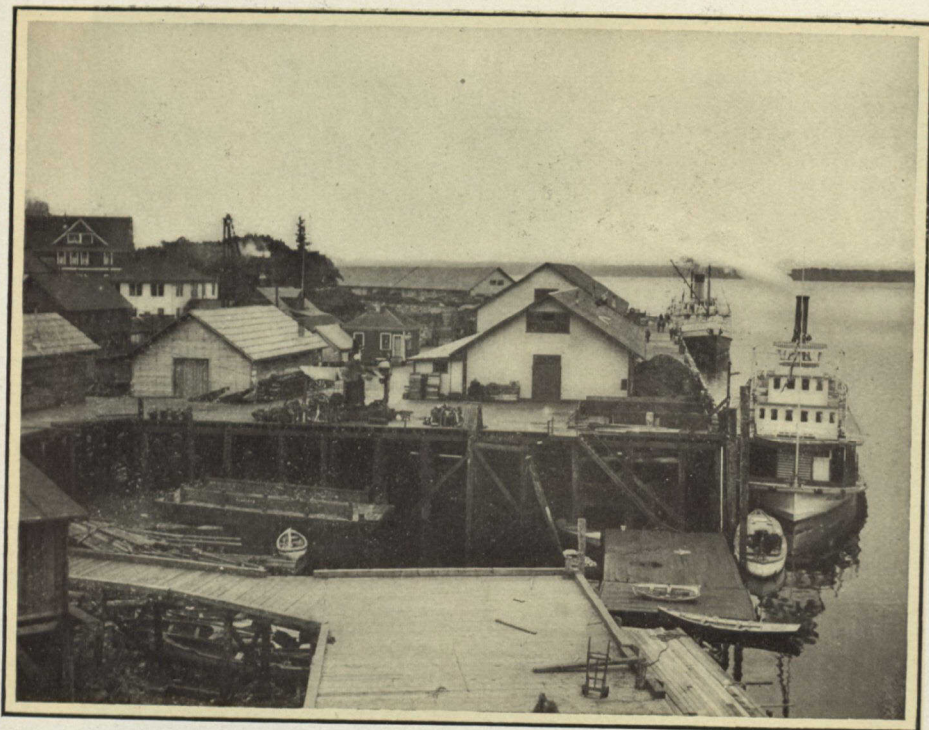


PRINCE RUPERT HARBOUR



Painting by G. Horne Russell

MOUNT ROBSON, THE HIGHEST PEAK IN THE ROCKIES. THE GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC RAILWAY SKIRTS THE BASE OF THIS MOUNTAIN IN GOING THROUGH THE YELLOWHEAD PASS



THE DOCKS, PRINCE RUPERT, WESTERN TERMINUS, GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC RAILWAY

very fertile section. The railway travels along this valley for eighty miles.

There are a number of ranchmen already located on the Bulkley and tributaries, and they are all happy and prosperous. All kinds of berries grow wild here as in the Nechacho. Ranchman Thompson, on the Thompson River, comes from Colorado, and counts this the most delightful land in which he has ever lived. At the junction of the Morice River the country is called Pleasant Valley. The little lakes that lie up among the hills are full of fish, and salmon run up the Bulkley for 300 miles from the sea. Ranchman Barrett, at Barrett Lake, has 150 mules on his ranch. The ranchmen in the Bulkley Valley have experimented with wheat, oats and barley as well as with many varieties of fruit and vegetables, and are able to produce almost anything that grows in the splendid valleys of

Southern British Columbia; wild grass and pea-vine grow high enough to hide cattle. All along the line from Hazelton east to the Yellowhead mineral prospects are exceedingly good. In fact, there is here in this last 1,000 miles, Edmonton to Prince Rupert, almost everything a white man needs to make life worth living. It will be a most interesting journey, a few years hence, to travel over this new territory and see again, no doubt in a more striking manner than heretofore, what transformation the hand of man can make in a territory so lately unknown to civilisation. The many thousands of people who will go into the newest West will have the successes and failures of Alberta and Saskatchewan to guide them, and it is no wild guess to predict that in a quarter of a century from to-day the most attractive section, the Eden of Canada, will be British Columbia.

THE KITTEN THAT DID

BY LLOYD OSBOURNE

TO be young, to have plenty of money, and to be in Paris in June—we have always been assured that here is the limit of human felicity! Willard Esterbrooke, in possession of all these advantages, tried hard to think so, too, and fight down a penetrating sense of exile that attended his first visit to the Continent. He had set out from the United States with the energetic intention of seeing all he could in eight weeks, and had outlined an itinerary which included all the capitals, Mont Blanc, the Rhine, Nijni-Novgorod, Beireut, Monte Carlo, and the Austrian Tyrol. It was a schedule so closely calculated that the loss of fifteen minutes anywhere was likely to dislocate the whole programme, and some of the minor kingdoms of the earth hung, so to speak, by a hair. A slight delay over lunch, or a bad train connection might entail a whole nation being cut off in its prime, and a second cigar could easily cost a city of five hundred thousand souls.

But in Paris, in the full tide of all this American vigour and determination, Esterbrooke was suddenly attacked by a mysterious lethargy. The transition from Milwaukee to the French capital, from hard work to idleness, from hosts of friends to utter loneliness, left him stunned and helpless. He wandered through the streets, looking at the shop windows, looking at the people—sat for hours outside of *cafés*, aimlessly drinking syrup and water, as befuddled as though every glass held whisky.

The Continent was disagreeing with

him. He couldn't digest Europe; it was all so strange and wonderful and overpowering; and next day there would be more Europe to get away with, with yesterday's Europe still lying heavily upon him, and the day-before-yesterday's below that, and—! His plans melted into thin air. Berlin, Vienna, Constantinople grew inconceivably remote. "The Castled Rhine"—this phrase from Smeaton's Geography had thrilled him all his life—was further off than ever, and he knew in his heart that he should never see it. In fact, he wasn't seeing anything—not even the Louvre or the Luxembourg, Versailles, or the Jardin des Plantes, or the Comédie Française.

He was benumbed. When he grew tired of walking he would sit down and drink red syrup. When he grew tired of drinking red syrup he would rise and walk again. Occasionally he took a taxicab, but his inability to tell the driver where to go, and the labour of calculating French money were wearying to the spirit. It seemed easier to walk—to walk till his feet ached—and then collapse at a little table, and order syrup. Sometimes, with a great effort, he managed to fire off a few post-cards to Milwaukee with "Paris for me!" or some other imbecility that implied what a good time he was having. But was he having such a good time? He hardly knew. Yet his eyes were never satisfied, never had enough, were insatiably eager to see more, more, more.

It was Fate, of course, that led

him to take up his quarters at the Hotel de Genève. At the time it seemed to be the Fosbys, whom he had got acquainted with on the steamer coming over. But in the retrospect there was no doubt in the world that it was Fate.

Another of the priceless advantages of the Hôtel de Genève was young Adolph. He was the son of the house—a pale, thin, anæmic boy of seventeen, who for a *supplément* of ten francs would escort young ladies to the theatre or opera. Young Adolph could also supply you with French conversation at so much an hour; but most of his time he spent in escorting somebody somewhere, and protecting the little lambs of the New World from the ravening wolves of the Old. Some of the young ladies seemed almost sufficiently protected by nature, or at least Esterbrooke thought so when he first gained entry into this American citadel, and before his promotion to a corner table gave him a sight of Her.

Her life seemed as solitary as his own. Every morning, as he ate an immense breakfast, and thanked his stars afresh for the Fosbys, who had put him in the way of real coffee, buckwheat cakes, Virginia smoked ham, pop-overs, maple syrup, and porterhouse, in a region where a bowl of liquorice water and a roll was supposed to be amply sufficient for anybody from the President down. Every morning he would watch Her, beautiful and alone, toying with an egg at the table where no friends or acquaintance ever seemed to come. Alas! how short a time it was before she had risen and was sliding away, while a gentleman tried to look, but not stare, as she disappeared, not to be seen again till the very hour of dinner.

At dinner — precious dinner — he could enjoy a much longer view of Her. It surprised him that she took so much pains to dress for this solitary function, but she wore the prettiest clothes, and an endless variety

of them, though all so quiet and in such delicate taste that many would not have noticed the nightly change. Esterbrooke, who had a free-and-easy idea of Europe, was moved at last to follow her example. In spite of himself he could not but feel ashamed and gawky when he first appeared in evening dress, with a faultless white waistcoat, and the parti-coloured button of the Spanish War. He knew it became him; in Milwaukee he dressed every night of his life; but somehow in the wilds of Europe he felt it made him conspicuous. The truth was he was on edge with self-consciousness, and so crazily in love and so hopelessly that he was as fidgety as a school-girl.

But the junior partner of the Red D Steamship Company was not one to let grass grow under his feet. The evident way to move forward was *via* the Lutzers. Then it was astonishing the fancy that he suddenly took to Herr Lutzer. He ate dozens of homeopathic pellets out of Frau Lutzer's hand (such a large, moist, friendly hand!). He cultivated the anæmic Adolph as though he were a long-lost, pimply brother. On the same thorough-going principle he bought Monsieur Paul, the head-waiter, body and soul — whiskers, smile, silver, watch-chain, and shuffle, all included. Monsieur Paul, usually so sedate, would bound at the sight of him, and dart across the *salle-a-manger* as though he were leaving a burning building — if Esterbrooke merely brushed away a fly or let his gaze wander dismally away from Her. Jules and Alphonse, too, were galvanised with gold, and raced like swallows—large, black, shabby, Swiss swallows—at the merest nod of the American "millionaire."

It is sad to chronicle that it all went for nothing. Herr Lutzer, while willing to volunteer all the information in his possession regarding Her, was singularly obtuse as to hints of engineering a possible acquaintance. The American citadel had certain

rules which had made it what it was. If a young lady, residing alone in the Hotel de Genève, showed a desire for exclusiveness, it was respected as absolutely as though she were a princess. She was encircled by a band of devoted Swiss, who had made a science of combining a steely firmness with a silken urbanity. You might have the friendliest talk with Herr Lutzer about Cripple Creek; you might swallow Frau Lutzer's pellets all day long, and gratefully bring her a forty-franc box of bonbons in return; you might assist Adolph in developing photographic films in a stifling closet, and impulsively present him with a new five by four as a set-off to a cloudy little picture of a certain young lady descending from a Panhard — but the incorruptible Swiss remained incorruptible still, and the sum total of all your efforts was distinctly *nil*.

But it was something to know her name. It was Hallerton—Milly Hallerton—and her father was John H. Hallerton, of Newport News. It seemed that he had been unexpectedly called to St. Petersburg, and unexpectedly detained, on business which he had regarded as settled. The Russian Government had accepted a cruiser of his, but was showing extreme unwillingness to pay for it.

John H. Hallerton! If only the name had meant anything to him except the Vulcan Iron Works. If only he had had the shadow of an acquaintance with the man! But he had barely heard of Hallerton, nor was there a soul he knew in Newport News. If only he could invent an imaginary resident there; boldly place the Fosbys, say, in that favoured town; walk up to her with his best manner, and persuasively remark: "I beg your pardon, Miss Hallerton, but haven't we mutual acquaintances at home? The Fosbys, of Newport News, are old friends of mine, and I trust you will not think me taking an extraordinary liberty if I venture to hope they are also friends of yours."

But, no, that would be too great an impertinence. Besides, he had always been such a poor liar. He would be sure to flush and stammer, and the guardian Swiss would hustle him off, disgraced for ever. He ordered a cocktail, but there was no comfort in it. What an abhorrent social system it was where you had to be mumbled over by a third person before you could address the young lady you adored. He ate his cherry dismally, and wished he were dead.

One evening at dinner, as he arranged his New York *Herald* so that he could peep over the top of it at Her, without making a staring cad of himself, he was surprised by an expression on her face that she had never worn before. Ordinarily so demure, so calm, so self-possessed, with her small, queenly young head thrown back in an exquisite unconsciousness of the sixty other guests of the hotel, she was now drooping like a lily, and to a close observer from a corner table there was something about her glistening eyes, something in her dispirited and poignant attitude, that told of a strange distress. She tried to control herself, pretended with elaborate unconcern to eat a lamb cutlet; but again there was a glister in those fine eyes, again in the corners of the pretty mouth fell in heart-breaking anguish. Esterbrooke saw the slim, transparent hand steal upwards, and with a handkerchief about the size of a—well, it would have taken about forty of them to make one of his—yes, steal upwards, and covertly wipe away a *tear!*

If ever a man was tempted to defy the social lightning it was Esterbrooke at that moment. It was all he could do to stay glued to his chair, and not bridge the gulf at three bounds, throw himself on his knees, and say "Command me!" If only he had been mumbled over he might have done it—except for going down on his knees, of course—but unmumbled he was doomed to stay glued where he was, devour partridge on toast, and com-

port himself like a very disturbed American gentleman behind a newspaper. But suppose she were in some money trouble or had been insulted by one of those jackanape Frenchmen? The most unintroduced of young American ladies might then welcome a courteous fellow countryman, nobly hastening to her rescue; but what if it were the death of a favourite aunt or the divorce of her only sister? Intrusion then would be an outrage, and he could imagine those lustrous brown eyes emitting sparks, and that kissable mouth calling imperiously for Swiss protection.

Esterbrooke rehearsed these alternative scenes in a fever of indecision. It was all very well to say to himself that faint heart never won fair lady—but insulting the fair lady was not likely to win her either, and how readily she might deem it an insult! He kept looking at her in the hope of being able to resolve those doubts, and once their glances met. But there was no pleading in hers, no appeal; rather a startled expression as though she had caught herself being spied on by a stranger. Her head went up proudly, disdainfully, while Esterbrooke cowered behind his paper, and in humiliation thanked his stars he had not blundered into making a confounded ass of himself. By the time he had got back the courage to rise above the breastwork she was moving past the tables and towards the door—a slender, retreating figure in blue, with her copper-brown hair burnishing like dark gold beneath the lights.

The next morning as usual she appeared at breakfast, though so pale, so altered, and her whole young face so haggard with suffering that Esterbrooke was struck to the heart. Again their glances crossed, but there was no resentment in hers this time—none of the swift, sudden mantling of offended girlhood; her eyes lingered before they fell, and it was rather shame he read there—shame, and a curious, indefinable shrinking.

Naturally, Esterbrooke was once more attacked by the pangs of indecision. He writhed in his chair, and tried to nerve himself to—to— He deliberately sought her glance again, and again it sank before his in the same shy shame. Was it telepathy? Was he being called to her side? He was on the point of pushing back his chair and daring everything, when he was arrested by the sight of Monsieur Paul, the head waiter, answering an unseen signal she must have given him. At any rate, there was Monsieur Paul shuffling towards her, and already gazing at her egg as though he had defined the reason of her call. Alphonse, also with his eyes on the egg, was skating forward over the waxed floor. One could almost see the words forming themselves on his lips: "Pardon, mademoiselle, I veel get you anozer. So sorry, mademoiselle. If mademoiselle will wait I will instantly get her anozer."

But it wasn't the egg. It seemed instead to be a letter—or at least a flash of something small and white and square that was being confided to Monsieur Paul.

Oh, you hypocritical head waiter! Where did you learn that sleight-of-hand that caused it to disappear like a conjurer's orange? How glibly that sly tongue of yours bade Alphonse bring mademoiselle some fruit.

What if Herr Lutzer could have seen you, you Swiss serpent in the Hotel de Genève Eden, lending yourself to a clandestine correspondence? Monsieur Paul effaced himself deferentially, made a feint of raising a window at the farther end of the room, stopped and examined a passing tray, blew authoritatively down a tube, abased himself before the two Misses Sweeney and escorted them grandly to their seats, and then, marching through the lane of tables, imposing and unconcerned, suddenly flipped that little letter right down in front of Esterbrooke's nose!

Had it been a bombshell with a smoking fuse the American could not

have been more thunderstruck. He turned guiltily, but there was no Monsieur Paul at his hand, nothing but a broad Swiss back meandering away. It was all he could do to open the letter his hands were in such a tremble. It was from Her. Good heavens, it was from Her!

Even as he drew out the sheet he caught a peep at her, and an agonising shiver shot through him. She appeared so composed, so completely, so disconcertingly at ease. Had he been deceived in her? Was she—? No, no, she was good; he knew she was good; she was everything she looked to be, even in the wickedest city in the world, with all its traps for the unwary. He would stake his life that she— The small fine writing swam a little as he read it:

"I am an American girl alone in Paris and in terrible trouble. If you are a gentleman and can receive this without misjudging me or my purpose in appealing to you, may I not beseech your help? Please come over to my table. Remind me of our having met on the *Kaiser Wilhelm*, and if you have a spark of humanity in you, help me, help me, help me!

"Milly Hallerton."

Esterbrooke sprang up and strode over to her table, hardly able to believe it was not a dream. She looked up at him with well-feigned astonishment as he blurted out: "I beg your pardon, but should I be presumptuous in reminding you of our acquaintance on the *Kaiser Wilhelm* coming over? If it is not taking too great a liberty, would you permit me to resume it here in Paris? I—!"

She had risen, and was holding out her hand.

"My dear Mr. Esterbrooke," she exclaimed. "Why, of course, I should be delighted. I have been wondering all along how it was you had forgotten me."

Her cordiality, her warmth, her low, modulated, caressing voice put him in a seventh heaven. Her beauty had only been half revealed to him before; now, close at hand, he realised its dainty perfection—the per-

fect oval of the face, the depths of the swimming eyes, the classic brow, and most captivating of all, that smile so near to tears and yet alight with laughter. Esterbrooke laughed, too, and somehow as he took his seat beside her they were already friends.

"Now I want to talk first," he said. "I want to reassure you about me. I am Willard Esterbrooke, of Milwaukee, one of the Regents of the State University, and Vice-President of the Red D Steam—"

"Oh, I could tell that in a moment," she interrupted gaily. "You needn't give any social references. I am willing to take you on trust."

"Well, now that that's settled, what are you going to do with me?"

Her only answer was an expression so strained and frightened and full of embarrassment that it seemed kinder on his part to hurry on, and let her learn the extent of his devotion.

"Now, please," he added, seriously, "I really want to help you, would be flattered to help you. Tell me, is it—*money*?"

"No."

She said the words so falteringly that he was unconvinced.

"I have a letter of credit for two thousand pounds," he continued, "and except for what I've spent on red syrup and picture post-cards of Notre Dame and the Eiffel Tower, and my bills here, it is practically untouched. Every cent of it is at your service, and if more's needed I will cable."

"Aren't you rather a reckless gentleman?" The intonation she put on the last word was so whimsical, and accompanying it was a glance so dazzling and full of dawning goodwill, that Esterbrooke turned dizzy with delight. It was all he could do not to volunteer his heart's blood, too.

"I am here to help you," he said. "Be frank with me. It is money? You've got stranded over here or something, or overdrawn your account at Munro's?"

"No, no!"

"Has anybody dared to insult you, or, or—?"

She leaned her elbows on the table, and bent over confidentially.

"And what would dear Mr. Quixote do to him?" she asked, sparkingly.

"Kick him if he's a bounder, or fight him if he's a marquis."

"Bravo!" she cried. "What a nice headlong person you are! I'm sure they must like you an awful lot in Milwaukee!"

"Some do," admitted Quixote, "though the really important thing is to get liked in Paris."

This seemed so downright that she hastened to make a diversion by pointing out a tall, dark man, who was peeling a pear. "Suppose I said he was the cause?" she remarked.

This was taking him at his word with a vengeance, but Esterbrooke rose to the occasion. His face flushed with a mounting anger. "Tell me all about it," he exclaimed, "and then I think you had better go before I pull his nose and break that plate over his head!"

"Would you really do it?" she cried.

"Do it?" roared Esterbrooke. "He'll never finish that pear!"

It was discountenancing to be laughed at. Miss Hallerton went off into peals of unextinguishable laughter.

"I was only putting you to the test," she said at last, recovering herself with little bubbles of merriment. "He's never done me any harm. Oh, Mr. Esterbrooke, it's far, far, worse than that!"

"Then, for heaven's sake, tell me what it is!" he cried, somewhat nettled, yet very much relieved. Getting one's collar torn off by a strange gentleman and being separated by waiters—however necessary at Beauty's call—was an undertaking that one was very glad to be saved from. "What on earth is it all about?"

"A kitten!"

"A kitten! A *cat* kitten?"

"Yes, a kitten."

"Your kitten?"

"No!"

"Whose kitten?"

"I don't know."

"But where do I come in over this kitten?"

"You're to help me save it."

"Why, I can beat that, I'll buy it!"

"It isn't for sale."

"Oh, there isn't anything in Paris that isn't for sale."

"Except that kitten."

"Is it such a wonderful blue-blooded kitten, with a silk coat, and its own pocket handkerchief like the dogs you see in the Bois?"

"No; it's just a common ordinary, dirty little kitten."

"And you've lost it?"

"No; I found it!"

"Where is it?"

"In a jeweller's window in the Rue de Quatre Bras."

Esterbrooke looked at her, suspecting some fresh imposition — possibly another test, with another wounding outburst at his simplicity. But the sweet candour of her eyes belied his thought. He could not doubt but what it was a real kitten in a real predicament, exciting a most real concern in that girlish bosom. It struck him as unutterably touching — the womanliness of it, the compassion, the divine tenderness that could even include the woes of a common little kitten in its ken; that her blithe young heart could torment itself with that tiny, unconsidered life. At least, he supposed that it *was* its life. But whatever the matter, it was evidently a kitten in a peck of trouble.

"Count on me in this," he said.

"I'm going to stand by that kitten if it takes all summer. Surely with two thousand pounds on its side, and a big American with nothing else to do, and a lovely young lady, it can only be considered as a kitten in temporary difficulties."

"Oh, don't laugh about it, Mr. Esterbrooke."

"Heaven forbid, I——"

"You see, it's starving to death!"

"What, really *starving*? But what's the jeweller about that he doesn't——"

"There isn't any jeweller. The poor little thing is shut up in an empty shop, and I've seen it there in the window for two days, and——and——"

She choked back her tears. "Oh, how good you are," she quavered. "I'm so glad you are nice, and——and——that you understand, and sympathise, you know. It's been killing me to be so helpless. Nobody cared, *nobody*——and I haven't slept a wink the whole night——and if you could see it——oh, it's hardly better than a furry skeleton, and its eyes have such a glazed, delirious look, just like papa's when he had typhoid, and its poor little tumtum is all shrivelled up against its backbone——and its poor ratty little tail has that awful X-ray look!"

"Poor old Bonesy!" said Esterbrooke, unconsciously christening it, and speaking in a tone so profoundly moved that the prettiest eyes in the world enveloped in a glance of real friendship, and shone on his honest, ruddy, ugly face with unmistakable liking and trust.

"You're splendid!" she cried impulsively. "You're what I call a real man. Nobody's that who doesn't love animals; and you will help poor little Bonesy, won't you, and help him quick?"

"Indeed, I will," exclaimed Esterbrooke; "but tell me first of all, isn't there any society here for the prevention of cruelty to animals? Surely that's the first thing to find out?"

"It's only for cab horses," returned Miss Hallerton. "I wheeled round there the first thing, and, of course, they pointed out that Bonesy wasn't a cab-horse. Not that they weren't awfully polite, and insisted on showing me their new motor ambulance. But how was that going to help Bonesy? They seemed to think if they'd only talk long enough he'd turn into a horse."

"But couldn't they give you any advice?"

"Yes; they said to show Bonesy to the nearest *gendarme*."

"And what did the nearest *gendarme* say?"

"Oh, he was so nice——said it was *dégoutant*, *infame*, and had a fit. He tried to get in, but the door was locked. Then he tried to find a *concièrge*, but there wasn't any *concièrge*. Then I motored him off to the Prefecture of Police, where I waited four hours for them to make inquiries."

"Didn't they amount to any thing?"

"Oh, it was wonderful! The Paris police know everything. They traced that jeweller to Corsica, and promised to inform him officially by post-card."

"But what was to prevent Bonesy from dying in the meantime?"

"Nothing."

"It may be a splendid system, but it hardly seems to help Bonesy, does it?"

"Except to heaven."

"I propose we rush off to Bonesy, and see what can be done!"

Again he was rewarded by that adorable look.

*

Half an hour later their taxi turned into the Rue de Quatre Bras, and stopped before that fateful, empty window. It was in a disorder of trashy purple cotton-velvet that in many places had peeled off the woodwork beneath, and hung or lay in torn, dismal, discoloured shreds. In one corner, half hidden in a litter of cheap discarded jewel-boxes, bits of paper, tarnished satin ribbon, blobs of cotton wool in all shades of dingy pink, was the most pitiable-looking black kitten that could be conceived. It was nothing but skin and bone, and as it lay on its side, altogether limp and apparently lifeless, with its hind legs horribly pulled out as though it had crawled to that corner in one last despairing effort to attract attention, anyone might be pardoned for thinking it dead, absolutely dead. But

by bending down and looking closely a glimmer could be detected in those perishing eyes; and against the plate glass of the window was a faint, faint blur that told of breath still moving in that shrunken handful.

Up to this moment Esterbrooke's sympathy had not been untinged by a certain humour. Indeed, his devotion to Bonesy had much of it been inspired by a greater devotion to Bonesy's beautiful protectress; but with the sight of the kitten a genuine commiseration, a most real resentment, and indignation rose savagely within him.

"This is awful!" he exclaimed "Horrible! Why the wretched thing must have been starving here for days and days, with thousands of people passing, and not one of them man enough to raise a little finger!" Then, turning to his companion, he added: "Say, I'm glad you brought me here. I'm going to get that kitten out if I tear down all Paris. I didn't realise how wicked it was — how utterly wicked and shameful; and if it dies before we can get it out, I'm going to start for Corsica and beat that jeweller black and blue."

Women always like men who want to fight somebody — when his cause is their own, that is. It appeals to a primitive feeling, a feeling three million years old, and still to-day close to the surface—that feeling in which the favoured gentleman is one handy with a club, and a clean shot with a flint-topped arrow. Miss Hallerton's face was vivid with approval.

"And I'll go too, and see you do it!" she cried, in passionate oblivion of all the proprieties.

Esterbrooke wrote down the address of the house agents, whose notice a *louer* was posted on the door like a proclamation. He hurried Miss Hallerton back into the cab, and pointing out the notice to the cabman, said "*La, la!*" in a commanding voice. The cabman, after a moment's hesitation, seemed at last to grasp the order; and, taking up his reins,

obediently started for "*La.*"

At 8, Rue de Magellan they drew up at "*La,*" which was a bustling little office presided over by the most amiable man in France. Better still, the most amiable man in France spoke English, or what he thought was English; but, at any rate, a medium so incomparably superior to their French that they were not disposed to be critical. The situation was breathlessly laid before him; the locked shop, Bonesy, the need for instant action.

"Monseer," cried Esterbrooke in conclusion, "I will give you a hundred francs for that key if you will return with me this very minute and liberate the unfortunate *chat!*"

Monsieur Danat threw up his hands with exclamations of pity and protest. "*Nevaire, nevaire,* would I take him!" he exclaimed, leaping back from Esterbrooke's pocket-book. "Ah, monsieur, the cry of an animal in distress reaches 'ere the most sympathetic of 'earts. It eez abominable, dis story — and it will be privilege to assist, to succour, to save the poor deaf beast!" He probably meant dumb, but still his heart was in the right place. "Yaas, I have him on my books," he went on, "42 Rue de Quatre Bras, eez it not? Jeweller, yaas? I vill get ze key, and send with you my clerk, with no charge whatever, monsieur — not one sou, monsieur, for a deed so honourable to your humanity."

He scurried to a desk, and rummaged frantically among his papers. At last he found what he was seeking, and his face fell. Fell? Why, it was a yard long! He rose, and came towards them despairingly.

"Oh, monsieur," he exclaimed, "it is too sad for anything. My partner — yaas, two days ago my partner he rent this *boutique*, this shop to Faussemagne et Cie, the great perfume house! 'Ere I 'old the memorandum of the transaction! To Faussemagne et Cie., of 2, Rue de Castiglione! To them is the key, and I would suggest

to monsieur and madame an application to them. They are French; they 'ave hearts; rest assured of the salvation of pussy. Hasten, monsieur, and with monsieur's permission I will give the address to the cabman and contribute fifty centimes of my own that he may make expedition!"

So they were off again, with the cabman going fifty centimes faster, and swearing a whole five francs' worth at anyone in his way. Perhaps he, too, had been told of Bonesy, and felt the animation of an energetic philanthropy. Certainly he swore, and cracked his whip, and nearly drove over old ladies, and scraped off yards of expensive varnish from passing motors in a manner that suggested an ardent coöperation. Once, at the all but annihilation of an infant, Miss Hallerton screamed, and somehow Esterbrooke found himself holding her hand; and somehow he kept on holding it long after the infant had disappeared behind them; and, somehow, though it tried to get away, it didn't try very hard; and then he carried it to his lips and kissed it — kissed it again and again before all Paris, his head whirling, and heaven only knows what incoherent avowals on his lips.

Then that soft, transparent hand did snatch itself away, and its owner widened her distance, flushing the loveliest pink and all of a tremble; and it seemed that she was insulted, and oh, worse even than that, *disappointed* in a man she had really liked; and the man she had once really liked begged, and pleaded, and explained, apparently all in vain, and was still begging and pleading and explaining when the cab stopped before the magnificent establishment of Faussemagne et Cie., and an edible-looking attendant in a chocolate-cake uniform was deferentially holding open the door.

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"And what may we show monsieur and madame?"

"Oh, if you please, I should like to see the proprietor."

"The proprietor?"

"Yes."

"You mean Monsieur Faussemagne personally?"

"Yes; Monseer Faussemagne on very urgent business."

"May I have monsieur's card, and the favour of his reason for wishing to see Monsieur Faussemagne personally?"

Esterbrooke produced his card, and was wondering how he could condense the Bonesy affair within such cablegram limits when he was approached by a tall, portly, distinguished-looking man with eye-glasses, wearing the red ribbon of the Legion of Honour in his buttonhole.

"I am Monsieur Faussemagne," he said, taking Esterbrooke's card and gazing at him keenly, and from him to Miss Hallerton. "I am desolated, monsieur, but the name, I regret to say, is not familiar to me."

"Well, you see, it is about a cat in the Rue de Quatre Bras," began Esterbrooke.

"A starving cat," added Miss Hallerton, helpfully.

"Cat?" cried Monsieur Faussemagne.

"Yes—cat—*chat!*" exclaimed Esterbrooke. "*Chat, chat!—chat qui va mourir de faim!*"

"But I have nothing to do with the cat," objected Monsieur Faussemagne. "I don't want the cat. Why do you come here about the cat? We are wholesale and retail perfumers, also manufacturers of fine soap. Ah, *mon Dieu*, is that it? Soap for the cat? Or why, why is it you come to me?"

Then Miss Hallerton, with all the confidence of a young and pretty woman in asking a favour of a man, interrupted Esterbrooke's disjointed explanations, and briefly outlined the Bonesy tragedy in the clearest, sweetest, most appealing little speech that ever fell from a girl's lips. Monsieur Faussemagne's reserve vanished. He

became sympathy, consideration itself; he took off his eyeglasses and wiped them.

"Mademoiselle is like all her sex," he said, "a veritable angel of goodness and mercy, and at her feet I lay every assistance in my power. It is true we have leased the shop in the Rue de Quatre Bras, and will shortly open a small branch there — though I beg to be absolved from any share in this — this crime! Rather would I lose a thousand francs than cause such misery to the least thing that lives. I will get the key from the office, and my only stipulation is that monsieur returns it at his convenience."

"I shall not keep it an hour," asseverated Esterbrooke.

"Your pardon," said monsieur Faussemagne, courteously. "Do me the honour to remain here till I secure the key."

"Thank goodness, we've got it at last," exclaimed Miss Hallerton.

"Bonesy will be out in ten minutes," added Esterbrooke, delightedly. "Vive Faussemagne! Vive Bonesy!"

In a few moments Monsieur Faussemagne was seen returning — but where was the key? He was excessively solemn and depressed, and at the sight of the pair he was visibly overcome.

"It is terrible," he cried. "Oh, it is terrible. It is unexampled! But the key has been given to our contractors, the Got Frères, who are to alter the shop to our purposes. Monsieur and madame had better drive to their place of business at 81 bis, Boulevard du Montparnasse, while I telephone that the key be surrendered to you. Have no fear of any *contre-temps*. I will emphasise my wishes, and can guarantee that you will be received with the same respect as I myself should enjoy. Oh, please, or, no, it is not worthy of any thanks. Let the poor cat be grateful, not you! — 81 bis, Boulevard du Montparnasse: here, I write it down on my card—

Got Frères—*voilà!*—Madame, I am enchanted to have served you. Monsieur, your generous references to Lafayette redouble my esteem for your great country. Ah, Washington and Lafayette, revered names, revered names! — Permit me to escort you to your carriage. In spirit I go with you — *Bonjour*, madame. *Bonjour*, monsieur!"

"That's what I call a brick," said Esterbrooke, as they rolled off.

"Me, too," exclaimed Miss Hallerton, enthusiastically.

"We're seeing the nicest side of the French character," he added.

"Yes; seeing everything but the key," rippled Miss Hallerton; "and if it wasn't for Bonesy, I'd say we were having a lovely time! Oh, it's a good world, isn't it?—and when you have thrashed that jeweller, it will be altogether perfect!"

"I am almost relenting towards him," cried Esterbrooke ecstatically. How adorable she was! How intoxicating the sense of comradeship, of intimacy that increased with every turn of the wheels! He grew inconceivably reckless. He loved her, and told her so. He called her Milly. Thrash the jeweller? No; he'd go to Corsica to buy that engagement ring of him, or would they stop right here and choose it in that swell-looking shop? He spoke fast; he didn't dare to stop; that classic brow was clouding with anger; those golden-brown eyes were dilating with astonishment and scorn.

"You're horrid!" she cried. "I couldn't have believed it of you. Stop! I'm going to get out!"

"No, no!"

"I'm going to get out!"

"Oh, please!"

"You've mistaken the kind of person I am, Mr. Esterbrooke. *Cocher!*"

"It's true, every word of it! Merciful heavens, it's true. It's a month since I—"

"*Cocher!*"

"Think of Bonesy then! Haven't you any consideration for Bonesy?"

It's Boney that will suffer! Are you going to desert Boney?"

She wavered.

"Very well, then," she said at last with freezing composure. "If you will sit over there, and let go my hand, and never call me Milly again, and try to act like a civilised being, and not dare—do you hear, not *dare* to say that you lo—that you are so silly and idiotic and impertinent—I'll agree to *tolerate* you till we can get that miserable kitten out!"

Esterbrooke felt the fine reproach of Boney having suddenly become "that miserable kitten." The substitution of the phrase gave him a feeling of all being lost.

"I'll do anything as long as you'll stay," he said humbly. "I've acted like a forward fool, of course, and I can only blame myself if you are offended. Yet for more than a whole month I've longed and hoped and dreamed—oh, very well, I won't say it—though it's awful only to be tolerated, when—oh, Miss Hallerton, in all sincerity and honour it is true, every word I've said, and poor little Boney isn't more wretched than I am this moment."

Miss Hallerton laughed cruelly as she replied: "You had two cups of coffee, kidneys on toast, a second plate of bread, ham and eggs, buckwheat cakes and syrup, and my note only stopped you from starting on bananas. Wretched as Boney, are you? You are not only an excessively silly person, but you don't seem to have any imagination or sense, either. What do you suppose Boney has had for the last week?"

"Boney's had sympathy," he retorted. "Oceans of sympathy, and that's more than I've had."

"You can be nice if you try," she said, relaxing her severity. "The trouble is you don't try. If you'd behave for five minutes I could get quite fond of you — and go on behaving," she stipulated hastily.

It was a very brightening remark. Esterbrooke beamed. The angel of

peace descended on that taxicab, but so impalpably and delicately that the *cocher* did not ring up the *supplément* for a "*troisième personne*."

"Thank heaven, we are friends again," ejaculated Esterbrooke heartily.

"It's so stupid to quarrel," observed Miss Hallerton.

"For people who really like each other!"

"Yes," she assented slowly, "for people who really like each other;" and the corners of her mouth dimpled.

*

The Got establishment was working full blast. Lathes were turning, steam was hissing, hammers were flying; the snore of a circular saw exasperated the ear and cut harshly across their eager questions. One had to yell in the Got establishment—and, what was worse, yell in French. The Gots lay outside the English-speaking zone. Great heavens, the Gots weren't even in their own zone!

An explanatory female in wooden shoes said, or seemed to say, or implied that the Gots were at Rouen to bury a sainted mother; and said, or seemed to say, or implied, that the Gots weren't to be home until the next day; and shot off a whole lot more in which the name of Monsieur Faussemagne recurred with vociferations. Esterbrooke talked, Miss Hallerton talked, the explanatory female vociferated, the *cocher* mixed in loudly with a brandified breath, the circular saw shattered the air, and yet—where was the key?

Finally the explanatory female took Esterbrooke by the arm, and leading him into a small office—Miss Hallerton and the *cocher* following—showed him a small iron safe in the corner. Amid a torrent of unintelligibility, but assisted by a pantomime as plain as English, she declared that: (a) the key of the jeweller's shop was in the safe, (b) that the key of the safe was in the pocket of the Got brothers, (c) that the Got brothers were burying a sainted mother at Rouen, (d) that

the Got brothers were expected to return the next day. But, alas! she cast no light on (*e*) what was to become of Boney.

It was for Esterbrooke and Miss Hallerton to settle (*e*), and they dismally discussed it in the cab as they made it stop on the street outside.

"Oh, what are we to do?" cried Miss Hallerton.

"Let me think," said Esterbrooke.

"I propose we go back and ask Monsieur Faussemagne to let us get a locksmith and open the door. He's so kind; he'll do it."

"By George! that's a good idea," cried Esterbrooke. "Say, you've hit it! Though, yes, stop—I can go one better!"

Without waiting to explain he ordered the *cocher* to drive to 42, Rue de Quatre Bras. "*Vite, vite!*" he added, "*avec pourboire sur scale Americaine, scale enorme!*"

"But that's the jeweller's," Miss Hallerton protested. "It's Faussemagne's that we want!"

"No, it isn't," returned Esterbrooke masterfully. "We've done enough shilly-shallying. I'm going to cut the Gordian knot. I'm going to smash the window!"

"Oh!"

"And stop over there at that milk place for a quart of milk. *Arretez la, cocher! La, la!*"

"But you'll be arrested."

"What of it?"

"The French laws are awful! A friend of mine was fined a thousand francs for smuggling in one little baby tin of petrol."

"My stick's going through the window just the same!"

"And you may be put in prison!"

"Hope I will—it shows what I'd do for you—and Boney."

"But won't they arrest me, too?"

"Oh, we'll see that they don't. Listen, I've thought it all out. You sit in the carriage with the milk. I smash the window, pass you Boney, and off you gallop! You understand? I'll stay and face the music. It's all

as easy as anything. Do you know any specially idiomatic way of buying milk?"

The milk was obtained. A whole litre of it in a bottle with a patent top. Even in the feverish hurry of the transaction the price of bottles with patent tops seemed excessive, but no matter, no matter! The saucer, too — a common, everyday, yellow saucer — was specially priced for the occasion on a Pierpont Morgan basis. But no matter, no matter. Into the cab again, hugging both! "*Vite, cocher, quarante-deux Rue de Quatre Bras! Pourboire sur scale Americaine—scale enorme. Vite, vite!*"

Miss Hallerton was pale and silent. To break an American window wouldn't have seemed so terrible. But a French window — a foreign window — with outraged gendarmes, and dreadful, unforeseeable consequences —! Her heart misgave her for the hero beside her. The hero, too, evidently felt the shadow across his life. The hero, too, was unmistakably nervous, very nervous. But determined! Oh, yes, determined! He had a clean-cut, fighting chin, and unshrinkable eyes. Really very nice eyes: honest eyes — dark, frank, affectionate eyes, with a glint in them. She surrendered her hand without a protest — let it lie unresistingly in his big clasp.

How thoughtful he had been about the milk; how devotedly he was sacrificing himself for her — and Boney! She was impelled to give him a tiny ghost of a squeeze. Willard Esterbrooke — the name was like himself — a manly, broad-shouldered name. She rather envied the Milwaukee girl who owned him — if he *were* owned; it was quite sad to think *she* didn't own anybody — nobody, except that silly Mr. Gleeson, and poor Tom Miles, but they didn't count. Owned somebody worthy owning, she meant.

These musings were suddenly cut short by their entry into the Rue de Quatre Bras. It was disturbing to see so many people passing; disturbing, too, that a bull-necked individual

should have planted himself and a hand-barrow immediately in front of the shabby exterior of No. 42. Worse still, the bull-necked individual was emitting loud cries of a peculiarly piercing character, and holding up a basket of undetermined vegetables for heads in upper windows to declare were not worth the price.

"Well, here goes!" said Esterbrooke, with forced calm. "I'll grab him, you take him, and off you go, both of you, as hard as you can pelt!"

He descended, and while Miss Hallerton quaked in the cab he carefully assured himself first that poor Bonesy was still alive. Yes, no doubt about that. There was the blur of breath against the glass; there yet was the glimmer of those glazing eyes; the little, shrunken bunch of fur still retained the spark that makes all living nature one.

With the sight all Esterbrooke's hesitation vanished. He was furious. Hatred at such wrong and cruelty drove every other consideration from his brain. Smash went the iron ferrule of his cane against the window. Smash, smash, smash!

But it was the thickest window in France; it might have been of steel for all the effect he could make upon it. Then, with a movement we admit was not graceful — no, inelegant, to say the least, and uncouth to those of an æsthetic taste — he lifted his foot, and, bending down, aimed the flat of a number eleven boot, with mule-like precision and vigour, at a spot about six inches above Bonesy's nose.

There was a crash like the end of the world; all the glass in the universe seemed to be falling on his head, and even while it was falling the street reverberated with the cries of the populace — shouts, yells, screams, and a hundred opening windows. To seize Bonesy was the work of an instant. To pass him swiftly to Milly was the work of another like instant.

"*Allez, allez!*" he bellowed to the cabman, as a mob sprang up from

nowhere, surging and jostling fiercely about him, as the feet of all Paris pounded into the Rue de Quatre Bras, as waving swords and advancing uniform-caps betrayed the inrush of police.

"*Allez, allez!*"

But how could the cabman *allez* with a black-whiskered, apoplectic gentleman in a frock coat and silk hat holding to that bridle with clenched hands? With a black-whiskered, apoplectic gentleman resoundingly exclaiming in French: "Stop, you assassin! Stop, miserable one, in the name of the law — to me, my brave ones, to me!"

The brave ones rallied to his side. In vain *cocher* rose, a Niagara of expostulation pouring from his lips; in vain Esterbrooke forced his way to the black-whiskered, apoplectic gentleman, and tried to pull him bodily from the harness. The waving swords were now in their midst. Esterbrooke was denounced and laid under arrest; Miss Hallerton was laid under arrest. Official memorandum books totalled up the damage and took names, took addresses, took a composite description of the affair from half a hundred simultaneous throats. The only note of calm in the whole convulsion was Bonesy, snugly cuddled in Miss Hallerton's lap, sucking milk for all he was worth from the handkerchief she had wetted from the bottle.

"How can you ever forgive me?" exclaimed Esterbrooke, as they drove off, one gendarme sitting on the little bob-seat confronting them, and another beside the *cocher*, and keeping him on the straight course to the police station. "How can you ever forgive me?"

"Oh, Mr. Esterbrooke, I have nothing to forgive you for," replied Miss Hallerton, with unexpected radiance considering all the circumstances. "You were perfectly splendid. I'm proud of you!"

*

They were lined up before a grizzled official at a desk—Esterbrooke, Miss

Hallerton, Bonesy, bottle and saucer, the two gendarmes, and a quart of incriminating broken glass. The official was a sallow, ironic-looking personage, with a slightly Napoleonic cast of features and a more than Napoleonic air. At least, he was stern and direct, and had a hurry-it-through, don't-block-the-way manner. The gendarmes' story was cut down smartly to the bald facts of the case. Pop, pop, pop, went the questions. Dash, dash, dash went the entries in the book.

"Nationality?" demanded Napoleon of Esterbrooke.

"American, monsieur."

"Name?"

Esterbrooke handed up his card: "Willard Esterbrooke."

"Address?"

"Hotel de Genève, Rue San Roque, Rue de Rivoli."

"Wife?" Napoleon darted a finger towards Miss Hallerton.

"Yes," answered Esterbrooke on the spur of the moment. "Yes."

Then Napoleon shot out six yards of French — fast-express French — twentieth-century-limited French — no-intermediate-stop French. It all got past Esterbrooke, but Miss Hallerton caught some of it.

"I think he's asking if you want to communicate with your consul."

"No — the Transatlantic Express Company, 7, Rue Scribe," said Esterbrooke. As Milly translated this, Esterbrooke drew out another card, and hastily wrote on it in pencil:

"Transatlantic Express Company.
Dear Sirs,—Please send somebody quick to get me out of gaol. I'm charged with breaking a shop window. Your bank clerk will probably remember me, and my £2,000 credit on you. For heaven's sake, hurry up!—W. E."

"He said he'll have to detain us until we're bailed out," said Milly, becoming dreadfully limp. "Oh, you oughtn't to have said 'wife.'"

*

They found themselves in a stone cell about eight feet square, and heard

for the first time in either of their lives the deadly sound of a key turning on the wrong side of a door, and heavy bolts pushed home. Miss Hallerton threw herself on the wooden bench which constituted the only furniture of the cell, and gave way to uncontrollable tears. Esterbrooke's attempt to comfort her was repulsed with a passionate outburst.

"I hate you!" she exclaimed. "You've disgraced me for ever. How dared you say I was your wife? How dared you? I thought you were so chivalrous. I thought you were a gentleman. I really liked you, and now—now—"

"I did it so you wouldn't be shut up by yourself, or get your name in the papers," explained Esterbrooke, in abject contrition. "Heaven knows, I meant it for the best. It'll only be for half an hour, anyhow. What do you want me to do, then? Call them back, and tell them? But they'll lock you in alone, I'm sure they will, though perhaps that field-marshal might let you sit in his office. Oh, please don't cry, please, please! I'll get them, I'll yell through the wicket, I'll arrange it somehow!"

He was about to make the attempt when Miss Hallerton sobbingly restrained him.

"You're not to blame," she exclaimed. "F-Forgive me, and—it's all right, and — and nobody will know—at least, I hope not. It's only that I'm so scared and miserable, and it's all so awful, and papa would almost kill me, and—!"

"It's for you to decide," said Esterbrooke. "Perhaps I was all wrong. Shall I call them or not?"

She shook her head, and the quiver of a smile appeared on her pretty, tear-stained face. Esterbrooke was emboldened to sit on the floor beside her, and to pretend to stroke Bonesy, who was purring with three-kitten power and digging his claws lovingly into the dress of his protectress. Gradually the stroking included a soft, girlish hand, and finally its en-

tire and unresisted possession; and somehow, under the spell of that bubbling purr, or in the sense of comradeship induced by all those bars and bolts hemming them in, it seemed the most natural thing in the world that Esterbrooke's arm should steal around that yielding waist, and—

Though, of course, she did not really—care for him; nothing could make her admit she—*cared*—no, not more than a tiny-winy, just-so-much of her little finger. How could anybody—*care* for anybody in one day—really, truly *care*? Did he realise that it was only four hours? It seemed years and years, didn't it? And she had always watched him at his table, thought how nice he was, and wondered why he didn't burst—eating such breakfasts! And once when he was late she waited and waited, and when he didn't come it quite spoiled her morning. Though he wasn't to feel uppish or conceited about it; it was just a girl's fancy, you know, and the idealising way girls have—often about the most commonplace people; they just make a cloak-model out of any attractive man, and try on one ideal after another to see how it looks! It was the cloak that was interesting—not the silly model—oh, dear no, not the silly model! The idea! Why, it even made Bonesy smile!

Then the silly model's feelings got hurt, and he became very cold and sarcastic, and had finally to be told to sit away over there, and stay till he begged pardon. But instead of begging pardon he turned awfully cross, and wouldn't answer a word when he was spoken to, and even the little finger he had loved so much was powerless to entice him back—the little finger that *cared*. Then Milly became hurt, too, and a tomb-like silence descended on that dungeon cell, and a whole ocean of heart-ache filled the middle of the bench, with a drooping gold-brown head on one side, and oh, such a sullen, averted, crisp-black one on the other.

It was too sad for anything, and

grew sadder and sadder, till, what do you think? That precocious bit of fur staggered feebly out of Milly's lap and insisted, positively insisted, with meows, on wobbling over to Esterbrooke! Of course, it *might* have been the bottle of milk in the corner, but why should we always put a cynical construction on every action of dumb creation? Let us infer instead that Bonesy could not bear this estrangement of his two friends, and was determined at any cost to his poor tottering little legs to bring them together again. Milly, who knew the kitten language ever so much better than French, translated for him, with the result that Bonesy turned round, leading Esterbrooke with him, and explained everything so satisfactorily, and with such sweetness and whimsicalness that—! Well, this is not a kiss-and-tell story. Bonesy just put love on the track again, telegraphed ahead to clear the line, and descended well pleased, to another saucer of milk.

The trouble about making our own Heaven here below is the unavoidable interruption to which it is constantly exposed. Somebody always has to blunder in, and shiver the filmy fabric of our rapture. In this case it was the Transatlantic Express Company's "Our Mr. Chickly" — an extremely friendly, helpful, small young man with eye-glasses and a canary-coloured moustache. From his exhaustive knowledge of the subject he might have spent his life in rescuing Americans who had broken plate-glass windows and embezzled starving kittens. "Our Mr. Chickly" grasped the whole story in one minute; in two he was making Esterbrooke sign a "temporary memorandum" with a fountain pen; six minutes more saw them bailed out — trial set for Tuesday at nine — the sun of freedom shining in their faces—a card with a guaranteed lawyer's address in Esterbrooke's pocket—and *cocher*, their own *cocher*, who had been lost in the shuffle, but whose taximeter had gone on ticking

off a king's ransom — their own trustful, faithful, crimson-faced *cocher*, tumbling off his perch to welcome them.

"Our Mr. Chickly" was put on the box-seat, and to his delighted embarrassment was loved and petted and complimented all the way to the Rue Scribe, where he was dropped, together with a hundred-franc note, which "Our Mr. Chickly" tried not to accept, and which had to be forced, with violence, into "Our Mr. Chickly's" pocket. He was unquestionably a God-given young man, of a God-given institution, and Milwaukee rose and called him blessed; and when, inflamed by the hundred francs and in a perfect convulsion of goodwill, "Our Mr. Chickly" spoke of the apartment he shared with his widowed mother, and how, if necessary, he was prepared there and then to take and adopt Bonesy — angels must have inserted the name of "Our Mr. Chickly" on their heavenly books; and on earth there seemed but one really right thing to do, and that was, with renewed violence, to force a second hundred francs on such soul-stirring heart and worth. Not that Bonesy was allowed to accept the shelter of that modest household, however. No, indeed, he wasn't! He had now become Bonesy E. Hallerton (name subject to change without notice!) and his future lay over the billows, and his home in the setting sun.

Then back to the Hotel de Genève, tired, hungry, but in glorious spirits, the glamour of love over everything; hand pressed in hand; Bonesy purring like a coffee-mill; the joy of it all, the joke of it all, the wonder of it all, animating the two happiest faces in Paris.

But why was the Hotel de Genève seething like a revolution? Why that mob bustling about the entrance? Why those darkling, reprobative faces of the sixty guests, eyeing the newcomers as though they were lepers, and drawing away to escape the touch of contamination. The Misses

Sweeney, the Misses Coffin, the Smith-Todd family, the tall, bony lady studying art, the over-daughtered old gentleman with the rosette, the two Kansas school-girls, the leggy little girl that was said to be so immensely rich, with her two grim and leathery governesses, the pretty widow with the spectacled child — all that nondescript she-army, with a spare man here and there, who in wild Paris lived secure and safe in the Lutzer block-house—why, why, were they shrinking, and shuddering, and raising their outraged noses? And why these *gensdarmes*, and why that French gentleman, otherwise dressed so conventionally, but girded like a comic-opera comedian in the flag of his native land, and gesticulating fiercely to a pale Swiss hotel proprietor?

It was Herr Lutzer who answered these questions, as with choking fury he recognised Milly and Esterbrooke.

"So," he exclaimed wrathfully, "so it is you I have to thank for disgracing a respectable hotel, for committing crimes on the public streets, for making of us here a headquarters of radiating infamy? You go forth from an hotel as pure as an American home; you get drunk; you break windows; you create riot; you compromise me — *me*, with the police, and give scandalous information for which I am held responsible! Ah, it is nothing to you that I am ruined! That the Misses Sweeney have given notice; that Major Tompkins moves to-morrow; that Miss Tyker has cabled to her parents in Teepee City to say that the Hotel de Genève is the haunt of unparalleled outcasts of either sex, raided constantly by the police, and not to be tolerated by a young lady why came here alone under assurance of our perfect propriety and decorum! With one blow you've shattered the conscientious efforts of sixteen—"

"But hold on!" expostulated Esterbrooke, who had been trying in vain to get in a word edgewise. "We haven't done anything except to save

a cat, and you're talking like a confounded idiot! Who's that man bundled up in the flag, and what's he making such a fuss about?"

"Did you not declare," vociferated Herr Lutzer, almost beside himself, "did you not declare that Miss Hallerton was *your wife*?"

This was a knock-out for Esterbrooke, and about the last thing that he dreamed of hearing.

"Yes, come to think of it, I believe I did," he admitted feebly.

"It was not only a lie," roared Herr Lutzer, "but it was in direct contravention of the Penal Code! These gentlemen, arrived to verify your statements, are confronted with an infamous deception!"

Fortunately for Esterbrooke, the flag functionary now bore in.

"Monsieur, this is a *vair* grave *mattaire*," he said, in a voice of overwhelming solemnity. "You have deceived *ze police*; you have made assertions of uncontrovertible falsity; you have violated — yes, monsieur, you have violated Section seven thousand one hundred and eighteen, subsection nine, Paragraph B of the Penal Code of the French Republic!"

This awful hole he had made in the Penal Code quite unmanned Esterbrooke. He faltered; beads of sweat stood out on his forehead; he was thankful when Milly took the stammering words from his mouth in her own, low, sweet contralto.

"It was to keep my name out of the affair," she explained. "It was to save me from horrid publicity and chatter. Monsieur is a Frenchman, monsieur is a gentleman, monsieur in a similar situation could not have acted otherwise; monsieur will understand and be indulgent."

"But, *mademoiselle*, Section seven thousand one hundred and eighteen, Sub-section nine, Paragraph B, makes no exception — even for a lady's reputation."

"No; but *you* will," said Milly.

The flag functionary melted.

"I will represent *ze mattaire* as fa-

vourably as possible," he remarked. "It will not be my fault if monsieur ever hears of it again, so I can make no absolute promise. In any further complications with *ze social order*, I would implore monsieur and *mademoiselle*, in their own interest, to inscribe themselves with sacred truthfulness on *ze records of ze police*."

"Oh, we are so much obliged to you," cried Milly, gratefully; "I cannot thank you sufficiently!"

"I should like to shake hands with you," added Esterbrooke heartily. "If you should ever happen to visit Milwaukee, monsieur, be sure and—"

The flag functionary gracefully freed himself with protestations of profound regard; signalled to his subordinates; buttoned his frock coat over the French flag effect beneath, and impressively withdrew.

"Now, sir," cried Herr Lutzer, advancing on Esterbrooke with pent-up passion, "I give you one hour to leave this establishment! I order, I command you to leave the Hotel de Genève! I command it here before witnesses, before those you have humiliated and shamed to the point of almost abandoning this cherished roof themselves! And as for you" — with this he turned resentfully to Milly, "as for you—!"

"See here, Lutzer," interrupted Esterbrooke, coolly, "if you say anything insulting to Miss Hallerton I'm going to punch your head. I'm going to rip out another big section of the Penal Code along with those whiskers, and kick what's left of you and them into Kingdom Come! There's the situation in plain English! Now, what do you want to say?"

Herr Lutzer gulped. Thus to be bearded in his own hotel was intolerable. To do him justice, he wasn't afraid; but the prospect of rolling about the floor, and probably under a muscular American, jarred on his sense of human dignity.

"I have no idea of insulting Miss Hallerton," he observed, with the iciest suavity he could muster. "I

wish merely to inform Miss Hallerton, in the politest manner, that I disapprove of her conduct, and have telegraphed my disapproval to her esteemed papa, requesting him to make other arrangements for her accommodation, as the Hotel de Genève wishes to set a limit on the responsibility it has incurred for her. Never shall it be said I turned a young and friendless lady out of doors. But I do insist that Miss Hallerton's stay be made as brief as possible."

"You telegraphed to my father?" cried Milly, horrified. "Oh, how wicked of you!"

"I want to see that telegram," exclaimed Esterbrooke.

"But it has gone," returned Herr Lutzer.

"Yes, yes; but the copy? I know you have a copy. Show it to me, or—"

It was hastily produced — an old envelope scribbled over in pencil.

"Wish respectfully state Miss Hallerton arrested for intoxication, riot, malicious mischief, petty larceny, giving false name, in company with stranger who declares himself husband. Advise your immediate return. Meanwhile, awaiting your instructions in painful matter.— Lutzer."

Milly's eyes blazed.

"And you sent that to my father?" she cried. "You dare to tell me you sent that to my father?"

"I had no alternative, Miss Hallerton. You were confided to my care, and I—"

"Come away," she whispered to Esterbrooke, who was blazing too, and in a touch-and-go condition that warned the girl to get him out. "Come away; it's horrible. You can't say anything or fight him. We must telegraph papa the truth instantly."

As they stood outside in the open street, the two angriest people in France, Esterbrooke passed his arm through hers, and said, in a curious, curt, defiant way that he had been thinking.

"So have I," she returned, "just

like the drowning man who reviews his whole life in the wiggle of an eyelash, from being born, right up to Bonesy and you, and being out here like castaways in—!"

"I've cut one Gordian knot to-day," he interrupted, "and now I'm going to cut another. You and I are going to drive to the Embassy and get married!"

"Married!"

"Yes, it's bound to happen sometime, and so why shouldn't it happen now?"

"You're crazy!"

"Yes, about you — always have been."

"But how can people get married who have only known each other five hours?"

"You and I can! Besides, don't you want to be on the right side of the Penal Code?"

"Oh, if it's only the Penal Code—"

"I love you, and you love me—and what does anything else matter?"

"Are you sure you do?"

"Certain of it!"

"But, Mr. Esterbrooke, we couldn't — it's awful!"

"It isn't awful, and, anyway, we're going to do it!"

"All that talk of Herr Lutzer's was too silly for anything. I'm not disgraced as badly as that — indeed, I'm not — only frightfully exasperated about that telegram to papa. You dear, chivalrous lunatic, instead of getting married let's go and have lunch."

"Then you don't love me?"

"Oh, I never said that."

"You don't love me enough to marry me?"

"I never said that, either."

"Hop into this one. *Cocher*—"

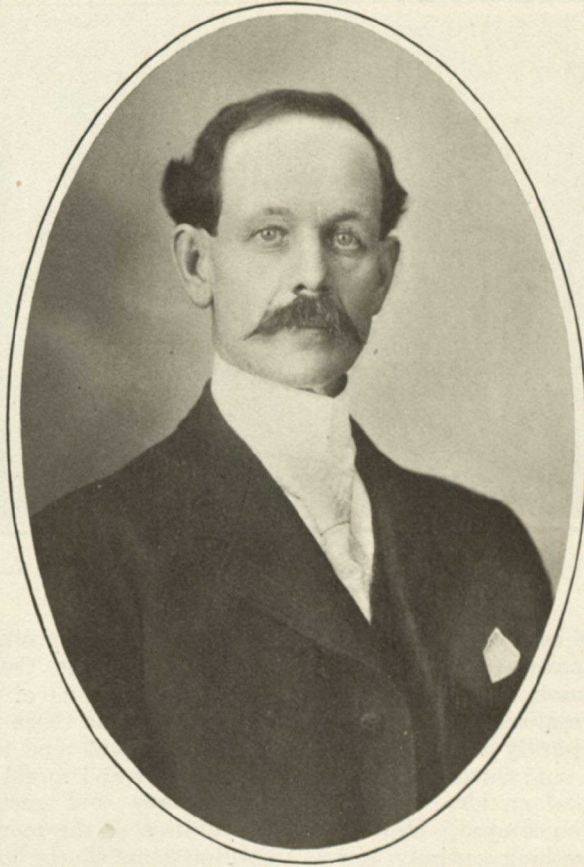
"For lunch?"

"No—Embassy."

"You'll have to do all the explaining."

"Leave it to me!"

"And I must get a blue ribbon for Bonesy."



MR. A. FITZPATRICK, ORIGINATOR OF THE READING TENT IN
FRONTIER CAMPS

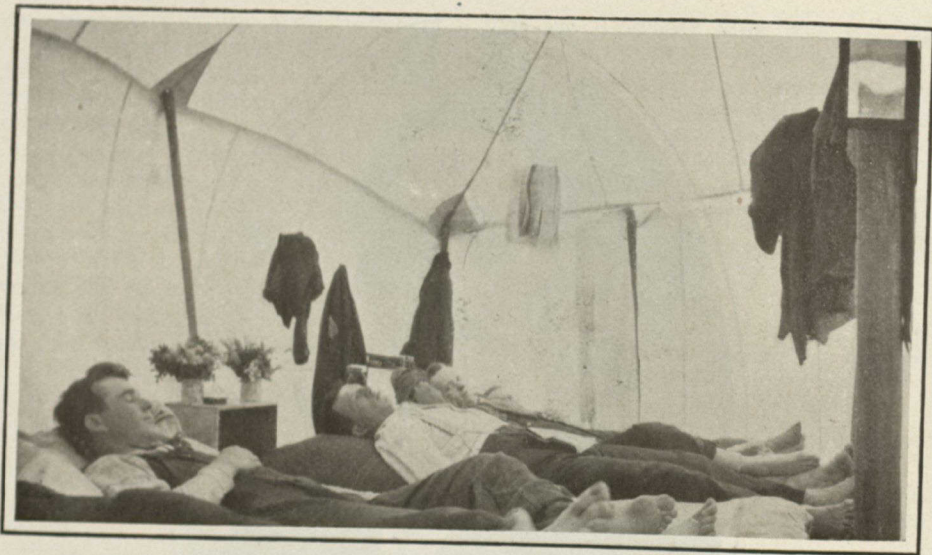
THE FRONTIER PROBLEM

BY JOSEPH WEARING

LOOK out for the man with an idea! He may be a howling fanatic or he may be merely a harmless faddist; keep your eye on him, however, for he is sure to make something move. The man on the street observes that such a person has a bee in his bonnet. The psychologist puts it in another way, and declares that his mental point of orientation has become fixed. History proves that when it becomes necessary to write a name in very

large script across the record of any era of remarkable progress, that name belongs to some man who was possessed of an idea.

It was not till several years after graduation that the different members of Queen's '90 came to a certain decision regarding one of their number. This individual had left no particularly wide swath behind him on the college campus and had been chiefly known in college halls as a long-legged Nova



A CONSTRUCTION CAMP TAKING IT EASY ON SUNDAY

Scotian having aspirations towards a Presbyterian manse. But these aspirations, common to Scotch-blooded youths, never materialised. His first frock coat was hardly broken in before the truth came out: Queen's '90 had a man possessed of an idea. And not an obsolete, hackneyed, impossible idea; but something entirely novel, absolutely original, and eminently practicable.

At first the new idea was greeted as a whim of "Alfie's"; and when old classmates came together they spoke of the queer notion which "Fitz" had got into his head. As time went on they found themselves called upon to give this queer notion financial support, and though they invariably gave the support with a show of alacrity, it was more on account of the firm belief they had in their former classmate's conscientiousness and integrity than because they had unquestioned faith in the cause which he represented. But the friendly scepticism of his colleagues made no more difference to the man with the idea than the diversity of the circumstances into which the idea was projected. Steadily and persistently he advanced

the following proposition: The men who work on the Canadian frontier form the backbone of the Dominion; why not provide these men with such facilities as will tend to add strength of character and moral virtue to physical power and mechanical skill? Recognition of the merits of this proposition came slowly but none the less surely, and after nine years of experiment it has been demonstrated beyond cavil to both friend and foe that the scheme advanced by Mr. Alfred Fitzpatrick for the intellectual development and social improvement of the men who work in our lumber, mining, fishing and railway construction camps are worthy not only of public commendation and support, but also of national consideration.

It is a pretty safe assertion that very few Canadians realise the debt which this country owes to the man in the camp. The works of such writers as Doctor Drummond and "Ralph Connor" have thrown a certain glamour around the life of the lumber-jack and river-driver, but the commercial value of these men to the country is seldom considered. Just as surely, however, as the foundation

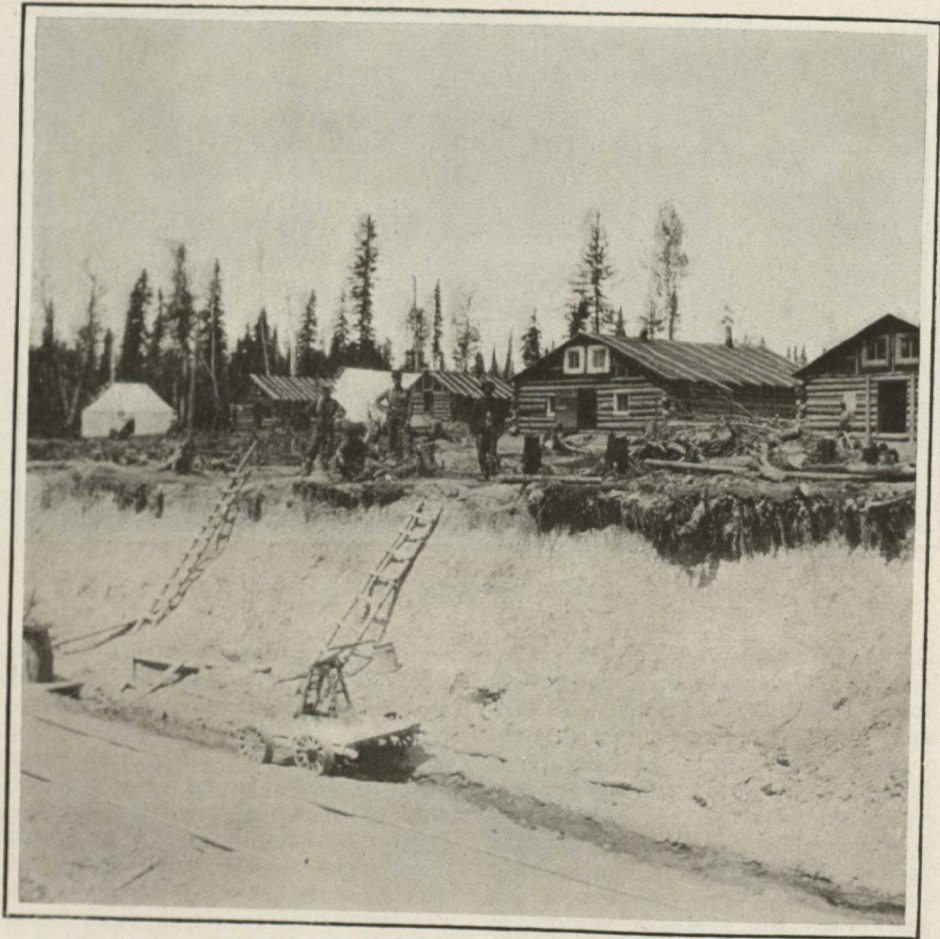


GALICIANS READING ENGLISH WITH THE AID OF AN INTERPRETER

of England's trade and commerce were laid by the gallant seamen who served under Hawkins and Drake, so the basis of this country's financial prosperity has been firmly set by those daring sons of the frontier represented by *Macdonald Bhain* and *Johnny Courteau*. We boast of the land of "the peerless pine," and presumably we glory in the sturdy backwoodsmen who brave the northern winters in order that stately trees may become merchantable lumber; but how many of us ever give a thought to the fact that in as much as most of the revenue which has enriched this country in the past has been derived from her great pine forests, so the present state of Canada's development is more or less due to the industry, sacrifice, and courage of our shanty-men and river-drivers? The future, too, depends in a large measure on the toil, skill, and enterprise of the frontier labourer. Our hopes are centred in the measureless West, where progress is marked by the building of railroads, or in the trackless North, where the mining possibilities are limited only by labour and capital. But who will build these railroads and exploit these mines?

The man in camp, is the ready reply.

Any degree of investigation will lead to the belief that shanty-men, river-drivers, miners, and navvies have not in the past had "a fair show"; they have been allowed to give but not take. Until a very few years ago the staple bill of fare for camps was pork and beans—and the worst quality of pork at that. It is not long since it was impossible to get medical treatment on the frontier, even among big gangs; and right at the present moment less thought is given to the social welfare of these thousands of our citizens than to any other class of people in the Dominion. The very men who provide means for the endowment of agencies of culture and enlightenment are themselves left without any facilities for mental and moral training, and those sturdy sons of the stream and forest who would constitute this country's bulwark in the hour of national peril are deprived of the influences which tend to foster true patriotism. The young men of our towns and cities are the constant objects of care to philanthropic and moral reformers and thousands of dollars are annually spent in order to pro-

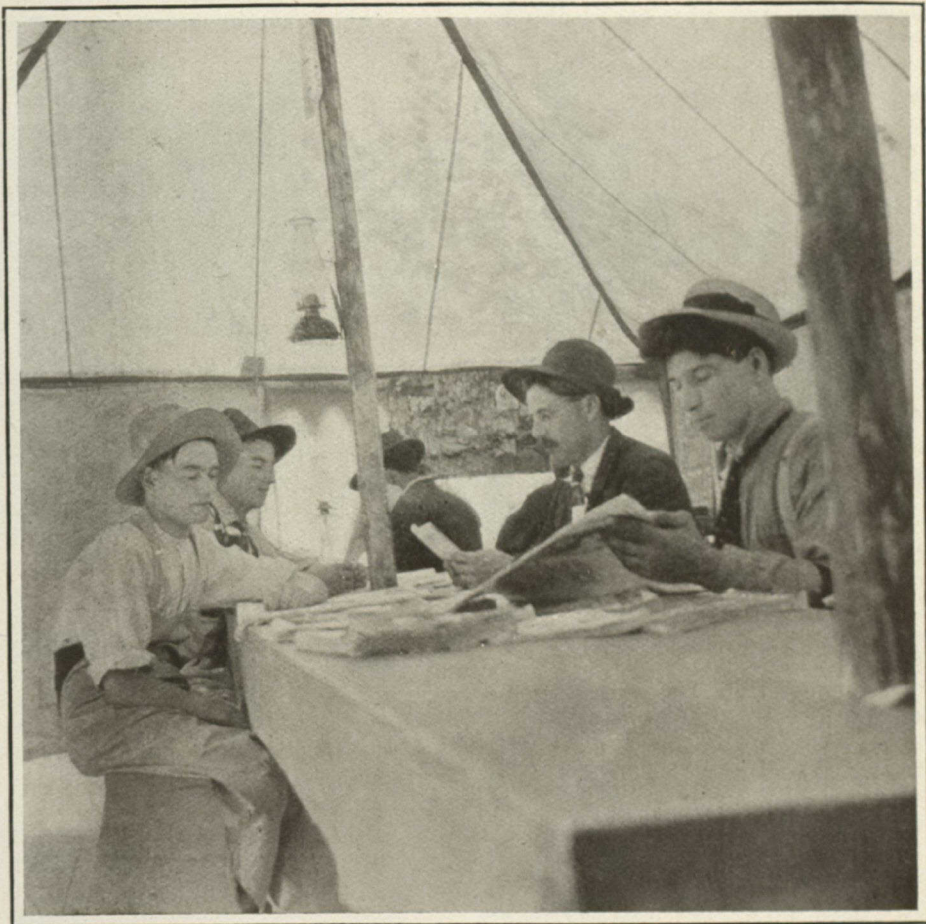


THE READING TENT IS WELL WITHIN REACH OF THE CAMP

vide the leisure hour with means of entertainment and culture. In consideration of this it might be pertinent to ask how many dollars are expended each year for the benefit of the young men living in frontier camps and what provision is made for the hour which the lumber-jack and navy may, or may not have for pleasure and recreation? There is nothing easier in the world than to find a generous millionaire who is willing to donate a public library bearing his name to some small town which does not desire it, but nothing is harder under the sun than to persuade a public-minded citizen of

ample means to send even a box of books into a frontier camp where a newspaper merely a month old is held at a premium.

It was not so much the right which the man in the camp has to some of the benefits commonly enjoyed by the people of a civilised country as the distinct need of giving him these benefits which first attracted the attention of Mr. Fitzpatrick. He saw that the average camp labourer, after five or six months of unremitting toil and hardship, came into a frontier town and deliberately "blew his stake." The five or six months of rigid asceticism and strict physical disci-



GRADERS MAKING USE OF THE READING MATERIAL

pline would be followed by five or six days of unstinted debauchery and unlimited excess. Manhood was openly sacrificed on the altar of sordid shame, and hard earned wages were unceremoniously thrown over the counter to bleary-eyed publicans. And the reason for this moral degradation was not far to seek. Men and women are subject to those tastes, impulses, and desires which have been induced and are regulated by their environment. Where there is an intellectual and moral environment, there, too, will be found men and women having intellectual and moral tastes, impulses, and desires. In the case of men who

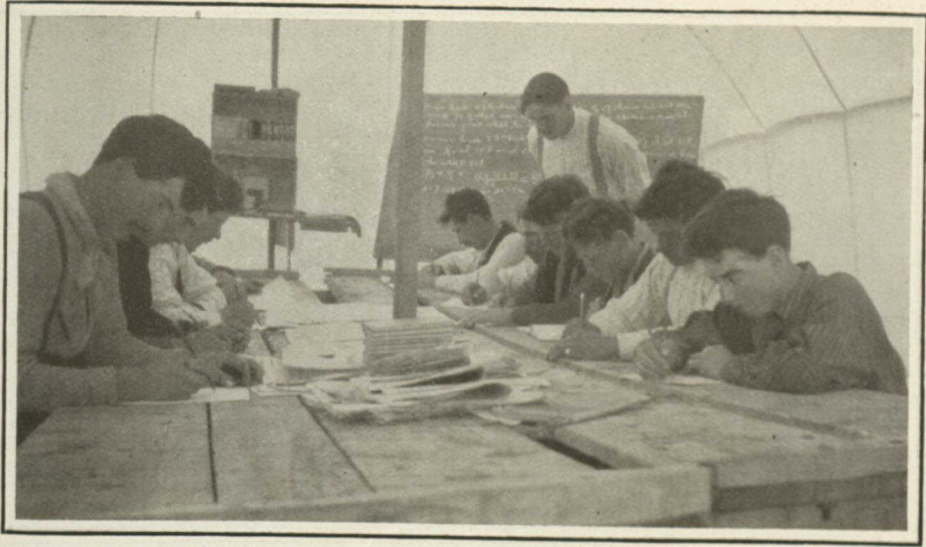
work in camps, however, no trouble has been taken to develop the æsthetic, intellectual, or moral side of their natures so that all their impulses and desires spring from one source—the body. It is perhaps necessary to lock a man in jail for drunkenness; it may be pious to denounce the sin of impurity. The sensible thing, however, would be to seek and remove the cause of it all. A materialistic conception of history may be far from correct, but at the same time there can be no doubt that the removal of men from the healthy environments and natural relationships of home, church, and society leads to moral

degradation and physical depravity. Professor Dewey, of Columbia University, and Professor Tufts, of Chicago, assert that: "When any activity of man is cut off from its original and natural relations and made the object of special attention and pursuit, the whole adjustment is thrown out of balance. When isolated and made an end in itself, taken out of the objective social situation, it becomes the spring of gambling and drunkenness. The instincts and emotions of sex, possessing power and interest necessitated by their place in the continuance of the race, become, when isolated, the spring of passion or of obscenity or lubricity."

The methods advocated by Mr. Fitzpatrick for creating to some extent a new environment in frontier camps have been adopted by the Reading Camp Association, which counts among its officers such men as Mr. William Whyte, Second Vice-President of the Canadian Pacific Railway; Mr. H. L. Lovering, the well-known lumberman; Mr. Duncan McMartin, President of La Rose Mining Company; Mr. James Playfair, President of the Midland Navigation Company; Mr. Chas. M. Hayes, President of the Grand Trunk Railway; Mr. W. J. Guest, President of the Guest Fish Company, of Winnipeg, and Lt.-Colonel Robertson, M.V.O., of Toronto. The aim of the Association is to put a reading-room or tent in every frontier camp in Canada and to provide these rooms and tents with means of profitable entertainment and social development. The reading material found in the rooms and tents is not of that class commonly sent to camps by well-meaning but misguided persons (Sunday-school papers and church periodicals several years old), but is made up of books carefully chosen, up-to-date magazines and newspapers in different languages. The man in the camp lives in the present, not in the past, and his soul responds to more currents of force than are generated

by stale church literature. Few Y.M.C.A. reading rooms can show a better assortment of reading matter than the reading-rooms and tents provided by the Association, and this is the more remarkable, considering that very often the reading material has to be "toted" on a pack-pony for a hundred miles or more through swamp and muskeg or "cadged" by the Association's camp inspector over many miles of rocks and rapids.

The outstanding feature of the scheme advanced by the Reading Camp Association is not so much the provision to give camp labourers good reading matter—as a matter of fact not more than half of those who work in Canadian camps at the present time can read English. That which calls for chief attention is the attempt to broaden the mental horizon of navvies and shanty-men by giving them further instruction along elementary lines and also the emphasis placed on personality as a means to this end. Each room and tent has in connection with it an "instructor" whose essential qualifications are that he be a good "mixer," have a college education, a good physique, an affinity for the frontier and a desire to make some sacrifice for the sake of the man in the camp. These instructors have no sinecure. In the first place, they identify themselves with the labourer absolutely — working at ordinary manual labour every day and for this labour drawing current labouring wages. Then, too, the evenings are fully occupied, for the instructors not only do everything in their power to make the rooms and tents suitable for legitimate entertainment; but they also give courses of instruction in such subjects as reading, writing, arithmetic, history, geography, book-keeping, to all who care to take advantage of them. Not even the seventh is a day of rest to the man sent out by the Reading Camp Association. On Sunday the instructor visits amongst the men, particularly the foreigners, winning their confidence and respect as

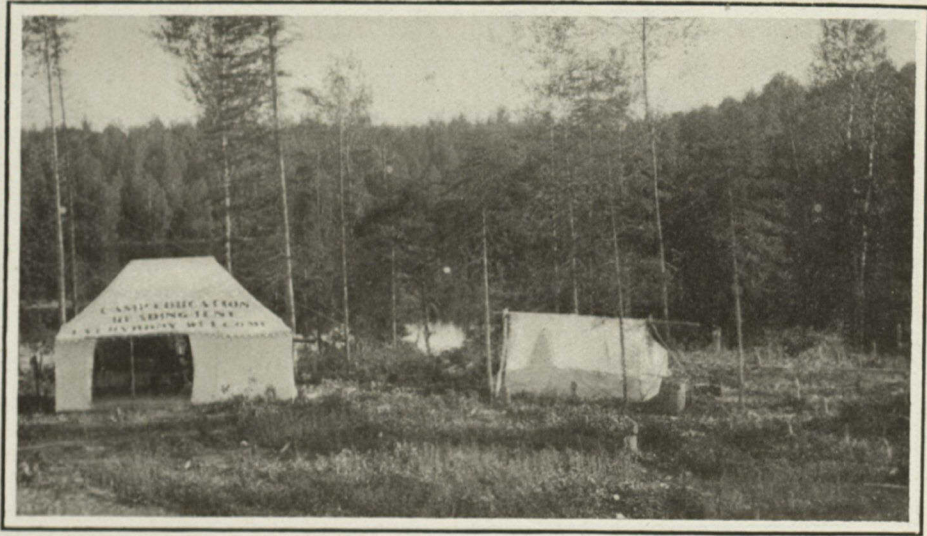


A CLASS IN ARITHMETIC AT A CONSTRUCTION CAMP IN SASKATCHEWAN

well as learning their needs and difficulties. The Sunday song-service, too, calls for no small amount of energy, for on that occasion the navy-college man becomes a missionary as well as a teacher. The writer was not at all surprised when visiting a reading-tent lately to find that the instructor had posted up in large letters the motto: "*Labor omnia vincit.*"

A visit to some camp having a reading-room or tent is all that is required to convince the most sceptical of the positive results of camp education as directed by the Reading Camp Association. A more studious class the writer has never seen than that studying arithmetic as shown in the illustration. This class was composed of young homesteaders from the Eastern Provinces who are working for the summer in a Saskatchewan construction camp, and they demonstrate not only their own desire to get along in the world but also the spirit of progression that is placing Canada in the front rank as a nation by attending night school regularly after working hard all day on the grade. The instructor, Mr. C. O. Banting, Mani-

toba Medical, had three other classes besides this one. The work done among the foreign immigrants is perhaps the most indicative of future good. The folly of inviting thousands of Europeans to accept the responsibility of Canadian citizenship without, at least, providing the means to give them our language is at once apparent, and nothing could be more commendable than the efforts which are being put forth to teach English to all foreigners working in railway construction camps. It is worth noting, too, that the majority of foreign immigrants go into frontier camps for a season or two after coming to this country. The eagerness shown by most foreigners to learn our language and customs is really remarkable. Notice the keen attention of the Galician class in the accompanying picture. All these young fellows intend to settle in this country, and they are fast losing any marks which distinguish them as aliens. Indeed, the despised foreigners are very often the best immigrants who come into the country. The tent shown in the picture where the men are taking a Sunday morning nap was the cleanest and tidiest in the camp:



A READING TENT IN NEW ONTARIO

the tents occupied by the English-speaking labourers were odious in comparison.

An intelligent reader will ask, Does the work pay? Does it pay, we wonder, to allow thousands of ignorant peasants to come into this country and assume the rights of citizenship without giving them some social and civic training together with our speech? Does it pay to ignore the fact that the seeds of revolutionary Socialism are being planted in many parts of Canada and that they flourish best among the ranks of uneducated immigrants? Does it pay to expend a few dollars in order that Norwegians, Swedes, Belgians, Galicians, Austrians, may all become Canadians having a just conception of what true citizenship means and being in a position to make an intelligent use of the franchise we offer them? The Reading Camp Association holds that money spent in training our immigrants will become capital paying big dividends; it claims, too, that now is the time to expend the money and not after it can be said that "philanthropy is made an offset and compensation for

brutal exploitation." Just at this period of our country's development it would not be amiss for us to recall Luther's injunction that "A city's increase consists not alone in heaping up great treasure, in building solid walls or stately houses, or in multiplying artillery, and munitions of war; nay, where there is a great store of this, and yet fools with it, it is all the worse and all the greater loss for the city. But this is the best and richest increase, prosperity, and strength of the city, that it shall contain a great number of polished, learned, intelligent, honourable, and well-bred citizens, who, when they have become all this, may then get wealth and put it to a good use."

With reference to the incoming thousands, Mr. Fitzpatrick falls back on the Aristotelian maxim that as a State was formed to make life possible, so it exists to make life good. He also believes that nation-building must begin at the frontier, and he has become imbued with the idea that the man of the future is at present "The Man in the Camp." Watch him!

KING MANDRIN

THE ROBIN HOOD OF FRANCE

BY MAY WYNNE

THE forest glade, empty a moment before, was alive now with figures, figures strange and wild enough, which flitted silently from behind the trees, surrounding the horse of the young man, who rode alone, singing so gaily and daringly through the forest of Fontainebleau. It is useless for one man, however brave, to fight two score, so after some faint blusterings and the startled plungings of Gray Barbe, the prisoner yielded to necessity, though his anger was manifest, and scarcely wise, seeing his situation.

"What want you with me?" he cried. "Gold? Well, take your toll, and let me ride away. I must be within Paris walls to-night."

A lanky, tatterdemalion who gripped at his knee, grinned broadly. "If you're in haste, monsieur," quoth he, "you should have been better advised than to invade the domain of King Mandrin," and twenty ragged caps fluttered in the air at the name.

The traveller, a well-favoured youth, dressed in a richly-brodered riding-suit of blue cloth, smiled whimsically.

"So that's the devil's pit I'm in," he replied. "If my business were less urgent I might be amused. Your brigand of the forest has a reputation."

The man nodded. "We defy France," said he, grandly. "As for laws, we obey King Mandrin."

"So, so. You are bold to crow so near Paris. The trees at Fontaine-

bleau might bear strange fruit if the Provost heard you."

"Bah! The Provost hears many things of our merry company, I promise you, and yet we are free. As for the trees you had better beware of too long a tongue, monsieur, or one might bear fruit wrapped in blue cloth."

The traveller did not appear to relish the jest.

A clearing in the forest brought them to their rendezvous, with a defiant winding of horns, and clatter of tongues.

No jolly band of freebooters lived more devoid of care than this daredevil company, who feasted on the King's game, and robbed the King's subjects in the year of grace 1754.

Yet who could trap such a quarry, when not a peasant for thirty miles around would have betrayed him or his followers at the cost of his own life? King Mandrin was known and loved in every hut and hovel, where many a starving family blessed his name for keeping life in them by his bounty.

What is easily won is easily disposed of. And Jean Mandrin was royal in his gifts. A handsome rogue he was, dressed in picturesque costume of red and blue, a scarlet cap set on the back of close curling black locks, and lean, bronzed cheeks, with fine and delicate features which bespoke a rank vastly different to that of his vagabond company.

He smiled frankly at sight of the

prisoner, doffing his hat with easy grace.

"A welcome addition," cried he. "Since our coffers have need of lining. Yet look not glum, monsieur. I vow you shan't be sent away empty if you will but accommodate yourself to the situation, the venison hath a royal flavour, and the wine came from cellars no meaner than His Grace the Bishop of Amiens."

"A sour churl to taste our hospitality, Mandrin," grunted the lanky brigand, who appeared to have a position of some command in the band. "Whose purse is lighter than his fist, and who refuses his name and state."

Mandrin frowned, but his gray eyes twinkled.

"A tribunal of our forest court," said he. "And chastisement for the surly guest. We of the woods love laughter, you must know, monsieur, whilst if our guests weep 'tis their own fault."

The young traveller nodded.

"I give my name to you, monsieur," he replied. "But in your ear, I pray."

Mandrin's eyes still twinkled.

"It is customary in my presence to doff your hat, I must remind you, monsieur," said he, and, with swift movement sent the slouched and feathered hat flying.

Morbleu! There was laughter to follow. Whilst the traveller stood, shamed and blushing, with gold-brown curls halfway down his back, King Mandrin was the first to recover speech. "Your pardon, mademoiselle, I am desolated to have shown manners so rude. Yet there should be excuse when ladies come riding as cavaliers through forest paths, with lusty blows to give to those who have speech with them."

But blushes already gave way to dimples, and, if mademoiselle's eyes were blue, they were masterful enough too.

"'Tis Eustacie de Frimontelle who has come hither to you, monsieur, of free will and intent," quoth she bold-

ly. "Having heard so much of the forest king's power and kindly heart."

He eyed her doubtfully as she spoke, since his trade made him suspicious.

But her eyes were straightly innocent as she stood there, a daintily incongruous figure in masculine attire, with the wealth of curling hair hanging loose over her shoulders.

"You shall tell your story, mademoiselle," he replied. "And if the adventure please us, why, I and my merry men will stand your good friends, since we love other enterprise than the mere slaying of fat buck."

"Or the eating of it," added his lieutenant, André Gerard, squatting down on the ground before the steaming joint which a tall girl had brought forward from the spit, "though that be not amiss after a long day's work."

"Work!" chimed in another, laughing, "thou has ne'er done too much of that, my André."

"Save with his jaws," added Mandrin, handing his strange guest to a seat on a fallen log near, with a bow worthy of Versailles. "So, lest patience wax short in these rude wilds, mademoiselle, you shall tell us your tale whilst we eat."

The girl glanced round appreciatively. She had no fear, it appeared, and boldly met curious glances from the motley crowd of bronzed forest-dwellers, but her gaze came back quickly to the face of the man at her side, and she smiled, nodding, for what woman is proof against the charm of a handsome face?—and romance already whispered many a tale concerning this daring brigand.

But the smile faded to a sigh.

Mademoiselle became pensive.

"Alas!" she murmured, "'tis for a lover's life I plead, Bertrand de Loisines. My father hated him, he forbade him the château. Yet Bertrand came. Messieurs, we loved. But what then? My father learned of our tryst, he surprised us. Now Bertrand lies close guarded in a turret chamber at Frimontelle, whilst my

father, through the influence of Madame de Pompadour, awaits the *lettre de cachet* which will send my lover to spend the rest of his life in the Bastille."

King Mandrin nodded. He had heard such tales before, but the beauty of the teller appealed to him; sitting there, in the gloaming, her blue eyes fixed fully on his, he could feel the fascination of her presence growing apace.

"So, so," said he, "and you, mademoiselle, pray, doubtless, for the miracle which shall set your lover free before that letter arrives?"

She clasped her hands.

"That is why I came," she cried, "though I do not think a miracle will be needed if you help me."

The men seated round, paused in their eating to look at the woman who spoke so boldly to their leader.

But he was smiling.

"You ask much, mademoiselle," he replied. "Why should I save this man, of whom I know nothing, whilst probably he is as ready to oppress the people as others?"

"Why should you save him?" she asked thoughtfully, and for all his shrewdness King Mandrin could not fathom the subtle note in her voice. "Because, monsieur, they tell me you are ever ready to help those who are in need and trouble, whilst I swear to you most truly that Bertrand de Loisine has never oppressed any in his life."

His keen eyes were fixed on her face. "Yes, it is true my heart bleeds for those in trouble," said he. "But those are the poor, mademoiselle. Those who know what trouble is, what starvation is. To feel love, to cherish it, and yet see it fading away in the wasting forms of wife or daughter, mother or son. That is the cry and the sorrow of France which goes echoing up to Heaven, though there are some who would drown the sounds with their music, their laughter, or their curses."

He spoke bitterly, yet with a refine-

ment of speech she had not expected to find in such a man.

"Then you cannot help me," she whispered, and, strange though it was, there rang no sound of passionate despair, scarcely a regret in her voice.

But Mandrin had risen to his feet.

"Yes, mademoiselle," said he, "we will help you. Your bravery cannot appeal in vain to desperate men."

"I—I thank you," she answered softly, yet her head was bent low as she spoke, as though she shamed to look him in the face.

André Gerard wiped a greasy mouth with the back of his hand.

"*En avant*," he cried hoarsely.

"The key shan't be turned this time, little demoiselle; King Mandrin will see to that, with never a lusty knave to hang back, be it buck to slay, traveller to stop, or château to burn. To my thinking, that last is the best entertainment of all, though we'll spare the cellars."

A roar of laughter greeted the sally. After all, they could wear light hearts, these vagabonds of the forest round whose heads the shadow of a noose dangled.

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Grim and gray stood the Château de Frimontelle, whilst the mists of dawn still hung round moat and woodland paths. Mists which gave a strange, fantastic appearance to the long line of cowed figures which paced slowly down the winding glade of oak trees. With bent heads they came, and hands thrust deep into wide sleeves. Yet now they paused in the shelter of a valley, where thick bushes shut them in on every side. 'Twas the hour for refreshment, and whilst wallets were opening a low whisper of talk ran through the throng followed by suppressed chucklings.

They were light of heart, these brown-cowled gentry, who broke bread in a summer's dawn, and listened to the songs of birds and the rushing music of a brook close by.

Free! Free! It was the spirit of

emancipation which stirred these disguised followers of Jean Mandrin fully as much as the joy of coming adventure.

Many successes had made bold men of them. They were invincible, altogether invincible.

The soldiers of King Louis himself had searched the woods of Fontainebleau in vain. They, the forest-dwellers, could lie on their keepings and jest at such threats and warnings.

But two there were who wandered apart from the rest, since King Mandrin must needs see how the land lay beyond the woods. And Eustacie de Frimontelle went with him. The shadows still lingered long and deep amongst the trees, they lingered too in the girl's blue eyes. There was no eager anticipation as though already she pictured the deliverance of a lover from dangerous captivity, no urgings for haste to the task before them. Rather she hung back, hesitant, the trouble growing in her eyes, whilst her lips trembled as she turned to the man who watched her with something more than curiosity.

"Have no fear, mademoiselle," he said, breaking a long silence, as they stood together on the ridge of the wooded valley, looking across towards the château.

"I do not think the letter can have arrived yet from Paris."

She flushed crimson, turning to him with a sudden impulse.

"It has not arrived," said she.

He bowed. "Perhaps you mean it never will arrive, mademoiselle?"

With hands clasped tight she faced him resolutely. "It never will arrive, monsieur."

"I thought it possible," he replied quietly, and looked away towards the gray turrets of the castle.

The girl moved forward, two or three quick, irresolute paces, then back to his side, a hand resting on his sleeve.

"I must tell you," she whispered. "I must tell you. Merciful Virgin! It is altogether impossible that I could

let you go another step without knowing the truth."

Jean Mandrin bowed.

"Shall I guess it, mademoiselle?"

"If you do you will kill me. Your followers will kill me, and I deserve it. Oh, yes, I deserve it. For I would have betrayed you, monsieur."

All the horror was in her own voice, in her own eyes. The man who looked down into that pretty, troubled face only smiled.

"I have guessed it, mademoiselle, and yet you are alive. Will you not trust me with the tale, or shall we still go in search of the lover?"

"No — no, monsieur, you are so different to the Jean Mandrin I expected. It was the beggar-bandit I came to trap."

"I am at your service, mademoiselle."

"It was a bet," she said, speaking in a dull, monotonous tone. "A vile bet, made on the spur of a shameless moment. I had lost at faro, very heavily, it was an embarrassment. Then the jest began. Someone made mock of King Mandrin, and how he held court in the forest of Fontainebleau. There was a young officer there who had brought the soldiers in search of you. And I—I was excited and foolish. I declared that I could have been keener of wit than he. Then — how, I scarcely know — but the bet was made. It would pay my gambling debt if I won. I accepted. After that I rode to the forest, monsieur. I found King Mandrin, but not the ragged bandit I expected."

"So," he answered gently, "you would have betrayed me and won your bet?—and now, in the moment of victory—you betray yourself and lose it. Why was that, mademoiselle?"

She did not answer, though the colour, which had faded from her cheeks, burned again in them very brightly.

"Whatever your reason," he added, noting her embarrassment with a strange beating at his heart, "I thank you and in my turn would ask your

gracious forbearance in listening to a tale."

"A tale?" the blue eyes raised to his were curious. "A tale, monsieur? But it is hardly the time for tales with the Château de Frimontelle so close. Would it not be wiser to escape without further delay?"

"Mademoiselle, yonder my men break their fast. They'll not budge one way or the other till they're satisfied. Meantime I'll not weary you with too long a story, since it concerns so unimportant a person as Jean Mandrin."

She did not speak, but perhaps he understood that what he had to say would be of interest to her.

"It is two years," said he quietly, "since Jean Mandrin began to exist; before then there was, living near the banks of the Loire, a certain Gaston de Maureville, younger son of the signor of that name. When Gaston's father died his brother Henri inherited the Château—the brothers lived together. It is probable they would still be doing so had it not been for a peasant girl, Jeannette Bonneton. It is hardly a tale for your ears, mademoiselle, but it is sufficient to say that Jeannette, being a good girl and pretty, would have married her lover, the wood-cutter, had it not been for Henri de Maureville. As it was, the lover was hanged on pretext of breaking some trifling game-law, and the girl drowned herself in the Loire in a madness wrought out of grief and shame. It was the old father who told Gaston the story, and in hot indignation the latter denounced his brother as a base murderer. A quarrel ensued, a very desperate quarrel, a duel also. Henri was injured, though not mortally, and Gaston fled to the woods. If he had not done so there would have been a cell in the Bastille awaiting him, since his brother stood high in the King's favour. After that there was a King Mandrin in Fontainebleau forest, but no longer a Gaston de Maureville, the title would have been out of place. The

rest you have heard, the tales of robbery, of pillage, of broken game-laws, of the dare-devilry of that band which every honest Frenchman would gladly see swinging in mid-air; but what you may not have heard are the tales to which King Mandrin and his friends have listened to. Tales of such sufferings, such wrongs, such heart-breaking misery, as would wring all the pity from your gentle heart, for, though none look or think of the wrongs of the peasants of France, they are there. Going up in a great cry to the ear of the good God in Heaven. Ah! mademoiselle, if you knew, if you could see the tears, and the dry-eyed anguish which is worse than tears, as a father watches the child dying in its mother's arms because there is no food to stay its cravings, if you saw the children watching with great hungry eyes for the broken crusts over which they clamour and snarl like famishing wolves, then, I think, you would be less ready to condemn those who defy the laws which, for the selfish pleasure of the rich, crush and grind the poor till the soil of their native land is red with their blood."

The girl's cheeks were wet with tears as he finished speaking, for her heart could echo the passion which vibrated through every word. Yes, she, Eustacie de Frimontelle, cradled in luxury and selfish indulgence, could see, with this man's eyes, since something born of a feeling unknown before, a feeling keener and deeper than mere sympathy, raised the veil, which those of her class had drawn between them and their fellow-creatures, and had looked down into the depth beneath.

"And you are Gaston de Maureville?" she whispered.

"Yes, I am Gaston de Maureville."

Together they stood there, so close, and yet—as it seemed to the man—with such a gulf between.

But what came next?

It was the mute question in the girl's eyes.

And Gaston de Maureville rather

than Jean Mandrin answered:

"You shall not lose your bet, mademoiselle," he cried, smiling, and turned to beckon to André Gerard, cowed and gowned, who clambered with tucked skirts up the banks.

"My bet!"

The speech startled her, for already she had half forgotten that first purpose of her coming.

"Jean Mandrin comes to the Château de Frimontelle," said he. "As you vowed—afterwards—"

"Afterwards! Ah, merciful saints! Why, afterwards they will hang you. No, no, monsieur. It cannot be. Return to Fontainebleau. I entreat you."

"Alone, mademoiselle?"

Her eyes fell.

A week ago they had been strangers, yet now it was born to each that life would be impossible—apart.

Yet the gulf lay, an impassable barrier, between.

"What would you do?" she asked, piteously. "Oh, monsieur, if—if—they kill you—"

There was no need for her lips to tell the rest of what she would say.

And a great gladness filled the heart of Gaston de Maureville.

But his purpose did not change.

"It would need a more powerful king than I to keep my fellows back from their work now, mademoiselle," said he. "But have no fear. I think Heaven is not unkind to King Mandrin, and Gaston de Maureville will return to claim—"

He paused, hesitating, then laughed, with that gay recklessness which had come to be second nature.

"They say I'm the boldest beggar ever born of woman," quoth he, taking her hands. "And so I'll not shame to state my case. I go to claim from the Lieutenant de Frimontelle the hand of his daughter in marriage. If he grant it to me, what would that daughter say?"

It was her turn to echo that laugh, very softly, very happily, as love leaping the gulf of impossibilities saw

into that wondrous beyond which had come to be mirrored in gray eyes.

"Say?" she whispered. "Why, I don't know what to say, sir, save that I too hold Jean Mandrin—King."

Her lips invited him to seal the laughing homage beneath which lay the deepest stirrings of her heart.

"My queen," he muttered hoarsely. "And yet — why, 'tis surely madness! I, whom men hunt down as they would the vermin in their fields. Still, madmen have their dreams, even as bold men stake their all on the hazard of the dice. And so I dream of a new life beyond the seas in Canada where I have friends who only know me by the name of Gaston de Maureville, whilst I stake a mad venture against the fairest bride whom man ever prayed to win."

"A venture?" she answered, and here eyes darkened with the presentiment of fear.

"Why, yes!" he smiled. "You don't think that your father will give me his daughter of free grace? But have no fear. There'll be no bloodshed if I can help it in the Château de Frimontelle to-night."

So, with many words, he left her, promising gaily that he would return later and bring her home.

"And so—*au revoir*," he whispered, and gently drew her down to a mossy slope, shaded by the wide-spreading oak trees.

*

Now of what befell thereafter at the château itself I have no time to tell at length, though 'twas the talk of Paris and the Court for many a long day after the happening. But the first that the Lieutenant de Frimontelle knew of his strange visitors was when the door of his little salon upstairs was flung suddenly open and a tall, brown-frocked monk stood on the threshold.

A party of ten there were, ladies and gentlemen, playing — as if their souls depended on it—at faro, though it was but two hours after midday.

The lieutenant blinked his eyes, wondering, for old Père Anselm had been left snoring over his port an hour ago, and monks and friars are not frequent visitors here.

"Malediction," he swore, lustily, with scant courtesy for the cowl, "what want you here, Sir Monk?"

The monk laughed, bowing.

"Monsieur," he replied, "your daughter brought me. It was the matter of a bet, I hear."

Well might the guests around the faro table stare—and stare aghast, too, as round the room behind their chairs filed monk after monk with daggers uplifted, though they came so silently.

It was in vain for the Lieutenant de Frimontelle — remembering a mad-cap daughter's wild escapade—to bluster and threaten, making as if to call his servitors.

Already Jean Mandrin took care to explain to him, they had been disposed of. Yes, even the soldiers who had been waiting in the vague hope of carrying his kingship to the Bastille or the nearest tree. But the tables were turned now, quite turned. Not a soul in that room attempted to deny that with the knowledge of those cowed and silent figures standing so near that a dagger would strike home or even a blade could be drawn.

"I think, monsieur, that there were those who wished to see me," observed Mandrin with smiling politeness. "But we do not come from Fontainebleau for nothing. You understand we have our price. My followers are seeing to that below. Your château is excellently appointed, and I am sure they will be pleased with your hospitality. In the meantime, I, being a gentleman, do not take such trifles of plunder in payment; however, do not fear. I am not here to hang you and your friends from the battlements as traitors to Heaven's laws of justice and oppressors and murderers of fellow-men and women. Oh, no. The reward is not death but love, you understand? Well,

then, I must explain. Monsieur, you have a daughter."

M. de Frimontelle's eyes rolled in helpless rage.

"To the devil with your impertinence, I—"

"Threaten? I think not, monsieur, in King Mandrin's presence. It is not the etiquette of my court. In the meantime you have your choice, to be left to the mercy of my band, or the free gift to me of your daughter in marriage. It will be a right royal match."

The Lieutenant de Frimontelle came near to choking with rage, but Jean Mandrin's eyes conveyed the warning that light words covered an ugly threat. As for the rest of that pleasant little faro party, they scarcely breathed. They had heard stories of this band of forest adventurers, and knew that threats were not left idle in their throats. Ah; it was a strange comedy that. A fantastic comedy, the coming of Jean Mandrin to the Château de Frimontelle. But what would you? A man is not at his best with a dagger held aslant towards his heart, and these faro heroes, men of a degenerate Court, were less fearless than the desperadoes of Fontainebleau. And 'tis the bold stroke that wins.

Yes, the bold stroke wins. And that was how Mademoiselle Eustacie came to stand in the hall of her father's château with her hand in that of this scourge of the country-side, Jean Mandrin, the peasant's friend, and it was wonderful how quietly the white hand lay in that strong grip. She was not afraid, not she, though the grand ladies, her father's guests, sobbed and lamented over her ghastly fate, and the be-powdered and painted courtiers vowed vengeance as they gripped snuff-boxes instead of sword-hilts, and saw a man, in long brown cassock, and cowl flung back from a handsome face, stand there before the dazed Père Anselm, who gabbled so fast over the strangest wedding ceremony ever heard of in France.

But there were too many brown-frosted monks standing round to permit any speech other than the acquiescing "Amen."

And Gaston de Maureville looked down long and tenderly into an up-turned girlish face.

"You dare to trust yourself indeed with such as I, sweet?" he whispered. "See, the horses are without. I have money enough to carry you away to that new life of which I dared to dream, and yet — is it possible you will come? If not, I vow to ride alone—out of your life for ever, even though my heart break in going."

Eustacie smiled, and the light in her blue eyes told its tale even before her lips.

"'Tis true, sir," quoth she softly, drawing close to him, heedless of

gazing eyes, and muttered wonder from those amongst whom she had spent those first short years of her life. "'Tis true I'm a daughter of France, yet I know but one king."

And, as with sudden boldness she raised her face to his, she knew that she had won, not only a bet to free her from passing annoyance, but love — golden-winged, and to her gray-eyed — which should bring her the freedom of new-born happiness as long as life might last. But in Fontainebleau forest the followers of Jean Mandrin long mourned the king who had gone to reign — not amongst revolted and oppressed countrymen who treasured his name with the reverence of a saint for many a long year thereafter, but in the heart of the woman he loved.

THE HOMING BEE

By E. PAULINE JOHNSON (TEKAHIONWAKE)

You are belted with gold, little brother of mine,
 Yellow gold, like the sun
 That spills in the west, as a chalice of wine
 When feasting is done.

You are gossamer-winged, little brother of mine,
 Tissue winged, like the mist
 That broods where the marshes melt into a line
 Of vapour sun-kissed.

You are laden with sweets, little brother of mine,
 Flower sweets, like the touch
 Of hands we have longed for, of arms that entwine,
 Of lips that love much.

You are better than I, little brother of mine,
 Than I, human-souled,
 For you bring from the blossoms and red summer shine,
 For others, your gold.

THE WHITE MAN'S ANGRY HEART

BY HAROLD SANDS

"WHITE man has angry heart against us, and there is sorrow in the lodges along the river."

This is the sad song the Siwashes have sung in British Columbia ever since Captain Cook landed in Nootka Bay and Mackenzie journeyed across the continent from Montreal to what the French-Canadians of other days called the *Grande Mer de l'Ouest* and the Pacific Coast Indians less euphoniously styled "The Stinking Lake," namely the Pacific Ocean.

The original Pacific Coast Canadians, the real native sons of the Golden West, were lords of the soil till men with white faces, strange clothes, wonderful weapons and alluring trinkets came along. The strangers, with their death-dealing engines — guns and whisky — decimated the tribes and secured possession of the land. After a time reserves were set aside for the remaining Indians, but, not unnaturally, the aboriginies did not stick too closely to the boundaries.

This was all very well in the early days, when men sought virgin gold and not the wealth that comes from wheat and cabbages. But now that railways are opening up the country, now that Eastern Canadians are seeking choice quarter-sections and Americans are gobbling up the lumber of British Columbia, the Indian is being crowded back to his reserve. He does not like the pressure, and he complains that the "white man has an angry heart."

The mutterings of aboriginal discon-

tent began to be heard when Vancouver took its mighty leap forward with the dawn of the twentieth century. Courageous adventurers from that city and newcomers from the East invaded Central and Northern British Columbia in advance of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, and of the army of settlers and miners that they were quick to realise would soon be on the way to Canada's farthest West.

When Prince Rupert was established and the Grand Trunk Pacific and Canadian Northern Railways raced for passes through the Rockies, the rush of land-seekers grew greater. Even Cabinet and ex-Cabinet Ministers were represented in the syndicates which were quickly formed to stake out agricultural and coal lands and timber limits in the richest of the Canadian provinces.

Of course, the Indians have felt the effect, and now not a month passes by but that the coast newspapers reproduce the old headline, "The Indians are again in Ugly Mood!" Sometimes there are varieties of captions in the more original newspapers. "Kispiox Braves are Angered," says one, "Naas Indians are Also Restless," says another, in big red lines. But they all have the same reason for the trouble — friction between the redskins and new settlers who have taken up land outside the reserves but which the aboriginies think belongs to them.

Times have indeed changed since the Skeena River was called the



AN INDIAN FAMILY OF NORTHERN BRITISH COLUMBIA

Simpson and the Naas had no name at all. In those days the tribes wandered freely everywhere, chopped down the handiest tree out of which to make a canoe, cut firewood wherever they pleased, fished, hunted and used the land in any way they saw fit. The white settlers are putting a stop to all this. They dislike the freedom with which the Indians make use of property they have homesteaded or bought outright as much as the natives resent the curtailing of their ancient rights.

The trouble has reached such a point on the Skeena River that two white men who settled near Hazelton were recently driven from their land by Indians armed with rifles. At the ferry on the Kispiox River, a few miles above Hazelton, this notice used to be conspicuously posted, "No white man, or white man's horse must cross this river." The whites tore down the offensive sign, an action which only served to fan the flame of discontent.

A little later the lacerated body of a white man was found floating in the Skeena River near Clearwater. Although the crime has not been brought home to Indians it is supposed they killed the settler. The body was destitute of clothing, and there were two bullet wounds upon it, one in the

breast, the other in the hip. The face was terribly slashed and the arms and hands bore evidence of a grim, unequal struggle for life.

A party of American land-hunters, recently returned to Vancouver, brought new tales of danger by flood and field and Indian traditions translated from the carvings of great totem poles. The expedition pushed up the turgid, tumbling Skeena, the current of which runs so swiftly that boats have to be pulled up by ropes. They went into the wilds, into gorges never before trodden by whites, where mountains rise peak on peak, and glacier upon glacier is piled. Between were flower-carpeted valleys and arable plateaus. Timbered gorges, leaping torrents, sequestered lakes and beetling crags form a combination which one day, when railroads run through the land, will add a new world of scenic grandeur for tourists to conquer.

The Skeena, because of its torrential swiftness, and the canyons where the stream narrows from perhaps a mile wide to but twenty feet, is one of the most difficult rivers in the world to navigate. It took the little stern-wheel river steamer on which the party took passage three days to make the trip from Port Essington, at the mouth, to Kitsilas,

seventy-five miles up stream. The return journey can be made in as many hours.

As the party wished to survey by the way, canoes were taken at Kit-silas. Progress was very slow. At one point six men tugged on ropes and, aided by the paddlers in a canoe, tried to drag the craft along. Tug as they might they seemed to make hardly any progress. They quickly discovered the reason. They were on the worst bend of the great river and although the stream seemed untroubled, the danger of the position was attested by several low graves upon the bank, those of victims of earlier explorers.

Finally they attached a seventy-fathom rope to trees, rigged tackle, and, pursuing a zigzag course, overcame the current. Twelve days later they reached Hazelton, the largest town in the northern wilds of Central British Columbia, but really little more than an overgrown Indian village. Here they were in touch with the world again, however, for the Canadian Government telegraph wire from Vancouver to the Klondike passes through the town.

They found that the Indians speak

a Chinook jargon, similar to that in use on the coast. The men, in physique and natural intelligence, appeared to be superior to the redskins who dwell by the ocean. From Hazelton the Americans pushed into the wilds. Once in a while they came across a solitary white prospector or small parties of Eastern Canadians looking for land for preëmption, but for the most of the three months they were exploring in the rough country they dwelt among Indians, some of whom were inclined to be hostile. The Americans, however, were in too great force and too well armed to be in any real danger.

They learned, however, that a white man who attempted to land from his canoe at the village of Kispyox was driven away by the Indians and nearly lost his life when his canoe overturned. Wherever they went in the lodges clustered along the river they distinguished a feeling of sullen resentment, and they found it frequently necessary to make some show of force. Their caution and firmness, however, avoided an open battle or sneaking murder, and the party did not lose a man. The recent reports of trouble and of an outbreak feared convince



A BRITISH COLUMBIA INDIAN GRAVEYARD

them they were lucky to come through unscathed.

They found a great deal to interest them in the lodges of the Indians and regretted that the warlike attitude of the redskins prevented them examining the grotesque carvings which tell the story of the tribes for several hundred years back — stories which no white man can read.

The Americans found that the "happy hunting ground" idea is generally held by the aboriginies along the Skeena. When an Indian dies his weapons and his household gods are buried with him so that he may use them in the spirit land, where the *Hyas Tyee* reigns and where there are always plentiful supplies of salmon and berries.

One man of the party managed to gain some ascendancy over the Indians by his prowess in wrestling. The natives showed a great admiration for his physical strength. In many villages there are champion wrestlers just as in Japan, from which country some people say the British Columbia Indians first came. The white man defeated most of these and so obtained some prestige with the tribesmen, and when they were in good humour they told him of their legends, crooned for him the tribal song, translated bits of history from their totem poles, and once or twice he was even admitted to the lodges of the *shamen*, or medicine men, when incantations were being held.

Once a *shaman* treated him to an exposition of his power over disease. He took the wrestler into a darkened hut where a sick man lay on a pallet of skins. It looked to the white adventurer as if death was already hovering over the patient. His lips were blue and his breathing faint and irregular. The medicine man went outside for a few minutes, then rushed yelling into the hut. He was dressed in a red breechclout, a bear-string mantle, strings of shells hung from his cap and an eagle's wing depended from his neck. Rattling vigorously a

gourd containing pebbles, the *shaman* chanted while other Indians beat upon stakes and rude drums made of cedar bark.

After a while the medicine man began to dance wildly, still chanting. Finally he worked himself into a frenzy and yelled at the top of his voice, as if he were driving evil spirits from the hut. For two hours he continued his gyrations and then dipped his fingers in water and traced symbolical figures on the naked body of his patient.

Then, of course, the Indian sat up and was pronounced cured. The whites learned two days later, but not from the *shaman*, that the patient was dead.

A totem pole, elaborately carved, and bearing on its top the wooden figure of a huge salmon, attracted the attention of the party. It stood before the cabin of a chief near Moricetown, the town named for the devoted priest and historian, Reverend A. G. Morice. From a son of the famous chief Quis-se-lagh, the story of the salmon was learned. Here it is:

Many moons ago, so many that men cannot count them, the *Hyas Tyee*, the Great Chief of all Chiefs, wanted his eldest son to marry Tall Tree, daughter of Ksh-sha-ack. But the son, who was called Ho-nagh-wah, was in love with Deer Eyes, a maiden of his own tribe, and besought his father to allow him to wed her. However, being a dutiful son, and being told that it was imperative that he wed Tall Tree, he seemed to give way to his father's idea.

The Great Chief made elaborate preparations for the marriage feast, which was to last three months. It was to be the greatest potlatch known. Deer Eyes lay and moaned in her heart-sickness, but on the night previous to the one set for the wedding she determined to see her lover for the last time. She robed herself in her richest skins and went out to meet him. She saw him be-



AN OLD INDIAN WOMAN OF THE SKEENA RIVER DISTRICT OF BRITISH COLUMBIA



AN AGED INDIAN COUPLE OF NORTHERN BRITISH COLUMBIA

fore the moon came up and he lost his brain. He determined to run away with her. Together they went into the deep forest and after journeying for many days built a wigwam. Then they thought of nothing but to be happy.

Very angry was the Great Chief when he found his son had run away with Deer Eyes. He beat his breast, tore his hair and retired to his lodge, where he remained in grief for two suns. When he aroused himself, he called together the chiefs of all the animals of the forest and the fishes of the streams.

At his call appeared Kwah-nice, the salmon; Swaa-aa, the bear; Kah-kah, the eagle; Waugh-waugh, the owl; Kal-ack-a-lah-ma, the goose; Le-loo, the wolf; Shug-ho-poots, the snake; Skis-wis, the squirrel; Mel-a-kwa, the mosquito, and others.

"Find my son," said he to them. And they, knowing the great power of the *Hyas Tyee*, departed at once to do his bidding.

Kah-kah, the chief of the eagles, sailed high in the air over all the deep valleys and the lofty mountain ranges,

searching with eyes that see far for the pair of lovers; the panther slunk through the underbrush; the owl turned its sober eyes from the highest tree-tops in the night; the squirrel scampered about the ground and listened close against the big trees for words of love; the snake wound and squirmed through the berry patches, and the bear smashed through the timbers. But they all failed to find the happy pair.

Then Le-loo, the wolf, took up the hunt for Deer Eyes and Ho-nagh-wah. He gathered about him a great body of his warriors, and, with their sharp snouts close to the ground, they followed the footsteps of the lovers. Long they sought and at last they found the pair. But the lovers were so happy, and Le-loo remembered that Ho-nagh-wah had once released him from a trap, so the wolf resolved that he would not tell the *Hyas Tyee* of the whereabouts of the pair. He commanded his warriors to be silent.

Mel-a-kwa, the chief of the mosquitoes, whose tribe is as numerous as the sands on the sea-shore, also discovered the lovers, but he, too, said

nothing, for Deer Eyes had once interposed to save his life when one of her suitors would have slain him. His tribe, after locating the pair, rose to the sky with a noise like the running of a great river and scattered among men. But every one of them kept the secret of the lovers.

So Ho-nagh-wah and Deer Eyes were happy. But one winter famine came and Deer Eyes died of starvation. Ho-nagh-wah sadly closed her eyes and then sought the great rock over the river. He sang the death song and cast himself down so that he might join Deer Eyes in the happy hunting grounds. But the king of the salmon caught and swallowed him and in three suns bore him to his father, throwing him forth upon the bank of the river.

The Great Chief, far from being overjoyed at sight of his son, cursed him and caused him to be changed

into a frog. And that is why the frogs sing aloud at night the mournful story of Ho-nagh-wah, to warn other sons to be obedient. The Great Chief rewarded the salmon, however, by placing a representation of the fish, thirty feet long, on top of his totem pole.

The Americans also learned that the Indians have a story of the flood. They think, however, that the early Jesuit missionaries told the tribes of the Old Testament and that the poetical redskins wove the account into a legend and convinced themselves that it had been handed down from generation to generation. The natives point to a lofty peak, eight miles from Hazelton, and say that upon its summit the ark rested. They call the mountain, Ca-nim-la-mon-ti, the great canoe mountain, and declare that the remains of the ark are still upon its inaccessible summit.

THE WORK OF LIFE

By ETHELWYN WETHERALD

This is the work of life: to prove
 The greatness that within us lies;
 That from the dull, soul-deadening groove
 Of common days there may arise.

The faith that doubting eyes may hold,
 The strength that feeble hands may give,
 The unguessed cheer that may unfold
 From lives that scarcely dare to live.

Our 'prisoned days and paltry dower,
 The hopes that drag a broken wing,
 Will make their mock, but when the power
 That brings the true heart's inward spring
 Comes out in word or deed or glance,
 Forgotten are the years and scars;
 The iron chains of circumstance
 Serve but to bind us to the stars.

THE PROPHET AND HIS MESSAGE

BY WILLIAM J. PITTS

THE recent revolution in Turkey has compelled the entire civilised world to focus its attention upon the troubled Moslem State, and to scrutinise its politics, social life and religion. The Turk has evidently taken a deep vivifying breath of Occidental constitutionalism, and Europe sleeps free—at least for the present.

The English Revolution of 1688 was almost wholly political, insomuch as it repealed the hitherto absolute and inviolable law of primogeniture and insisted upon the principle of an elective sovereignty in case of dire necessity. There was no great outburst of popular wrath similar to the French Reign of Terror. Bells rang jubilantly for a space, bonfires blazed mightily from shire to shire; and then everything went on in the old humdrum way, *sans* oppression. The inverse is true of France. Her upheavals were essentially popular in their nature; almost volcanic in their first outbursts, then stamped ruthlessly out of being beneath the heel of some new oppressor.

The American "Revolution" was in reality not a revolution at all, but an internecine war, a far distant echo of the historic English struggle in the seventeenth century. And the same thing, with few divergences, might be said of the separation of the South American States from the Spanish Crown. Russia's revolution, despite the formation of the Douma, is still in being, Germany's has apparently not yet begun, although the Reichstadt's censure of the epistolatory indiscretions of the Kaiser showed that

the doctrine of the Divine right of kings does not enslave even the mind of the stolid Teuton.

The Turk is essentially a soldier, a very ruthless one, some would say, and the recent conflict in his country has, apparently, been largely of a military nature. Politics, as we understand the term in the West, played no part in the movement; for politics can never be a one-sided affair, which was and is the case in Turkey—the worst type of a theocracy. The Constitutional party possessed political ideals of no mean nature, it is true; against them was and is arranged a theocratic party which can never lose one iota of its power as long as the orthodox Moslem (and Turkey is orthodox) lives.

To our Occidental minds the deposition of the Sultan seemed the overthrow, the final overthrow, of a power which was the cause of all the shedding of Christian blood that has taken place during the last quarter of a century. That the influence of Abdul Hamid was malignant in every quarter of the Ottoman Empire, is undoubtedly a fact; he was not, however, an autocrat of the German or Slavonic type, which could not exist in a Mohammedan country, although in Persia, where the Sheik sect exists, conditions are, or have been, different. In Turkey it is the Sheik-ul-Islam, not the Sultan, who is the real head of the Church, but actually no priesthood exists; that is, in the Christian sense. Every good Moslem is in reality a priest. There is nothing in Turkey analogous to the Brahmin

or Buddhist caste system of India. Islam is a great paradox. It consists, in most countries, of an ecclesiastical democracy, which is really the worst tyranny a country can possess. Islam is more than a State religion. Islam is the State. Let us briefly consider Mohammed and his system.

Ameer Ali, a learned Mohammedan, complains that it is a narrow course that the Christian follows when he reverts to a comparison between the Founder of his religion and the Prophet. It is difficult to perceive why this should be so; for what says the eighth verse of the seventh chapter of St. Matthew:

"A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit."

Probably all who read these lines believe in the Messiahship of Christ, so it will not be necessary to compare any portion of the New Testament with the Koran. Yet Mohammed, since Carlyle honoured his memory with a eulogy in his "Heroes and Hero Worship," has found many defenders, nay, even admirers. Bosworth Smith, in his lectures on "Mohammed and Mohammedanism," speaks of him as "a very Prophet of God," equal to, if not above Moses or Elias. He was a Deist, it is true, but so was Marcus Aurelius in a nobler and purer way. For Mohammed's God was but a kind of pantheistic force, unlike the awful Jehovah of the Israelites, the *I am that I am* of Exodus, or the loving Father of the Christian Dispensation, who seeth the fall of a sparrow or the agony of a strong man. The God of Mohammed was not a God of love or a God of Justice, but a physical Deity, possessing no fixed moral law, such as Moses received on Mount Sinai, but one who predestinates good or evil "according to the caprices of His sovereignty."

That Mohammed was a conscious imposter from the very beginning seems most unlikely. For it would be well-nigh impossible for an illiterate

man, such as he boasted himself to be, to thrust a deception which he knew to be a deception, upon the shrewd members of his own or any other tribe. He was a dreamer as Cola di Rienzi was afterwards a dreamer in mediæval Rome, with little result, it must be admitted; or as a young Corsican lieutenant of artillery was in the eighteenth century, with the result, that every student of modern history knows. Napoleon's Empire is dead, and Mohammed's system still lives. Yet, of the two we prefer the Corsican. For Bonaparte's dominion carried education, art and religious tolerance along with it; Mohammed's system does not carry any one of these in its true sense. It is, however, not possible to carry the comparison far, for one was a child of the Orient and the other of the Occident. In this much they were alike: both were dreamers. Napoleon's purpose was, despite his ambition, the more sincere one. There is little doubt that Mohammed was sincere in his prime object. His belief, however, was the result of a delusion. The founder of Islam was not an insane man; if it had been so Mohammedanism could not have survived the century of his demise. Yet he was the victim of frequent epileptic fits, and it is probable that in one of these seizures his mind, intensely imaginative, seemed to leave his body and transport itself far beyond the deep blue, star-studded heavens of an Arabian desert, into the presence of Gabriel, the celestial medium of his revelations. Mohammed was not utterly ignoble in character, and credit should be given to him for his fixed desire to establish what was, and is, undoubtedly a purer creed, with all its faults, than the Arabian idolatry, which it superseded. "Out of all that rubbish of Arab idolatries, argumentative theologies, traditions, subtleties, rumours and hypotheses of Greeks and Jews, with their wild wire drawings, this wild man of the desert . . . had seen into the

kernel of the matter," declares Carlyle in the midst of his remarkable panegyric.

There was then this much good in this man's system: he constructed order where there had been chaos. So did Cortez and Pizarro in a later century; that is, they crushed the cowering Incas beneath an intolerant Spanish Catholicism which was far different from the pure faith of Newman or Manning. Mohammed may have been sincere at the outset of his meteoric career; and so far he stands almost unstained beside the Jacobins of the French Revolution. But his whole life showed that ambition and self-gratification were his principal characteristics. Islam does not mean self-denial in the Christian sense, but is rather synonymous with fleshly compensation. It condemns the wine-bibber and commends polygamy; or, what is worse, indiscriminate divorce, which leads to social anarchy. In this respect our "Prophet of God" set an undeniable precedent. A "special revelation" informed him that in his case it would be perfectly lawful to marry Zainab, the wife of Zaid, a kinsman. Nor was Gabriel's guidance wanting upon another occasion, when he seized a Jewish captive and lodged her in his harem. Most heroic, indeed, seem these details to us who probably have not lost altogether that pure element of mediæval chivalry, which was certainly God-like in its essence. It is little wonder that no good Moslem life of the Prophet has ever appeared. As surely as a great edifice rests upon its foundations, so does Mohammedanism rest upon Mohammed. Crumbling stones may support a structure for years, perhaps for centuries, but not for ages. It is manifestly unjust for titled and erudite Mohammedans to accuse Christians of having a narrow partiality for the *a priori* mode of argument. They glory in their Apostle, would die for him, as they endeavour to live for him; yet can any of them say: "Behold the Man!"

It is not a very long step from Mohammed to Mohammedanism, that is twentieth century Mohammedanism or seventeenth-century Mohammedanism. It matters little which is considered, for the spirit of the Prophet and his book permeates it all. It is divided into several sects differing in their respective traditions and ordinances, yet all glorying in the name of Islam, and in the watchword, "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is his prophet!" Modern scholars generally write history from a "reconstructive" standpoint, exculpating all the great dark figures of history from more than half of their crimes; something, however, which has never been attempted in the case of Cæsar Borgia or of Surajah Dowlah. In the science of comparative religion their work has been equally wide and radical; Buddhism has been elevated to a moral level, little below Christianity, Mohammedanism has been divested of its unwholesome realities and extolled as a model system of tolerance and morality. And there is little doubt that many people have given credence to these views, particularly when they are propagated by cultured and affable products of the Indian universities. Nor can it be denied that travellers have frequently brought home flattering accounts of the virtues of Mohammedan negro tribes, which they have visited. This fact is easily explainable. Races brought quite recently from heathendom can have but a fragmentary, hearsay knowledge of the Koran, which is a blessing to them, though they know it not, for upon that volume's words rests Islam; that is, the true world-wide Islam; nor can anyone who has read this book remain long without the conviction that this Arabian Gospel was shapen in iniquity, born in blood, and that it will go down in infamy.

The political side of a country is inseparable from its social aspect; Governments and dynasties merely reflect for good or otherwise the sanctity

of the home, the peace of the people. That the Moslem home is not universally wretched we admit; that Kentucky before the time of the American Civil War possessed many benevolent, philanthropic slave-owners is also equally admissible. But half a hundred benevolent slave-owners did not justify slavery, neither does the model home of the rural lower-class Turk justify the Koran's lax system, nor should we say "lax," for it is decidedly baneful. It is, alas, a fact that many Christian nations countenance the social evil, but they do so against the letter of the New Testament; the Koran is an essentially sensual book, for example, read the sixty-fourth chapter, and while it does not specifically enjoin neither does it anathematise, but permits debauchery. Polygamy does not, as is generally supposed, exist among all classes of Mohammedans, for a very obvious reason—the expense of the system. It is only among the upper classes of Turkey, where it is the rule rather than the exception. This fact, of course, does not necessarily palliate this offence against modern civilisation. Monogamy is the rule, with very few exceptions, among all classes of Indian Moslems; many of the wealthy rajahs having taken to themselves Christian, in some instances English, wives. But it is not polygamy, baneful as that custom is, that eats so deeply like some hideous cancer into the social, and hence political, life of those countries which believe in the letter of the Koran. The truth is that a Mohammedan marriage, whether monogamous or not, amounts to a simple bargain. The consent of the wife is necessary, that is legally so, but one can easily form an opinion that such a law is more frequently broken than kept under Islam. Mohammed showed some consideration for his wife when he wrote: "Assign dowries freely to your wives and if it pleases them to give you back a part enjoy it conveniently at your ease." His benevolent precepts

are always provisional. And if the gallant husband does not take back his gift for himself, he can at least give it to another; for divorce is an easy matter under the rule of the Prophet. It is the greatest evil, greater even than polygamy, in the system. The State of South Dakota in the American Republic possesses nothing very pleasing in its divorce courts, and the same thing might be said of other divisions of the Union, but Mohammedanism does not see the need of even the formality of a divorce court. Under Islam women are toys, and can be put away as such when they fail to please. The Kentucky slave-owner recognised the spiritual needs of his black slave, but the Moslem does not do as much for his white plaything. Mohammed declared that the most of the wretches in hell were women. His present day followers will not admit that a woman has a soul to enjoy or suffer. Consequently this soulless bauble, this lovely doll, created for man's amusement, may be put away at his pleasure. Polygamy, divorce and infantile marriages; the three are the fruits of an influence that is really malignant, in spite of its garnishings, in spite of its intellectual apologists, an influence that is the result of an evil life, sensual and bloody, which came to a close thirteen centuries ago. The strongest opponent of Catholicism will admit that chivalry, based largely as it was upon the devotion to the mother of the world's Redeemer, did much to elevate woman's social status, to place before the Christian family the little group of Nazareth as models of blessed unity and long-suffering devotion.

The Bible is to Christians an "impregnable rock," from which flows the waters of spiritual truth and consolation. But the most ardent believer in the literal inspiration of its pages could not possibly regard it in the same light that a Moslem regards the Koran. Christian law, is, of course, based upon Christian practice,

but to accept the Bible as a statute book would be absurd. Yet in Turkey the Koran is virtually accepted as such; the whole fabric of Moslem dominion standing upon its pages. And the same thing might be said of the entire Mohammedan world. As polygamy is permitted by it, so is a war to the death upon unbelievers *when there is any chance of success*. Mark the provision. It has been said that it is owing to the Hindu caste system that Britain holds India, and this is a true and principal cause. A distinguished Oriental diplomat once said "Who can fathom the inscrutable depths of the Oriental mind?" But it is safe to state that in the depths of each Moslem heart in India, there exists a fervid hope that the Empire of Arungazebe may one day be restored. India has 57,000,000 Moslems, by far the most active and warlike element in her population. And Mohammedanism is gaining rapidly in that country, as it is in every part of the Moslem world; not by force, as in the middle ages, but by an undemonstrative missionary propaganda among the races with which it comes in contact, and it is true that it numbers a few

Europeans among its converts.* But as intoxication brings the real character of an individual to the surface, so does the countless insurrections of the Indian hillmen of the frontiers, and the more formidable, ruthless march of the Dervish in the Soudan mark the latent purpose of the followers of the Prophet. Islam came by the sword and will live or die by it.

If such is the case, how can Christian Europe and America avert a catastrophe? Surely not by any reckless and indiscriminate distribution of Bibles, but by a determined intellectual effort to win the cultured minds of the East, so that they, in turn, may propagate among their benighted brethren the seeds of Christianity. Some students of comparative religion have declared their belief that religious belief is merely a matter of temperament and any attempt to Christianise the Moslem is equivalent to an attempt to Occidentalise him. Surely Cawnpore, Lucknow, Khartoum, the Soudan, Crete and Armenia should tell him that such a belief is necessarily fatal, and the cause of apathy, and that the time for action has arrived.

* This is a fact, and it was stated in a public journal quite recently that a mosque exists in Christian England.



OLD UPSALA

By H. O. N. BELFORD

Gentle girl, of Old Upsala:
Night has fluttered from the sea,
'Round her pallid wings a halo,
Of the old moon's mystery.

Down the dusky highway glimmer
Lights that beckon from the town;
And the gray, old ships are calling,
Ere Fyrisa roll them down.

Sweet-eyed maid of Swedish meadow:
List the wind from Norway's pine,
As it speeds to meet the moonrise,
On the burnished Baltic brine.

When the gold had left the upland,
Said we not the day had fled?
And at eve when home returning,
Sighed we not, that Love was dead?

If it be that Love has left us;
If it be the day has died,
This sweet light that bends above us,
Is the spirit glorified.

Gentle girl, of Old Upsala:
By the tears in eyes of blue,
Love's worn day may wake a rapture,
Sweeter than the old light knew.



THE BRIDGE LIGHTS

BY ARTHUR STRINGER

Black on the rain-swept harbour hung the night,
 But through the darkness, lamp by valiant lamp,
 We saw the spectral glow where ran the bridge,
 From gloom-encompassed mainland on to dim
 Imagined mainland even more remote.
 The lordly bridge of granite and of steel
 We could not see, but light by serried light
 We knew it lived and arched the emptiness.

And so it is with each faint gleam that man
 Has known and nursed. Companioned by its kind,
 There, light by light, across the frustrate tides
 And o'er the undeciphered gloom they swing.
 The towers of granite and the paths of steel
 Our eyes have not beheld; but still we know
 That out from mainland unto mainland swings
 And stands and waits some undiscovered bridge.

—Smart Set.

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THE leader of the militant suffragettes of Great Britain, Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst, has visited the United States and Canada, addressed public meetings and created a sympathy for her co-workers and co-fighters which has surprised the sympathisers themselves. We expected to see a strenuous feminine orator, somewhat

resembling the caricatures, to hear a loud voice rampantly desiring the downfall of "the tyrant, Man." In fact, if we are to be honest, we may as well admit that we were thinking of Carrie Nation and her little hatchet as we made our way into Massey Hall, Toronto, on Saturday evening, November 20th, and prepared to hear about the war.

Anyone less like Carrie Nation, of Kansas, than the graceful, well-gowned woman who arose to address that audience of thousands, it would have been difficult to imagine. Mrs. Pankhurst is slightly above medium height, has a slender, well-poised figure and a gentle, mobile face, with a curious mingling of the dreamer and the pioneer in the eyes. There is a straight fearlessness in her glance which appeals to one's sense of fair play. There is nothing in appearance, manner or voice which suggests the seeker of notoriety. To doubt her gentleness and sincerity would be a piece of stupidity—a lack of discernment. Whatever one may have thought of her aims and methods, it was impossible not to pay her the tribute which one offers those who have the courage of their convictions. Perhaps, a Canadian audience has never seen a more striking instance of personality overcoming prejudice than was shown on that November night, when hundreds who had gone, out of curiosity, arose in token of sympathy

with the motion of "Votes for Women."

As a speaker, Mrs. Pankhurst has the gifts of the born orator. She has a voice of liquid sweetness, a voice which reminds one of *Mulvaney's* phrase "a golden miracle" and which sways a crowd as the wind stirs a field of grain. Mrs. Pankhurst is not a woman of tears and trills, however. She said little with regard to her own suffering for the Cause, save to show that her experience in English gaols had opened her eyes to certain brutalities of daily life in prison, which would tend to harden rather than to reform the criminal. It is difficult to understand why political offenders should have been placed with the common criminals, but the ways of some authorities are past finding out.

The tales which have come across the sea as to the throwing of acid, breaking of memorial windows in chapels, and shouting in public meetings were dealt with in explanatory fashion. Now, we must remember that the despatches of the Associated Press are not above the yellow reproach and are sure to present any feature of the suffragette campaign in the most sensational light. We have all been considerably shocked at the accounts of apparently lawless doings by women whose social position and intellectual advantages are far above the average. As was stated in these columns, two months ago, the supporters of woman suffrage in Great Britain are by no means united as to the best policy to further that end. However, as one listened to Mrs. Pankhurst's story of the long struggle towards the vote for woman, of the years and years of patient waiting and deputation, there came a realisation of what this movement means to the women of Great Britain; and there came also the hope that, before long, the ballot will be in feminine hands. *Kit*, the brilliant ruler of "Woman's Kingdom" in the *Mail and Empire* has not been personally desirous of the vote, but she sur-

rendered, like myself, to the personal charm of Mrs. Pankhurst, admitting:

"If the conditions under which British women live and labour are as stated by Mrs. Pankhurst—and would she be likely to so explain them if they did not exist?—there is sound reason in favour of her argument to give votes to women."

Politicians, as most of us know, have a positive genius for promising. When women send in a petition, or approach the Seats of the Mighty as a deputation, there is much politeness, a perfect bouquet of promises and—a gentle oblivion falls upon the powers who legislate. Mrs. Pankhurst told with bright humour of the various attempts made by the British women to secure a hearing, and of Sir Wilfred Lawson's final answer: "I have other fish to fry." Then thirteen determined women met in solemn conclave and declared: "We have been urging and petitioning for thirty years and nothing has come of it—now we will make them fry our fish."

Woman is naturally more patient and less selfish than man—though the masculine eyebrows may be raised in protest against this bit of generalising. Consequently woman waits long for justice, while man sees fit to draw the attention of justice by throwing a brick bat or burning a Cabinet Minister in effigy. The militant suffragettes have simply set out with the avowed intention of worrying the Government into giving them, at least, a respectful hearing. There is now a test case in the British courts and it will be known ere long whether Mr. Asquith or Mrs. Pankhurst should be in gaol. The latter contends that she and a chosen band of followers had a legal right to attempt to obtain a personal hearing from the Prime Minister.

The seriousness of Mrs. Pankhurst's comrades can no longer be ignored. These women are not faddists, they are not freaks, but earnest, well-educated women who have planned an exceedingly clever campaign in be-

half of a cause for which they are willing to sacrifice life itself. When women are willing to starve for votes, then the world rubs its sleepy eyes and declares: "Well, really, this means something!" The British women who have adopted militant methods are resorting to these as a last experiment. Mrs. Pankhurst states that these methods have been more to account than anything else for the recent interest in the movement. Fifty thousand pounds have been secured during the last year for the woman suffrage campaign, a larger sum than has been received for the last fifty years. When thousands of British women, from peeresses to charwomen, are determined to force this question to the front and will starve in order to do so, votes for women will be forthcoming.

The "acid-throwing" incident was explained, as much less harmful than the press represented, and the lecturer declared that she considered such an action a mistake. Mr. Winston Churchill's encounter with a fair suffragette who struck him with a dog-whip was hardly unpleasant news for Canadians. The animated young person merely accomplished what several of his Canadian hosts felt like doing to the gentleman when he lectured in this country about nine years ago. Mr. Churchill had broken his word to the suffragettes and the most indignant of the band considered that he deserved a thrashing. She, no doubt, regards such an expression of resentment as worth a month in gaol.

There is the little matter of an encounter with the London police, when Mrs. Pankhurst slapped one of these sturdy guardians of the peace. Now, that seemed a dreadful performance, and I must admit that I would die of fright before I should hit a Toronto policeman. The police are so large and formidable that it would take a brave woman to make a personal attack. Here is Mrs. Pankhurst's "explanation," as given by *Kit*:

"Someone in an audience in the United

States sent up the query—'Have the Suffragettes slapped policemen?' Mrs. Pankhurst answered very earnestly. Their last encounter with police, most of whom, she said, were good Suffragists, became so painful and embarrassing for all concerned, officers as well as the women—crowds were jeering and windows filled with opera glasses—that she felt that it devolved upon her as leader to bring the incident to a close. So she stepped up to Lieutenant Jarvis and quietly and deliberately slapped him on the cheek. Said the Inspector: 'Mrs. Pankhurst, I understand why you did that.' 'Yes,' said she, 'and I hope I shall not have to do it twice.' 'I am sorry,' said the courtly Jarvis, 'but you will.' Mrs. Pankhurst applied her hand to the other cheek, whereupon the delegation was quietly arrested."

No one who heard Mrs. Pankhurst can help hoping that votes will come, and come soon, to these women who are willing to sacrifice themselves for the Cause. As to Canada, Mrs. Pankhurst very wisely refrained from offering advice, taking the safe ground that she was unacquainted with our needs. She was of the general opinion, however, that whatever was the legal qualification for a man voter should constitute suffrage qualification for woman also. If our Canadian women desire votes, they should have them. The vote has not appealed to me—perhaps because I have seen something of practical politics; but if womanly influence means better laws for women and children, then, the sooner we have the ballot, the better.

As to the suffrage hurting the home, there need be no fear. Voting is not a prolonged process and woman is not likely to seek political power of the most responsible type. It would be a bore to many of us to acquaint ourselves with the qualifications of the various candidates and it will be long before any Canadian woman desires to sit in the legislative bodies of this fair country. Should she desire to do so, there will be a sensation on the floor of the House. In Australia and New Zealand, women exercise the franchise, and the children of those countries appear to be as well cared

for as the Canadian infants. In fact, if woman desires the ballot she should have it—and she will.

An amusing feature of Mrs. Pankhurst's visit was the conquest made of many masculine opponents of woman suffrage. Mrs. Pankhurst spoke at the Canadian Club luncheon on the Saturday of her visit and her hearers departed, enthusiastic concerning her speech, declaring themselves, almost to a man, converts to the Cause. Some of her most caustic critics became almost reconciled to militant methods and decided that it would be worth while to "read up" on the history of the movement. In conclusion—she is a womanly woman, a great speaker and a leader who will some day reach Westminster.

*

THIS is a country in which the chaperon has a comparatively easy task. In our cities, the services of a chaperon are more frequently in demand, but in the smaller towns and villages, there is a wholesome freedom of intercourse between boys and girls which would scandalise the older or Latin communities. The chaperon does not always receive at dance or picnic the respectful attention which she deserves. Consequently to us, as well as to United States readers, the following extract from "The Involuntary Chaperon," by Margaret Cameron may prove suggestive. The middle-aged chaperon and her ward are unexpectedly introduced to an evening party in Peru. Speaking of an experience which so easily might have been embarrassing the writer says:

"In the meantime word had evidently gone about that we were strangers and spoke no Spanish, and from the time I was taken out for the refresco I was the centre of a group of eager, courteous boys, all apparently with but one desire in life just then, and that was to talk to me. I do not mean to imply that Berenice was not equally surrounded, for she was, but that was to be expected. But every one of those fellows who spoke even a few words of English came to me and did his



MRS. EMMELINE PANKHURST,
THE WOMAN WHO SAYS IT IS NECESSARY FOR
WOMEN TO DO OUTRAGEOUS THINGS IN
ORDER TO COMMAND ATTENTION IN
THEIR CAMPAIGN FOR THE
SUFFRAGE

brave best to converse with me in my own tongue. A few of them spoke it fluently, too, and one, in particular, was very witty.

"Now, I would like to see the time and place in my own country when the casual and unexpected entrance into a company of young people of a Peruvian lady, thirty-six and a chaperon, would be a signal for all the boys to gather about her, vying with each other to entertain her and give her pleasure. Not to mention talking to her in her native language—or in any other language, for that matter, except their own plain, unmitigated English, and most of it slang at that.

"Those boys had no earthly interest in me—in Berenice, of course, but not in me—but I was a woman and a stranger, and consequently the guest of every one of them. They made me feel that I was young, and beautiful and clever, and fascinating—oh, there never was anybody so fascinating as I felt that night!—and yet not one of them paid me a compliment in words throughout the whole evening. They simply had neither eyes nor ears for any one else if I spoke or moved a finger! Do you, in your mind's eye, see anything like that happening to a chaperoning foreign lady at home?"

JEAN GRAHAM.



Current Events

By
F. A. ACLAND

THE one topic of discussion across the cable is still the famous Lloyd-George Budget, which has at last entered on its final phase and is now definitely before the courts of last resort. Perhaps the most notable feature of the debate in the Lords, conducted throughout on exceptionally high lines, was the remarkable deliverance of Lord Rosebery, who becomes more and more conspicuous as time goes on and leaves him on his solitary eminence. It had been perhaps generally assumed that, having pronounced so strongly against the Budget, Lord Rosebery would support the Unionist motion to reject it. Instead of doing so he uttered a solemn warning that the peers were courting disaster by throwing out the bill and that the safer and wiser plan would have been to allow the measure to become law and let the people have six months' experience of its effects. It was more than a question of party tactics with Lord Rosebery apparently. A statesman trained in the school of Bright and Gladstone, however much he might object to a particular measure, could not without serious alarm see the Lords exercise — or propose to exercise — a power which if it technically exists, had yet been dormant for centuries.

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The milder warning of Lord Balfour of Burleigh, who insisted that any victory gained can have but temporary effect, while a defeat entailed

permanent loss of power, prestige, and influence, must also have carried considerable weight as coming from a member of the late Unionist Government, who had, however, already broken with his party on the tariff reform question; and finally the refusal of the Bishop of Hereford to accept the passive non-voting neutrality urged on the episcopal bench by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and his eloquent appeal instead on behalf of the bill, with his declaration that it was the function of the bishops "to speak for the multitudinous poor," will have made many an independent-minded voter in the country hesitate, whatever may have been its effects on the peers. The majority against the Budget was, of course, overwhelming, since the House had decided to vote it down, but not, after all, of the proportions attained in the case of the Home Rule Bill of 1886, the occasion of the last great contest between the houses.

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The election will presumably come early in the new year. The Unionist prospects have not been improved by the debate in the House of Lords, and the situation being one that appeals especially to the Labour party it is reasonable to expect that they will make a working arrangement with the Liberals in many ridings where a three-cornered contest would otherwise take place, an arrangement which would tend to lessen the

Unionist chances of victory. No doubt, too, the Liberals will count with reasonable confidence on the support of the Labour members in the new parliament; there have been few occasions even in the present House where more than a fraction of the Labour men has gone into Opposition. The Unionist press seems, generally speaking, hardly to expect so startling a turnover as would give the party a majority over all, but Mr. Chamberlain, watching events from his retirement at Highgate, is said to be confident of a majority of sixty over all. Mr. Frederic Harrison, by the way, publishes an extraordinary magazine article this month declaring that Mr. Chamberlain, despite his broken health, is still the leader of the Unionist party and should not be spared the keenest thrust of political warfare, seeing that it is his hand which is still directing affairs.

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The weight of opinion, however, and the surface probabilities, seem to suggest that neither party will score a decided triumph. Should the Liberals secure even a small majority, or a temporary majority with the aid of the Irish and Labour votes, they will be in a position to force the issue with the Lords, provided they adopt the vigorous and aggressive attitude outlined by Lord Pentland (Lord Aberdeen's son-in-law and former secretary in Canada), and refuse to accept or remain in office unless they receive an assurance that their measures will be treated with due respect by the Lords. Just who could give such an assurance is not clear. No doubt, theoretically, the King could promise to create peers enough to outvote the Unionists, but such a promise would hardly be constitutional, unless made to his actual adviser, and, if made and performed, the House of Lords would quickly become a burlesque. It is proverbial that peers made by a Liberal Government gravitate in a few years to the other side and the demand for new peers would become



MR. LLOYD-GEORGE,
A MAN OF THE PEOPLE, TO WHOM HIS BUDGET
IS BEING APPEALED

enormous. The full strength of the Unionists in the Lords is between four and five hundred, that of the Liberals is little more than fifty. Imagine four hundred new peers! And the whole thing would have to be done again at each crisis, for within ten years at the latest the new peers or their sons would have gone to the other side, so that the peers would soon come to be numbered by the thousands! Hence this course offers no practicable solution of the difficulty. Besides, there is always to be taken into account the possibility that the new-made peers might not vote the way they were pledged. We are not without instances in our own political history of men who were appointed to an upper chamber for the purpose of securing its abolition refusing deliberately to abide by their pledges, so that the doomed chamber still lives to-day.

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If, however, the Liberal party con-



PREMIER ASQUITH,
NOMINAL LEADER OF THE LIBERAL PARTY IN
GREAT BRITAIN

trols the next House of Commons, even by means only of a composite majority, and refuses to take office or continue in office without such assurance as that suggested by Lord Pentland, their position would seem to be unassailable. Ultimately such tactics must win. Some way out of the tangle would have to be found which would prevent the Liberal Government being at the mercy of the Lords. On the other hand, it may be pretty safely assumed that the Lords will not be abolished; they are too powerful and the chamber includes too many illustrious names to permit of this being done. As to the power of the purse, this has been for generations considered as vested wholly in the Commons, and all through the chain of British commonwealths the parliamentary procedure is based on this theory. It must be accepted by both parties in Britain also, if the parliamentary system is not to be shattered, but the practice

must be guarded from abuse, and a great reform must not be tacked on to the tail of a budget in order to escape criticism in the second chamber. For the rest, it should not be difficult to devise some system of joint conference similar to that established in the Australian Commonwealth to meet the emergency of a conflict between the Houses; or the suggestion of a referendum in such a case is not extravagant. Shorter parliaments, biennial or triennial elections would lessen the existing difficulty, since the House of Commons would always be fairly representative of the people. We may be fairly confident that some way out of the situation will be found, of a kind calculated to moderate the existing rancour in British politics, yet not bringing any sudden and profound upheaval of the British social and economic system.

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After the Budget and British politics it is the cause of the Suffragettes which is most prominent in the gossip of the press universal. Mrs. Pankhurst has come to this continent to preach her gospel of sweetness and light. She and others who throw stones at windows, scratch, kick and bite policemen who are doing their duty, and wait with hidden horse-whips to strike unsuspecting statesmen across the face, are anxious to have the ballot that they may uplift politics and purify society. Mrs. Pankhurst has been greeted by large audiences in Toronto, but happily we have the assurance of *The Globe* that not all those who attend the meetings favour the Pankhurst system, and up to date no outrages have been reported. The window-smashing episode at the Lord Mayor's banquet has assumed a semi-international interest from the fact that the offender is an American woman, who now appeals to her country to save her from the consequences of her foolishness. On the whole the subject is treated in a semi-humorous fashion by the press, and may continue to be so dealt with

unless the Pankhurst system goes a step further and includes bombs in its methods of advancing social reform.

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Federated Australia has had the same experience as Canada in the matter of choosing a capital, with the difference that it did not succeed in making the selection until the federation was ten years old. The settlement was not then effected either by a courteous reference of the matter to the sovereign or by the sovereign's tactful decision: the Australians kept the matter exclusively in their own hands and have decided to place the capital of the Commonwealth at Yasscanberra. Probably nobody on this side of the Atlantic has ever heard of the place, and the only facts known concerning it for certain are that it is not within one hundred miles of Sydney, and that it is in the State of New South Wales. These conditions were named in the agreement on which the Commonwealth was effected and, of course, Yasscanberra complies with them. It seems unfortunate that the capital of a great country should start life under such circumstances, barren of everything in the way of history or tradition, and owing its existence to officialism alone.

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Perhaps Washington may be cited as an example of a capital chosen under similar circumstances which has served the purposes of its creation sufficiently well, and advantage may sometimes lie in the fact that the seat of government in a country is not found in a great city. On the other hand the capital must, for many years, retain a provincialism and crudity which great cities of the rank of Melbourne and Sydney have long since outlived. Legislators from the remote districts of Australia might have found some educative value in a few months' residence yearly in one or other of these metropolitan centres; Yasscanberra can only confirm them in any prejudices or narrowness

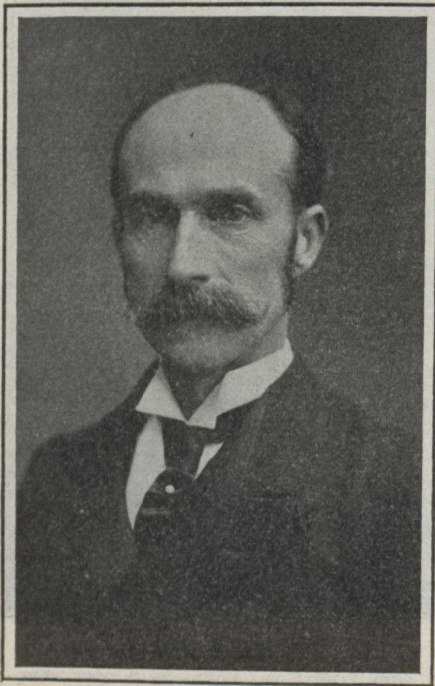


THE EARL OF ROSEBERY
WHO WARNED THE LORDS THAT THEY WERE
COURTING DISASTER

of outlook they may possess. It was not to be so, however, neither Melbourne or Sydney would give way one to the other, and Yasscanberra is the result. Let us hope, at least, that some influence will be brought to bear upon our cousins in the distant Commonwealth to shorten up the name of their new capital. The place seems, however, to be identical with that described as Canberra in a recent letter from Australia to the *London Times*, a name not unmusical or unduly cumbersome. The letter in question, it may be added, places Canberra two hundred miles south-west of Sydney.

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It was said of King James I. that he never said a foolish thing and never did a wise one. Mr. Carnegie must be careful or he will get the same reputation reversed. Some of his speeches and writings have not been notably wise utterances. Some of the latest remarks placed to his credit are contained in an interview credited to



LORD LANSDOWNE,
CHAMPION OF THE RESOLUTION TO DEFEAT THE
BUDGET IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS

him in the press, in which he has been led to discuss the possible action of the United States in the event of a war between that country and Germany, a subject on which one would have imagined Mr. Carnegie, as a man of pronounced peace views, might have abstained from talking at all. "Suppose we went to war with Germany," remarked Mr. Carnegie. "After we had closed our own ports the President would send an army of five thousand men to Winnipeg. They could stop all transportation of grain eastward. In three weeks all Europe would be on the verge of starvation. How long could Germany keep up a fight against the combined opposition of all the hungry powers? I think we would be justified in asking Canada not to send supplies to our enemy. Furthermore, I do not think either Canada or Great Britain would take a very different view, especially if it

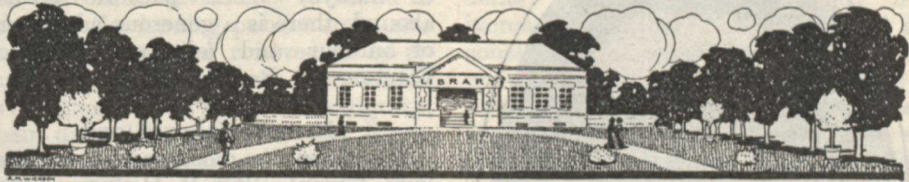
were Germany that we were fighting."

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It is only loose talk, of course, but Mr. Carnegie cannot be ignorant of the harm such talk does, coming from a man whose vast accumulation of wealth keeps him so much in the public eye. Besides he is egregiously astray in his facts, and his plan of campaign is surely a monstrosity. Britain is the only country in Europe that needs grain from Canada or the United States, and it is hard to follow the line of reasoning that would proceed to starve a friendly Britain in order to punish an angry Germany. As to the suggested army of five thousand to invest Winnipeg, one would like to hear some breezy Westerner discuss this proposition.

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The German war-scare has subsided into the background in the meantime, though Germany and Britain are continuing each to build to the utmost of their financial allowance. Germany, like Britain, is in trouble over its Budget, though not for the same reason, Germany not yet having discovered how to raise the money needed to pay for her ships. It may be the prospective heavy taxation incident to the great naval programme which has swollen the Socialist vote in recent elections in Germany. The lower chamber, recently dissolved, of the Diet of Saxony, one of the chief secondary States of the Empire, contained one Socialist member in a house of eighty-two members; after the elections of early November there were twenty-five Socialist members. Elections in Baden show a similar growth of Socialism, and municipal elections in Berlin indicate that in the capital itself the same tendency is marked. The anti-Socialist press of the country admits that the Socialist victories are in all probability due to the rejection of the inheritance tax proposed in the last Budget and to the increased taxation of commodities consumed by the masses which must be substituted.



The WAY of LETTERS

IF a book be sought that is very different from other books, let the seeker turn to and find refreshment in "Hints for Lovers," by Mr. Arnold Haultain, whose list of books is too few: "The Mystery of Golf," "Two Country Walks in Canada," and the one in hand. The latest of these is a rare treat. "Hints" is the very word to use, for the book is really a collection of aphorisms, witty, philosophical, grave and sparkling, and the author scarcely takes it on himself to offer advice. But so meritorious a book as this should not be confined to lovers; and indeed it hardly will be, because, if there should not be a personal message, the reader has the more piquant relish of fully appreciating what should be personal to his neighbour. These aphorisms are happily, even cleverly, consecutive; and, while they may be taken up and read separately at pleasure, there is a sufficient relation one to another in each chapter to form a satisfactory sequence. There are in all fourteen chapters, running the whole gamut of the intimate emotions, with dissertations, for instance, on girls, love, beauty, courtship, kissing, down to "This Human Heart." Here are found gentle humour, keen irony, delightful raillery, profound philosophy, respectable ethics and even a little wholesome nonsense. Quoting Ben Jonson, the author observes:

"'Drink to me only with thine eyes,' says the youthful lover; but when the seance is over he goes out and orders beefsteak and bottled beer."

Here are a few aphorisms, selected almost at random:

"A girl is a complicated thing. It is made up of clothes, smiles, a pompadour, pouts, kisses (now and then), corsets, and other things of which space and prudence forbid the enumeration here."

"There are as many ways of making love as there are of making soup."

"A woman will risk an interview at an unseasonable hour, but not in an unseasonable frock."

"The surest way to fail to please a woman is to let her do what she pleases."

"O frail, weak, human heart, seek thou out carefully-constructed means by which to transmute sunshine and soil and showers into flowers and fruit."

Already the book has gone into several editions. (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. Cloth, \$1).

*

"THE ATTIC GUEST"

Mr. Robert E. Knowles, who has been hailed as "the Ian Maclaren of Canada," chose an excellent title for his latest novel. About "The Attic Guest" there is something inviting, attractive, and immediately one's curiosity is aroused. As to whether or not the story fulfils the promise of the title, there will be difference of opinion, but most readers will agree that the first half is full of genuine interest and splendid action. The literary style throughout is considerably in advance of Mr. Knowles' earlier work. This story is written in the first person, and in a foreward the author acknowledges the source in the person of a minister's wife, from whom the manuscript was obtained. How-



MR. ARNOLD HAULTAIN
HIS LATEST PUBLICATION, "HINTS FOR LOVERS,"
IS IN CURRENT LITERATURE LIKE A BREATH
OF SEA AIR IN A CROWDED CITY

ever that may be, many of the incidents might very well have happened in Galt, where Mr. Knowles lives, and there are chapters in the book that seem to bear the stamp of reality. This minister's wife who tells her own story was born in Virginia, and there the tale begins. A young Presbyterian minister, fresh from Scotland, has arrived to attend a conference, and to him is allotted the attic room in the house where he meets his fate—a young Southern lady, whom he marries and carries away to Canada, to a place therein that is not unlike Galt. The characters of both the minister and his wife are well developed before they leave the South, and it is of their doings there that the most stirring chapters of the book are written. The remaining chapters reveal a keen and sympathetic appreciation of experiences that are common to hundreds of homes, and the fortitude with which this par-

ticular minister's wife undergoes these experiences and faces the severe problems of life should be an inspiration to many. While pathetic scenes abound, there is a generous admixture of humour and felicity. (Toronto: Fleming H. Revell. Cloth, \$1.25).

*

HISTORY ILLUSTRATED

Every one is more or less familiar with Green's "Short History of the English People," but the number is still limited of those who have an acquaintance with the four-volume illustrated edition published by the Macmillan Company. This is the edition that was edited by the author's widow, assisted by Miss Kate Norgate, and, apart altogether from the excellence of the paper, letter press and binding, the illustrations are exceedingly comprehensive and illuminating. Indeed, it might almost be said that the illustrating of these volumes is the result of more research and expense than the history proper itself. There must have been an exhaustive examination of the immense quantity of material to be found in the British Museum, besides a careful research through all other available public and private collections. Rare drawings, engravings and paintings are reproduced in great profusion, and hundreds of special drawings appear of objects of various kinds that help in forming an appreciation of the progress of Great Britain from the earliest times of which there is any record. There are as well a number of elaborate coloured plates, full page in size, being reproductions of unusual paintings or records of historical value. Many persons remember history better by sight than by written account, and to such this illustrated edition should be invaluable. (Toronto: D. T. McAinsh and Company).

*

A CANADIAN IN CHINA

One of the most successful books on travel in recent years in the United States is "The Chinese," by John

Stuart Thomson, a native of Montreal and an occasional contributor to *The Canadian Magazine*. The book has been most favourably reviewed in many of the leading publications, and its author has been referred to as an authority on the subject. The volume is a treatise on Chinese antiquity, their daily life, their art and literature, their humour and philosophy; their politics and international position, their religions and superstitions, the resources, scenery and climate of the land they live in, their commerce, business and future possibilities; all with special reference to their relations with the United States, and the interest of a forward Americanism. (Philadelphia: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Cloth, \$2.50 net).

*

WHO IS SUZANNE MARNY?

Suzanne Marny is the pen-name of a Toronto woman who has written and published two books, and her publishers claim that not even her own husband knows that she is the author. This woman is not only clever enough to be the author of "A Canadian Book of Months" and "Tales of Old Toronto," but she is also clever enough to hide her own identity. She has written several sketches for *The Canadian Magazine*, but the editor says that he does not know who she is. In "Tales of Old Toronto," her later book, one would judge that she writes of a time when she was about twenty-five years of age. That was thirty years ago, so any man who lives in the northwestern part of Toronto and has a wife about fifty-five, can ask the question, Is my wife a writer? But, after all, the identity matters little. The book itself, or, rather, the books, are charming in style—too well done and artistic to meet with popular approval. (Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, \$1.25).

*

MANLY'S "ENGLISH PROSE"

Teachers invariably experience the difficulty of judiciously selecting from

the vast mass of English literature such gems as would be of most lasting usefulness and interest to students. Encyclopædias there are in increasing number, but volumes of a concise yet comprehensive nature are not so numerous, particularly volumes that serve the purpose of a companionable "reader" as well as a text-book. "English Prose, 1137-1890," by Professor John Matthews Manly, head of the department of English in the University of Chicago, is a most desirable work along this line, because it furnishes a good general grounding in the English classics, with no attempt at meeting the requirements of the specialist. It is a companion volume to "English Poetry," by the same author, the two making an attractive combination. (Boston: Ginn and Company. Cloth, 8vo., \$1.50 net).

*

NOT EDEN PHILLPOTTS' BEST

For once Mr. Phillpotts forsakes his beloved Dartmoor and takes us down to the Devon coast for a whiff of sea breeze. As the title indicates, "The Haven" is a tale of those who go down to the sea in ships, but, save for the change of environment, there is no radical difference in Mr. Phillpotts' characters or treatment. We easily recognise the humour, the pathos, the enlivening touches of rustic plain-speaking and common sense with which we are familiar; but in this book the deeper note which characterises so much of the author's best work seems to be unfortunately missing. The sure insight, the rugged strength of "The Mother," "The Portreine" and "The Virgin in Judgment" are not here, and their absence leaves "The Haven" incomparably the poorer. It is a book, however, which will appeal to those somewhat timid souls who would enjoy Eden Phillpotts if he were not so outspoken upon matters usually ignored in the conversation of polite society. The young person may read "The Haven" and take no harm, and one may send it as a

gift without fear of shocking the recipient. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company. Cloth, \$1.25).

*

A TRAGEDY OF SECTS

The above is the sub-title of Rita's latest work of fiction, entitled "Calvary." One expects a religious novel, but hardly such a soul-harrowing chronicle as the narrative of *David's* search for truth. To those who have known no such struggle, who have found the way simple, the story will seem almost cruel in the tortures heaped upon the unfortunate youth, with the soul of a seer and the imagination of a Shelley. The turmoil of modern theological discussion is echoed throughout this tragedy of sects. The story gives us a sombre conception of the task of the Truth-seeker and the reader is glad to turn from *David's* spiritual vicissitudes to the sea, as "over the golden waters rang the triumphant song of the *Pescatori*, as it is sung in Naples, as it is sung in Brittany, as it is sung wherever the shoals are plentiful and the nets well filled." The book is written with a hectic fervour which recalls the romances by the ill-fated Ouida. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Cloth, \$1.25).

*

NOTES

—"Flying Plover," by Mr. Theodore Roberts, is a good book for youngsters. *Squat-by-the-fire*, an old squaw, tells tales of *Flying Plover*, and, while they are full of fancy, they are based on Indian legend, of which the author has made considerable study. (Boston: L. C. Page and Company).

—With the idea of providing readers with fresh thoughts and ideas in compact form, Mr. W. T. Robinson has selected and edited "Choice Thoughts from Master Minds." This is a little volume not intended for consecutive and systematic reading, but merely to be picked up at any

time for refreshment or inspiration. (Toronto: William Briggs).

—Miss Winifred Kirkland, author of "Polly Pat's Parish," has written another volume of charm and vivaciousness entitled "Introducing Corinna." This is a girl graduate's story. The girl is a fascinating character, one who easily captivates her readers. (Toronto: Fleming H. Revell. Cloth, handsomely illustrated, \$1).

—An annotated edition of the "Book of Common Praise" has been completed by Mr. James Edmund Jones. Notes, mostly historical, are printed under each hymn, and are therefore of much more service than if put in a less convenient place. The volume is quite compact. (Toronto: Henry Frowde. Cloth, \$1.50).

—An important contribution to recent biographical literature has been made by a Canadian writer, Herbert N. Casson. It is "Cyrus Hall McCormick: His Life and Work." Every person has some slight knowledge at least of this great maker of implements, but to know the history of industrial development in the United States, it is necessary to know this man's life and work. (Chicago: A. C. McClurg and Company).

—"Welfare Work" is the title of a booklet issued by Mr. W. T. Robson, of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The booklet is tastefully and handsomely illustrated, and its purpose is to show what this great railway company is doing for the general welfare of its army of 70,000 employees. Here is the idea in a nutshell: "Welfare work may be said to consist of the efforts of the management on behalf of the employee over and above the payment of wages in making him comfortable and contented with his work, and relieving old age of its terrors by means of a pension fund."

—Miss Katherine Hale (Miss Amelia B. Warnock) has written a rousing patriotic "Canadian Flag-Song," which has been set to music by Mr. J. W. Garvin. (Toronto: The Primrose Music and Book Company).



Within The Sanctum



ALTHOUGH it has been asserted before in these columns that the standard of art in Canada, particularly the art of painting, has been considerably raised, even within the last year or two, the fact is worth repeating, for we can scarcely know too soon that a good painting by a Canadian artist is much more desirable and more interesting for the decoration of a Canadian home than an equally good painting by a foreigner. It is not so very long since it was regarded as an evidence of poor discrimination to choose a Canadian painting in preference to something from abroad, without even a consideration of quality, but happily that opinion is no longer held by any one who has a right at all to an opinion. Indeed, there are some *connoisseurs* now who hang nothing but native work on their walls, and while so exclusive a practice as that may not always be defensible, it nevertheless exhibits a very commendable kind of patriotism. And more than that, these collections have a charm of interest that is quite apart from the first purpose of decoration. In most instances the owner has at least a slight personal acquaintance with the painters, and he is thereby able to give his friends something more than a critical appreciation of the pictures.

But foreign paintings, or rather paintings by foreigners, are excellent things to have in a community, if

for no other reason than that they serve as a stimulus to native painters and also as subjects for comparison.

This fact was demonstrated recently in Toronto at a loan exhibition held in the art gallery of the new Public Library. The collection was a good representation of pictures painted by famous artists and included in private collections in Toronto, and it astonished some to see so many great paintings from one Canadian city. There were paintings by such as Swan, Raeburn, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, Turner, Rousseau, Corot, Diaz, Lawrence, L'Hermitte, Constable, Daubigny, Monticelli. So that we can readily appreciate its importance from an educational standpoint.

Canada is distinguished for the number of very important paintings that are within its borders, not in public galleries, but in private collections. In this respect, Montreal still leads, but Toronto is rapidly coming to the front. But the acquisition of paintings by foreigners, sometimes at enormous cost, has retarded the advancement of native art in as far at least as patronage goes. And, although it is most creditable and gratifying to see paintings by these masters owned in Canada, there was a time when those who were really able to afford paintings went beyond our own shores to make most of their purchases. Happily, how

ever, that is no longer the case, for now these very purchasers are proud to own pictures by more than merely several Canadian artists. That is one reason why a number of our most distinguished painters who went away to gain the recognition that they felt was their due, are now, if not coming back themselves, sending their work and selling a fair proportion of it.

That is the important point, that these painters have begun to see that their homeland is no longer quite so apathetic towards native work and that the people, those who buy or study paintings, are beginning to look to this native work instead of to the work of foreigners. And just as soon as the mass of the people realise the importance of this change, then will the painters themselves, the ones who do good, conscientious work, have no reason for complaining of lack of appreciation.

So far in Canada, Montreal and Toronto have been the only art centres of much account, with Ottawa sharing in the cycle of the annual exhibitions of the Royal Canadian Academy and embracing the permanent gallery of the Academy, such as it is. During November, however, a departure was made by the Academy, and, instead of holding an annual exhibition in turn at Toronto, Montreal or Ottawa, they held it this season at Hamilton, in November instead of spring. Just whether or not there are in Hamilton enough persons interested in art to make the exhibition a success is doubtful, but the more general and widespread the interest becomes, the better will be the result all round.

It is worth noting that in the West, where the people have been absorbed in making money, there is evidence of an arousing of æsthetic ambitions, and at Winnipeg there is a determination to have a public art gallery of their own. That would be an excellent thing for the whole of the West, because there has not been so far in the making of that great country

enough of the refining and mellowing influences that follow in the wake of artistic endeavour.

In the Canadian West there is a splendid opportunity for the development of art. Nowhere else in the whole Dominion can the landscape painter find motives of equal merit; that is, from the standpoint of bigness and simplicity. Simplicity and bigness are, after all, most of what a landscapist should seek. But there is more than just these two features or chief aspects. Colour there is in abundance, not cheap, conglomerate, gaudy masses, but rich, alluring, mysterious, broad stretches of light and shade—the very things that are desired by the artist who seeks something new and fresh. However, the big West is only for big painters, big in conception and treatment, and therefore the weaklings, those who do nice little bedroom fancies, had better remain in the East, where traditions are established.

It is a pretty safe prediction that the trend of interest in Canadian subjects or motives for the painter will hereafter be mostly westward, either in figure subjects with landscape setting or in pure landscapes. A painter was heard to say the other day that the next generation of painters in Canada will arise to the possibilities of the West, from a pictorial and picturesque standpoint, and that they will paint them. He might have gone further and said that not only will the West be painted by Canadian artists but that it will be courted also by foreign brushes. For the West is big and broad and open, and the painter who can put the spirit of it on canvas need have no fear regarding the enduring value of his work.

Besides the exhibitions of the Royal Canadian Academy at Hamilton and the loan exhibition in the Public Library gallery at Toronto, there have been the exhibition at Montreal of the work of English landscape artists, the annual exhibition of the Society of Applied Arts, at Toronto, and the

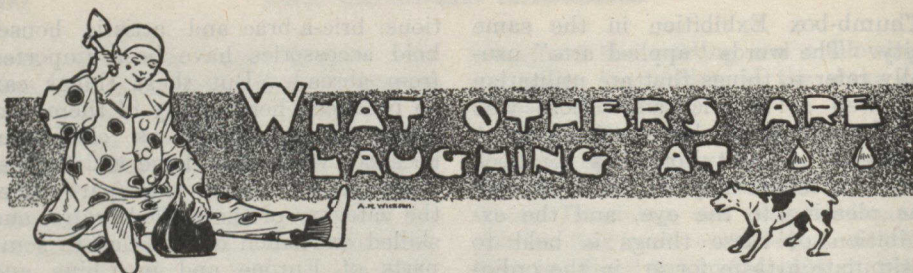
Thumb-box Exhibition in the same city. The words "applied arts" usually refer to things that are utilitarian as well as artistic, and those who produce them are handicraftsmen. A piece of wrought iron or a pot hook made of brass may be useful as well as pleasing to the eye, and the exhibition of these things is held to stimulate a taste for art in the ordinary accessories of the home. Under this category come needlework, ceramics, woodwork, designing of all kinds, painted decorations, and decorative photography. As yet in Canada, these handicrafts have scarcely got beyond the amateur stage; that is, very few persons are earning a livelihood by this means, although, of course, there are outstanding exceptions. A good deal of the work shown was the result of fancy or hobby, but it was enough to give an indication of great possibilities. As with painting, and even to a more marked degree, most of our ornamental decora-

tions, bric-a-brac and artistic household accessories have been imported from abroad. But these things can be produced here, many of them perhaps not so cheaply as elsewhere, because, while they have artistic features, they come in large part under the category of the skilled crafts, and skilled craftsmen can be had in some parts of Europe and in China and Japan for much lower wages than in Canada. However, that seems to be getting away from the discussion of art, while, as a matter of fact, it is not; it just reaches the point where utility steps in.

The Thumb-box Exhibition in Toronto is limited to small pictures and to a price not exceeding twenty-five dollars. Some very capable and well-known artists send sketches to it, but its usefulness lies mostly in the opportunity it affords young and unknown artists to show their work and the public to obtain "real" paintings at low prices.

The Editor





THE BETTER WORD

Weary William—"What did ye tell dat lady when she asked ye if ye wuz equal to de task o' sawin' wood?"

Tattered Tom—"I tol' her dat equal wuzn't de word. I wuz superior to it."—*Chicago Daily News.*

*

THE FINE POINT OF HONOUR

She—"Why did he marry her at all if he intended getting a divorce so speedily?"

He—"Because he didn't think it would be honourable to break their engagement."—*Kansas City Journal.*

*

NOT YET, BUT SOON

Mistress—"Is that young man I saw you with yesterday your lover, Ellen?"

Maid—"Not exactly my lover ma'am. He walks out with me, but it ain't got to waistin' yet!"—*Tit-Bits.*



"A new arrival Your Majesty, who says he was a building contractor on earth."

"Ha! ha! Put him in one of the cells marked 'absolutely fireproof,' and let it burn slowly."—*Life*

WHY RUN RISKS?

A Canadian author wrote an anthem for a recent celebration in Toronto.

Toward the end of the exercises, when the people were going out a few at a time, the author rushed to the conductor and said:

"Is it over?"

"Practically."

"But, Great Scott! man, they haven't sung my anthem!"

"Well," said the conductor, "so long as the people are going out peacefully and quietly, why sing it at all?"—*Saturday Evening Post.*

*

STUNG

He was a doctor and was patiently waiting for his first patient.

Thought he: "If the mountain will not come to Mohammed, Mohammed must go to the mountain. And as patients will not seek me out I must needs seek them out."

He strolled through the cheap market and saw a man buy six nice cucumbers.

"Here's a chance!" said he, and followed him home.

Patiently he waited for four long and lonely hours and about midnight the front door quickly opened, and the man dashed down the steps.

He seized him by the arm and cried earnestly: "Do you want a doctor?"

"No!" replied the man roughly. "Want more cucumbers!"—*Answers.*



COMING

THE POET (composing): "Of celestial promise full." Yes, "promise full." Now, if a rhyme for "full" would only strike me.
—Punch

NOT ROOM ENOUGH

While riding on an electric car, during his first visit to the city, a farmer passed the yard of a monument company, where gravestones and monuments were displayed. Turning to his host, he remarked in an awe-stricken voice: "They dew bury 'em close in the city, don't they?"—*Lippincott's*.

*

PLACING HIM

Judge Mary H. Cooper, of Beloit, Kan., is the only woman probate judge in the United States. She performs more marriages than any Kansas minister. This is because she always omits the word "obey" from the ceremony — an omission that pleases the Kansas girls. She thinks that the day of the helpless woman is past. She said in a recent interview: "In the strong and independent woman's hands our sex's future rests. There is more than a little truth in an episode that a Chinese missionary once related to me. This missionary was taking tea with a mandarin's eight

wives—she was, of course, a female missionary. The Chinese ladies examined her clothing, her hair, her teeth and son on, but her feet especially amazed them.

"'Why,' one cried, 'you can walk and run as well as a man!'

"'Yes, to be sure,' said the missionary.

"'Can you ride a horse and swim, too?'

"'Yes.'

"'Then you must be as strong as a man!'

"'I am.'

"'And you wouldn't let a man beat you—not even if he was your husband—would you?'

"'Indeed I wouldn't!' said the missionary.

"The mandarin's eight ladies looked at one another, nodding their heads. Then the oldest said softly:

"'Now I understand why the foreign devil never has more than one wife. He is afraid.'"—*Detroit Free Press*.



POLICE SERGEANT: "Can you give me a description of the person who ran over you?"
 "Of can that. He had on a fur coat an' an autymobile cap an' goggles."
 —*Life*

THE MANLY MAN

"After you've been two weeks in the house with one of these terrible handy men that ask their wives to be sure and wipe between the tines of the forks, and that know just how much raising bread ought to have, and how to hang out a wash so each piece will get the best sun, it's a real joy to get back to the ordinary kind of man. Yes, 'tis so!" Mrs. Gregg finished, with much emphasis. "I want a man who should have sense about the things he's meant to have sense about, but when it comes to keeping house, I like him real helpless, the way the Lord planned to have him!"
 —*Youth's Companion*.

*

NECESSARY PRECAUTION

"Prisoner at the bar," said the portly, pompous, and florid magistrate. "You are charged with stealing a pig, a very serious offence in this district. There has been a great deal of pig-stealing, and I shall make an example of you, or none of us will be safe."
 —*London Daily News*.

A RECOMPENSE

Torke—"Your daughter's musical education must have cost a lot of money?"

De Porke—"Yes, it did, but I've got it all back."

Torke—"Indeed!"

De Porke—"Yes, I'd been trying to buy the house next door for years and they wouldn't sell. But since she's come home they've sold it to me for half price."
 —*Harper's Weekly*.

*

A GRIEVOUS FAULT

The new coloured laundress had just returned the week's wash. Said the lady of the apartment:

"Delia, these clothes are done up very well indeed."

"Yes, I was taught laundry work at Hampton School."

"So you went to Hampton, did you? It's a very good school."

"Oh, yes, it's a very good school," replied the dusky washerlady judicially. "But they teach no languages there."
 —*New York Times*.

*

AMAZING

An enthusiastic Burlington motorist was driving his car through one of the most rural sections of the State. He came to the top of a very steep hill. On each side of the road was a ditch and at the bottom of the hill a load of hay was just beginning the ascent. The motorist, who is not one of the chicken and man-killing variety, backed his car into the ditch and waited for the sturdy son of the soil who was driving the load of hay to guide his team past. On the rear of the load, almost buried in the hay, reposed at full length a typical old patriarch of the hills. His face rested easily in his hands and his whiskers streamed out a foot or two in the breeze. As the team passed the automobile he called out, with a note of surprise in his voice: "Gosh! 'Tain't often we meet a gentleman in one of them things!"
 —*Burlington Free Press*.

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If you feel not quite up to the mark, the chances are you need **BOVRIL**—not medicine.

Bovril, which contains all that is good in Beef, will build up your strength and tone up your system.

A little added to gravies, chowders and soups, not only adds nourishment but gives a zest which tempts and satisfies the most capricious appetite.

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ONLY MEDAL FOR ALE IN CANADA

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are acknowledged the best the World over.

Only the highest grades of raw materials, are allowed to enter into the same, and the blending of all materials is supervised by experts.

What with the careful workmanship as well as scrupulous cleanliness in our plants it is not surprising that Her First Choice, Her Last Choice, and Her Choice at all times is the

Unequaled
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"A MAN IS KNOWN BY THE CANDY HE SENDS"



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PEARLINE enables Delicate Women to Easily wash
Coarse things—Strong women to Safely wash Delicate things

**Making
the Old
∴ New ∴**

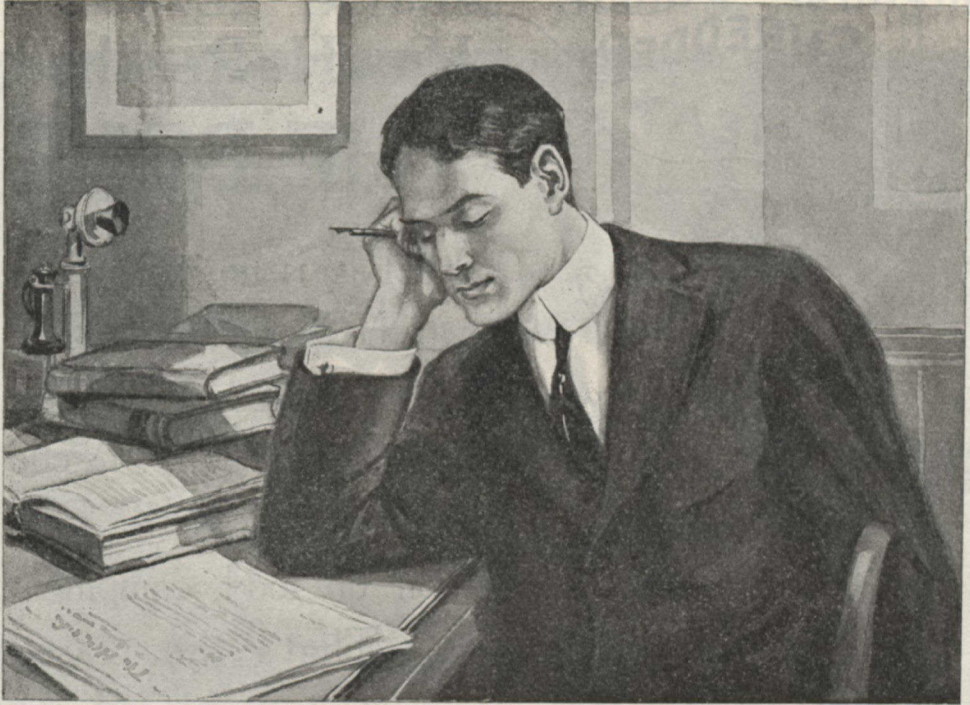
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Mental Dullness

usually comes from *imperfectly nourished* brains.

The man who *thinks clearly* and *acts promptly* wins money and position.

Grape-Nuts

FOOD—

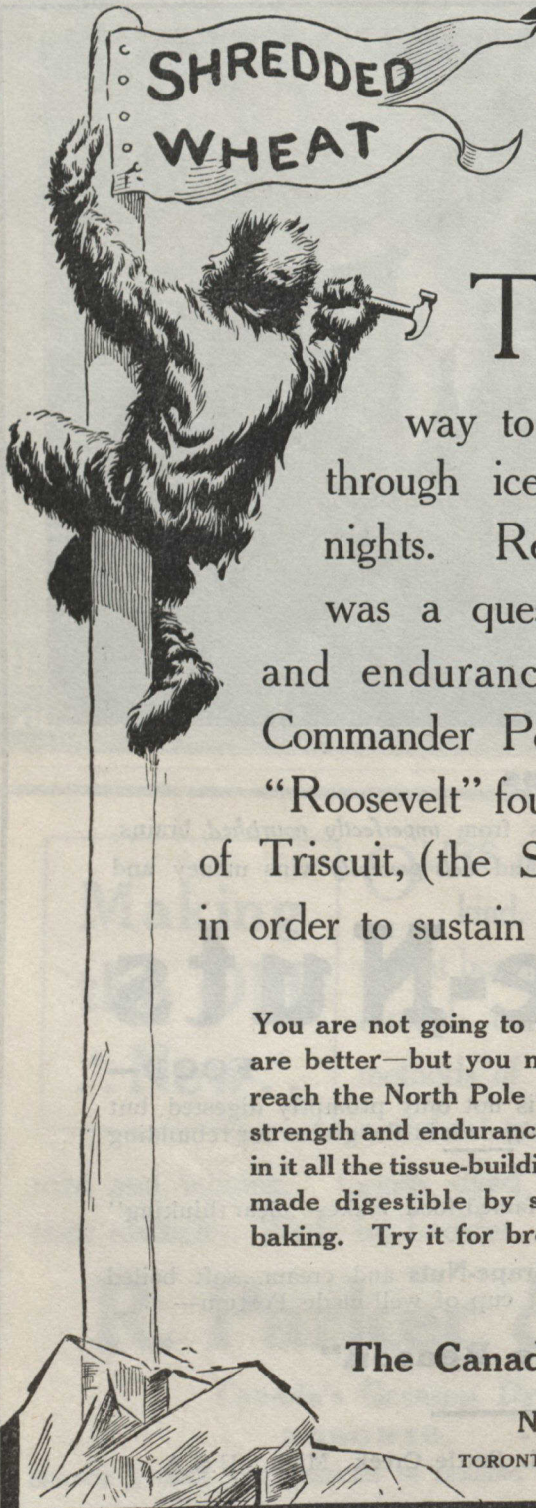
made of whole wheat and barley, is not only promptly digested, but contains the Phosphate of Potash grown in the grains for rebuilding brain and nerves.

The regular use of this world-famed food, makes "clear thinking" easy.

Try a simple breakfast of **Grape-Nuts** and cream, soft boiled eggs, crisp toast, and a steaming cup of well-made Postum—

"There's a Reason"

Postum Cereal Company, Ltd. Battle Creek, Mich., U.S.A.



How He Reached THE POLE

THERE is no trolley-line to the North Pole. The way to that coveted prize leads through ice and snow and Arctic nights. Reaching the North Pole was a question of food equipment and endurance. That's the reason Commander Peary took on board the "Roosevelt" four hundred and fifty boxes of Triscuit, (the Shredded Wheat Wafer) in order to sustain life in the frozen regions.

You are not going to the North Pole—until the roads are better—but you need strength and endurance to reach the North Pole of your ambition. You can get strength and endurance from Shredded Wheat. It has in it all the tissue-building elements of the whole wheat made digestible by steam-cooking, shredding and baking. Try it for breakfast with hot milk or cream.

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Adults as well as Children need good sweets in Winter, as they supply a very essential part of their diet.

Crown Brand Corn Syrup with bread or cereals, not only makes the meal more enjoyable but adds materially to its nourishment.

Crown Brand Corn Syrup makes delicious candies. Try this recipe.

Cinnamon Cream Candy

1 cup Crown Brand Syrup. 1 cup granulated sugar.
One-half cup milk. One-quarter teaspoon ground cinnamon.
1 teaspoon butter. 2 squares chocolate.

Put the butter in a saucepan. When melted, add syrup, sugar, cinnamon, and milk. Heat to boiling point, then add chocolate and stir constantly until it (the chocolate) is melted. Boil hard until a firm ball is formed by trying in cold water. Remove from fire, add vanilla, and beat until creamy and mixture begins to sugar around edge of saucepan. Pour at once into a buttered pan. Cool slightly and mark in squares.

FREE—Write our Montreal office for a copy of our recipe booklet. It contains 48 recipes for candy, cake, pies, cake fillings, etc.

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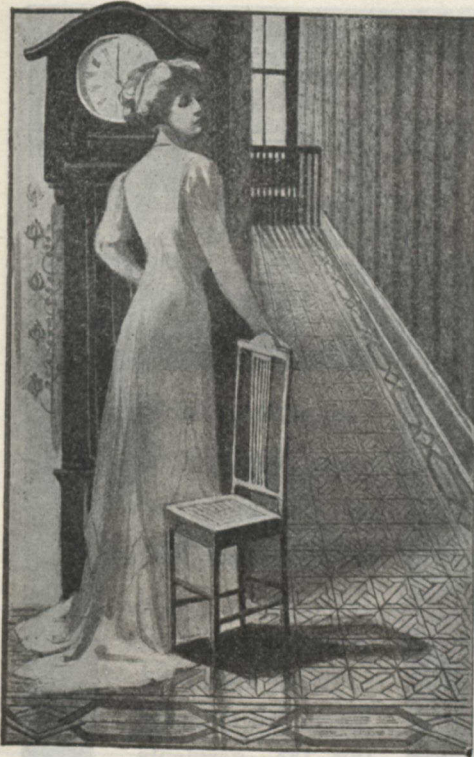
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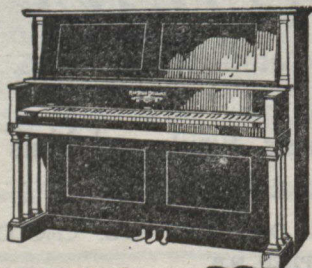
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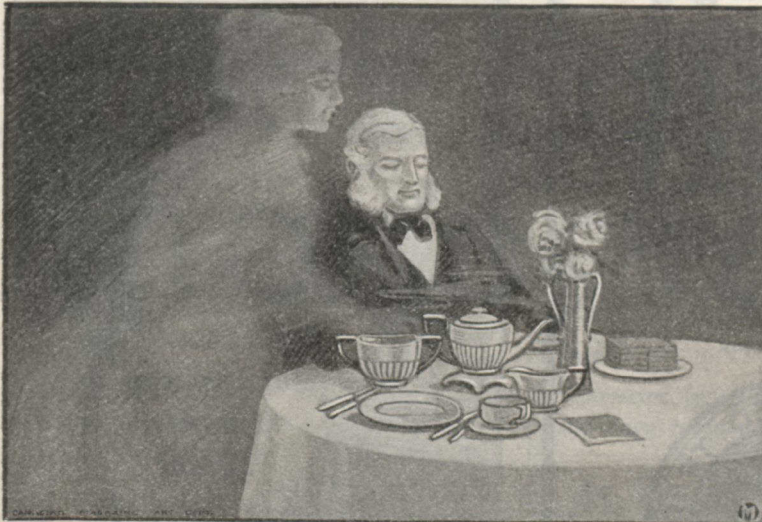
French, American and Canadian women seek. Moreover, by holding the body in shape without compressing unduly at any point, the D & A Directoire is more healthful for you than any other Corset. For sale everywhere.

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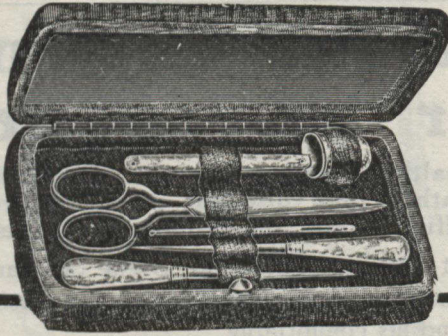


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nothing so lasting or so much appreciated as some of our handsome designs, the highest type of silverware perfection.

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Used in the Royal Households

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Cutlers to His Majesty
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**A Simple Safe, Reliable Way,
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Those who suffer from catarrh know its miseries. There is no need of this suffering. You can get rid of it by a simple, safe, inexpensive, home treatment discovered by Dr. Blosser, who, for over thirty-five years, has been treating catarrh successfully.

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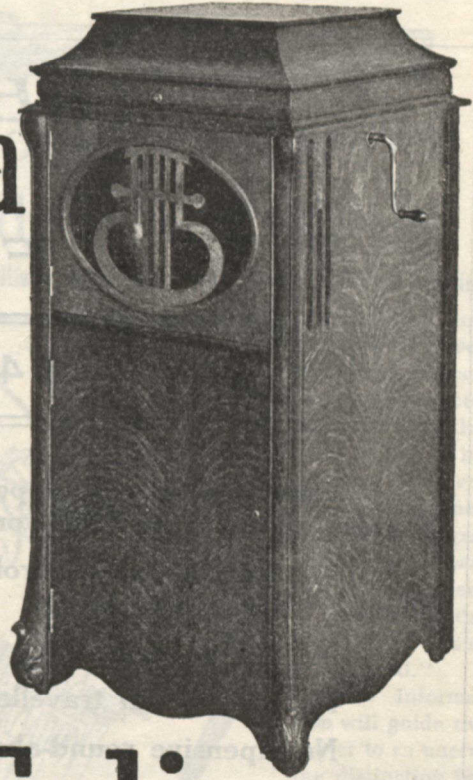
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Your questions carefully answered
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It comes in several finishes of Mahogany and Oak. Price \$240.

You can hear and see the Amberola at all Edison Stores.

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We own it and control it. No other store sells Victor Shoes. It's our own brand.

No middle-men.

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We sell it with only one profit added to the cost of its making.

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All popular styles, widths and prices.

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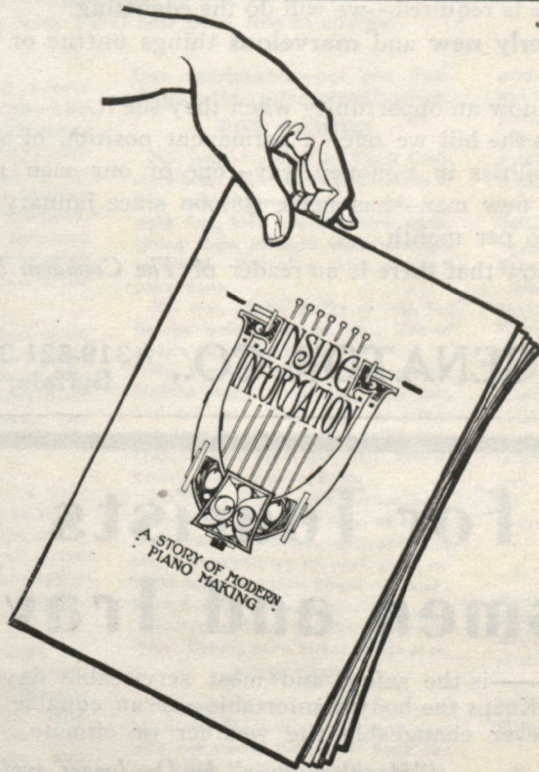


This Piano Booklet Justifies Its Name: "Inside Information"

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INSIDE information tells the facts about the construction—step by step—of a high-grade instrument. This new, amplified edition of Inside Information has been written, illustrated and published for the benefit of those who want a master—builder's knowledge of the inside—the hidden parts—of a good piano—in plain language, easily understood, devoid of technicalities.

Inside Information takes the reader through one of the most up-to-date successful piano factories in America—tells him why each step is taken—and exactly how the function of each department of a fine piano should be filled.



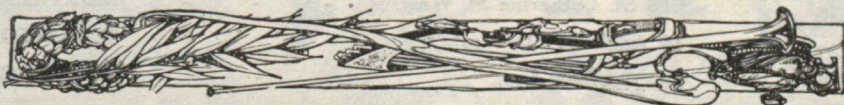
It's free to enquirers. Tells you what to ask about—what to look for—what to experts, when you are choosing a pinno. The ripe experience of nearly two generations of piano-building is embodied here, at your disposal.

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- Simply a courageous—wide awake—**Twentieth Century** man—for a great big job.
- We need several of them.
- If you are the man it makes no difference where you live.
- We want good, strong fighters—men with pride and enthusiasm for a grand—new—fascinating business.
- We want men with whom success has become a **habit**—or those who intend that it shall.
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- We want men who know an opportunity when they see it.
- To the man that fills the bill we offer a permanent position of standing—one which has unlimited possibilities in a money way—one of our men made \$21,500 in 22 months—another—a new man—has made \$8,000 since January 1st, 1909—most are making \$200 to \$400 per month.
- Investigation will show that there is no reader of *The Canadian Magazine* too big for the above enterprise.

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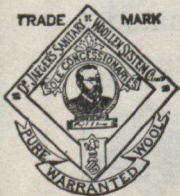
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We guarantee the following lines of Pen-Angle Hosiery to fit you perfectly, not to shrink or stretch, and the dyes to be absolutely fast. We guarantee them to wear longer than any other cashmere or cotton hosiery sold at the same prices. If, after wearing Pen-Angle Guaranteed Hosiery any length of time, you should ever find a pair that fails to fulfill this guarantee in any particular, return the same to us and we will replace them with TWO new pairs free of charge.



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The reason for Pen-Angle superiority is due to the exceptional quality of the cashmere and cotton yarns we use. And because we knit them on Penman's exclusive machines. We have the sole rights to use these machines in Canada.

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These machines form-knit the hosiery to fit the form of the leg, ankle and foot perfectly, without a single seam anywhere to irritate the feet or rip apart.

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Don't be content another day with hosiery which has those horrid seams up the leg and across the foot—with hosiery

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A silent piano is a useless investment. Silent and useless because no one in the family plays.

Why not exchange it for a Gerhard Heintzman Self-Playing Piano—which *anyone* can play—you, your wife, or any member of the family. Think what this change will mean to you—how you can enjoy your favorite music, rendered artistically.

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Such a soap, used always, tends to prevent chaps, roughness and soreness of the skin.

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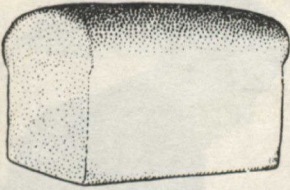
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OXO is the goodness of prime
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Don't use as much "Black Knight" as you
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You don't need as much, to bring a brilliant,
glittering, lasting polish to the iron-work.
A little of "Black Knight" goes a long way.
And you get a bigger box of "Black Knight"
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The original Rogers Bros. silverware—identified by the trade mark "**1847 ROGERS BROS.**"—has expressed the highest type of silver plate perfection for sixty-two years.

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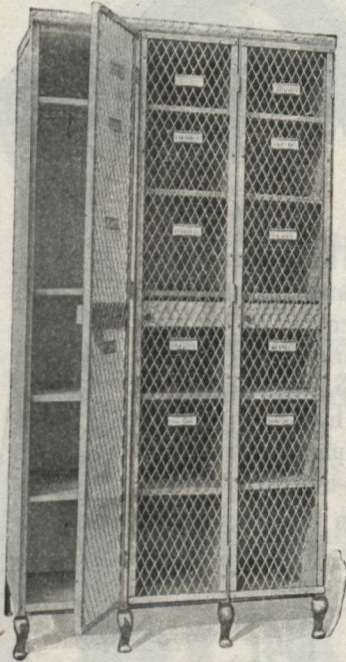
Combining the maximum of durability with rare beauty of design, this famous ware is the choice of purchasers who desire only the best.

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¶ Remember it is made of *steel, enamelled white*, has three main compartments each fitted with a different lock and key; eighteen subdivisions each capable of storing one dozen gem jars of fruit, jam, pickles, etc., or 216 jars in all.

¶ One compartment fitted with three meat hooks, the door covered with fine wire gauze, constitutes a splendid "safe" for fresh meat, game, fruit, pies, etc., secure from invaders, curious or otherwise.

¶ Construction light but very strong, occupies little space, much more sanitary than the wood closet in your basement and costs less.

Write us for information.

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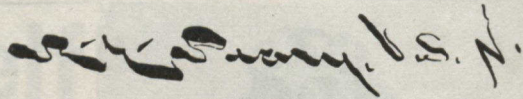


KODAK

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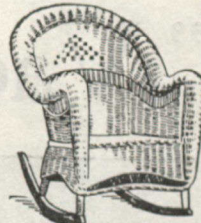


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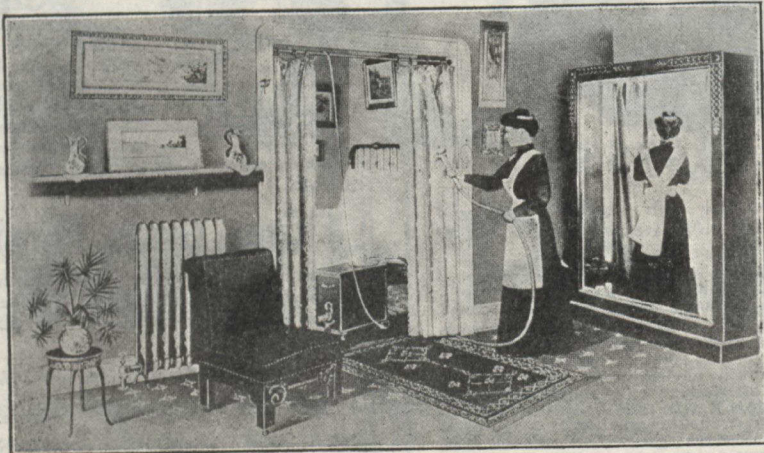
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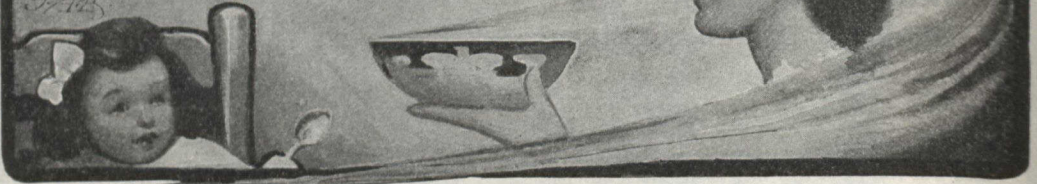
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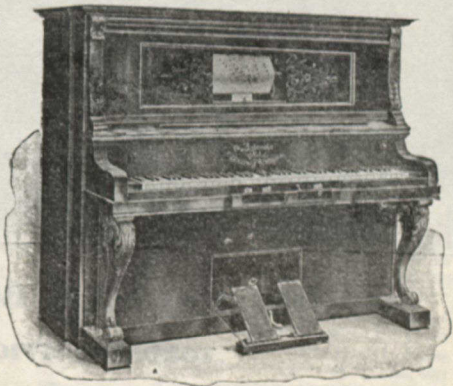
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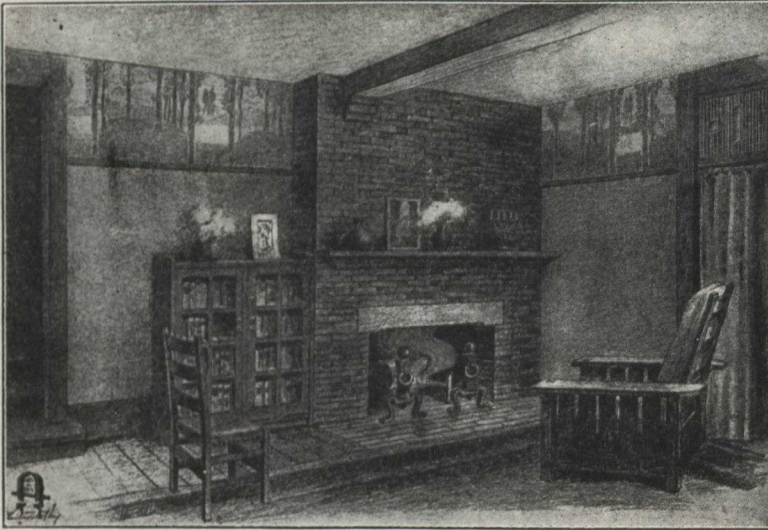
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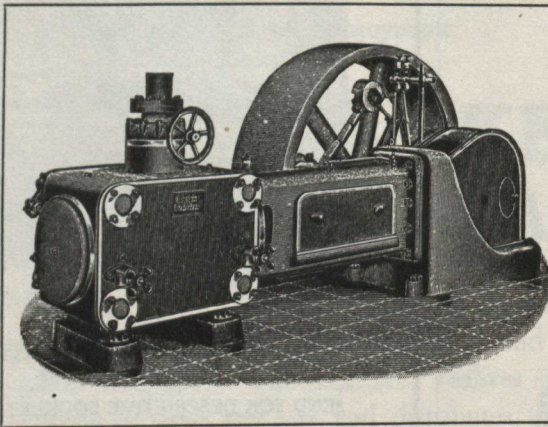
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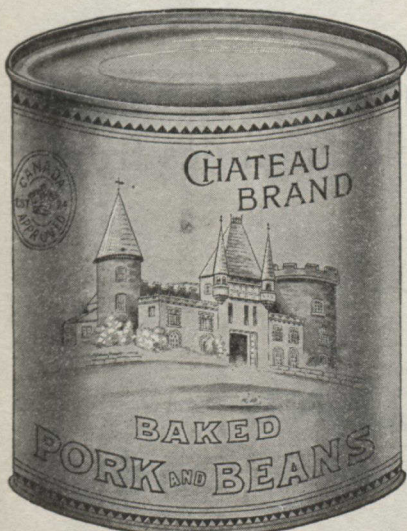
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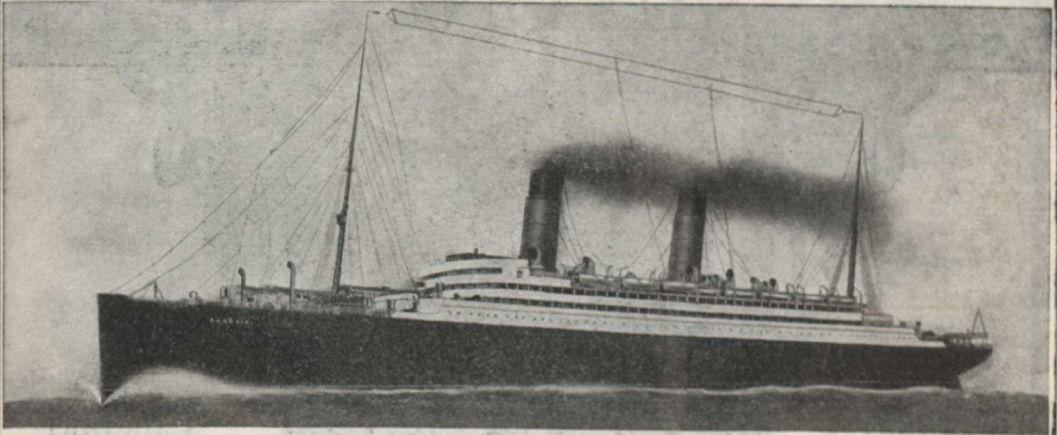
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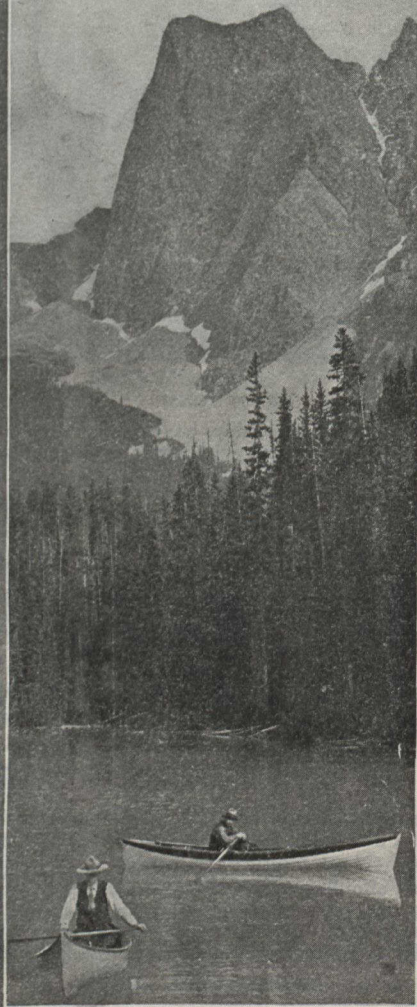
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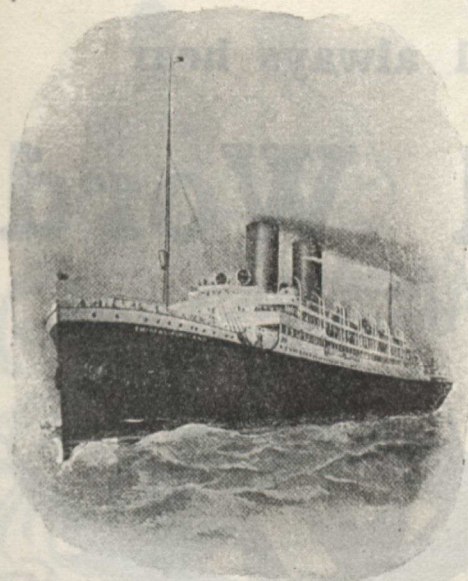
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NEW SERVICE

—TO—
BERMUDA
S.S. "OROTAVA"

(6,000 Tons)
From New York every
Wednesday
From Bermuda every
Saturday

Cruises de Luxe
R.M.S.P.

"AVON"
(11,500 Tons)

From New York
January 15 } 31 Days
and } Each
February 19 } \$150 up
Easter Cruise } 18 Days
March 25 } \$85 up

YACHTING CRUISES

R.M.S.P. "BERBICE"
(Twin Screw), in connection
with Mail Steamers from
New York.

40 days \$275
54 days \$350
Dec. 24—Jan. 22—Feb. 19

- Bermuda
- Porto Rico
- Jamaica
- Colon
- La Guaira
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- Gaballo
- La Brea
- Port of Spain
- Barbados
- Martinique
- Santiago de Cuba
- Havana
- Nassau

THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET CO.
SANDERSON & SON, Gen. P. & F. Agts.
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Cut out and mail, marking booklets wanted.

Please send me by return post, literature giving particulars of
"Avon" Cruises de Luxe.
"Berbice" Yachting Tours.
"Orotava" Bermuda Service.
Regular Tours on Mail Steamers.



“Royal Household”

—the flour that makes the Bread that
makes boys and girls grow strong and
sturdy.

Ogilvie Flour Mills Co., Limited, - Montreal

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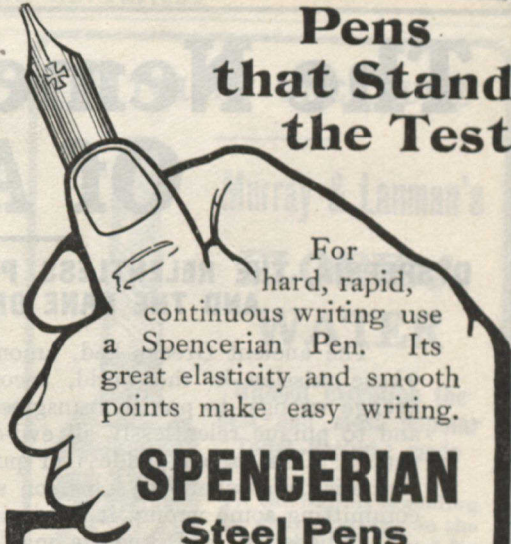


is used in preparing them.

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For hard, rapid, continuous writing use a Spencerian Pen. Its great elasticity and smooth points make easy writing.

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outlive others because of the fine workmanship and the high quality *Spencerian Pen Steel* from which they are made. Sample card of 12—all different—sent for 6c postage.

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It is an absolutely pure cocoa of the finest quality. It is healthful and nutritious for young and old.

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THE COWAN CO. LIMITED
TORONTO



The Nemesis Of Americans

**DYSPEPSIA, THE RELENTLESS PURSUER OF MILLIONS OF PEOPLE,
AND THE BANE OF THEIR EXISTENCE.**

The ancient Greeks had, among numerous pagan deities, a goddess whose mission in the world, according to Grecian mythology, was to avenge wrongs, to punish transgressions of the law, human and natural, and to pursue relentlessly all evil-doers, granting them neither rest nor peace. This fabled goddess of punishment and vengeance was called Nemesis, and whenever a person suffered a series of misfortunes, after committing some wrong, it was said that Nemesis was pursuing him.

Indigestion or Dyspepsia may be rightly called the Nemesis of the American people, as nearly every one has it, and once acquired it pursues its victims unmercifully, never allowing them any rest, peace or comfort for a moment, until life becomes a positive burden. This complaint usually results from a violation of natural laws in recklessly abusing the stomach by the excessive use of rich viands, pastry, condiments, coffee, tea, alcohol and other things which tend to disturb and upset digestion, and which lead finally to a chronic dyspepsia with all its disagreeable symptoms—Nature's punishment for wilful infraction of her laws.

It is a true saying that "you may lead a horse to water, but you cannot make him drink," and it is also a relatively easy matter to ingest all sorts of indigestible food into an unresisting stomach, but to digest, absorb and assimilate that food depends altogether upon the strength of the stomach, the amount of digestive juices it furnishes, and upon an unimpaired quality of those juices.

STUART'S DYSPEPSIA TABLETS is the best remedy in all conditions of impaired digestive ability, and whenever the stomach, through weakness and overwork, requires a digestive aid, to assist it in performing its functions properly and efficiently. These tablets are composed of a combination of powerful digestive agents, in proper proportion, and they have been found to obtain, by far, the best results of any dyspepsia preparation offered to the public.

They not only possess wonderful digestive powers themselves, but they also stimulate, tone up and activate the natural digestive secretions of the stomach, and these two irresistible forces, acting together, soon rid one of every symptom of indigestion and dyspepsia.

No one can be stronger than his stomach. If this organ is out of order, the entire system is sure to suffer. It behooves one, then, to see to it that the stomach is performing its functions properly, in digesting all the food, and for this purpose there is no remedy equal to Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.

Purchase a package from your druggist for 50 cents at once, and rid yourself of the pursuing Nemesis of dyspepsia. Send us your name and address and a free sample will be forwarded to you. Address F. A. Stuart Company, 150 Stuart Building, Marshall, Mich.

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INVALUABLE IN ALL CASES OF
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IN the Bath it is cooling
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general Toilet use it is
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it is simply the very best
thing to use.



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The average Canadian drinks about a thousand cups of tea in a year. In each one of those thousand cups, when you use Red Rose Tea, you get flavor that is delicious, aroma that is delightful and smooth rich strength that gratifies your taste for tea and creates a desire for more. Your first package of Red Rose Tea will be a revelation of enjoyment and will show you why so many people say

RED ROSE TEA
"is good Tea"



Your Grocer will recommend it.

*"The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus;
Let no such man be trusted."*—Shakespeare.

Many men have music within themselves, but have not acquired the power to express it. To all such

Gourlay-Angelus *Player-Pianos*

offers a perfect substitute for musical ability. It is so simple in action, so accurate in phrasing, so adaptable to temperament that anyone can encompass the interpretation of the greatest masters

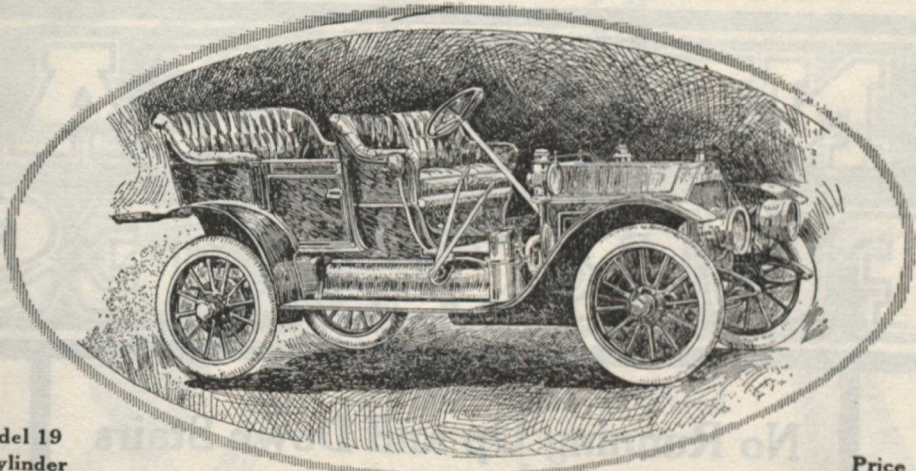
It is as easy to play a GOURLAY-ANGELUS as to read a book.

Gourlay-Angelus Pianos may also be played by hand in the usual way.

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30 to 35
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Wisdom in motor car selection consists principally in delay of purchasing—just enough delay to enable you to look carefully into every make of car on the market.

If all motorists possessed this kind of wisdom, an even larger percentage of the cars in use in Canada would be “McLaughlin Buick’s.”

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We do honestly believe that—believe it so strongly, in fact, as to feel confident that a complete investigation and calm deliberation will surely end in your owning a “McLaughlin-Buick.”

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Write to-day for Catalogue.

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NEW IDEA FURNACES

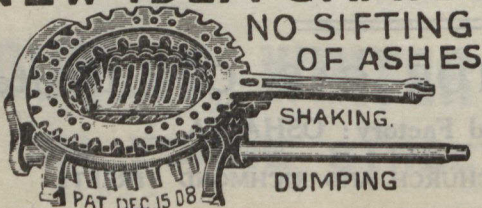
No Running Up and Down Stairs

The New Idea Furnace may be entirely controlled and regulated without going down stairs. The New Idea Regulator does this.

Handsome, solid steel chains are connected to the draft and check dampers in the furnace room, and brought up stairs over smooth working pulleys to a regulating board, placed in the hall or dining room, or other place convenient for the owner of the furnace. The installing of this system does not in any way disfigure the room, and the board itself is beautifully nickelled and is a real ornament. It is simply operated and saves an endless number of trips up and down stairs.

If your house is too warm you simply change the chain to a position marked "Check," if more heat is desired you change the chain to "More Draft," and you always get a quick answer when you operate the Regulator on the New Idea; it responds quickly at all times. Saves you trouble and gives you the temperature desired.

NEW IDEA GRATE



BOTH SHAKES AND DUMPS

ASK FOR FREE CATALOGUES.
SEND SIZE OF HOUSE

IF YOU WISH ESTIMATE OF

COST OF FURNACE

INSTALLED READY FOR USE

THE GURNEY TILDEN Co.
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Libby's

Natural Flavor
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None So Good

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Marmalade

Chow Chow

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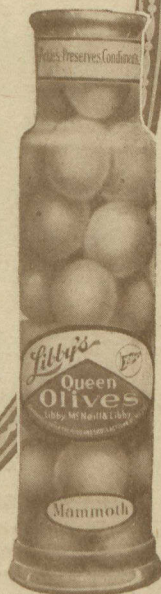
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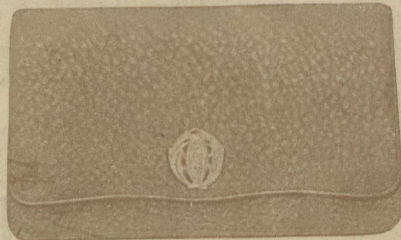
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