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A
CANADIAN
MAGAZINE

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none severe:

Each month in rising interest constant
flow

Great themes which are to all Canadi-
ans dear;

And you will find them all in Westward
Ho!

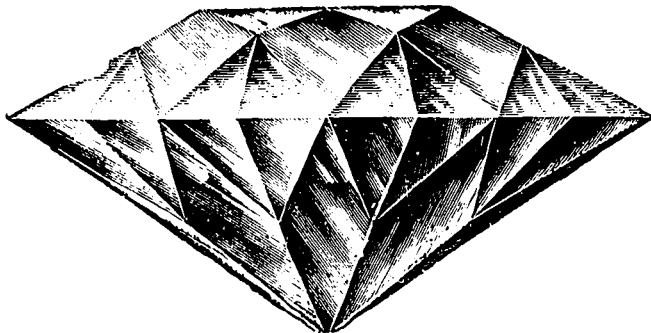


VOL. III NOVEMBER, 1908 NO. 4

MONTREAL, QUE.

VANCOUVER, B. C.

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Westward Ho! Magazine

Table of Contents: November—1908.



WHEN THE EAGLE FLIES SEAWARD.....	Patrick Vaux	289
Fiction.		
THE EXPIATION OF JOHN REEDHAM.....	Annie S. Swan	293
Serial.		
TO THE FRASER	Robert A. Hood	306
Verse.		
THE STATUE OF GRANITE.....	E. S. Lopatecki	307
Fiction.		
AUTUMN IN STANLEY PARK.....	Agnes Lockhart Hughes	310
Verse.		
MOTORING IN SOUTH AFRICA.....	Capt. G. Godson Godson	311
Illustrated Article.		
SUNSET AT ENGLISH BAY.....	Blanche E. Holt Murison	318
Verse.		
SHE TESTED HIM.....	Mrs. J. A. Skinner	319
Fiction.		
NIGHT SONG	Herbert Lake	322
Verse.		
FOX AND HOUND	L. Harward	323
Fiction.		
A GUILTY CONSCIENCE.....	H. A. Black	327
Fiction.		
MY DEAREST	Margaret Erskine	328
Verse.		
THE DOLLAR WITH THE CROSS.....	J. de Q. Donehoo	329
Fiction.		
THE VULTURE OF THE DEEP.....	Helen Tompkins	333
Verse.		
COUNTRY AND SUBURBAN HOMES.....	E. Stanley Mitton	334
Illustrated Article.		
THE ENCHANTRESS	George E. Winkler	337
Verse.		
MODELS I HAVE KNOWN.....	C. W. Gray	338
Article.		
SIMON FRASER	Blanche E. Holt Murison	339
Verse.		
AFLOAT AND AFIELD	Bonnycastle Dale	340
Illustrated Nature Study.		
AT THE SHACK	Percy Flage	347
Literary Causerie.		
ALONG THE COAST OF THE NORTHWEST	J. H. Grant	349
Illustrated Article.		
POTENTIAL CANADA—		
A Northland Eden.....	Lysle I. Abbott	353
Summerland	A. T. Robinson	359
Commercial Calgary	Charles H. Webster	365
Importunate Opportunity		367
Alberta Red Wheat.....		370
PROGRESS AND PROFITS		373

WESTWARD HO! MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY

The Westward Ho! Publishing Company, Limited

536 HASTINGS ST., VANCOUVER, B. C.

Subscription 10 Cents Per Copy; in Canada and Great Britain \$1.00 a Year; in United States \$1.50.

PERCY F. GODENRATH,
President.

CHARLES McMILLAN,
Secretary and Treasurer

Publishers' Epitome

Christmas makes a considerable tax upon the resources of the staff of any magazine; but the tax is reduced to a minimum in the case of Westward Ho! on account of the felicitous nature of our contributions and of the tone of hearty congratulations and sanguine faith with which they are accompanied. Our contributors seem to take a personal pride and pleasure in the success of the magazine; and these are particularly gratifying to us because they reflect the sentiments of the public that Westward Ho! is rapidly evolving itself and attaining the status of a great national publication.

In the December issue there will be many features which we have felt the encouragement of the past year has justified us in undertaking.

The Christmas greeting exactly expresses our sincere appreciation to our readers and the public; and it has been specially designed so as to render it the more attractive to them. We have also for their benefit reproduced some superb photographic views of the Franco-British Exhibition held during the last months in London, England. It was not an international British and French Exhibition, but a World Exhibition; and one of the most gratifying features of it to the Canadian was the pre-eminent attention which the products of his country attracted. Visitors from all parts of the earth eulogized the Canadian Pavilion; its artistic and architectural beauty, and the marvellous manifestation of the nation's inherent wealth and resources which its different departments revealed.

The eulogy of the visitor was transmitted along the electric current to all parts of the earth and reproduced or reflected in the columns of the Press of every nation. Thus has Canada obtained an impartial and unbiased celebrity, for the truth has been established in the mouth of many witnesses that while Canada today is the brightest and biggest gem in the Imperial Crown she must inevitably become by her vastness, her richness, her position and power the centripetal and centrifugal force in the commercial future of the Empire.

We have also six full page artistic illustrations by F. Noel Bursill of some of the seasonable writings of Canadian Poets; and these we are sure will meet with general admiration and approval.

Fiction

Our Fiction for Christmas is particularly strong and appropriate to the season.

THE LADY OF THE MARMION

Contributed by Arthur Davies, whose rising name and reputation are being justified by each new effort. This is the latest and, we venture to think, the best of his short stories of the sea. It forms one of the popular "Tales from Mate Wilson" series, and vividly depicts an ocean race between two celebrated clipper ships, in the days when captains risked ship and crew to obtain the blue ribbon of the ocean; interwoven therewith is the thread of the master passion, and surrounding the whole of this strong sea story is descriptive matter of so high an order as to make "The Lady of the Marmion" conspicuous for literary excellence as well as for pure dramatic force.

THE EXPIATION OF JOHN REEDHAM

By Annie S. Swan, is continued as a Serial, and it is a story of profound interest and fascination.

CHRISTMAS EVE AT THE HOUSE OF DREAMS,

The author of which is Agnes Lockhart Hughes, one of our most esteemed contributors because her name is synonymous with all that is purest and best in magazine short story literature.

THE CHRISTMAS THAT WAS NEARLY LOST

Contributed by Mrs. Ethel Cody Stoddart, is a highly seasonable story and our readers will find in it much to admire and to captivate their attention.

OUT OF THE NIGHT

The author of this is Douglas Leader Durkin. It is a tale of the Russian Peasantry, and depicts some of the most pathetic and soul-stirring scenes to which that down-trodden branch of the human family are constantly subject. Read it to know how glorious is the Canadian's lot.

THE GIRL HE LEFT BEHIND HIM

Our old friend, Billee Glynn, has always the true touch of the romantic, and in this short story he sweeps us along with the interest of his seasonable tale.

A TRIP DOWN THE SASKATCHEWAN,

By Dr. D. D. Ross,

**Sports, Pastimes
and Travel**

**FISHING AND EXPLORING UP THE
CHEACAMUS,**

By Frank Burnett,

Are both articles of the highest interest and are written by authors in a strain and style which render them irresistibly fascinating.

KELOWNA, THE ORCHARD CITY, AND CHILLIWACK

Also receive individual exposition of their great beauties and attractiveness by men of undoubted authority.

BISHOP J. CARMICHAEL

The well known Prelate, recently deceased, is an able character sketch by William Blakemore in his series "Men I Have Met."

SIMON FRASER

The second instalment of E. O. S. Scholefield's memoir of Simon Fraser, the pioneer-explorer, which should have appeared in this issue, has been held over until December, as at the last moment the author obtained some additional data of vital importance to the sketch which he is embodying in next month's instalment.

Poetry

We have a splendid selection of Christmas Poetry. Being a time for hilarity and fun as well as for reverence of and devotion to the highest ideals of life we have blended and combined the several elements from—

MRS. BLANCHE E. HOLT MURISON,

MRS. AGNES LOCKHART HUGHES,

J. C. HARRIS,

and from several other well known western poetical contributors.

Percy F. Godenrath.

President.

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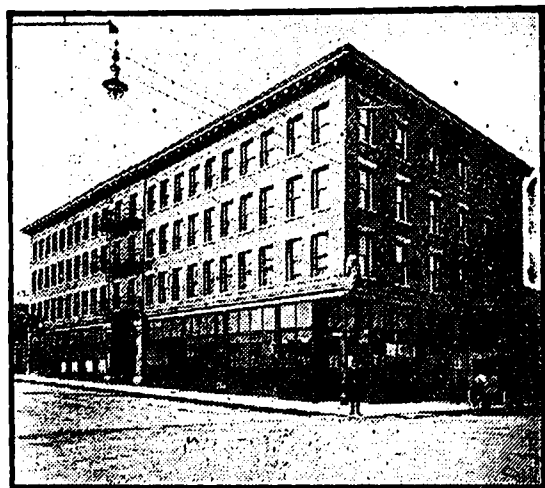
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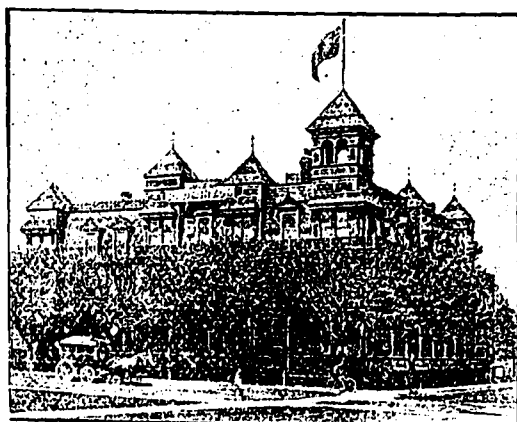
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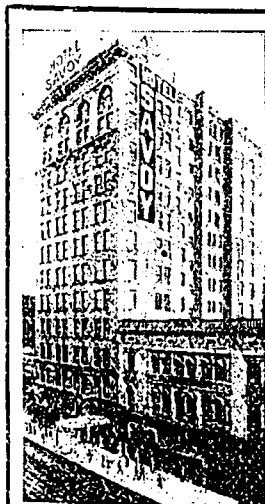
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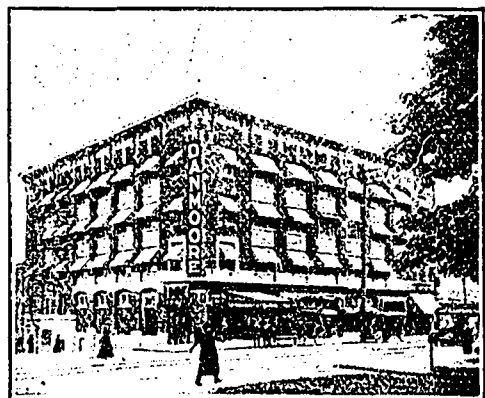
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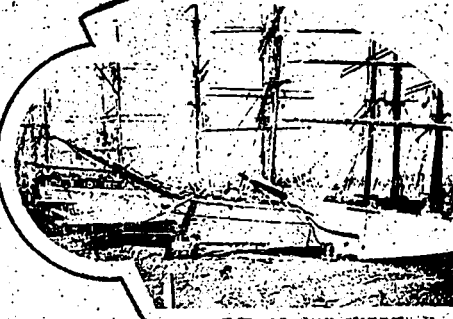
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MOTORING IN STANLEY PARK



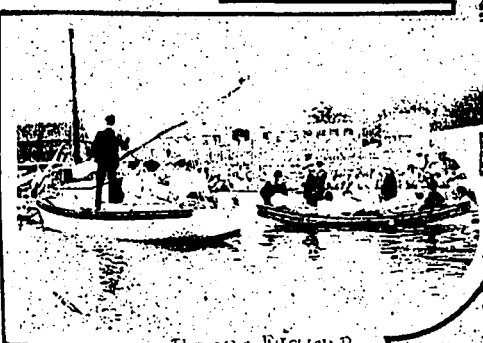
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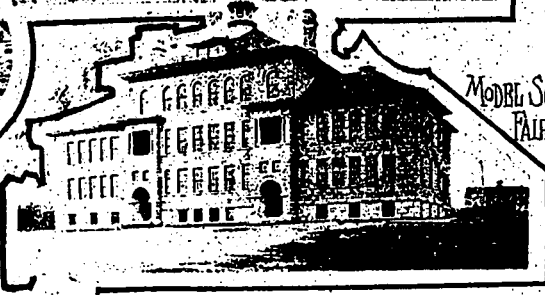
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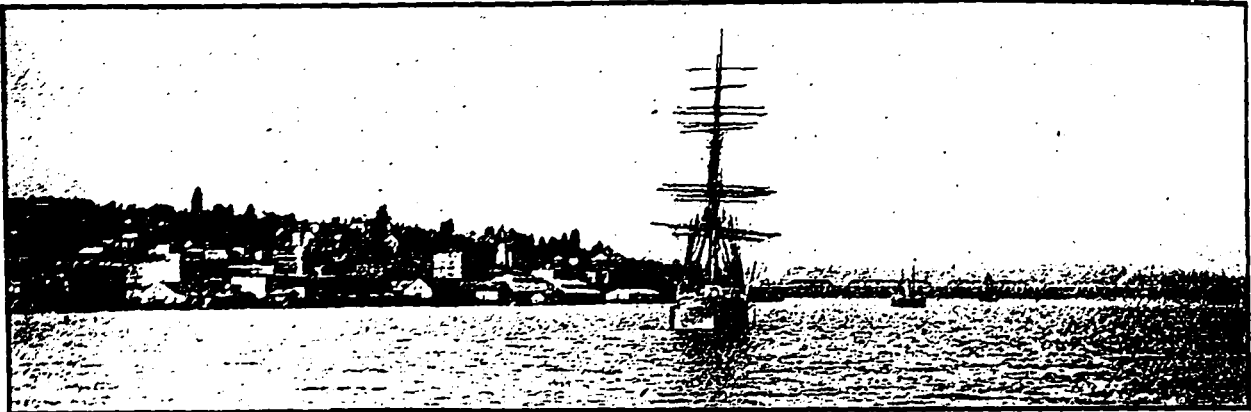


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NEW WESTMINSTER



NEW WESTMINSTER is the centre of the agriculture, fishing, and lumbering industries of the Fraser Valley, British Columbia.

NEW WESTMINSTER is the meeting point of two great transcontinental railways—the Canadian Pacific and the Great Northern, while the V. V. & E. railway now under construction will shortly become a feeder to the city's trade and industry. A network of inter-urban electric railways connecting with Vancouver, Eburne, Steveston, Cloverdale and Chilliwack are so laid out as to converge at New Westminster, adding considerably to the commercial prosperity of the city.

NEW WESTMINSTER is the only fresh water port on the British Pacific. Over 1,200 deep-sea and coasting vessels visited the port last year, and the Dominion Government has just decided upon plans for a deep water channel to enable the largest ocean going steamers to navigate the river at all stages of the tide. The G. N. railway, Gulf-Car-Ferry and the C. P. N. Co.'s steamers and passenger vessels, and tugs of other companies make the "Royal City" their home port.

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NEW WESTMINSTER boasts of 14 Churches, 2 Colleges, 4 Banks, 3 Hospitals, as well as High and Graded Schools and a Public Library. There are two papers published daily in the city.

The assessed value of realty is estimated at \$5,500,000 and personal property conservatively, at \$1,000,000

NEW WESTMINSTER, on account of the steady growth and development of the resources of the surrounding territory offers desirable openings in many manufacturing, wholesale, retail and professional lines, among which might be mentioned Wholesale Grocery, Woollen Mills, Furniture Factories, Potato, Starch and Beet-Sugar Works, a Hemp Factory, Fruit Canneries, as well as a plant for condensing milk. The city also offers advantageous inducements for the location of new industries. Electric power and light are cheap and the supply is practically unlimited. For further information write to any New Westminster advertiser on these two pages who will cheerfully supply same.

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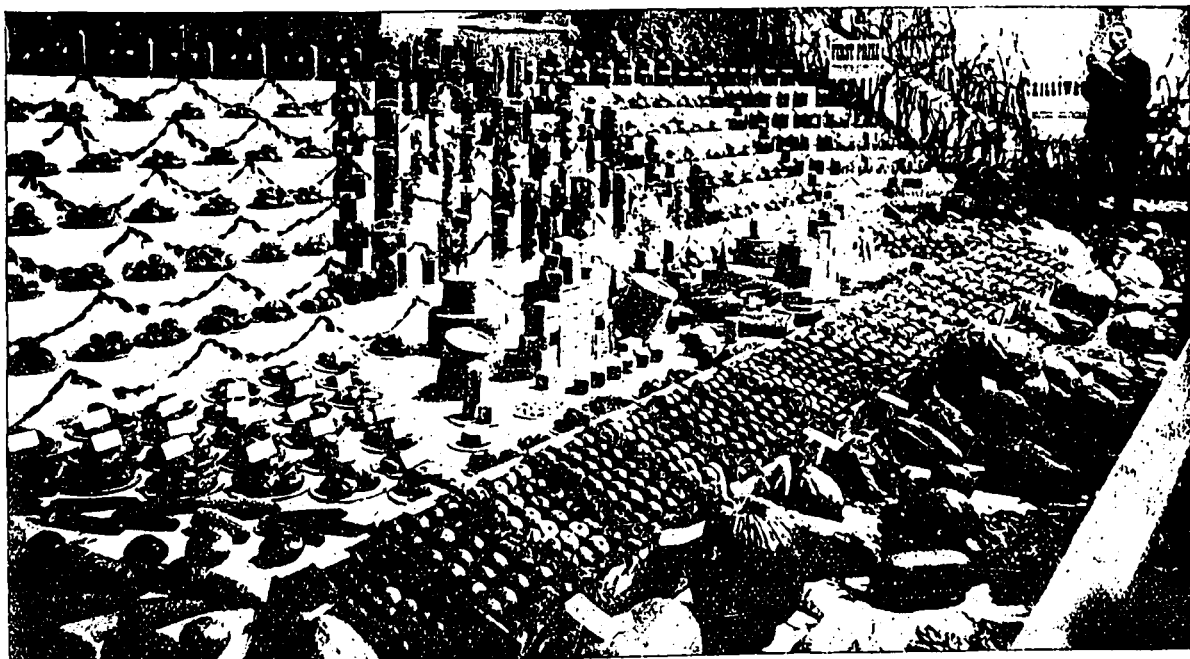
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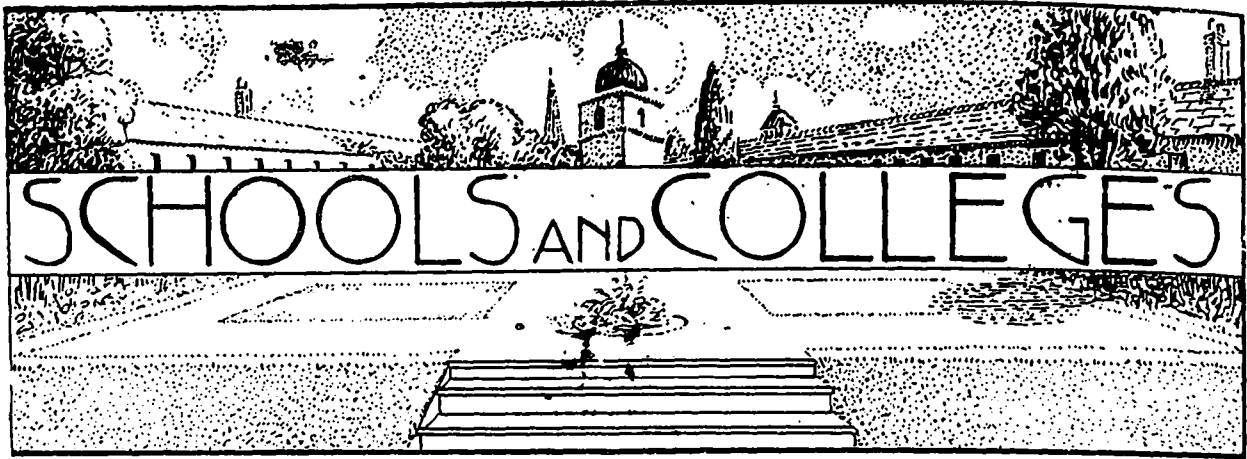
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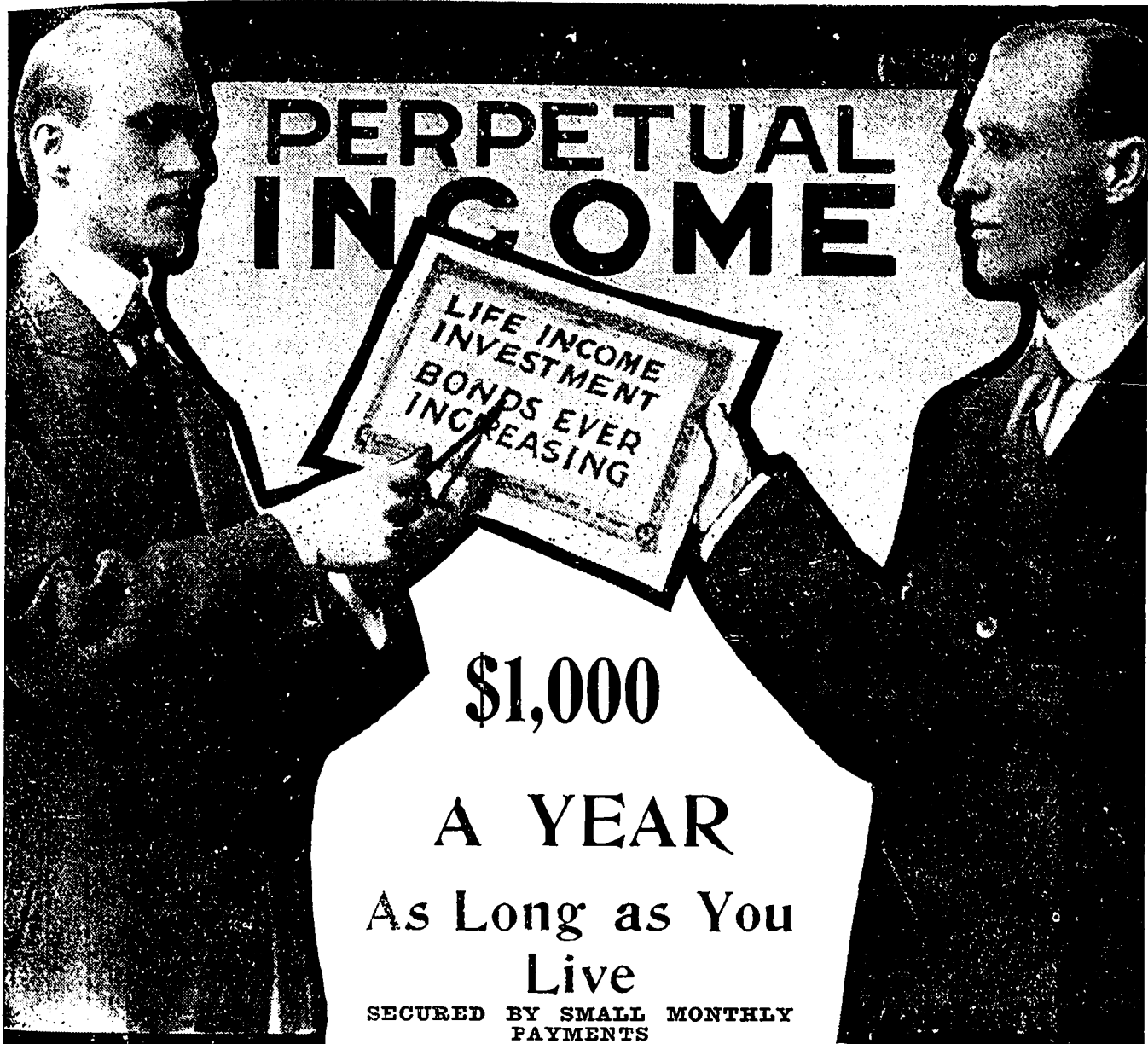
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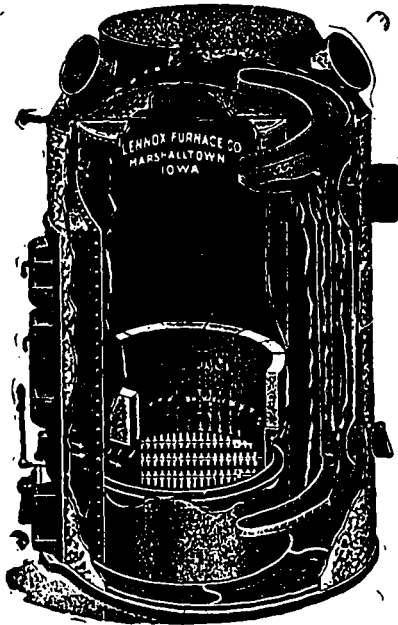
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Vol. III.

NOVEMBER, 1908.

No. 4

When the Eagle Flies Seaward.

Patrick Vaux.

COMMANDER DAVID PATRUM, D. S. O., in command of His Britannic Majesty's Special Service flotilla, critically eyed it.

With almost mathematical exactness the five destroyers were keeping in line ahead as he took them swiftly eastward over the North Sea towards the German coast. They were about to disrupt war's crater, with all its surprises, its horrors, agonies and unaccountable happenings.

"At noon, to-day, our Ambassador at Berlin presented his Letters of Recall, and intimated we take measures in defence of our interests seeing that Germany will not, or cannot, give a satisfactory explanation why she is suddenly making preparations for a naval offensive and massing vessels and transports at Wilhelmshafen. You are to smash them to-night as they lie there in the jahde; they've had enough warning. There's a pilot for you—one of our naturalized Deutschers, he is—make use of him as you think fit.

Remember, the British Empire depends on you to achieve most material destruction. We won't be able to move check-mate to them for another four and twenty hours."

Again Patrum heard the Admiral's grave voice. And now, as swaying to the quick, irregular motions of the Jaguar, he summed up his force, every nerve in him thrilled to the significance of the British Commander-in-Chief's last words.

"Huh! too few of us have been inside Wilhelmshafen!" he grunted in warning to himself.

Not a sail was visible. The leaden waters hunched themselves along, occasionally rising into broken ridges. Trails of murky cloud were falling into vast overlapping banks on the horizon ahead and to the southward. Out of the north and northeast they were still coming down, like stupendous lattice closing at the approach of darkness. The wind was

falling. Gloom was already obscuring the near reaches.

"Schow! Dere w'll be schnow. Viel schnow! I schmell it," said the pilot, sniffing the wintry air.

The Commander wheeled, and looked at him.

Upon this stumpy, tallow-chopped individual the intelligence department had put its faith. His was the squarish face and figure of a Teuton, with high, broad cheek-bones, light-blue eyes, sandy hair, and shifty truculent expression.

He stirred uneasily under the searching gaze.

"Schnow ahead, dere, sir," he exclaimed, with a sweep of his right arm.

"There is, my man!"

He saluted, and made for the deck. As he turned towards the petty officers' compartment, he shot a sidelong glance at Patrum, whose eye was following him, then sank below.

"Queer one, Tauler, sir!" remarked the Gunner to the Commander. "It's the like of him that does dirty work."

"That's so, Torrington! They all need watching, these naturalized aliens of ours. They'll give trouble."

Onwards the destroyers were relentlessly driven by their engines. Officers on the bridge kept one eye on their next ahead and the other lifting wide. Men on deck exchanged snatches of low-voiced conversation, significant nods and grimaces. Before the roaring, white-hot fires a sweating stoker would fling aside shovel or devil, and saying unheard by his mates "Here's luck" thirstily gulp down oatmeal water, then resume his task.

The Commander, who had been taking a turn along his deck and giving attention to minor details, looked at the sable canopy overhead and away to eastward till lost in advancing night. The hummocks of sea made it look remarkably low and ominous. The air was sharp with frost. A few flakes of snow sucked in by the destroyer's passage smote him on the left cheek, making it tingle.

"Yes, sir! It looks as if we're about to get something of a blizzard," said the gunner, in answer to him, and just

then snow began to fall, dry and fine like powdered down.

It seemed to come down perpendicularly and in folds, thicker and thicker. Soon to Patrum's dismay his third astern appeared but indistinctly. Heavier and heavier fell the flakes, stinging the eyes and skin. By eleven p. m. that famous first night snow had blocked the busy roads and busier railways in Schleswig-Holstein, Hanover and East Frisia. Coming down the now throaty north-west wind, it blinded the enemy's vessels patrolling the mouth of the Jahde Bay, where lay the transports, and put to nought his intelligence cruisers west considerably of Borkum Island.

Now at that hour the British flotilla was ten miles and a little more west of Wanderoog Island, that lies west a few miles of the entrance to the Jahde. Patrum had exhausted all practical means of keeping the vessels together. Yet the *Mallard* and *Kestrel* had fallen apart, in that blinding cataclysm. The other destroyers were tumbling through cross seas.

The commodore made a grab at his bridge rail when the *Jaguar* pitched with a topsy-turvy motion among a chaos of broken waters. A fillet of green sea piled itself over the nest of boats and gear amidships, and deluged her funnels. With a heave, she butted through a summit of water, and the icy flood poured knee-deep over breastwork and bridge. Uttering an oath, he shook the brine off his face, which felt as if a myriad needle-points had been flung against it.

"Das vas furch 'lich!" spluttered Tauler, spitting out his mouthful of brine. "Vun efter oder of dese cross schvells vill zink de schiff." The Commander stared at him. In the hall-light his dripping features looked ghastly, brutish, inspiring no confidence. Their dull expression was gone, it seemed to the Commander; an alertness, finality of aim, was in its stead.

He roared, "There should be no cross seas hereabouts. Except west-nor'-west, close on Wanderoog!"

An offended look spread over the pilot's face. "I know dey course," he belatedly, "in forty, ya, thirty minuten, dey

Jahde you vill open out, so. Ya!" And he described a half circle with his right arm, the next moment to stagger about to the vessel's wild leaping.

Patrum vigorously stamped his feet. He felt exceeding cold and stiff and weary. Yet something was even now quickening his trained faculties.

Fine particles of snow cut his peering eyes. Around all was but vague whiteness, with vague glimpses of yawning sea-pits, swooping waters, and breaking seas, close aboard.

Was it possible that——?

"I'll stand up ten points, at any rate," snapped the Commander to himself.

"Not dat, not dat! I tell you," roared the Pilot in excitement, as the vessel slanted more to eastward. "I know dey course, I know dey course, I tell you. C'en Sie gerad'aus. Vorwärts! Vorwärts!"

He flung himself on the wheel. A buffet from Patrum sent him spinning, and cursing foully he brought up against the twelve-pounder.

It was with wooden face and winking eyes the naturalized alien watched soundings being obtained.

At "By the mark, four half five," he only twitched his brows. But Patrum raised his chin with a jerk.

"Shouldn't be bottom at fifteen fathoms!" he cried sharply.

"Quarter less four, mud an' small shell," came the hail. Fury swept into the Commander.

"Ye'd smash us up on Wanderoog, would ye " he thundered, twisting Tauler round to him.

"Dammt Englisches schwein!" burst from the man. He thrust his hand among his oilskins.

"Grip 'im. Grip 'im, sir!" yelled the Quartermaster.

And there followed a violent scuffle and thump of bodies on the bridge. "He was for knifing you, sir," cried the panting gunner, who was uppermost, jamming his right knee against Tauler's throat.

A minute later came the crack of a revolver, and the splash of the traitor's body heaved overboard.

At 1:30 a. m. or thereabouts the senior

officers of Seiner Deutsches Majestat's squadron in Wilhelmshafen Roads were making the "theatre" at headquarters ring with vociferous cheering and laughter. The war game played so constantly for many years was ended for the last time. Black-white-and-red flags dotted the northeast coast of Britain far inland. The White Ensign was driven off the world's seas. The march on London was begun, and the British Empire was falling asunder.

About 1:36, however, there came the deep thud of a gun from seaward, its sharp alarm dulled with wind and snow.

The coxswain of the *Erfurt's* steam pinnace, awaiting with others at the quay steps for her officers, lifted his chin out of the warm peaks of his thick cloth collar.

Drowsily he said to his mate, "Klinger, was nun? Was soll das——"

The next moment a crescendo of quick-firers clapped on the ear, and was deepened by the boom of great guns in the coastal fortifications. On shore, men sprang to their feet. The wrists of civilians stiffened through momentary panic. Messengers dashed madly on their errands.

Confounded officers, pell-mell and cursing, streamed down to the landing steps. Their boats in ready order ranged alongside, received them, then veered and dashed off at full speed down stream to their respective vessels. But by now the transports up-stream had broken into wild firing. Under their sterns of small shell dropped steamboat after steamboat.

The British had slipped inshore between the fourth and fifth vessel of the patrol. At full speed their Commander thrust them up the lane between the cruisers and battleships lying three to four cables abreast in the fairway. As the *Jaguar* was passing the first battleship, that stood out dim spectral in the snow, the opposite cruiser's bow guns thundered in alarm. Bugles screamed 'Quarters.' Faint tongues of yellow fire laced the air. Quickfirsers open upon the audacious foe.

Wisely the Germans did not use their searchlights. Yet were they much disconcerted through lack of superior offi-

cers. Their discipline and training, exacting, tyrannical, smother all initiative on the part of the subordinate executive and the lower deck.

Some of the vessels at first fired only on the shoal water, landwards, lest consorts opposite were damaged, but others with guns depressed thwacked out in a riot of panic and fears, injuring friends much and foe exceeding little. Thus arose the idea, disheartening and yet exasperating that the attack was with heavy cruisers in force.

On the nerves of Patrum, worn-out by stress, strain and fatigue, the stunning uproar, earsplitting concussions, the demoniac zipping of bullets overhead, the blots of evanescent flame—together with the thrill of eight thousand odd men's hideous fears—induced a kind of well-directed obsession. From the first outbreak of firing till he took action seemed of incalculable duration. As he put over his wheel to bring his starboard tube to bear on the *Wissenberg*, a sensation of genuine fear in him superseded thought, emotion. Yet the clutch of long years of hard training and self-sacrifice sustained him.

Shrill piped his whistle. As an automaton the gunner discharged the 18-inch torpedo. And as the *Jaguar* swept round—doubled back to seaward—to attack her allotted cruiser, the muffled report off her starboard quarter declared in War's terrible cypher the reward of efficiency. This report greatened into rolling thunder by others to port and starboard steadied Patrum. For an instant or two he wondered what amount of destruction had been effected?

The enemy, maddened and desperate, tipped down their quickfirers. Shot and shell thrashed the waters. Clouds of steam hovered over two whirlpools in mid-stream, where the *Osprey* and *Otter*

had been sent to the bottom. The *Jaguar* was saved only by her sudden slant to port as her second torpedo flopped out toward the 18,000 ton battleship *Furst Bulow*. Yet she passed through intolerable throes.

A screaming maxim astern poured bullets across her deck, and her torn plates were cluttered with twisting, jerking bodies. With a cry of agony, Patrum toppled over, just as if his legs had been knocked from under him. Darkness, broken with the half-lights of ebbing consciousness, came rushing out of the sky on him—.

When he opened his eyes grey morning was breaking. Snow was still falling, in thin scattered fleeces.

He could not move, so stiff was his body. Wildly, despairingly he stared about. The forward funnel, jagged, riddled with holes, the battered bridge, wrecked twelve-pounder, murky, low-flying clouds, and the Gunner at the wheel took his eye. Then agonies stabbed and harrassed him, everywhere, and he felt consciousness leaving him.

A tip of sea, splashing the deck, gurgled round him, it arrested his fleeting sensibility. He moaned. Ah, what had been effected?

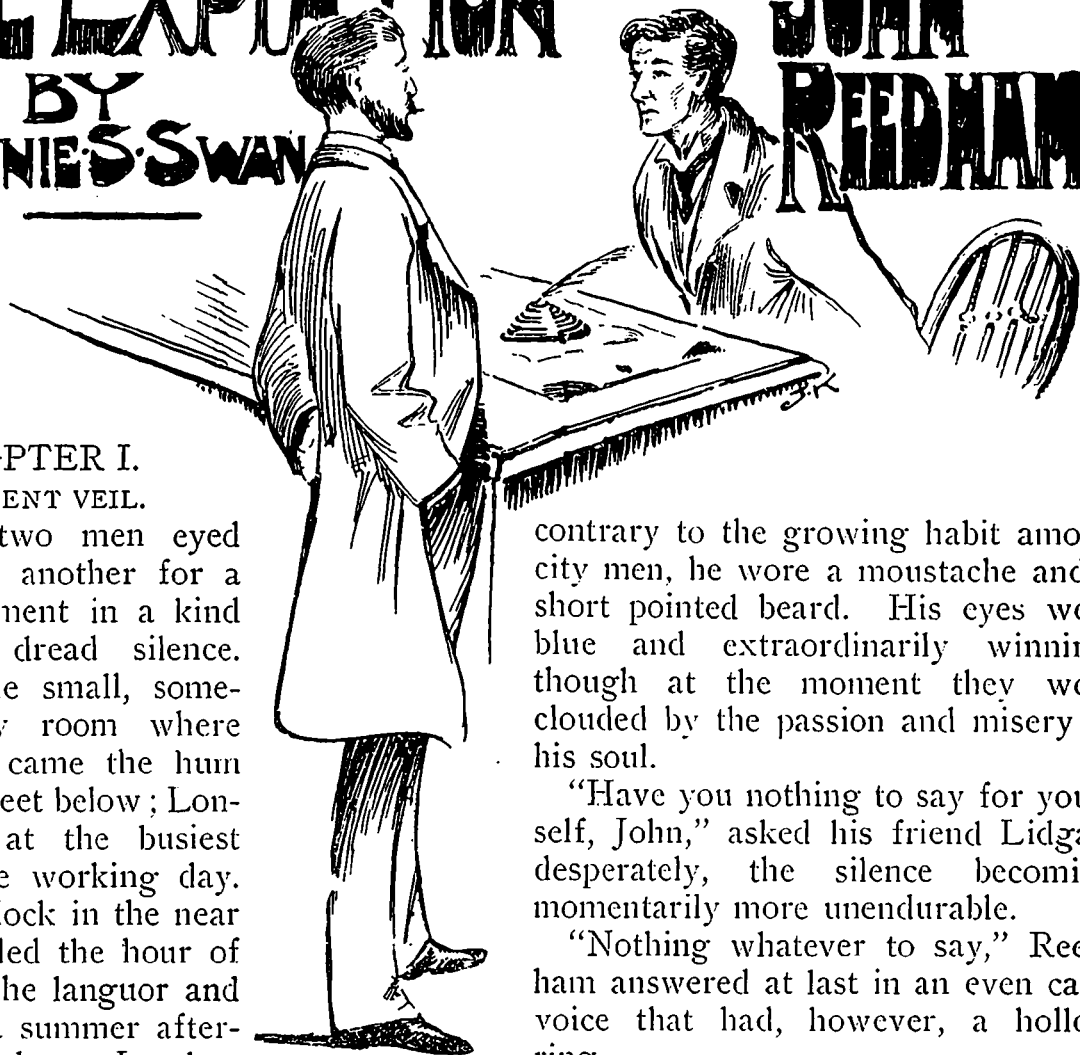
That was the question torturing him more than his lacerated body.

"Glad to find ye comin' round, sir," cried the 'first-aid,' bending down, to put another taste of spirits to his lips. "We thought ye were goin' to slip away. Yes, yes! We're makin' west'ard, sir. The *Mallard* and *Kestrel* came up in the nick o' time, an' engaged the enemy startin' on us; an' two of our scouts, the *Drake* an' *Howard* are coverin' us. 'Tis reckoned three of the enemy's big vessels are _____"

But the Commander was falling again into the rising flood of unconsciousness.

THE EXPIATION OF JOHN REEDHAM

BY ANNIE'S SWAN



CHAPTER I.

THE RENT VEIL.

THE two men eyed one another for a moment in a kind of dread silence.

Up into the small, somewhat dingy room where they stood came the hum from the street below; London Wall at the busiest hour of the working day. A church clock in the near distance tolled the hour of three, and the languor and burden of a summer afternoon brooded over London, making labour a weariness and thought an exertion scarcely to be borne.

But strenuous thought, nay, a most unusual emotion, was written upon the faces of these two men; every faculty was alert; it was a moment of the most intense, almost unbearable strain.

"It's all up, John, you have said it!" said the one hoarsely, a slight, slim man with a keen clean-shaven face and dark penetrating eyes, "My God, that it should have come to this! Man alive, can't you speak and tell me what it means?"

Reedham did not speak for another moment, his face seemed to remain impassive, though a tremor just stirred his lips.

It was a good, attractive, handsome face: indeed, John Reedham was known familiarly in the city as Beau Reedham. He was of tall, fine figure, fair complexion, with an abundance of fair hair, and

contrary to the growing habit among city men, he wore a moustache and a short pointed beard. His eyes were blue and extraordinarily winning, though at the moment they were clouded by the passion and misery in his soul.

"Have you nothing to say for yourself, John," asked his friend Lidgate desperately, the silence becoming momentarily more unendurable.

"Nothing whatever to say," Reedham answered at last in an even calm voice that had, however, a hollow ring.

"There must be some explanation," pursued the other as he ran his fingers through his grey hair. Lidgate had become early grey and he had that old-young look you see in men who have been cheated of the fulness of life. Reedham, on the other hand, looked like a man who had lived and loved, and tasted most of the good gifts of life.

"Thirteen thousand pounds can't be disposed of in a day, and you can't lay it at the door of home extravagance. What in God's name have you done with it?"

Reedham shrugged his shoulders.

"I can't explain. I speculated foolishly, madly, if you like, and it's gone, that's the beginning, middle, and end."

"But gone where? Have you been living a double life, John?"

The question arose out of the desperate hour. It touched Reedham to the quick,

and the colour flushed his face. "In the sense in which you mean it, no. My life is as clean as yours, Lidgate, and you know it."

"But you'll have to own up. If anything is to be done to help you we must know what has actually been done with the money."

Once more Reedham shrugged his shoulders.

"I have nothing more to say. Now, what are you going to do?"

Lidgate regarded him wonderingly, unable to believe that this hunted, desperate man could be his partner and his friend, the sunny-hearted, lovable personality that had made his own business life not only tolerable, but more than usually pleasant. The pity and the horror of it seemed for the moment to lie more heavily on Lidgate than on the culprit himself.

"Will you wait till Sir Philip and James Currie come back?" he inquired dully, more to gain time perhaps than anything else.

"No, I am going now, that is if I am allowed by you. Sir Philip and James Currie! The first is getting into his dotage, the second would turn and rend me and be glad of the chance. I did not mean you to know, George. Bad luck has put me in your power. Am I to go or stay? You know without my telling what staying will mean, not only to me, but—but to Bessie and the boy."

"I am trying to think," said Lidgate, and his face grew even more ashen-hued. He was an upright man, and the pride of the old firm had been in its past record. Lowther, Currie & Co. were names synonymous with the best traditions of business life, but Co. had failed. As one of the younger partners, he resented the fact that the first stain should have come from those who had been brought in from without. He could sympathize with the attitude James Currie would adopt, though personally he did not like the man. "What have you in your mind," he asked after a futile attempt to follow the catastrophe to its probable conclusion.

"I must leave London to-night, I suppose, to-morrow it will be too late. But I can only go if you let me. I realize

that. How long shall I have to wait for your decision?"

It was not one to be lightly taken, for Lidgate had a duty to others besides himself. But the memory of a woman's face rose up before him, and enabled him to speak immediately and in no uncertain terms.

"I will give you the remainder of the day, Reedham. You had better go now." Reedham bowed his head.

"It is not long, but the longest I can give. James Currie will be back to-morrow, and everything must come out. There will be no mercy shown, John. You can understand that. It is ten minutes past three now," he said, taking out his watch. "Twelve hours till three to-morrow morning, six more till nine, when he will be here. Eighteen hours! Well, many a man has saved his life in less. You had better go."

He slipped his watch into his pocket, and turned away, unable to contemplate longer the face of the man who had wrought such woe.

Reedham looked round the room, with which many years of business life had familiarized him, with a vague, unseeing stare. Each day for five-and-twenty years with very few breaks, for he had been, and was, a very strong man, he had spent so many hours within these walls, how strange to know them no more for ever!

"Eighteen hours! thank you, George," he said with a little start, becoming conscious of some impatience in his friend. "As you say, many a life has been saved in less. I don't exactly know how I am going to use them, but it is kindly done. I might have done as much for you, who knows, but you will never need it. Try not to think too hardly of me after I am gone. It is possible that one day the tale may be told, and that it may prove to be not altogether to my discredit. Will you—will you give an eye to them at home?"

His voice faltered, and Lidgate turned suddenly and let a heavy hand fall on his shoulder.

"John, I would give ten years of my life to have prevented this; nay, I believe I would have given my life itself.

It's awful. Remember, I only allow you to go on the one condition that you don't take your own life."

"I won't do that, I'll see the thing through," said the other quietly. "I don't care about that sort of thing. It has never interested me in the least."

The tone was slightly flippant, but Lidgate could read between the lines.

"I will say one thing before I avail myself of your kindness; it is this: I will go in a direction whence you will hear of me again, and not to my discredit."

"You will be careful to-day, John, for the sake of Bessie and the boy."

Reedham turned away suddenly, reached the door, and then looked back.

"Good-bye, I'm outside the pair. Look after them, Bessie trusts you; I have sometimes thought she would have been happier with you, George. I've been a bad card all through."

He went out suddenly as if he had reached the limit where endurance and outward courage could be maintained. Lidgate made as if to follow him, but drew back. He was suffering intensely, more intensely at the moment than the man who had wrought all the woe. That was simply because Reedham had not yet realized the extent of the consequences. Lidgate, a solitary man, and by nature thoughtful, seemed to have grasped them in a moment. He knew that in suffering Reedham to depart unscathed he had been guilty of treachery to a great body of persons, who would call for his just punishment. But he did not care. In this case, punishment, while it might meet and partly satisfy indignation, could not undo the misery and ruin that had been wrought. Lidgate loved John Reedham; for nearly twenty years they had been as brothers; they had loved the same woman, the woman who was now Reedham's wife, and for whose sake Lidgate had remained unmarried. There never had been a cloud between them, and this blow was wholly unexpected. It had wholly unmanned Lidgate. He locked the door after Reedham left the room. Then, with a sudden impulse, he walked to the window where he stood until he had the poor satisfaction of seeing Reed-

ham cross the street, making his way with quite a jaunty step through its throng and press. There was no slouch nor hesitation about his step or bearing; he certainly did not look like a man who was down.

The glossy silk hat caught the sun's sheen, and Lidgate saw that he had not even forgotten to put on his gloves. The very embodiment of success and prosperity did John Reedham look as he passed for the last time through the busy haunts of men in the market places of the world.

Lidgate carried that picture with him for many days, it unconsciously helped him through the trying and appalling hours to come.

He felt glad, yes, secretly and undeniably glad, that Reedham did not go forth like a beaten hound.

But these thoughts had to be put on one side. The day had to be faced. There was no particular matter pressing. Of the four partners concerned in the business, he was the sole representative left in London at the moment. Reedham did not now count. Probably in an hour's time he would be out of England. Lidgate casually remembered that the boat train for Calais left Charing Cross at five o'clock.

Lidgate lived in town, in a suite of bachelor chambers in the Albany. He was the only unmarried partner. Sir Philip Lowther, the head of the concern, lived on his estate in Herts, James Currie in a mansion almost equally valuable on Hampstead Heath, Reedham's home was at Norwood. It had been his custom to leave the city about six o'clock, getting to his home before seven. Lidgate was haunted during the early hours of the evening by the vision of Reedham's wife waiting at home, her anxiety growing more keen every moment. At eight o'clock, just as he rose from his own dinner, he was not surprised when the telephone bell rang, and Mrs. Reedham asked for him. He went to it with great unwillingness, wondering what he should say.

Reedham was very exact and punctual in his habits, so seldom late that his non-appearance was certain to cause uneasiness at home.

In answer to her anxious inquiries he could only say that Reedham had left the office at three o'clock in the afternoon, and that he had heard nothing of him since. He had supposed, more than once, that he would go home then, perhaps to see his wife for the last time.

That he had not done so was evinced by the anxiety in her tone.

"Eat your own dinner," said Lidgate, "and I will come out to you. There is something to explain."

He realized that there was no escape, and that it would fall to his lot to tell Bessie Reedham what had occurred. For the first time his bitterness against Reedham became insistent, he even felt that he had behaved like a coward, leaving others to face the music.

The ordeal of the next hour would require all his powers of endurance and courage; he began insensibly to prepare himself for it. He had not dressed for dinner, partly because he felt himself so utterly out of sorts, and partly because at the back of his mind there had lurked the expectation that he would be summoned to Norwood. He took a hansom to Victoria, and a train which brought him very near Reedham's home about nine o'clock.

It was by no means a pretentious abode, the income he had drawn in the firm for the last ten years might easily have justified one more pretentious. But it was very beautiful and homelike, chiefly because its mistress belonged to the great body of homemakers who help to build the national life. Wherever Bessie Reedham dwelt there came that subtle aroma, that delightful atmosphere of home which cannot be bought or acquired. Like all the heavenly gifts it is inborn.

The modest garden before the door was wholly laid down in soft green turf, a marvel of softness and beauty, because it was continually cared for. The exterior of the house was dainty and inviting, the interior a harmony of soft colours and simple things chosen with an exquisite taste. Mrs. Reedham opened the door to Lidgate herself; as a matter of fact she had been waiting in the hall. She wore a white gown. Lidgate always

remembered how she looked just then, where the soft light from the hall lamp fell upon her. She was ten years younger than Reedham, and was now in her thirty-fourth year. She had a graceful figure, about middle height, and a very sweet face, with a good deal of character in it. Her eyes were the most beautiful feature of her face, large, grey, expressive, with a singular clearness of depth and expression. Lidgate thought he had seldom seen her look more attractive, as she came forward, offering a frank hand of welcome.

"How good of you to come out all this way, George! but it is just like you. What on earth has happened to John?"

Lidgate hung up his hat without immediately answering.

"I suppose he has been called away on important business," she continued, suspecting nothing. "But it is so unlike him to treat me like this, and we had arranged to meet some friends at the Crystal Palace to-night. I have been obliged to telephone to them. What has happened, anyway?"

Lidgate turned to face her, rubbing his hands nervously together. His tongue seemed to cleave to the roof of his mouth.

"Is Leslie quite well?" he asked vaguely.

"Leslie? Yes, quite, we had a letter from him this morning," she said in surprise. "Why something has happened, George, I know it has. You are looking ill."

"Where can we talk undisturbed?" he asked desperately. "Yes, something has happened. I don't like my errand, Bessie, but it has to be got through."

Her startled eyes seemed to leap upon his face. At sight of him the natural anxiety over her long waiting had flown. It sprang into new and painful being again at his words.

She opened the door of the little library they used as a breakfast-room and passed in, he following with his eyes fixed on the floor. When he had closed the door he faced her with a kind of borrowed courage.

"There is no use of beating about the

bush, Bessie, an awful thing has happened."

"To John!" she cried, and the anguish in her voice went to Lidgate's heart like a knife.

"Yes, and no. Physically John is all right, nothing has happened to him, but it is an awful thing all the same."

"Tell me quickly," she panted. "I am no fool, remember, who must have things glossed over. Tell me the worst."

"I will, indeed. I have no choice. John has made away with thirteen thousand pounds of trust money, and—and has had to run away."

The baldness of the words was more convincing than the most elaborate statement.

Her face became white as the lace at her throat, she clasped her nervous hands together, her voice sank almost to a whisper.

"It cannot be truth you are telling me. Thirteen thousand pounds! What has he done with it?"

"If anybody could tell me that," replied Lidgate gloomily, "I should feel a little better in my mind."

"Where is he? How was it discovered? Why has he not come home to explain and clear up matters? Is there nothing more behind?"

"Nothing, the bare fact is enough. Tomorrow Sir Philip and James Currie will be back at business. You know that they are men of iron. It was a happy thing for him that I was the first to discover it."

Her eyes seemed to cleave to his face, and some comprehension of the truth dawned upon her.

"You have helped him to get away," she said brokenly.

He answered with a nod.

"He has eighteen hours' start, or will have before the others can or need know. It ought to be enough."

"For him to get out of the country?"

"Yes."

There was a moment's strained silence, then she spoke again.

"Perhaps he will not go out of the country. He may—he may seek another way out."

"I have his word that he will not at-

tempt his own life, and I don't think he will. He does not lack courage."

"It will have to be made public, will it, in all the newspapers?"

"That will depend on Lowther and Currie, chiefly, I should say, on Lowther. No, I don't think it will be made public. It would be too dangerous to our business."

"And the poor people who have been robbed, robbed, my God, by my husband! What will become of them?"

"They will probably never know; we shall each bear our share. But I can say nothing until after the meeting to-morrow."

He spoke purposely in curt, brief sentences, restraining the intense sympathy he felt, because he feared the scene that might follow.

It was a mighty blow for any woman. On Bessie Reedham it seemed to fall with special keenness. He saw her sensitive face change from youth to middle age in that moment of supreme anguish, and realized that hope was quenched for ever in her heart. Her idol had been thrown down, and to some women that means the end of all things.

He spoke to her again, and very gently.

"You have taken it bravely, but not more bravely than I, knowing what you are, expected. It is a mystery. Perhaps if we wait a little longer it will be solved."

She shook her head.

"Something tells me my life is over, that I shall never see my husband again. And we were so happy! I suppose that is it, we were too happy for this life. We are told so often that perfect happiness is not here, but I could wish mine had been marred in a different way. Dishonor, treachery, these are words I could never have associated with him! Can't you explain things to me, George, where the money has gone; what he wanted with such a large sum? I am filled with a thousand forebodings."

"You need not add to the burden my—my dear," he said with difficulty. "I do not think that so far as he was concerned, there has been any mystery. Indeed, I put it to him. The money has been lost.

in idle and foolish speculation undertaken for some end we don't know. I suppose it was to benefit you and the boy."

The mention of the boy seemed to awaken a new chord of anguish in Bessie Reedham's heart.

"The boy! I have been so proud of him, George, and now he will have a heritage of shame. I have prayed that he might grow up good and kind and noble like his father. What must I pray now? How am I to explain it to the child when he never comes home! It is cruel; it is horrible! No woman ought to be called to such suffering. I have not deserved it."

"No, by heaven you haven't. But that is the misery of the world," Lidgate reminded her. "It is the innocent who suffer most and longest. I am deeply sorry for you."

"And you think he has gone out of London like a thief in the night; that I shall never see him again, even to say good-bye."

"It would not be safe. To-morrow, perhaps, Currie will put the police on his track. One never knows what he will do, and his idol has been the integrity of his firm. Besides, Reedham and he have been antagonistic to one another for some time, which would make him less inclined to be lenient to him. I hope, for Reedham's sake, but still more for yours, that he has actually left London. I think he must have done, or he would have come home."

Bessie Reedham walked to and fro the narrow room wringing her hands. To Lidgate it was almost an intolerable sight, and he cursed the man who had wrought such woe.

"I fear I can do little good by staying, though I could wish you had someone with you. Is there no one for whom I could send before I leave you? I cannot bear the thought of leaving you alone in your present state of mind."

"There is no one. To whom could I tell this terrible thing? We have never had many intimate friends; somehow we have not seemed to feel the need for them. I shall be all right, I assure you. No, nothing will happen to me. By the

morning I shall have become calmer and will know how to act."

"The greatest wrong of all is the position in which you will be left," said Lidgate hardly. "Of course, there will be, there can be nothing for you. But believe me, I will do my utmost to see that some provision is made for you; at least until the boy is of age to help you——"

She held up a quick, deprecating finger.

"I beg—nay, I insist—that you will do nothing of the kind. How could I touch such money? No, no; my effort will be to do something that can help to wipe this terrible stain from my husband's memory and name. But I will try not to give up hope yet; I will keep on expecting that he will come back to explain everything. I believe he will."

The compassion deepened in Lidgate's eyes, but he could have ground his teeth. In what base coin had Reedham repaid the pure gold of this woman's love and faith!

"Promise me you will try to be brave, and to believe that I at least will do everything to shield you," he said, as he turned to go.

"Oh, yes, I can believe that. Do not I know it? Never, surely, had man or woman such a friend as you," she said, with all her heart in her eyes. "May God bless you; and I will teach my boy to reverence you as one of the very best of men."

Lidgate faintly smiled at the form of the words.

"I hate to leave you like this," he said, as he moved towards the door. "You ought to have someone with you."

She shook her head.

"No, no. Don't you see that there are sorrows with which no stranger may intermeddle? I am quite strong; you need not fear for me. The worst is over, and God will help me for the rest."

She held out her hand; he pressed it in both his own.

Their eyes met in a long, deep look, and a slow flush rose to Bessie Reedham's face and dyed it red; even her throat was tinged.

For the first time in her life she understood and knew what had been in this

man's mind and heart concerning her all these years.

The veil was rent betwixt these two, and could never more be pieced together.

"I beg your pardon," he said thickly. "I did not mean—I hoped that you would never know. But there are things beyond a man's power to help or hide. Yes, I have always loved you; but, before God, that love will be devoted now to your service as a friend's love. You will try to believe that, so that we may sometimes meet? You will not banish me from your presence for this?"

"Oh, no," she said faintly. "How could I? There is nobody else, but go now—I—I cannot bear much more."

He went out softly, and closed the door. His heart was heavy as he turned away from the desolate house.

If only he could have remained under her roof, unseen and unobtruding, to comfort and protect her! But it was less than ever possible now.

He had no alternative but to go.

Meanwhile, he of whom they had talked was not so very far away, only separated from them by the breadth of London.

The offices of Lowther, Currie & Co., in London-wall, occupied the whole of one of the older houses, and were in charge of a caretaker, who lived in the basement, an old man, nicknamed Tony, but whose real name was Charles Barrett. He had been in the employment of the firm for the long period of forty years, and had so grown to the place that he was verily a part of it. He had very snug rooms in the basement, and was as handy and tidy as any woman in all his household ways. Many envied the firm the possession of Tony. About nine o'clock that evening he was smoking his pipe at the open door, when someone came along the deserted street and paused in front of him. It seemed a tall figure in the distance, with a stoop in the shoulders, and a certain slouching gait. Tony did not like stragglers after dark. He was on the alert at once.

"Evenin'," said the man as he came up under the gas lamp before the door; but he kept his back to it so that the light did not fall full upon his face. It

was a clean-shaven face, somewhat heavily-featured. Tony decided that it was a suspicious face.

"Evenin' too, mister! Whatcher want?" he asked, in his gruffest voice.

"I suppose Mr. John Reedham, one of your partners has gone home."

"I should 'ope 'e 'as, at this time o' nite. 'E wouldn't want to see the likes ov you, anyway."

"I mite have done a bit of profitable business with him, governor, for all that," replied the other. "What hours does he keep? When does he come to business in the morning?"

"When he's ready. P'raps you'd like to ask me anuvver one, afore I shoves yer on, matey," said Tony facetiously.

"You're not very free, certainly," returned his questioner. "Have a smoke, they're good."

He turned deliberately round as he opened his cigar case, and Tony saw his face in the full light. But it was still to him a strange face, in which there was not a suggestion of familiarity. A pair of blue spectacles hid the soul-revealing eyes.

"Drugged, may be; no thank you, sir, I'll be bidding yer good night," said Tony drily, and went in banging the strong door behind him.

"Don't like the looks ov that bloke, 'e's flash," he muttered to himself as he proceeded along the passage to the basement stair.

The bloke in question, retracing his steps the way he had come, laughed silently to himself, and rubbed his hands together in supreme satisfaction. For the disguise which had taken in the astute Tony would surely pass muster in the hurrying world of men.

CHAPTER II.

THE AFTERMATH.

Leslie Reedham, the defaulting speculator's only son, was at a preparatory school at Reigate in Surrey, his name having been down for Winchester for two years. He was now fourteen and expected to pass on to the public school at the beginning of another term. It was a very good school, with a high reputation, and the wife of the principal had been a school friend of Bessie Reedham's

in her girlhood. She had been very happy in sending him to the Luttrells, and the boy himself had been happy there.

A few days after the discovery of Reedham's defalcation Luttrell received a letter from Mrs. Reedham, asking if he could come up to Norwood at once and see her.

"Tell Evelyn I am in great trouble, about which I cannot write, and that for the moment there seems nothing before me but despair. Please say nothing to Leslie as yet. I will tell him myself a little later on. The end of the term will soon be here, and by that time, perhaps, things will seem less dreadful than they do now. Forgive me for writing so vaguely, and please come when you receive this if possible. It will be only another added to the long list of kindnesses I have received from you both."

The husband and his wife stared at one another blankly.

"She doesn't say one single word about John, dear," said Mrs. Luttrell in a troubled voice. "Therefore it isn't illness, or sudden death. What can it be?"

"Financial, I should say," replied Luttrell, "I'll go up at twelve-forty."

"And I, too. If Bessie is in any trouble I must be near her; she has not a sister, and she isn't one of those women who have innumerable intimate friends."

Luttrell made no demur. His thoughts were naturally pre-occupied during the morning hours in school, and he could not help furtively watching the lad whose future life and career would probably be affected by what they had heard. His parents had built high hopes on him, and were ambitious for his future; he being intended for the bar. He was a handsome lad, very like his mother, and a general favorite, and in his fourteen years of life he had lived in an atmosphere of happiness and love.

The Luttrells arrived at Norwood early in the afternoon. Mrs. Reedham expected them, having been apprised by wire of their coming. They found her quite alone, apparently calm and self-possessed, though her pale face and heavy eyes spoke of troubled days and sleepless nights.

"It was very good of both of you to come," she said, as she kissed her friend. "I would have come down, only I should have had to face Leslie, and I am not ready for that."

"What has happened?" asked Mrs. Luttrell bluntly. It was hard to associate the idea of trouble with that beautiful and luxurious home where she had often spent restful days.

"Sit down and I will try to tell you as much as I know myself. It is not a thing one can easily realize or grasp."

"John is quite well?" said Evelyn at hazard, and by the immediate contraction of Mrs. Reedham's brows she gathered where the trouble lay.

"John has gone away and left us."

"Impossible! Bessie! Why he loved you to distraction."

A melancholy smile flitted dismally across Mrs. Reedham's face.

"Oh, he has not gone away with anyone—simply alone. He has absconded."

"Business troubles!" put in Luttrell quickly.

"He is a defaulter, and he had no other choice," she replied in a dry, tense voice. "I have never understood business much, he has kept it all from me. And all I understand is that he has made away with large sums of money, not his own, and that unable to account for it or meet the investigation he has run away."

Mrs. Luttrell grew suddenly as pale as her friend. She had not anticipated disgrace, and she had been sincerely attached to John Reedham, and could hardly believe the story to be true.

"It sounds too dreadful!" she murmured. "Can you believe it, Teddy?"

Luttrell slightly shook his head. He could see the strain under which Mrs. Reedham was labouring, and his heart was full of compassion for her.

"It is not necessary to go into any painful details," he said gently. "What does Mr. Lidgate say. He would be the best judge I should say."

"Lidgate says it could not be worse, but he has been very kind," she said dully. "He—he gave him time to get away. To-morrow everything will be known. Some firms will be shaken by it, and the other partners are furious.

Mr. Currie especially so. You have met him here, you know what a hard man he is, and he feels acutely the stigma which will attach to the firm over it."

"But what did he do with the money?" asked Mrs. Luttrell perplexedly.

Bessie shook her head.

"I don't understand it. Lidgate says it is very easy to squander large sums in a short time, but what perplexes me is that it should be possible for one member of a firm to do it unknown and unsuspected by his fellow partners. But anyhow it is done, and my husband has disappeared."

"Do you have any idea where he has gone?" asked Mrs. Luttrell. Bessie Reedham shook her head.

"None, and at the present moment I do not wish to know. Lidgate, however, assures me he is still in life."

There was a moment's silence, the trio regarding one another with expressions indicating unspeakable thoughts.

Common-place sympathy seemed wholly out of place in face of such a tragedy, they did not attempt a single utterance of it. What amazed them was the calmness of the woman who sat in front of them telling them what had happened.

"About Leslie," she said, with a sudden break in her voice. "You know how fond he was of his father. Do you think it would be possible to keep the newspapers from him to-morrow?"

"Certainly, I shall make it my business. Fortunately, our boys don't take much interest in newspapers," replied Luttrell quickly.

"And don't say a word to him now, unless it becomes necessary. If he should hear anything, will you promise to write to me, and I will come myself and tell him everything, or send him up to me."

"We will do everything to help and shield you," said Luttrell in a full voice, for indeed he was deeply moved. "And whatever happens Leslie remains with us. He will come back after the holidays. Another year at Sunbury will not hurt him."

Bessie Reedham's eyes filled with sudden blistering tears.

They were brought partly by the offered kindness, partly by the quenching

of the hope concerning her boy. For she had been proud of the fact that the autumn would see him started on the next stage in his career.

"Thank you! thank you! I can say no more. Everything must be left. Meanwhile Mr. Lidgate will advise me what is to be done about Leslie. But I fear, it is certain that he will have to leave school."

"Not yet," said Luttrell firmly. "If I have any say in the matter. He is too young to turn to anything. In another year, perhaps, we could speak about it. And perhaps by that time things will have smoothed themselves out."

Bessie Reedham shook her head.

"He can never come back to the world of men," she said in a hollow voice. "Don't you see that the only thing that awaits him there would be a felon's cell?"

Evelyn Luttrell gave a little cry.

"Oh, Bessie, it is too dreadful! John Reedham, whom we all loved so much! I can't believe it. I will go on hoping that it will be proved to be some terrible mistake. He will—he must—come back to clear himself."

"If there were any hope of such a thing, Evelyn, Lidgate would have told me. He was most kind, but he has never buoyed me up with any false hopes. He simply says everything is over for my husband."

"And you will have to leave your beautiful home," said Mrs. Luttrell, with an involuntary glance round the dainty home-like room. She had sometimes grown weary with the stress of her own cares at Sunbury, and envied the woman who lived a life of sheltered ease. Yet how terrible was the sequel to that ease now!

"At once—next week, probably. I have not seen Mr. Currie yet, but he is coming to-day at five o'clock."

"We will go before that, Teddy," said Mrs. Luttrell quickly. "Unless you will let me stay for a few days. I might be of some real use then, and they will be quite all right at the School."

Mrs. Reedham shook her head.

"Thank you, dear, but—but don't you see I must go this road alone?—that while I am, and will always be, grateful

for your love, it cannot shield me from all the blows that must come? But it will be quickly over, and soon I shall get away to some little house where I can be at peace."

"How could John Reedham do it?" cried Evelyn rebelliously. "Oh, it was wicked and cruel; and to leave you to bear it all alone is the worse of all! I shall never forgive him."

"He cannot be happy where he is," said Bessie steadily; and her wide, sad eyes seemed to be gazing into impossible depths. "Let us try to think that, and not to be too hard on him."

The maid brought in the tea-tray at the moment, and somewhat relieved the strain. They did not linger very long; the object of their visit—not hear some particulars and assure her of their sympathy—had been accomplished. They felt that even she did not desire them to prolong their visit then. They were very silent as they walked through the leafy garden to the beautiful sheltered road leading to the station.

"I don't realize it even yet, Teddy," said Mrs. Luttrell at length. "And I can't believe it of John Reedham. I have heard of people living a double life. Do you think it could have been anything of that kind?"

"I don't know; I hardly think he was that kind of man. But the motive does not matter so much as the consequences, and they are disastrous enough.

They returned saddened and perplexed to their cheerful household, and Evelyn felt that she could not see Leslie Reedham that night, or she must betray something of her inward thought.

They reached Reigate, however, only to find that someone had been before them.

* * * * *

Comforted and strengthened by the sympathy and practical assurance of her friends, and reassured concerning the immediate future of her boy, Bessie Reedham was the better prepared for the visit of the stern old Scotchman, whose condemnation of Reedham had been without stint.

From an upper window she could see his tall, spare figure turn the end of the

road and come towards the house. She even fancied that his face, with its grey whiskers and straggling beard, was sterner than usual, and that the long line of his clean-shaven lip was without mercy.

He was shewn to her presence without delay, and she, not certain whether to offer her hand in the usual greeting, stood a little proudly in the middle of the room waiting for some advance on his part.

He put down his hat and gloves, which he had carried with him into the room, and approached her with a sort of dry compassion.

"I am very sorry for you," he said sincerely, if a trifle harshly. "Please sit down; this is a monstrous business. Lidgate says you can throw no light on it, but I have come to see for myself."

"Mr. Lidgate is right; I know nothing, Mr. Currie," she said quietly. "No woman has ever understood business less than I have done, and I—I have nothing to say."

The senior partner glanced inquiringly round the room, as if seeking to appraise its value. But there was nothing to help him there. The home was luxurious, but in no way beyond the position of the man who had lived in it. His own house on Hampstead-heath had cost much more. And he had never heard Mrs. Reedham's name coupled with extravagance. As families they were not intimate, having little in common, a formal dinner once or twice a year, and the subsequent calls comprised the sum of their intercourse. He ran his fingers perplexedly through his thin grey hair.

"I simply can't understand it. He was earning a good income from the business, he had a home like this, what more could a man want? It forces one to the conclusion that there was a mystery somewhere. It may seem harsh to put certain questions to you, but this is a time when private feelings must be relegated to the background. If you know of anything in your husband's private life to account for this it is your duty to tell us, even at the cost of pain to yourself."

"I know nothing, Mr. Currie," she re-

peated, and her bosom rebelliously heaved.

He shook his head.

"I would not shirk that duty, believe me, Mr. Currie; but I can throw no light upon it," she repeated, controlling herself with an effort. "So far as I know my husband had no secrets from me. He did not talk business with me, certainly. He was fond of saying a man ought to leave it behind him when he came home. I am simply left in the dark as much as any of you."

The old man gave a kind of snort and shrugged his shoulders.

"And you have not heard from him, of course."

"I have not."

"Well, it's a desperate business. It is very hard on honourable men like myself and Sir Philip Lowther. Lidgate is younger, and, in a sense, has his record to make. I am so ashamed, I have not been the same man at home, and I am afraid to tell my wife. She will see it in the papers herself to-morrow, and it will be a crushing blow to her."

"But you have done nothing wrong," she suggested with a curious inflection in her voice.

"Of course not," he said with an aggressive squaring of the shoulders. "That makes it all the harder. The innocent suffer with the guilty. My daughters will feel it acutely also, and perhaps we shall have to leave Hampstead. I am an elder in St. Stephens. It will be my duty to withdraw from that office and give up much that is precious to a man of my character and standing."

There was a querulous note in his voice which easily indicated that selfish considerations were uppermost in his mind. Bessie Reedham remained silent. She was humiliated and ashamed beyond all telling, but she was not moved to sympathy. The self-righteous old Scotchman repelled her, that was all. She thought of his fussy, ambitious wife, so houseproud over her mansion on the heath, of the angular, prim, complacent daughters, and gave a little sigh. Currie, though not a sensitive man, suddenly became aware that her interest and sympathy for him were of the most lukewarm

order. He looked at her rather severely from under his beetling brows.

"You will have to leave this house and sell your furniture, of course."

"Yes, I shall have to do that."

"There might be a few things Mrs. Currie could make room for at Fair Lawn. There is not much got for second-hand furniture in the auction rooms. Private sale is generally best. I will send her up when she is able to face everything. That will probably be next week. I shall have to tell her to-night before the newspaper announcement to-morrow. And the boy? He will have to turn out and earn for you and himself."

"His teacher has been here to-day, and in the meantime he will keep him at Reigate," she said bravely, remembering as a precious thing the warm and tender sympathy that had come to her from the Luttrells.

Currie shook his head.

"A mistake, indeed, even if they are willing to keep him for nothing. It will do the boy good to understand that he has to be a prop to you, and that as far as he can, he must atone for his father's sin. The consequences of it may be further reaching than any of us can grasp now. There must have been a serious lack of moral responsibility about Reedham. I was opposed to the partnership. As I reminded both Sir Philip and Lidgate, we had not proved him, and there was a certain flippancy of character I never liked. Of course, he was popular. That class of man generally is, until he is found out."

"Mr. Currie!" cried Bessie in tones of acute distress. "Need we prolong this conversation? It is most painful to me. You forget you are speaking of my husband. Whatever may have been his faults outside, he was a good husband to me, and I loved him dearly."

"It is to your credit that you can speak like that considering the awful position in which you are left through his wickedness," was the unpromising reply. "Of course the greatest kindness he could have shown at the last was to disappear as he has done. The consequences would have been even more painful if he had remained. But at the same time he will

not altogether escape punishment, nor is it desirable that he should. The book says, 'As ye sow, so shall ye reap.'

Bessie Reedham looked round desperately, wondering just how much more she could stand. At that moment the door was suddenly pushed wide open and a boy dashed in, having heard the last words uttered with the righteous solemnity of the conventionally religious man.

His young, eager face was flushed, his eyes were rebelliously bright, his whole attitude betokened a fine spirit strung to the highest pitch. He was quick enough to grasp the fact that in some way this man was inflicting suffering on his mother. He ran to her and threw his young arm about her and turned his brave face to the grim, old man.

"If you have anything more to say, sir, say it to me," he cried rebelliously. "Don't you see that my mother is not fit to be tormented like this? It is cruel of you. She cannot help what has happened. Pray go."

Bessie Reedham bowed her head a moment on her boy's slim shoulder, and a sudden sweetness welled in her heart. After all, she was not alone, there was something strong and precious between her and the buffets of the world!

Currie looked considerably put out, his face flushed slowly, and he frowned upon the lad's eager face.

"Come, come, young sir, that is not a becoming way to speak to your elders, and betters," he said reprovingly. "A very different spirit should animate you at the present time, I assure you."

"I don't care! You shall not be unkind to my mother, and I will protect her," was the undaunted reply. "She is not responsible for anything that has happened, and anyhow no gentleman makes war on a woman."

Bessie Reedham put her hand over the boy's eager mouth.

"Hush, hush, darling. Mr. Currie is doubtless within his rights. Pray forgive him, sir. It is his love for me that guides his tongue. I am proud of it. God help me, it is all I have left."

Mr. Currie took up his hat and began to draw on his left hand glove.

"A futile interview," he muttered. "I

am sorry not to see a more chastened spirit, but still I will ask my wife to call upon you when she is able for the ordeal. Good-day, Mrs. Reedham, I would advise you to curb that young son of yours, to bring a little discipline to bear on him, or you may have trouble of another kind in the near future." He went out as he had come, leaving a cloud behind him. Leslie shook his clenched hand after the retreating figure, and once more assured his mother of his courage and ability to fight for her.

"But, darling, how are you here?" she faltered. "Mr. and Mrs. Luttrell have not long gone. How did you know that trouble had come? I had planned to keep it from you for a few more days at least."

The colour receded from the lad's face as he put his hand slowly in his pocket, drawing from it a plain, common envelope, evidently addressed in a disguised hand.

"This came by the noon post. I was just in time to get the two o'clock train. I got permission from Mr. Greville. I showed it to him and he seemed to grasp it at once. He even came to the station with me, and was so very kind."

Bessie Reedham took the slip of paper from its covering and devoured it with desperate eyes. It was very short and began without heading or prefix of any kind.

"My boy, whenever you receive this go to your mother, she will need you. Try to forget your old dad, except that he loves you. God! How he loves both you and your mother, neither you nor she will ever know."

"Mother, give it to me, it is mine," he said, when she would have put it in her bosom of her dress. "What has daddy done? It is something in business, of course. I knew when I saw that old bounder here."

"Hush, dear; Mr. Currie is a very worthy man, he cannot help the way he is made. Yes, it is business. Your father has made some disastrous speculation. I am unable to explain what, nobody can explain it, but it amounts to defalcation."

The lad's face blanched.

"Does that mean that the police would

have had him, will have him now, like they had Mr. Wallis, who lived in Grove-road, last year?"

She nodded.

"But it will be cleared up some day. Father will pay back the money, I know he will!" he cried proudly. "Father would never really rob anybody, or be guilty in that way. Why, mother, don't you know it is impossible?"

The high clear note in the lad's voice fell like music of the spheres on Bessie Reedham's rent heart. The boy's faith in his father was absolutely the first and only ray of light that had been shed on her resolute heart.

"You make me live again, dearest," she whispered brokenly. "Leslie, promise me that whatever happens you will stick to that, and keep on telling me about it."

"But mother, you ought to believe it too, of dad!" said the boy in tones of pain and surprise. "Why don't we know what he was, the very best dad in the whole wide world?"

His voice broke, and with an effort he choked back the tears which he felt must now be unmanly. "I wish that he could hear you, that all the world could hear!" he cried. "Surely God sent you to me to-day, Leslie, for indeed I felt I could not bear any more. But now let us talk of other things. You have no idea how kind the Luttrells have been. You will be able to stay on at Reigate, perhaps for another year, through their great kindness."

The lad shook his head.

"No, mother, I shall never go back. What I have to do now is to stop by you and work for you till father comes back."

She was unable to reply, and was casting about her for some suitable word, when the door-bell rang, and in a minute Lidgate was shown in. He looked the surprise he felt at sight of the boy.

"You here, Leslie? How does it come about? When I saw you yesterday, Mrs. Reedham, you did not expect him?"

"No, he heard accidentally of what had happened, and came off at once. He has just this moment said he will not go back, that his future duty must be to care for me."

She shook hands with Lidgate as she spoke these words, and the pride of a fond mother shone in her eyes. Lidgate smiled a trifle ruefully at the boy.

"A very natural and right resolve," he said heartily. "But how old are you, Leslie?"

"Nearly fourteen. I was going to Winchester in the autumn. I am quite big enough to work."

He drew himself up as he spoke, and threw back his finely-shaped head. It was a gesture so like John Reedham's own that both started, and Bessie grew a shade paler.

"Well, it is never too young to make a beginning," said Lidgate, trying to speak naturally. Somehow, the pleasure he had anticipated in another confidential talk with Bessie Reedham was marred by the youngster, and he realized, what he had not as yet done, that he was a force to be reckoned with. He was astonished to find him so well-grown and so manly; he had not happened to see him for a whole year.

"Did you meet Mr. Currie as you came up the Grove-road?" Bessie asked. She was very quick in intuition, and immediately felt that sympathy was lacking between Lidgate and her son.

"No, I came by the Lane. I knew he intended to call to-day, and I hoped that I might be in time to meet him here. I am afraid that he was very disagreeable. He was not in a good humour to-day, you may imagine."

"He was rude to my mother, Uncle George," cried Leslie hotly, "and I resented it. I just came in time to tell him to shut up. I think him a horrid man."

"Hush, dear. Mr. Currie has had provocation," his mother reminded him. Even at cost to herself she would be just. But the hot spirit of the boy, detecting in these words disloyalty to his father he passionately adored, burst forth again. He turned his flashing eyes on Lidgate's face.

"Look here, Uncle George, surely you believe that father will come back yet to explain everything—that if things don't seem quite straight, there has been a mistake somewhere? You can't believe

—nobody could—that he would take money that did not belong to him?”

“We hope it may be cleared up some day, dear lad,” said Lidgate softly. “We must all live in that hope.”

But, though the words were uttered sincerely enough, they rang false in Leslie Reedham’s ears. He had inherited from his mother an astonishing quickness of intuition, almost amounting to inspiration, and in his mind from that moment he wrote Lidgate down as the enemy of his father.

He could not have explained just then why he believed it. Certainly he had no real grounds, but his eyes filled with a dull suspicion, and jealousy consumed his heart.

Bessie Reedham saw the boy’s lowering brows, and looked rather anxiously at Lidgate when the boy suddenly dashed out of the room.

“I don’t seem to know this Leslie,” she said, perplexedly. “Can you explain him to me?”

(To be continued.)

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To the Fraser.

Robert Allison Hood.

O mighty stream, meandering from thy source
 In distant, rocky Cariboo to mix thy wave
 With the salt sea, where e’er thy waters lave
 Thou hast spread riches, sweeping in thy course
 The yellow gold, torn with titanic force
 From out its rocky bed, to tempt the brave.
 But greater dower, by far, thy waters gave
 In silt that every year rich yield restores
 To glad the land. Great changes hast thou known,
 O Father of Waters, since old Fraser first
 Gazed on thy flood and down thy winding shore,
 Where once wild beast and red man roved alone,
 The shrieking locomotive shrilly burst
 To throng thy solitude for ever more.

The Statue of Granite.

E. S. Lopatecki.

PHILLIPPS, the musician of the company, took a long pull at his pipe, blew a cloud of smoke into the room, and fired point-blank at Bertram.

"Do you believe there are great masters that we have never heard about?"

"No, I do not. I think that the known masters exhaust the list, but why do you ask?"

"Because I am of the opinion that there are such."

"What makes you think that?"

"Now, I'll tell you. Suppose some genius lives alone, away from the world, say in a garret, it's altogether likely that his talent will remain hidden unless he forces himself upon the public. If he is retiring or bashful, who is going to exploit him?"

"That's all very well, but you must have some particular case in mind to make an hypothesis like that. Let's have the details. We all know you, Phillipps."

We became attentive, and after much beating about the bush, Phillipps was persuaded to give us an explanation of his remarks.

"I was looking through a library some months ago," he began, "and I came across several musical manuscripts. I got permission to take them home, and so I tried them on my violin. Some of the pieces I bowed off very well, and fine music they are too, but there is one that I could not interpret to my satisfaction. I have been trying it for these four or five months past, and it was only last night that I brought it anywhere near perfection; and say, it beats anything I've ever heard. It's great, magnificent, and only a genius could have composed it. That's why I say there are masters about which we know nothing. This man is certainly one."

"Do you happen to know the name of the individual?" asked Bertram.

"Yes, I do. It's Brensberg, Johan Brensberg."

Bertram looked surprised. "Johan Brensberg, you say?"

"Yes, but why?"

"Funny thing. Only a few days ago I was rumaging through an old curiosity shop down at the city, and I came across a peculiar life-size statue of a man cut in granite; exceedingly unique, this granite statue, the appearance of the man was so striking that I was inclined to examine it further, and down near the base I discovered the name. What do you think it was?"

"I don't know. What was it?"

"Why, Johan Brensberg, of course."

"What is the statue like?"

"A very handsome looking man indeed. Short cropped hair, displaying the finest forehead I have ever seen, broad like Beethoven's, an exquisitely formed nose, and deep expressive eyes."

"The very man, I know it, I'm sure of it," exclaimed Phillipps, enthusiastically, "I want to see it right away."

"You can do that easily enough. I bought the thing on the spot. Come round to my rooms and feast your eyes on it to your heart's content, and bring your musical discovery, too, we would like to hear it, wouldn't we, fellows?"

Half a dozen throats responded lustily, and after his usual hesitation, Phillipps promised to bring round the interesting composition, and to play it before a none too particular, but nevertheless appreciative audience.

The meeting then broke up, some of us going home, and the rest waiting at the club for dinner.

* * * * *

It was a merry little party that gathered round the blazing fire of Bertram's

snug apartment that evening. Some seven or eight of us, were there to agree to disagree, as the case might be, with Phillipps' ideas about old masters.

Bertram was a queer person, even eccentric in his way. He had no money, but managed to live his easy Bohemian life for all that,—happy as a king. His apartments were always the meeting place where his friends could spend a jovial evening, at music or cards, or listen to Bertram's somewhat remarkable adventures in different parts of the world.

The room in which we sat was filled with all sorts of interesting objects, the result of the owner's desire for the unconventional. Here on the mantle-piece stood Persian tear-bottles, ancient snuff-boxes, and other like objects, while the rest of the room was filled up with Indian cabinets, African war clubs, and queer pictures and bits of furniture.

In the far corner, almost in the dark, where the firelight scarcely reached, stood the statue Bertram had purchased a few days before.

We had all looked at it, and then the light had been turned out, for Phillipps, peculiar man, always expressed a desire to play his violin by the flickering light of a good old-fashioned hard-wood fire; it inspired him, he said, and it did on this occasion, alright.

We sat in silence, waiting for Phillipps to begin. Barely a sound was that made by the quivering flames licking the sides of the grate. From my place I could just make out the form of the granite statue in the corner; owing the position of the chairs about the fire, and the forms of the listeners, the only light that reached it played about the face, seeming to make the eyes flash, and the face to assume one expression after another, in never ending variety. I leaned back, studying the fascinating effects the playful flames were making on the visage of the stone man.

Then a sweet liquid note filled the room, swelling and gliding off into another, and then fading away and dying in the dark shadows in the corners. The statue seemed to hear it too, and the face

lit up with the first touch of the bow upon the strings. I watched, and listened.

Phillipps drew out the notes one after another, and warmed to the task before him. The movement was slow and majestic, full of that sweet life-giving influence that steals into every heart, awakening there forgiveness, and hope, and inspiration. Again and again the statue seemed to feel the sympathy of those deep chords; now its eyes flashed, and now its mouth grew into a warm smile, as the music penetrated into its cold stone heart also.

Phillipps played on, and I watched, —enchanted.

What was that?

Didn't the head move? I'm sure it did. No, those deceptive flames aided by the music, are leading me into the magic land of dreams.

Phillipps plays on.

Again, what's that?

Yes, the head did move, I know it! I saw it! I watch, all alert.

Phillipps is getting more and more engrossed with the spirit of the composition, which is forcing itself into the deepest nooks of the hearts of the enchanted listeners. Three of the visitors are looking at the player nodding to the rhythmical cadence flowing from the instrument so skilfully handled, the rest are gazing into the depths of the fire, awakening there old long forgotten memories. I look back at the statue.

It's moving!

I watch, spellbound, terrified.

The beautiful strains continue.

The stone man in beginning to move all over, from head to foot. I see him sway back and forth, then suddenly to move forward and downward. He has stepped off the pedestal. I want to shriek, but I can't utter a word.

He halts, still as when I first saw him. Then an energetic wave of music stirs him again, he draws the other foot down after the first, and slowly advances, noiseless; still I am too terrified to utter a word.

He is looking, not at me, but at Phillipps, and I manage to turn my head

enough to follow his gaze. Phillipps and the audience have not yet discovered him; and he advances nearer and nearer my chair. I find courage enough to decide on a plan of action.

Is it a spirit, or is it the stone man in reality? He approaches; I strengthen. At last he is just behind me, and I reach out my hand to feel whether or not the figure is of stone. My finger nails grit against the hard cold granite, and I am convinced. It is the statue in reality; walking to the inspiration of its own music.

It moves on past me, around the semi-circle of chairs to the end, where Phillipps is. He plays without the music, which lies in a roll on a stool beside him. The fire is dying down, but no one thinks to stir it, each seems one to be finding still other memories in the dying embers.

There is hardly any light, and it is almost impossible to make out the form of the slowly moving figure; but I see it stoop, slowly, and then pick up the roll of music, and glide off again, the way it came, past the chairs, and through the darkness to the pedestal in the corner.

With almost super-human vision I watch. It opens its coat, slips the music inside, buttons up the coat again, takes its former posture, and moves no more.

Phillipps comes to the end, and the listeners wake from their reveries. Bertram rains down praises unlimited, as do the others. Fresh fuel is put on the fire, the light is turned on, and we talk about the composition.

Suddenly Phillipps discovers the loss of the music. We all search, for I am too terrified to tell. No one moved, no one entered while he was playing, but the music is gone. After what seemed an interminable search, Phillipps comes to some conclusion of his own, and the matter is dropped.

Some of us examine the statue. It is really stone,—cold grey granite, and it stands as it always stood, but I, and I only, notice a difference.

Under the left arm as an almost imperceptible bulge, where the music was placed, and the eyes have a new deeper look, warning me, to keep my silence.

The evening passed, and the visitors left. I was almost too terrified to go to bed, but at last I overcame my fears, and forced myself to sleep. Next morning I rose early, and after a hasty breakfast, sought Phillipps.

I found him at the club. Never have I seen a man so changed in my life. He seemed to have aged by twenty years.

"Phillipps," I said, "what's the matter?"

"Everything. When I got home last night the music was not there, as I supposed it might have been. I returned to Bertram's and rooted him out, but neither of us could find it. Then I went home again, about three in the morning, and tried to play the piece, but—but—"

"But what?"

"I couldn't play it. I had forgotten it. I went to sleep in a kind of a way, thinking that it would return in the morning, but it did not. I couldn't play it for the life of me. And so the manuscript is gone, and the notes have passed out of my head. It's lost, lost."

I tried to comfort him, but it was no use.

Phillipps never recovered the lost masterpiece, and gave up music broken-hearted. As for me, I dared not tell. I feared that cold grey man of stone. So I let Phillipps suffer. Supposing I had told, would he have believed me? Judge for yourselves.

But why had Brensberg done what he had? I could assign no reason but one—jealousy. He had undoubtedly been cut off after composing the beautiful piece, and before he had time to present it to the world; and thinking that the fame of composition, without the fame of presenting it an insufficient reward for his ability he had taken this means of keeping it from the public.



Autumn in Stanley Park.

Agnes Lockhart Hughes.

Chattering squirrels in the creaking boughs
 Of the maples splashed with red—
 And the hedge is aglow with golden rod,
 Where Summer's wild rose bled.
 The fir trees pitch their wigwam tents
 Of shadows, amber-kissed—
 And waving ferns like emeralds gleam
 Through the gathering purple mist.

All silver-stoled the birches stand,
 While chirping crickets cry,
 And stately oaks rain silken leaves,
 Where dreaming violets, lie.
 Then, bearing sunshine on his wings,
 A butterfly, grown bold,
 Woos a belated crimson rose
 And breathes love's story, old.

The giant trees clasp hands on high,
 And down the forest aisles—
 A sunbeam steals all golden-fused
 To cast his magic wiles.
 Skirting the velvet pathway's edge,
 The pearl-tipped waters, sing,
 While day betroths night's fair white queen
 With a broken silver ring.

Then bent of form,—a figure creeps
 Through all the forest ways,
 And gathers softly one by one—
 The fleeting summer days.
 The rainbowed drifts of silken leaves—
 All shuddering watch him pass—
 For Autumn's red now claims the sands—
 In Time's frail hour-glass.

Motoring in South Africa.

Capt. G. Godson Godson.

In the subjoined article readers have something both interesting and valuable. The interest is augmented by the scene; and as the author glides from place to place—from Johannesburg to Klerksdorp, to Kimberley, to the Vaal River, to Hopetown and along the banks of the Modder—the remembrance of Great Britain's last struggle for the freedom of her sons rises irresistibly to the mind. Kruger stalks before us, with DeWet, Joubert, Botha, Cronje; while Dr. Jameson, Sir George White, Sir Redvers Buller, and Lords Methuen, Kitchener and Roberts tower aloft as heroes and the consummation of generalship. A trip through the scene which the author with the aid of his photos makes almost realistic, becomes more fascinating by the remembrance of the struggle of the victor and the vanished, seeing that the Briton is now triumphant where a few years ago he was denied the right of freedom; and that loyalty to his conquerors is now as all-pervading in the Boer as the hum of his new prosperity.—The Editor.

IT was a lovely day at the end of March when we started from Johannesburg on a trip through the Transvaal, Orange River Colony, and Cape Colony, our objective point being the Asbestos Mines at Koegass in the eastern part of the last named.

The automobile as it stood outside my friend's chambers looked a weird sight. It was a 16-20 Gladiator, two cylinder car, and the tonneau was simply piled with 20 gallon drums of gasoline and the personal luggage of the three who were to constitute the party—the owner another man, and myself. As we surveyed the loaded machine before starting we wondered how the "other man" would find room, but the owner and I settled in front and drove the car while our mutual friend amused himself by keeping the various articles in the tonneau from bumping out as we jumped the numerous ditches in our path.

We started off in fine style slipping through the Johannesburg streets and out into the great African High Veldt. We spun along the great stretches of sandy road and made excellent time, until suddenly at 3 p. m., one of our non-skid-tyres jerked off the rear hind wheel. In fifteen minutes we had it replaced and were once more bowling along when we

found that we had taken the wrong road and were on a wagon track instead of a coach road. It was getting dark and we were obliged to pull up at a farm house owned by one Brodrib, a hospitable Boer farmer who put us up for the night and supplied us with food. At daylight the following day we started out again intending to run into Potchefstroom for breakfast; but the road was deplorable. At best it was only a single wagon track but the feet of spanned oxen had worn away wide patches, and the fierce semi-tropical rains had forged deep channels on either side, leaving nothing but a narrow ridge in the centre along which we had to make our way. In our struggle we knocked off our silencer, and for the remainder of the trip carried it on the step. Bad roads like bad luck do not last forever, and in spite of adversity at 7:30 a. m. we entered Potchefstroom, putting up at Jahn's Hotel. As soon as we had breakfast we ran up to the Cantonments to make a call on some friends in the artillery lines. We lunched at their mess and afterwards brought two gunners back to the hotel for dinner with us. We had a transporting night of hilarity and fun, each depicting the Boer War from a different standpoint and recounting personal reminiscences of

its sieges, scenes and conflicts. We retired so late that it was 9:30 on Saturday morning before we were once more on the road. We were about three miles out when the engine began to show the characteristic which so closely resembles the prevailing idiosyncrasy of the fair sex, that every owner of a car gives to



Mending a Puncture: A Motoring "Joy."

it the feminine appellation, "she"—I mean the trait of capriciousness. Suddenly, without warning, a car will commence to go badly. You will slave and slave away at it until you almost despair, and after you have exhausted your patience and exploited your vocabulary, without any apparent cause, and with just as brief a warning as preceded its recalcitrancy, it will again start working voluntarily and rationally. This is just our experience. When we had almost relinquished hope, off she went again of her own accord, and her new behavior produced that admiration which soon effaced the recollection of our chagrin. After this interlude, we made fairly good time, averaging about 20 miles an hour, and night catching us on the veldt, we pulled up at a Boer farm where we slept the sleep of the just. Sunday morning dawned bright, lovely and warm. The air was full of that indescribable aroma peculiar to the veldt of South Africa. Bidding our host good-bye, at 6 a. m. we again pulled out and in spite of bad sand we ran into Rielfontein at 9:40. From there we pushed on without stop to Klersdorp, which we reached at 12 noon. This was an inter-

esting town to all of us, as we had all seen it in war time; and I had seen it before the war at the time of the Eloff Episode. The contrasts it presented were very notable. The place now had settled down into the usual sleepy African town, and had lost all its false vitality. After luncheon we left again at 1:30 p. m., making a good run to Wolmaranstadt, where we found an old war comrade as District Commandant of the South African Constabulary. We all foregathered that night, and in spite of late hours and prolonged military recoures we determined to make an early start the next day. At daybreak on Monday we set off once more and ran down over the long rolling stretches of veldt into Bloemhoff. Finding by this time that one of our tyres was fairly played out, we replaced it with another, filled up our gasoline tanks and started out after the Christiana coach, which after a long chase we passed and then rolled gracefully into the town at sundown. The next morning, Tuesday, we had a very rough time. Sand worried us frightfully; twice we punctured our tyres, and broke our non-skid chains irreparably. Eventually we arrived at Fourteen Streams, where the Orange Free State,



Through a Christiania Street.

the Transvaal and Cape Colony touch and border each other. We found that the height of the water and state of the drift, rendered it impossible to cross the Vaal River in the car. So we got a railway truck, loaded up the car and took a ticket to Warrenton (the next station

across the bridge) where we disembarked. We lunched here at the small railway refreshment room and at 2:30 we again started off through heavy sand 6 and 8 inches deep. We were often obliged to cut down brush and lay it on the sand. Sometimes we were obliged to dig up the wheels; and to make matters worse, at Dronfield, seven miles from Kimberley, our water boiled out and we had to borrow some from a Hottentot who lived close to the road. The last seven miles from Dronfield to Kimberley was fierce—sand, sand, sand, until we began to wonder if we should ever see a good road again. Well we stuck to our adage about bad roads, and so after much toil and tribulation we arrived at Kimberley at a quarter past six p. m. Driving up to the Queens Hotel we overhauled the car; had dinner; and behold! the owner of the car forgetting all the fatigue of the day past, sat down complacently at the piano and played and sang to a fascinating little Dutch lady till the 'wee sma' hours. Wednesday was just as perfect a day as one could wish for, and we explored the town of Kimberley, recalling its scenes of siege and turmoil and looking at its places of in-



The DeBeers Mines in Kimberley.
The "Open Hole" in the Main Street.

terest. We visited the DeBeers offices, and afterwards the great open hole that lies right in the heart of Kimberley, designated Diamond Pit. You can look right down into it from the street, and the vast cavity is so deep that the men working on its sides below appear so minimized that they resemble rather a

stream of ants in an ant hill than clusters of human workers. The private residences are numerous and many of them are artistic and beautiful, while the lovely lawns and gardens render different portions of the city quite picturesque. But over all for me, was the rather awe-inspiring sensation of the supremacy of the DeBeers. What it was, what it is,



A Diamond Sorting Table at the River Diggings.

and what it will be, were thoughts of the moment. The splendor of the day and beauty of the scene could not dispel the recollections I had of the astounding tales of I. D. B. (Illicit Diamond Buying) there, and of uncut diamonds being occasionally slipped into an innocent man's pocket, where they were quickly found by the actual depositor of them, the real culprit, but still the presumptive guilt arising from the place where they were discovered was sufficient to cause the guilty to escape and the innocent to spend the next few years of his life working on the breakwater in a convict gang. However, after lunch at Queens, we again "hit the train" at shortly after 1 p. m., and had a splendid run along the Barclay Road over the bridge, making thirty-three and a half miles under the hour. At the bridge we had a little diversion at the expense of a funny person who called to us to stop after we had passed. Thinking something was wrong with the car, we stopped. Then it appeared that our friend was the very irate keeper of the toll. As the gentleman was rather uncivil we waited until he came



Locusts—South Africa's Greatest Curse.

quite close, and then offering him the toil money, let the car run on a yard or so. This happened twice, and he was getting more wrathful. At last, fearing apoplexy, we dropped the money in the sand, and waving adieu, left him shouting to us farewells of a more or less effusive nature. We had a rare experience here in beholding a flight of locusts. As we approached the swarm they seemed like a lot of large humming birds. As we got into the thick of them, the sun reminded one of looking through a heavy fall of snow. As thicker and thicker they came, the sun became dimmer and was finally obscured. They settled on the car and on the ground from which they rose in clouds as we advanced upon them. We protected our faces with our hats, for it is no joke to be struck in the face by a locust that is flying at the rate of twenty miles an hour. We were twenty minutes passing through them, and all the time there was that peculiar sickly smell which is one of their most unpleasant characteristics. The natives kept up an incessant din, beating tins to prevent

them from alighting, and as we passed "mealie lands" (maize or corn), we saw they were stripped bare and lying down flat where a few hours before the locusts came tall green plants and vegetable growths were standing up luxuriantly. Farther on we saw Eucalyptus trees with branches broken by the weight of the locusts that had lighted there, and the orchards looked as if a fierce and prolonged hailstorm had cut off everything on the trees. This will give some idea of the curse of South Africa. President Kruger, the former leader of the Boers, was once asked to join with Natal in a war of extermination against these pests, but he replied: "No! God sent them, we must not interfere." It would have been well for him and many a valiant Boer if he had thought the same of the Britishers who went as the Emissaries of Freedom to suppress his intolerance and tyranny.

After passing through Barclay West, we reached the well known Vaal River diggings. The first of these is Winters Rush. The river at this time was low,



Diamond Sorters at Work in Kimberley.

and the sand on either side was being washed for diamonds. The dirt was first taken up and placed on a cleared space of ground called a floor, and then washed, afterwards rewashed, and finally put on a sorting table and sifted and sorted. Diggers very often go up with about \$300 capital to buy a screen, a dolly and a table with sundry other tools and sufficient money to tide over a few months. As often as not, they return worse off than when they started. Occasionally by finding a diamond or two



Heaps of Diamond Dirt taken from Vaal River, awaiting Washing.

they make enough to pay off their debts and restore their credit again, but seldom sufficient to enable them to "cut the game." We pushed on from Winters Rush to Delpports Hope and Longmans; and all along were stretches of river bank covered with the little heaps of washed out auriferous dirt. Finally we came to Mrs. Zuglir's Hotel, situated on a koppe a short distance from the river; and here we met one of the most quaint characters I have ever come across. Champ was his name, an ex-sailor, bright, witty, happy-go-lucky. He had been at the diggings for some years, and had the reputation of being a lucky digger. He had that day found one diamond which he showed us. He told us tales of youngsters arriving full of hope and returning after years of bad luck broken in spirit. He told us tales of men with good luck finding diamonds of value. One he said had found a stone valued at £4,000, \$20,000, but that was an exception. The diamonds he himself found were rarely over 5 carats; and he said that very few of the diggers made

sufficient money to enable them to break away from the place. He also stated that the search for diamonds was a most fascinating pursuit, and developed all the instincts and irresistible impulses of a gambler, in the man who gave himself up to it. After having walked round the diggings with Champ and searched through a table of stones or "dirt," as it is called, without result, we left Zugler's, and after motoring some forty miles, we came to some fenced lands. By this time we were well into the Ostrich country. We passed through the gate in the fence, and some of these great birds spying us, ran up and kept pace with the car, making a weird noise. There was a cock bird with about six hens. After a while we arrived at a Cape Police Camp, and going to the door we asked if this was Daniell's Kriel. A smart-looking soldier man came out and laughing, told us "Oh, no; you are only about forty miles out." We had gone exactly opposite to the direction we should have taken. They were very good to us and put us up for the night. There was quite a lot of ostriches "next door," and we got some good photos of them. This brings us to Thursday, 6th April; and the following morning we again started



Being Pulled Through Deep Sand with Oxen.

retracing our steps, and after a long, dusty journey we arrived at Daniell's Kriel, and there inspected some asbestos reefs of the blue variety. All this part of the Colony has a certain amount of asbestos in it, and we had a look at several farms with visible reefs running through them. We did not stay here long, however, but pushed on to Pap-

kriel, and at a quarter past three on Sunday the 9th, we arrived at Griquatown. This is quite the usual style of African town, a great proportion of the houses being galvanized iron, and the remainder single story brick bungalows. From here we went on to Abram's Dam, slept at the store, and pulled out at 7:15 on Thursday morning. Our road lay over the most impossible, deep sandy flats. It was appalling. Two of us had to get out and push, while the third sat in the car and jerked it along. We had more than once to dig out the wheels, and cut bush to lay in front of us. We could make no way at all, and were literally fagged out when at last a wagon came up and we, persuaded the owner to span his oxen into the motor car and pull us back to Abram's Dam. This he did, and next morning we started again by another road. It was nearly as bad as the former one. But after fighting our way foot by foot, we at last encountered and hired a span of twelve oxen to pull us through to the end of the deep sand. We were rejoiced when we accomplished this. We then said good-bye to the good Samaritan—the owner, not the oxen—who had rendered us such timely aid, and once more started under our own engines. After a good run through a rough country, we came at last to the place of our objective Koegass—the DeBeers Asbestos Mines.

The store and hotel constitute one building, which is on the other side of the river. As it was too deep to "mote" through, we hunted up the pont and on measuring it found that it was only one inch wider than the car. So you can imagine the job we had to get it in. We accomplished the feat, however, and after we had safely negotiated the river, we found that the work of getting out was even more formidable than getting in. We had in fact to borrow some of the mine natives to help us out, and even then with the combined efforts, we nearly dropped the motor bodily into the river. However, at last, thanks to another aiding contingent—a span of twelve donkeys—we pulled clear up to the bank of the river. We breathed freely, for we were again at any rate on terra

firma. Thursday, the 13th of April, we spent visiting the deep levels of the mine. It was being worked by "sloping," the reef-dips at an angle of nearly forty-five degrees. It has been tunnelled at three places, striking the reef at three different levels. After the asbestos is extracted, ugly looking old Kaffir women break the serpentine rock away from it and pack the fibre into sacks, which are then sent down by wagon to the rail. The cost of extracting the fibre is roughly \$75 per ton. We left here at about 11 a. m., and arrived at Prieska about 3 p. m. Mr. Olds, the manager of the Asbestos Mines, went in with us. The next day we motored out to Green Store, near Groot Doon Berg Fontein. We walked over the place to look at the Asbestos Reefs that were supposed to be there. We stayed all Saturday at Green's, and left on Sunday morning, arriving at Strydenburg at about 6 p. m., and found to our horror that there was not such a thing as a hotel in the place. We had a dismal job to get a shelter for the night and something to eat. Eventually, however, we arranged for a room without any furniture in it, so we made up shakedown on the floor and slept like tops till morning.

We left bright and early on Monday morning for Hope Town, thankful to shake the dust from our feet of the only inhospitable town I ever came across in Africa; and we went on swimmingly till luck again turned against us, and one of our intake valves snapped. As we were not far from the railroad, we ran in on one cylinder to Kranskriel, and entrained there for Kimberley, where we arrived at 6 p. m. Having detrained the car, and thoroughly overhauled our engine and put in a new valve, we spent the day roaming about Kimberley. The following day we started out to Blikfontein, arriving there at 11 a. m., on the second day. We stayed at Police Camp for the night, and took photos and left again for Kimberley the following day. Our run back was accomplished in fine style, and we arrived at Queens Hotel at 6 p. m. We left again at 2 p. m. the next day for Bloemfontein, and after being pulled out of the Modder River, close to that mem-

orable place Paardeberg, by oxen, we reached Abram's Kraal that night. We started again at gray dawn and pushed on to Bloemfontein, racing against time, as I wished to catch the mail train at 1 p. m. and leave for Natal on urgent business. Luck was this time with us. We

just got in on time and at five minutes past one I said good-bye to my two friends and was steaming quickly away, through Johannesburg en route for Natal after a trip of twenty-seven hundred miles in a motor car through South Africa.



Sunset at English Bay.

Blanch E. Holt Murison.

Flung round a trembling sea;
 A golden strand, and an arm of land
 Where shadows dip, and the glories slip
 Into Eternity.
 The balm of rest on the ocean's breast,
 A tender touch of peace:
 A silence soft, and a star aloft,
 The day has won release.

She Tested Him.

Mrs. J. A. Skinner.

YOU married me for my money.
You cannot deny it."

"I do not deny it," replied Angus McLeod, steadily regarding his beautiful young wife.

She winced hard and angry, with flashing eyes, and the pride of a haughty spirit looking out from them. There yet lurked a hope that her husband would deny her accusation.

But his words quenched that. With what seemed to her shameless coolness Angus regarded her—expectantly in a serious anxiety—that held no regret, no apology.

"Then William Travers spoke the truth when he said that I had been deceived by a loafing ne'er-do-well, who was too lazy to work, and depended on my fortune to keep him in luxurious idleness."

Helen paused.

"Go on. Let me know the full measure of my iniquity. What else did Travers tell you?" said McLeod slowly.

"Well——" she hesitated—and some word of tenderness for the bridegroom she had well-nigh worshipped, softened her voice. "No, the last thing was too bad, too utterly base, for me to accept as true."

"Never mind. Tell me. I must hear it."

"He said that you paid Gregory Findall a sum of money for introducing you to my aunt and myself."

"You did not believe that?"

"No—I did not."

"You may. It was—a fact."

McLeod's slow, even voice did not falter. His wife regarded him with incredulous doubt—the most bitter contempt.

She turned from him with a gesture which expressed volumes. It was the last straw.

Her husband watched the pale, proud, young woman, whose grace and loveliness would have charmed the most insensible into admiring love. He loved her, passionately, devotedly, with a fine worship which was of a strangely high cast, far above the level of ordinary marital affection.

"You have insulted, wronged me beyond forgiveness," she panted at last, turning upon him with a bitter passion of wrath. "From to-day our ways are separate. Do not fear. You shall have all you married me for, money to buy the luxuries of the idle man of fashion. I will give you your price, but from this time, if we live to grey hairs, I will be no wife to you."

"Helen, you are mad, my dearest. I love you entirely. Don't shipwreck our lives for such folly. I will explain. Travers will be only too amply gratified if he gets us apart. Listen to me, Helen. It is true that I married you for your wealth. My reason for this was not mercenary nor selfish. On my honor, I swear it."

"Your honor isn't worth much. Words are cheap commodities," replied Mrs. McLeod. "You may try to make the best of a wretched case, but I credit nothing of your lame excuses. A gambler, you paid off your debts with my money, and I in my blind confidence, have left all control in your hands. Oh, you have won your prize very cleverly."

"I will not touch another dollar," he began sternly, then stopped, faltered and was silent, a deep red flush mantling his face, and a curious confusion in his manner which his wife keenly noticed. It hardened her still more. She was naturally a proud and extremely sensitive woman. Travers, her informant, knew that, and had wiped off a grudge against

her and also McLeod, when he destroyed her belief in her husband's nobility.

The poison working now changed Helen utterly. She could even look at Angus and feel no thrill of the love which he had inspired.

"You need not waste breath and incur the guilt of perjury. You shall have what you love——"

"I love you," he hoarsely said. "Before Heaven it is true. Prove me. Give me any test you will, Helen. If you doubt me, at least so much is my due from a justice you will not deny me."

"To what end? Dare you declare that your love is disinterested?" she asked, with a cool deliberation which surprised him, and herself also. Underneath her perfect outward mask she kept on asking:

"Is this me? Is this me?"

"I do say it. My love for you, Helen, is so great, so wonderful a thing, part of my life, and (with a reverent thrill) part of my religion."

He spoke so solemnly that she could not answer him scornfully, and her heart pleaded now for him, her bridegroom of six weeks. There the mischief-maker—the snake whom no Thuriel's spear had touched when he whispered evil into her ear came back to her memory with his words, "You have married a lazy spend-thrift with the tongue of an angel. Beware lest he persuade you to believe his denial."

Well, Angus had not denied her accusation; but when he protested love for her, hand in hand, with the admission of his motive in marrying her, she could not, would not, credit his love.

"Very well. You can go and work for your living, Angus. Wait," and a strange idea suddenly flashed into her brain. "When you renounce the present life you lead I will believe your love sincere. I will test it. You say that you will do anything to satisfy me that your love is for me, not for the fortune which you spend so freely and did not earn. I cannot accept your protests, but you have appealed to my justice."

"Test me, Helen. Appearances, and my own words are all against me, I own. I can not expect you to take an assur-

ance which both these contradict. Put me to what test you will, only do not let that wretch Travers part us. I could kill him," he added in a tense, hard tone.

Helen slightly raised her fine brows.

"Mr. Travers is a wretch because he opened my poor blind eyes, I suppose. Angus, you have been spoiled, pampered, indulged. Let me see what grit there is in you now. At home the head coachman is getting old. I will pension him and give you the situation. You understand horses, and drive well. It is all I ever saw you do that can be turned to useful account."

Angus McLeod's face flamed, and the blaze in his dark eyes made Helen shrink involuntarily. She almost thought he would strike her. There was a second of tension. Then he looked at his wife with a subdued and placated mien.

"I accept your offer, and enter your service, a new Jacob serving for a strange Rachael. How long will it take to satisfy you that I am not the worthless idler you believe me to be—seven years?"

"I am not jesting. Let me pass, Angus, I—hate you."

And Helen, with a sharp movement brushed by him and left the room.

Her husband meditated a few minutes. He looked miserable, haggard, worried, as well he might with the whole of his fair life's happiness laid in ruins.

"I must go out and find that scoundrel," was the one clear thought that stood out from the tangle.

He went out through the hotel vestibule—out on to the sunny gravelled sweep beyond, where a party of men and women stood chatting.

Among these was a short, fair, dandified man, a *petit maitre* written upon him. He was conversing with a lady in his pinisking mincing way when McLeod, a giant beside most of the others, burst through the group without much ceremony and went to him.

"William Travers—a word with you."

The little man looked up.

"Oh, Lord. What fools women are," he gasped. "Upon my soul, McLeod, I am awfully sorry. I know I have upset you, but it was a temptation, to tease her a little bit. She is so sweet, so fresh;

and I wanted to see how she would blaze up on your behalf. I—there was nothing at all in it.”

“Was there not. I will teach you a lesson about that, Mr. Travers. Your little bit of fun must be paid for. You mean little cur—to strike me through a girl——”

And McLeod caught the little coward firmly, and thrashed him as he would a schoolboy; thrashed him until the stick broke in his hand, then he flung both it and the culprit from him.

The whole thing was done publicly in the full sunshine with a crowd of curious spectators looking on.

“I will have satisfaction for this,” sputtered Travers as he slowly crawled erect. “Yes, I will summon you for unprovoked assault. You are mad absolutely. I call you all to witness,” glancing round the group, “that he wantonly and deliberately assaulted me.”

“Do what you like. I will answer it when and how you please,” coolly replied McLeod. “When next you try to make discord between husband and wife remember your punishment, you little snipe.”

He turned on his heel and walked away without a backward glance at the little man whose jealous envy had done so much evil. That evening brought him a challenge. Instead of accepting it, he returned a note, “I don’t fight pigmies, I strap them.”

This put Travers into a mad fit of rage for his vanity was wounded. He lurked about all that night and next day with a rifle, and black intent to slay his chastiser. There was no reconciliation between husband and wife. Helen was bitter and suspicious; McLeod dogged. Before their time for leaving the hotel, the next morning, Angus was prowling along a shrubbery path and suddenly felt a hot stinging pain in his side. He turned dizzy and fell, while the wretched Travers fled. Some of the hotel people found the victim and carried him to his room. The manager broke the news to Mrs. McLeod. She did not cry or blanch. It was a bad accident, but the surgeon made light of it, and Helen went back

to her bridge, while a nurse attended her husband.

Later, when he was able to be up again, Angus had a visitor, a thin, queer, observant old man who soon found out there were strained relations between Mr. and Mrs. McLeod.

He taxed Angus with it, and got the truth out of him somehow.

“You have not told your wife all—only enough to make her suspect and distrust you,” said the little old gentleman, whom Angus addressed in private as “father,” and in public as “Mr. Merrivale.”

“I told her the truth. No—I won’t tell her the rest of it. If she could believe a snipe like Travers, I have no more to say.”

“If you don’t, I will,” observed Mr. Merrivale. “She is only a silly young lass. I shall talk to her, Angus, and when she knows that you married her so that she should not lose her fortune——”

“It is too late, father. I wish I had not pledged myself to silence on the subject, but it is useless fretting. Besides, she believes me to be a mere idler. I am going to show her what there is in me.”

“How?”

“By living under her eye as her coachman, and working,” he said whimsically.

Mr. Merrivale protested, got angry, and then pleased again. Finally he promised to be silent.

Helen steeled herself against her husband. They bought a property in a different part of the country and there Angus started to work as a servant to his own wife. It was a hard task, but he did it. Jacob Smith, the handsome coachman at Verhayes, was devoted, industrious and sober. No one suspected that if he chose he could have claimed all that supplied the luxury in which he figured as a mere menial. Helen kept her word; but with the passage of time she grew harder, more accustomed to her independence and content with the little daughter who came soon after they had settled down at Verhayes. She adored the child—the child of her happy union with one whom she then believed so noble and true. She watched Angus closely. He showed a steady industry for which she

could not account; and often her heart yearned for her baby's father—the silent, grave man whom none in their household suspected to be its master. But Travers had done his mischievous work well. Helen told herself that her husband was merely acting adroitly, and so would not yield to the pleading of love. One day, however, when three years had gone by, little Alice sickened of some childish complaint, and the mother in her anxiety sent for the doctor.

"Take the carriage, Smith," she ordered through the 'phone. "Do not come back without Dr. Murray. Baby is very ill."

Dr. Murray came in due course and with him, to the surprise of the other servants, came the coachman, Jacob Smith. Helen had the child on her knee, and bent over it in frantic grief for nothing could be done, for the poor little one.

"You!" she exclaimed, seeing her husband.

"Yes. She is my child, too, Helen," he replied.

Even as he spoke Baby Alice opened her eyes and stretched out her arms. "Mine daddy—take Ally." Helen pressed her closer, but the child wailed so pitifully that she released her to her father whose heart yearned to caress the child of his love from whom he had been so long estranged.

"So you have her also," murmured the mother. "Is nothing at all to be mine?"

"I am yours, Helen," said the deep voice. "With this child to link us can you still doubt me? I've lived one lie down, I think. You know now I am not a shiftless vagabond preying on your bounty."

"I hope not," faintly said Helen.

"Can you believe me?"

"I do not; I am afraid; I do not quite do so. I—oh—look at baby"—with a scream of grief.

Baby Alice struggled for breath, then a peaceful look came over the little face.

"Daddy, Ally loves daddy. Good-bye; kiss good-night; now kiss mamma."

How those two faces flamed with conscious red, at the baby request!

"If you kiss me, Helen, it will mean—all I want," said her husband.

Helen hesitated, then Alice put up her wee hands and pulled their faces nearer.

Helen moved slightly. Her husband's lips touched hers, then his arms clasped both Alice and his wife.

There was no other answer—

For united in Love all suspicion had fled,
And sorrow's regrets for the past that
was dead.

New plighted in love each to each stood
revealed;

The truth was made known that Angus
concealed.

Then Helen knew truly his love was
supreme

That on his heart's throne she still sat
the queen.

Night Song.

Herbert Lake.

In a niche, on the borders of Home-land, and Dream-land,
While the flames leap in lip-talk, caressing their prey,
Closed in by the pickets of petulant fancies,
Attuning a dirge for the fast-dying day.

From my friends I am taking a toll, and awaking,
My own drowsy mind to a sense of their right,
While I draw from the treasure of memory, a measure,
I lose me my couriers, and speed them to flight.

Go abroad to the South-land, the East, and the West-land,
And North to the dusky blood-brothers of mine,
Give all a new token, of friendship unbroken,
A studied sincerity, doubly Divine.

Fox and Hound.

L. Harward.

UPON my word," said the fresh passenger, settling his belongings in Berth No. 7, as the Northern Mail steamed out of Markland, "this business of Lee's horse is scandalous! Are we to have the old bush-ranging days back again?"

"What is it?" asked Berth No. 9. "I've just come in from the bush, and have seen no recent papers."

"Why, Iron Duke, the great race-horse, was stolen from Lee's stables at Thorneycroft about a fortnight ago. Most daring thing—swell place—lots of men about—close to Scone township. The police tracked him past Scone, and then lost the tracks.

"The Liverpool Range above Scone throws out a big branch—branch and range form a 'V.' The wedge consists of a big block of very rough country, with high ridges, scrub, and here and there well-grassed pockets (hidden valleys), but except by the mouth of the V, there is only one road out of it—only one place where you can get over the range.

"The police drew a cordon round, and then proceeded to beat out the wedge of country. Everybody thought the thieves would abandon the horse to save themselves, but instead of that, when they were hard pressed, they killed him."

"Killed the horse?" chorused the other occupants of the sleeping car in horrified tones.

"Yes, day before yesterday, a kangaroo shooter saw the horse, and sent word to the police, who went out at once, but only found his half-burnt body."

"The scoundrels deserve hanging," said Berth 9, indignantly.

"The police at Maitland had just got the bare facts by wire as we passed, but

we shall get full particulars when the train arrives at Singleton."

"Shocking! I knew Iron Duke well, and a better horse never came to Australia," asserted Berth 11. "Lee refused five thousand for him the day he won the Ranwick Cup. How could anyone hope to get clear away with a horse like that? If they'd got him over the Liverpool Range they would have been in open country, but there are men in all parts of New South Wales who could swear to him. A jet-black stallion of his breeding is not the sort of horse to cross the plains unnoticed."

As the train ran into Singleton a porter boarded the car, inquiring, "Is Mr. Hartley Clinton here?"

"My name is Clinton," said a passenger.

"Letter for you, sir. Sent to care of station-master."

As soon as the other occupants had left the carriage for the refreshment bar, Clinton opened the missive, and read—

"Thorneycroft,
"October 5, ———"

"Hartley Clinton, Esq.,

"Dear Sir,—I should have had the greatest pleasure in accepting the offer you made by wire to recover Iron Duke for £500; but, unfortunately, even your skill, of which the Victorian Stock-owners' Association speaks so highly, cannot avail me, as the calcined remains of my horse were found and identified this morning.

"If, however, you can bring the thieves (I had almost written 'murderers') to justice, I shall be delighted to send you a cheque for £100.

"Yours truly,
"WILFRED LEE."

Clinton was a tall, spare, muscular man of eight-and-twenty, with penetrat-

ing eyes and a clean-shaven resolute face. He bore the indescribable impress of the bush, and strangers meeting him classed him as a western squatter or station manager.

Purchasing a paper, Clinton carefully studied the account of the finding of Iron Duke. The article was mercilessly padded, but the facts stated were briefly these:—"On the morning of October 4, a seemingly badly scared bush lad presented himself at the Scone police-station, and announcing his name as Jim Carey, from Wybong Creek, stated that whilst shooting kangaroos on Gold Creek the previous day, he had been surprised by the appearance of a solitary horse on the top of a distant ridge. Believing it to be a brumby (wild horse), he determined to find out what it was doing there alone and, if possible, to secure its mane and tail by a lucky shot.

"With much difficulty he worked his way to the spot—for the ridge was almost inaccessible, being, in fact, a huge rock with precipitous sides and connected with the main range only by a neck a few yards in width.

"To the lad's unbounded astonishment, this neck was securely fenced across with a log fence, and the horse thus confined on the flat top of the rock was a splendid black stallion answering to the description of Iron Duke.

"Carey asserted that he was about to make further investigation when the crack of a rifle from the gorge below and the whistle of a bullet over his head, caused him to beat a hasty retreat.

"The spot indicated was almost the centre of the area of wild, uninhabited country within which the police believed the horse to be.

"Every available trooper and tracker proceeded at once to the place, piloted by Carey; but they arrived too late.

"The spur, fenced off as had been described, was found, and also plentiful tracks and two kerosene tins, still containing water, attested the truth of the lad's statement, but there was no horse.

"On further search a fire still burning was found at the foot of the cliff, and in it the remains of a black horse, easily identified as Iron Duke by a cer-

tain peculiarity in the shape of the shoes. "It was plain that the thieves, finding it impossible to get away with their booty, had slain the gallant horse; the fire, of course, was to destroy incriminating evidence."

Having thoroughly digested the report, Clinton made some entries in his pocket-book and fell into a brown study that lasted until the train pulled up at Scone. There he alighted, and was at once joined by a sharp-faced undersized youth.

"We're too late this trip, Boss. I reckoned you'd go back," said the lad, as they left the station.

"Think so, Mickey?"

"Yes, for they've killed the horse."

"If they have they should be punished. Have you fixed things I told you to?"

"Whole bloomin' digger's kit—clo'es 'nd all planted (hidden) in th' gully an' two old hosses hobbled out on th' crick. "Good lad! See me again in an hour's time."

After a brush up and meal at the hotel, Clinton strolled over to the police station, where, on the plea that he wished to photograph the now-celebrated spot for the illustrated papers, he obtained directions to Gold Creek.

"The thieves were not captured?" he asked.

"Nor ever will be, I'm thinkin', sir. The trackers was round an' never a horse track is there out of the valley at all. They climbed out afoot over the pinacles," concluded the constable.

"Is there really only one place where a man can take a horse over the range from the valley?"

"Well, there's another bit of a pass crossing under Tinagru, that high peak yonder, but it's a hard one, as steep as the side of a house. The sergeant had a man to watch Docker's Gap—where it comes out—till after we found the horse."

"Mickey," said Clinton, when the youth rejoined him, "you must inquire the road, and start for the Wybong at once. Find out all you can about this James Carey. Pick up the horses you brought up and the things I leave here, and meet me at the Murrurundi Hotel in three days."

time. You'll need to invent some yarn to account for your inquiries."

"I'll spin 'em a fairy tale," replied Mickey cheerfully.

Early next morning a hairy-faced digger might have been seen in the neighbourhood of Gold Creek. Arriving at the spot where lay the pitiful remains of Iron Duke, the god of shouting crowds, he proceeded carefully to examine the ashes. The fire had done its work well, but the forelegs and feet (from which the hoofs had been removed) were merely charred.

Suddenly the digger straightened his back and laughed aloud. He paid no further attention to the ashes, but selecting a prominent landmark as starting point, examined the ground inch by inch until he had described an irregular circle round the rock.

"The clumsy fools," he muttered. "It might be Oxford Street on a busy day."

After a brief rest, he repeated the process, making his second circle considerably greater in diameter than the first. Presently he paused. Before him lay the footprint of a large bullock. With anxious care the digger followed the track, losing it on a steep limestone ridge, finding it again in the sandy gully beyond, until at last it entered the dense shade of the cedar scrub. In the soft rich mould, sheltered by the mass of matted vines which prevented even a ray of sunshine reaching the earth, the heavy animal had trod deeper.

"I thought as much," the digger murmured. "It is a neat game."

Mickey, having accomplished his mission, was kicking his heels at the trysting place, when a tall swagman with a ferociously red beard stepped wearily on to the hotel verandah. Mickey stiffened like a pointer, but, as the swagman dropped his pipe, yawned widely, contemplating the sunset with great interest; apparently he had merely come in to knock down his cheque (spend his earnings), for he opened proceedings with a hospitable call of "Roll up, boys; it's my shout."

Mickey was not amongst those who responded. Redbeard noticed this, and purchasing a packet of cigarettes at the

bar, tossed them to the lad with a cheery, "Here's your drink, my boy!"

Mickey caught the packet deftly, opened it, and disappeared.

After a few nips Redbeard became irritable, and developed a grievance.

"Here, my friend, you must stop this," said the tall policeman, stalking up.

"Beg pardon," quoth Redbeard, sobered by the appearance of authority. "But 'tis pretty rilin'. Three months ago I lost an old grey mare over Breeza way, and early this mornin' I see a chap ridin' her towards the township here."

"Across th' common jest after sun-up!" shrilled a small boy. "Mister that ain't your hoss! That wuz Mick Darcy on Ted Ryan's oid grey. I saw 'im wen I wuz after our goats."

"I know my own horse," retorted Redbeard sullenly. "What I want to know is where this chap Ryan lives."

"E's got a s'lection at th' Five Mile," replied the small boy, "but mister, are ye goin' to foot it out there tonight?"

"Never you mind where I'm goin'," said Redbeard, as, shouldering his swag, he rolled away into the darkness, muttering wrathfully.

Outside the town he stopped, and whistled twice. Mickey appeared on horseback.

"Well?" said Clinton.

"Ther' aint no Jim Carey on th' Wy-bong, an' niver was."

"And the trucks?"

"None up or down fur a week past. Two cattle-trucks ordered fur Limestun' Sidin' to go up to Oakey Flat by Friday night's goods' train. Name o' Michael Darcy."

"Give me the horse, and meet me on the Scone road to-morrow at sunrise. Bring the horses and all the dunnage. No, I want that swag."

"Ave yer copped 'em, sir?"

"Mickey, my lad, another question like that and we part company," said Clinton, as he rode away.

"14A, George Street,

"Sydney, Oct. 30.

"W. Lee, Esq.

"Dear Sir,—I have to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of your letter enclosing cheque for £600.

"No doubt Ryan and Darcy, *alias* Carey, were unpleasantly surprised to find the cattle-truck filled with police. Both will, I think, get long terms, as they were arrested actually in possession of the horse.

"The case does present some unusual features and, I am pleased to give the particulars you ask.

"On reading the newspaper reports I noticed that the remains were identified as those of Iron Duke solely on the evidence of James Carey. The shoes may be disregarded, as they could be nailed on any horse.

"If Carey were a confederate, then the pursuit had been stopped and the road for escape opened by a particularly clever piece of bluff.

"On closely examining the remains, I found the near fore-foot so badly affected with ring-bone that the horse when alive must have been permanently stiff, if not lame. Ergo, the bones were not those of Iron Duke.

"The black trackers declared that there was no horse-track leading away from the rock. That was true; but I found the track of a single bullock heading for the range. I guessed the game, and in the cedar scrub found ample evidence that my surmise was correct. Iron Duke was shod to make his footprints look like those of a bullock, and then led by a barefooted man to the cedar scrub, where he was held whilst the police were about. As soon as the coast was clear he was led over the range via Docker's Gap.

"In the open country on the other side

concealment was impossible, and there the bullock track was joined by two horse tracks. I could have followed, but the thieves would have seen my coming a mile off, and might have got the horse away, or checked my curiosity with a bullet. However, the tracks were fairly fresh, and I knew they would not risk leading a horse like the Duke about by day. They would move only at night.

"By running the tracks of the fresh horses back I found that they had come from the direction of Marrurundi. One was nearly white, and had small hoofs.

"Fortune favoured me the next day, for I came across fresh tracks of the small-hoofed grey being ridden towards the town. I ascertained that he belonged to Ryan. I also learnt that Darcy, who was riding the grey, had ordered two cattle-trucks at Limestone Siding. There are no officials at these sidings—the trains drop and pick up trucks as ordered. You do your own loading. It was such an easy mode of getting Iron Duke away from the district in which he was best known that I concluded one truck was for his use and the other for saddle horses.

"I worked round Ryan's place—a wretched shanty—that night, but the dogs were restless, and I could not get near the house. I lay in the grass and whinnied like a mare. Iron Duke answered from the kitchen, and my work was done.

"Yours truly,

"HARTLEY CLINTON."



A Guilty Conscience.

H. A. Black.

TWO men were playing a game of cards, in the back room of Daniel Donovan's saloon, in Reindeer, Alberta. The contest was the result of a wager, and they were surrounded by a number of excited and gesticulating onlookers. The room was stiflingly hot, and the air was laden with tobacco smoke.

It was an early spring day, and outside, the cold was intense. Heavy, dark clouds were slowly gathering overhead, and a chill, biting wind was blowing. It was evident that a storm was approaching.

Suddenly, the taller of the two players, his features distorted with passion, seized his cards, and threw them in the other's face.

"Cheat!" he yelled.

Even as he uttered the word, there was a flash, a report, and he dropped back on the floor, with a bullet through his brain.

On the first hint of trouble, the spectators had fled for shelter. Smashing the lamp with a well-aimed shot, the murderer rushed through the door, and was swallowed up in the darkness. As he disappeared, a few futile bullets were sent after him, then, from under the bar; from behind barrels; in fact, from every imaginable place of concealment, men emerged, and collected round the recumbent body of the murdered man.

"Well, boys, this looks like a bad job," said Donovan, the owner of the saloon. "What are you going to do with it?" touching the body with his foot, "I'm not going to have it here for long."

"You'll have to, Dan," broke in another, returning from the open door, "for unless I'm blamed mistaken, a storm is just about due."

As he spoke the rain came pouring down, the wind rose, and in five minutes,

the surrounding ground was an impassable lake of mud.

"Curse the whole lot of you!" said Donovan, furiously. "As soon as I get fairly settled, one of you fiends kills some one, and I have to close up till the police allow me to open again."

"Oh, dry up, Dan," sneered a short, wizened man, who looked like an old naturalist, but was, on the contrary, the best cowpuncher, and quickest shot, for miles around. "You make enough out of us in your busy time, to last you for twice the time you are closed."

Though not relishing the obvious truth of this last remark, as shown by the smiles of the listeners, Donovan deemed that silence was the best policy, and contented himself with scowling fiercely at the speaker.

After they had arranged the body on the table, it was decided that every available man should scour the country for traces of the fugitive; though it was generally agreed that there was little chance of his capture.

The murderer, after rushing from the saloon, continued to run on, into the darkness, without any definite plan of action. A few minutes of this unwonted exercise, caused him to stop, gasping for breath. Then it was that he noticed the impending storm.

"Ah," he thought, with satisfaction, "I'll get away now. This rain will wash away all my tracks."

As soon as he felt the full fury of the storm, he forgot all else, in his anxiety to find shelter. Keeping a sharp watch, he plodded on. After a few minutes he noticed a small, wooden hut, before him, situated on a slight eminence.

Entering, he saw that it contained a large table, a bunk, and an old rusty stove. Closing the door carefully after him, he at once decided to have a fire.

Breaking up the table, he soon accomplished this, then sat near the glowing stove, warming himself.

Thoroughly dried and warmed, he was on the point of going to the bunk, when a blast of cold air on his back, caused him to turn sharply round. The door was open.

"Confound it," he muttered to himself, as he slowly rose, and went toward it, "as sure as my name is Courrin, I shut that door."

To make doubly certain, he bolted it, put some more wood on the fire, then lay down on the bunk.

At first, he was unable to sleep. The wind had gradually increased, and the building was creaking and groaning at every gust. He had just closed his eyes, when a stronger gust than usual shook the hut, which seemed about to fall. An icy breath of air swept across his face. The door had opened.

For a few moments he lay without movement. The, to him, unaccountable opening of the door, began to affect his nerves, already much shaken.

Carefully rising, he approached it, and was horrified to see that the bolt was out. A cold perspiration broke out over him; he trembled with fear.

"My God," he cried, "what is it? What can it be?"

Restraining himself with difficulty, he managed to refasten the door, taking particular care with the bolt. He forced him-

self to remain before it, to see if it opened again. After a minute or so, satisfied, he turned away. He had taken but a few steps, when a furious blast of wind swept round the side of the house; and the door again swung slowly open. What caused him to lose all control of himself, was, this time, it swung inwards.

In his fevered imagination, the form of the man he had killed, stood in the doorway.

"Get out," he shrieked, "you're dead."

Drawing his revolver, he fired four shots through the door. Then, some power outside of himself, compelled him to raise the revolver again. Slowly he lifted it, until he felt the icy barrel against his forehead. There was a flash: a dull thud.

So they found him, a day afterwards, the revolver clutched in his stiffened hand: a bullet through his head.

The marks in the door greatly perplexed them. Even as they were examining them, the door opened. In their efforts to explain this, the true reason was accidentally hit upon. The hut was so roughly put together, that when the wind struck it, the walls were swayed to such an extent, that the bolt slipped out of the socket.

This apparently inexplicable opening of the door, had so worked on Courrin's guilty conscience, that he had committed suicide.

My Dearest.

Margaret Erskine.

The Storm-Winds are blowing. My dearest, My dearest.
 The Storm-Winds are blowing far over the sea.
 The Greytime is springing from out of the Daytime.
 Oh Guard Thou, and Guide my Heart's Life back to me.

Last night I dreamed, Oh, My dearest, My dearest,
 Last night I dreamed, of a great, falling Star.
 It came and it looked in my window a moment,
 Then swept on its course, outwards—onwards—afar.

The Sea-Gull is calling, My dearest, My dearest.
 The Sea-Gull is calling aloud to its mate.
 I know 'tis a warning, yet here at my window
 I sit, with my idle hands folded and—Wait.

The Dollar with the Cross.

J. de Q. Donehoo.

IT was the dollar with the cross that I held in my hand. My heart stopped beating as I gazed upon that accursed disk of silver marked with the broad enameled stripes forming a Greek cross, crimson as though stained with blood. My brain reeled; the bright sunshine that streamed through the skylight, falling on the pile of dollars, seemed to turn to ghastly shadows from the wings of Azrael.

For hours had I been picking up the coins from that great heap and scrutinizing them. Bag after bag filled with their glittering wealth stood by my side. Those that I had handled were my own, my very own. Affluence was within my grasp, the financial question need trouble me no more. In my exultation I had almost forgotten the stern conditions under which I laboured, but now here it was—the dollar with the cross—and it meant death—death, after cruel tortures, perhaps, according to the whim of the ingenious maniac who had devised this hellish scheme.

For I could now have no further doubt that Drake was insane. Yes, insane on the one subject of money. Nor was it surprising that filthy lucre had become to him the one object on earth worth while, the very God that he adored. For money had played a fantastic role in the life of the strangest man I have ever known, Francis Alexander Drake.

I first met him more than twenty years ago, when we together entered the freshman class of Jackson University, one of those absurd little sectarian colleges of the Southwest. He was then the most perfect idealist, the most unworldly and unpractical person I have ever known. His great aversion was the prevailing American cult of the Almighty Dollar. The one thing that most exasperated him was the estimation of the things that

most he valued, achievements artistic, literary, or scientific, in terms of money. In short, Drake posed as a money-hater, a misonnumist, if I may so call it.

All this was only amusing in a callow collegian, but Drake's fancy, as all his friends predicted, was certain to lead to most unpleasant consequences in after life. The fellow neither had means nor any prospect of inheriting such, yet he openly boasted that he expected to go through life with absolute disregard of the financial problem in its every form.

And this he proceed to do. He undoubtedly had talents of a very superior order, if not absolute genius. He aspired to no quest beyond his strength when he chose fickle literature for his mistress. But as the gentle Francis did with religion, he also, along with literature, chose the Lady Poverty to be his mate.

Ten years of dark struggle followed, the particulars of which I have never learned with any fulness. I know that during this period Drake did much literary work of exquisite finish and high artistic quality, and for it received practically—nothing. I also know that during much of this time he was absolutely on the verge of starvation. Then, all at once, his spirit broke. In a moment, as it were, he abandoned all the ideals of a lifetime.

Drake now, having spent ten years of his life "fighting with wild beasts at Ephesus," proposed for the rest of this world's gladiatorial contest to sit as near the praetor's throne as possible, "to take the cash and let the credit go." He wrote stories that sold for cash—much cash. Drake was not proud of these productions, none of them bore his name; they were of the earth earthy, fascinating, suggestive, and in that style of realism that savors more of filth than art; but they sold.

How Drake enjoyed the money as it came pouring in, and pour it did. And then, within less than a year, one of those unusual things occurred that do sometimes happen outside of novels. A bachelor great-uncle of Drake's had died leaving him a fortune of more than twenty million dollars. This relative had been a wanderer from his youth, and his very existence had been forgotten by the family. But it seemed that he had made a lucky strike in Mexico years ago, and his wealth had grown by leaps and bounds.

I almost hesitate to mention what Drake did for the first year after he came into his immense inheritance, but the simple truth is that for a time he became a roue of the most abandoned type, a sensualist whose excesses have scarcely been surpassed in modern times. A rapid exhaustion of the possibilities of New York in this line soon induced him to remove to Paris, as being the only point which furnished a field commensurate with his resources.

But sated, I suppose, Drake came home to New Orleans about a month ago. Home, I say, for this city, whilst not his birthplace, had been the scene of his literary struggles. Just before the great fortune came to him he had purchased a handsome old mansion well down on Royal street, and this he had later furnished with all the elegance that refined taste and unlimited money could effect.

I had seen much of my old college chum recently, and only the Friday before had spent the evening at his house. Drake was in the best of spirits, and pressed me more closely than ever on the subject of trying to better my financial condition. He had been talking to me about that ever since he came back.

"Yes, Billy," he said, "something must be done for you. Here you are, nearly forty years old, with a wife and four children dependent upon you, and not five thousand dollars worth of property to your name, not a stay to depend on but this paltry position in the custom house with its fifteen hundred a year. I am not reproaching you, old man, but I do want to help you. I tell you that

you've got to get rich yet for your family's sake."

Such talk irritated me, of course, but I had to stand it from Drake. I answered that I did not think I had so much to complain of. I was far better off than the average head of a family in this richest country on earth. Then, too, I mildly hinted that a fellow with a wife and family like mine might possibly, after all, get as much satisfaction out of life as the most bloated millionaire.

Drake fairly frothed at this. "I don't want to call you an idiot, Billy," he thundered, "but tell me what moves the world today? Does not modern progress show that the creation and preservation of wealth by trouble, toil and danger, is the supreme end of creation, the true heaven for which men once looked beyond the stars in the ages when it was dark?"

"But you had quite different ideas about all this a few years ago, Drake," I interrupted.

"Bah," he sneered, "immature fancies of a fool, bubbles in a shallow and undeveloped brain-pan. I tell you, Billy, that wealth is everything; it is the very climax which the Almighty has designed to the upward evolution of the worlds. This is the true secret of 'Nature, red in tooth and claw with ravine'; it is the only thing in the world worth striving for and having."

"But you never toiled and suffered, Drake," I retorted, "for the wealth that came to you."

"Great God, if I haven't done so, there's no meaning in the words," was the reply. "In those ten years of foolish struggle I paid the equivalent of more millions than Rockefeller owns. Yet if I were left today without a cent, would go to work at once, and make the acquisition of a new fortune the sole object of my life."

Drake here stopped a moment, and then began again in low, impressive tones. "I suppose you wonder, Billy, why, amidst all my praise of wealth, I do not solve the matter for you, my dearest friend, by saying, 'Here Billy, is a million dollars; take it, my boy, and be happy.' Now one objection to this course would be your pride about accepting such

a gift, but another and more serious one is that I, whom you probably regard as very little troubled by the prickings of conscience, would have scruples about forcing the money upon you unless you had paid some equivalent for it in the way of trouble, toil, or suffering. I feel that without this it would be no blessing to you."

I interrupted the millionaire, to say that I never could accept any such gift. But Drake went on without paying any attention to me.

"You will admit, Billy," he said, "that it is desirable to be rich, if that end may be attained without too much trouble. Wouldn't you even be willing to risk your life itself, if by so doing you could place your family forever beyond the reach of want?"

I answered this curious question by a qualified affirmative.

"Very good," Drake went on. "And do you not every day, to earn the five dollars you receive for your work at the custom house, run at least a remote risk of losing your life? Is there not at least one chance in a million that you might be run down by a car on Canal street, or something of that kind?"

"I should say that the risk was even greater than that," I replied.

"Suppose, then, that there was a pile containing a couple of million of dollars in the middle of this room, and further suppose that just one dollar was hidden in the pile, which, if you drew it, meant instant death, would you run any more risk of losing your life by taking five dollars out of that pile than you now do by going to your work each day?"

I had to say that I supposed not.

"But further," Drake continued, "you would incur very little more peril by doing the same thing tomorrow and every other day of your life, though you lived to be as old as Methuselah. According to the law of probabilities, it would be more than twenty-seven hundred years until, at this rate, you drew the fatal dollar. Or, to put the chances in terms of money, you would draw one-half of the pile, a million dollars, before the sentence of death turned up. Now wouldn't a man who had the chance of drawing up-

on such a pile be very indifferent to the welfare of his family if he failed to take a considerable number of these dollars?"

"Your illustration is striking and original, Drake," I replied, "even if somewhat fantastic. Yes; I rather think it would be the duty of any impecunious father, to whom some good fairy might make the offer you suppose, to tempt fortune so far, at least, as to insure his family against the possibility of want."

I saw the millionaire's face flush as I made this reply. Rising to his feet in evident great excitement, he struck the table heavily with his fist, exclaiming hoarsely, "Then, by the immortal gods, Billy, I make you that offer. A pile of two million dollars shall lie in the midst of this very room. One of the coins only shall be marked on the under side with a red cross. You shall have the right to take as many or few of them as you please, down to the last coin. But if you so much as lift the dollar with the cross, despite old-time friendship and the love I bear you, I swear you shall never leave this house alive. Will you do it?"

What was I to say? Should I express my indignation that a blasé millionaire thus coolly proposed to spend a million or so on a sort of psychological vivisectioning experiment, with his college friend as the subject, or should I treat the whole offer as an ebullition of insanity? I decided on the latter course, and told Drake, as unconcernedly as I could, that his proposition interested me; that I would think it over and give him an answer later.

"Very well," he assented, "think it over. I am perfectly aware, Billy, that at the present moment you have not the slightest intention of accepting my offer. But I am equally certain that after a couple of days of reflection and consultation you will be here next Monday morning, which is the time I appoint, prepared to win a million dollars."

It was hard, especially after the way the fellow pronounced the word "consultation," to bid him good-night decently, but I did. And of course Millie, finding me perceptibly ruffled on my return home, instantly divined that there was

something on my mind I was keeping from her. Now I hadn't intended to tell my wife a word about this mad proposition of Drake's, but I finally had to; that accursed idea of his seemed to burn into my brain like a hot iron until I found relief in confession.

And cunning was Drake's foresight as to what happened. When I had made a clean breast of the whole matter, Millie was not nearly so badly surprised and shocked by the proposition as I had expected. Indeed, after a few minutes, I found her saying something of this kind, "Of course, Will, your friend Drake simply wants to make you a rich man, and has hit upon this plan to save your pride. That dollar-with-the-cross idea is nothing but a joke. You will see how, after it is all over, Mr. Drake will rally you about the way you hung back. There will be no dollar with a cross in the pile, and even if there is, I am sure that Mr. Drake has no notion of murdering you, you dear old goose you."

Now what could I say to that? Rather would I have faced fifty deaths at Drake's house than refuse to go after his offered million now.

And on Monday morning I found that individual as calm and smiling as if I were merely to take breakfast with him. The very sight of him, in this mood, made my heart bitter; I began to hate the fellow, as well as fear him.

"Everything's ready," he nonchalantly remarked, "we'll now adjourn to the library to attend to our little matter."

It was the same room on the third floor in which our conversation had taken place the Friday before. But what a sight met my eyes as I entered. In the midst of the spacious apartment there was a great, glittering mass, higher than an ordinary table, and perhaps ten feet in diameter. It was, as Drake at once explained to me, two million silver dollars, fresh from the mint and arranged in columns of five hundred each, the whole of these piles compacted into circular form. How the treasure sparkled and glittered in the sunlight that fell upon it through the skylight. The eye could scarcely bear its brightness, and the imagination readily magnified its value

many fold beyond its intrinsic worth, great as that was.

"Get to work now, Billy," he commanded, "but remember the conditions. You know me too well to dream that I will flinch from carrying out in every particular the compact I have made."

As Drake said this, he laid upon a small table, which stood in the corner of the room where he had posted himself, a revolver of large calibre. "I know the location of the dollar with the cross," he almost hissed, in tones that made my flesh creep.

At that moment the millionaire looked as forbidding as some fabulous guardian of hidden treasure, some gnome or kobold sent by the powers of darkness to keep their wealth from the children of men. I could not now doubt that the man was mad, yet I had allowed myself to be cozened into the power of this maniac. Gladly would I have fled and borne all the reproaches for cowardice that my wife or anyone else cared to heap upon me, but I dared not. There were those calm, cold eyes fixed upon me now, and I could not doubt that if I balked Drake's anticipated pleasure in carrying out his scheme, he would slaughter me like a dog.

How I cursed my foolhardiness. I had given up all hope now, that it might be only a joke. No; the only chance for me was to go on for a little space with this hideous drama, choose at least a few of the coins, hoping that the fatal one might not turn up; and then wait my chance to retire at the earliest moment possible, on the pretence that I would seek refreshment and soon return.

But I found, after brief dalliance with those fascinating dollars, that my alarms strangely faded away. Avarice had overcome the instinct of self-preservation; my fingers flew faster and faster at the pleasant task. Here, I reflected, was everything, food, clothing, shelter, ease, luxury; yea, more, health, social distinction, heaven itself for myself and family. Why should a man fear to risk his life for these things? I was glad I had come, and the coins fairly flew while the hours slipped by unnoticed. But lo! Here I grasped my sentence of death!

The vigilant Drake had marked as well as I the finding of that fearful coin. Should I now make one desperate spring for his throat and risk all upon the slender chance of pulling him down before I was riddled with bullets? Should I do this, or stoically await his action? A moment had I to decide; I chose the latter alternative. I saw his arm rise with the revolver pointing towards me; I felt the surge of a thousand emotions, and unnumbered scenes from my life passed before my eyes.

"Crash!" The revolver fell on the floor of the hall outside. Drake's hand

had hurled it through the open door, and his face was wreathed in smiles, as he laughingly called out. "Well, you stood it better than most fellows would have done, Billy, better, for instance, than old Pegrin did that night we let him down into Snake Bayou. You remember that, don't you? And now, old man, I beg your pardon. I know it was a kind of a dirty trick to haze a fellow, as I have just done, twenty years out of season. By the way, here are drafts for two million on four New York banks; you have fairly earned the money."

And just then I felt that I had.

The Vulture of the Deep.

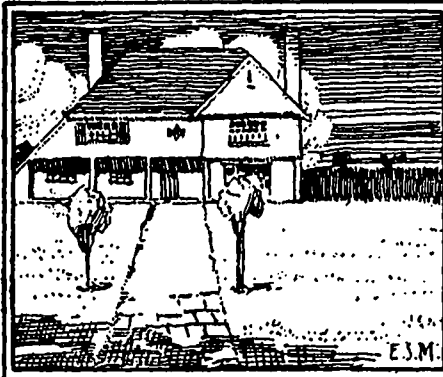
Helen Tompkins.

Above the tossing waves, the clouds that form his airy nest,
Beyond the thunder's lofty home the lightning's burning breast,
Beyond the howling of the surf, the tempest's herded sheep,
He stoops to glut his savage taste—the Vulture of the Deep.

For him, the cradling waves are naught, the sun a burning fire,
That kindles in the blazing west his victim's funeral pyre.
The storm-wings are his messengers—the sea his sullen slave,
The tempest is his hunting ground, his plaything is the grave.

With ragged wing he soars aloft—this Vulture of the Deep,
And hears with every thunder-crash his cradle-song of sleep.
And when the white gulls wheeling cry, the banshees of the sea,
He stoops and spreads his loosened wings, then screams aloud with glee.

He coves the waves, his willing serfs, with threatenings of his wrath,
The ships are doomed and doubly doomed that cross his servant's path.
Rocked in a thousand deep sea-caves his stricken victims sleep,
Above them wheels the Tempest's King—the Vulture of the Deep.



COUNTRY *And* SUBURBAN HOMES

by

E. Stanley Milton m.i.c.a.

THE present, propounded the philosopher, "is the past, and the past—why that's the future. Time is an illusion, and progress a negative quantity. We live in the past," quoth he, "albeit we are extremely modern."

Few of us realize the extent to which we are reproducing the past. Two thousand and some years ago, men and women were taking live interests in the men and women and affairs of their time, oblivious in all their modernness to the men and women and events of the past; certain of their own importance, and the part that their affairs played in the cosmic scheme.

People are not obliged to see the chain which links the past with the present. It would, however, do them no harm to detect the obvious, say in the houses in which they live.

Look at the hundred and one peculiarities of architecture, the conglomeration of fancies, heterogeneous in design, wonderful in aspect, which comprise modern architecture. Your unassuming home may be the exact replica of one that domiciled a Tyrolean savage, or, like one home that we met in our travels, it may embody features peculiar to Byzantine, Swiss and Russian architecture. The millionaire faddist fills his fancy with a chateau transplanted to one of the thousand isles. A farmer on the upper St. Lawrence, incorporates some of its best

points in a barn, paints the roof red, and adds a tin hen by way of decoration.

By such means, they do get wonderful creations from old designs and they very justly call them new. The modern architect has all kinds of material to juggle with, and only this restriction, that he produces something of beauty and utility.

It is clear, however, that originality in pure design has about reached its limit. The lays of harmony entail adherence to principles, more or less fixed, like some other laws that might be mentioned. Climate, natural wealth and human necessity furnish the standards. Geography calls for its types. The most original feature of modern architecture, lies in the sensible adaptation of old styles to modern requirements. The designer of to-day is undoubtedly a skilled craftsman, and therein lies their service to the people. Give them the materials and the money, and he will produce you anything from a fac-simile of Cheops, the cheap, to a bamboo summer house.

Perhaps the greatest charm in owning a house in these days, lies right there. You can have anything you want, and no one objects. This creates hobble-dehoy thoroughfares, and cities that sometimes look an artistic junk heap, but each man, having himself the best style can lay the blame on his neighbour. The nearest thing we get to the symmetry of some of the old world streets, is the string of villas in the semi-swell residen-

tial districts, or a neighbourly string of Elizabethan homes in the west end.

But the lawmakers who would stereotype the homes for the sake of symmetrical streets miss the point. It is the sense of original proprietorship that counts; and this is what the wide range in style of to-day aims at.

There is one style of architecture, which, does not seem to receive the attention that it should, and which for that reason, offers something to those whose craving is for originality. We refer to

was a common thing for the woodwork to be entirely plastered over, but even such houses often embody studies of good proportion and picturesque grouping of parts. Proportion and grouping often embody the most notable defects of the modern half timbered home. It is, to say the least, a most serious defect, for in this alone lies the artistic charm. The principles which go to make a whole structure beautiful, may in the panellings, be repeated over and over again, to intensify the original idea. Each panel in



This simple cement stucco residence is well adapted for the climate of Western Canada. The accommodation is excellent, having six good-sized bedrooms, bath, toilet, etc., fireplaces in three bedrooms. Cost to erect, \$3,500.

that style known as the half timbered home, an artistic and comfortable combination of wood and plaster. In this style of home the artistic merit lies very often in the added symmetry obtained through panelling. Half timbered homes with large panels possess a simple charm that is inimitable. More pretentious designs having smaller panels and carved woodwork, are in greater favor with those who choose this type of house for its artistic merit. In the old designs it

the half timbered home suggests a home within a home and, if these are in correct proportion, the effect of the whole is one of beauty.

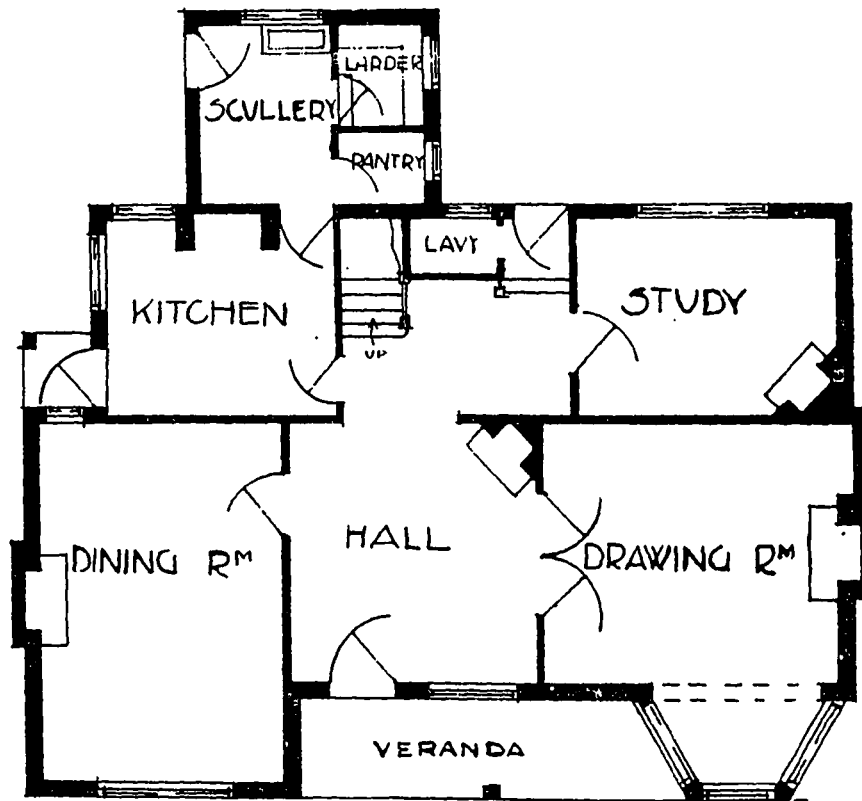
Pure half timber work, such as may still be seen in Norway, Switzerland, the Bernese Oberland and some parts of England, is falling into desuetude, the only use being for that horror of suburban buildings, the half-timber gable. Such architectural trickery, the indiscriminate mixing of types and material,

is to be avoided, for, at best, nothing more is obtained by a medley distressing to the eye. Besides, look at the example such a man sets to his neighbours.

There was a time, when the Germans living in the Harz Mountains were addicted to this style of houses, and some very peculiar specimens, artistic and otherwise, appeared as the result of their handiwork. In the oldest specimens the ornamentation, displays affinity with the Gothic style. The most characteristic feature of these buildings is that the stories are not placed perpendicularly one above another, but that each overhangs the one immediately beneath it.

tempt was made at enrichment by chamfering the projecting ends of the beams and not infrequently, by filling in between the timbers, with various kinds of stone. The town hall at Wernigerode, for instance, affords an excellent illustration of this style of architecture and the respect it enjoyed among home loving Germans.

The modern half-timbered house is a more pretentious affair, affording as it does the widest possible latitude for designing. But the principles remain the same; the principles of the square as applied to panelling, for the art of whose proportion there is no substitute outside



This overhanging construction gives scope for much external enrichment, and especially for that which forms the peculiar ornament of these buildings, namely, the carved or fluted brackets which support the walls of each story and, in the spaces which intervene, the wall space below these, is not always fluted or carved, but sometimes covered with a more or less ornamental coating of upright or sloping timbers.

In the past, it was by endeavors such as these, that attempts were made to bring wooden buildings within the range of artistic productions, and, though the buildings remained tasteless, still an at-

tempt was made at enrichment by chamfering the projecting ends of the beams and not infrequently, by filling in between the timbers, with various kinds of stone.

It might be well for the home builder, to investigate the merits of the half-timbered home. Only the architect who is an artist as well, can be trusted to supply the right proportions that this style of architecture demands. Such a problem is to him, what the distribution of light and shade is to the painter—a matter for special sense, the sense of genius for harmony.

There is a home likeness about these houses, a cosiness inside and out, which when properly combined with architectural beauty, makes something at once serviceable and distinctive.

The increased popularity of the half-timbered house, and the fact that many people of culture and refinement are erecting mansions planned in this style, is concurrent with the increased publicity given designs of this type by architects and artists. Their Old World charm delights the eye, and lends a sense of repose to the spectator.

Considerable interest is being taken in the correspondence department of Westward Ho, and I wish to assure readers that I shall be pleased to answer any questions and use my best efforts to solve any problems connected with their building schemes.

The Enchantress.

George E. Winkler.

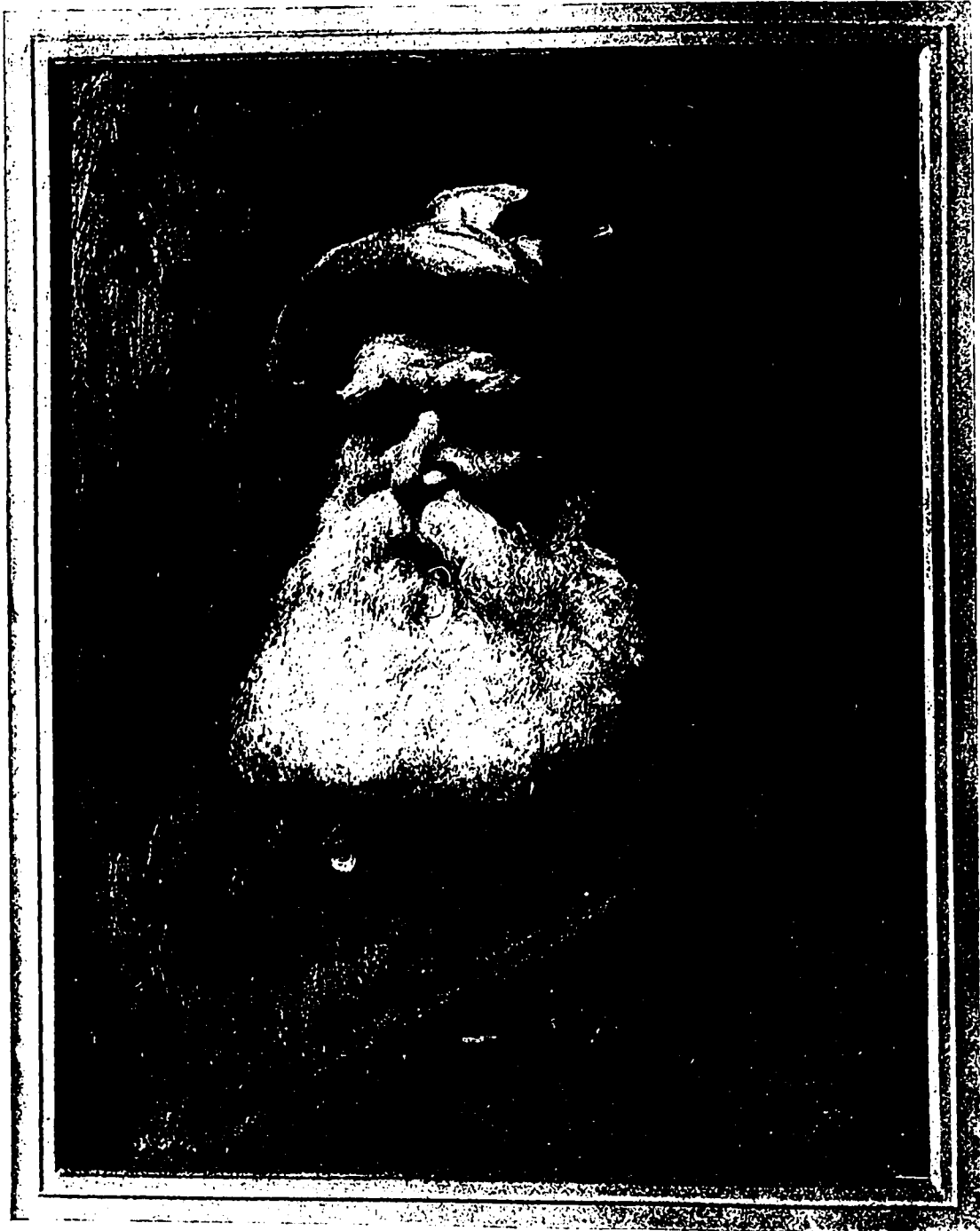
A longing once again to view
 The distant blue-limned hills,
 To drink again with thirsty lips
 At ice-fed mountain rills,
 To scale again great rocky peaks
 And wander echoing canyons through,
 Took me from you.

A longing once again to see
 The early sun rays strike
 Like fire upon the lifted crest
 Of snowy mountain height,
 To stroke with lazy, loving oar
 The quiet waters deep and blue,
 Took me from you.

But each elusive cloud suggests
 Thy changefulness and grace,
 And every dew-kissed rose commends
 The sweetness of thy face:
 The whisp'ring pines that roof my head
 Bid me their lonely joys eschew,
 And turn to you.

Models I Have Known--Alfred Harvey.

C. W. Gray, A. R. C. A.



THE artist's model frequently owes his or her usefulness to some specially interesting development in face or figure. In the case of the popular model some queer or amusing characteristic in his or her manner or style is often added. The model who can add to the fun and life of the studio

is sure to be welcome. Alfred Harvey when I knew him in Toronto, was one of these popular eithers, a laughing philosopher with a large fund of anecdote, and experience and animation.

I don't think Harvey had ever been conscious of the feeling of shyness; at any rate, his tone and manner and bow

to the ladies of the class on entering the room never betrayed it, and were a character study in themselves. His entrance was an event in the day's work. His elaborate manner may be said to have created an atmosphere of old-time courtesy; but of course with such a fine figure and lively blue eyes there was nothing severe about it. His natural buoyancy was great, and very fairly bore out, his grand *signeur* manner. His style, when it was not too obviously forced by artificial stimulants, pleased as well as amused the lady students. He liked to appear well groomed, and to attract attention on the street by his fine proportions and healthy humorous expression. There was little of that Bohemian in his appearance though he was rather too familiar with the Bohemianism of hotel interiors.

We encouraged him to talk when sitting, and as he was always ready to do so, the student got the benefit of his

varied expression. Being well read and having a good fund of experience, he was pleased to rattle on for the whole morning. He claimed to be something of a philosopher, and was understood to be writing a book on Darwinism and Evolution. I fancy it would not be remarkable for deep thinking.

In his earlier days he had lived and worked a good deal in Western Canada and the States on various surveys; and he knew Winnipeg well when it was Fort Garry. This life seems to have suited him better than continuing the study of medicine for which he was first intended.

The Sou'-Wester which he wore, enhanced his sailor-like appearance; but I think he was never at sea. His was a constitution that could withstand the coldest weather without an overcoat. He is still living, I think, but no longer enlivening the life class with his genial presence.

Simon Fraser.

Blanche E. Holt Murison.

To that brave dreamer of gigantic dreams,
 Who, all undaunted, dared the mighty quest,—
 The sunset gateway of the Last Great West.
 (For men will dream, and plan their splendid schemes,
 Harping life's music to a thousand themes;
 And none may say their music is the best,
 Until some searchless strain makes manifest,
 That we are all inheritors of dreams).

Where crag-crowned mountains rear their heights sublime
 He blazed a trail for other feet to tread:
 Where rushing waters break in rippling rhyme,
 With steadfast heart his lovely barque he sped:
 Till the eternal silences of Time,
 Awakened from their sleep and answered.



Afloat and Afield.

Bonnycastle Dale.

FRITZ and I were afield early this fine November day. The lad innocently asked me why it was called Thanksgiving Day. "Look around you and study a bit, then answer yourself."

All over this wide Dominion, as well as the little fern clad valley we were in, the Elk and the Caribou, the Moose and the Wood Buffalo, the Mule and the White-tail and Black-tail Deer revelled in deep cool pastures, in rich mosses, on luxurious wild grasses, amid millions of acres of unexplored arable land. The Mountain Sheep and the Goat pawed and nosed and rubbed the delicious, full-flavoured lichens and mosses and high bench grasses. The mighty avalanche of wild fowl that are speeding southward

over this wide continent were gorged with wild grain, surfeited with rich edible sea grasses, fattened by succulent wild celery, enriched by the wonderful beds of wild rice that lie awaiting them on the shallow bottoms of many an inland lake. The grouse, the pheasant, the quail were butter-fat with berry and seed, rose cups and crab apples. All the merrily chattering squirrels have laid up a rich store of nuts and seeds against the time when the cold weather should arrive. The mighty fishes of the sea, the food fishes that wander along our rocky coasts, the shellfish along every harbour bottom—all were fat and healthy and happy, well fed and nourished. Thanksgiving Day is announced in the Animal Kingdom without proclamation.

The migration of the birds has many things well worth the learning. Night after night Fritz and I have sat on the rocky point that reaches out into the Straits of Fuca listening to the ways of these aerial passengers. The song birds that cross the Straits to Vancouver Island on their way to the northern rivers and woods—and few are the varieties that inhabit our thick, dark, lonely fir forests—sing as they swing along both for company and to guide one another in keeping together, as they do not have a single leader but fly in big and small irregular flocks. I have noted them following the rivers. No doubt, as many writers agree, they use the northward and southward bound flocks of ducks and geese as guides.

Now is the time when the swift darting flight of Cooper's Hawk, or the Sharp-shinned or the Goshawk can be heard. These birds of prey whizz like a bullet into the ranks and take their bird by knocking it over by the impact of their bodies, instantly clutching the falling confused bird. They do this even with game birds as big as wild ducks. Most of the other birds of prey clutch

their food objects. A friend of mine while decoying near the Skagit saw a Cooper's hawk dash into a flock of decoying ducks, big well fed mallards. He heard the swift rushing noise and saw the bird of prey hit the duck, but his gun entered into the argument and there is one hawk the less now. Again, he told me of a man being knocked down by the impact of a hawk. It seems the man was hunting for Patamigan eggs when the hawk flew against him with such violence as to knock him off his feet. I have seen a sharp shin hawk dash after a teal with such a curving swift flight that the sound resembled a spurting rush of flame; and the yellow-eyed demon would have caught it too as he turned over in the air like an acrobat to grasp it—but sailed right into a stream of number six, and died instantly! These hawks, with their short wings and light bodies can sail along swiftly and as noiselessly as a bat, dipping and skimming over bushes in a most marvellous way.

Fritz and I were discussing this marvellous migration on our way to the shore, to see what new wonders Mother Nature would show us this glad Thanks-



The Sea Cucumber.

giving Day. Have you ever found the sea cucumber, the Trepanng or beche-mer as the French call it? Well Fritz did. He was lazily trailing his fingers over the bow of the canoe instead of paddling. Did you ever notice that no bowman paddles well when you are in the stern? "See the big—thing." He could get no other word for it. I stopped the canoe and gazed at the foot-and-a-half long "thing" that was attached to the side of the shore rocks below. It looked reddish and jelly-like to me. All along the back were big red hooks, like the thorns on a giant wild rose branch. Fritz pushed the landing net below the thing and detached the hundreds of suckers that held it to the rock. It was a weighty chap, about four pounds, counting the water it held in its stomach pouch. We laid it on the rock and made our notes. It had the same pinky veined surface that one sees on the Devil Fish—that poor harmless thing that Nature Fakirs call the Terror of the Seas. The red hooks were of soft fleshy formation, as is all of the strange invertebrate. All of the back was covered with the fish slime or glue found on so many things in marine zoology. This is a protective covering. It seems to prevent the parasites from burrowing in and attaching themselves to the body. All of the belly was covered with soft tentacles or sucking pores as is the Starfish. The mouth, strange to say, bears a resemblance to the mouth of the Devil Fish, as it has the same fatty matter about it, and this mass of pure white matter contains sepia similar to what is found in the pouch of the great squid or Devil Fish. "Look at the streamers about the mouth," Fritz cried. They were somewhat similar to those we find on those beautiful animal flowers, the anemones, that you see on the wharf piles. Fritz tried to pick the sea cucumber up, but the jelly-like formation and the wriggling over his hands that ensued made him finally use the paddle. It made its way along the rocks by attaching the suction tubes and drawing itself on. "Did you hear it grunt?" asked the boy. I thought he was making fun of me. I listened intently, standing erect over the Sea Cucumber. Then I plainly

heard it make a low grunting noise, the first invertebrate I ever heard make a sound. Find a big one—do not kill it nor injure it; and if you have a bit of patience you will hear it make this low full grunting noise.

These strange animals—for in the true Natural History sense these are all animals, organized beings, having life, sensation, and voluntary motion—contain quite a quantity of water, as they suck in much of their food from the tide. But this is not their sole food supply; for if you find one dead and dissect it you will see that the stomach is full of the lime salt built shells of the shell fishes, you will find the bones of the little crabs, the shells of the small whelks and snails, in fact all things that it can swallow are readily accepted by this slow moving great slug.

The appearance of it is more repulsive, if possible, than the Squibs, the Cuttle Fish, the Devil Fish and the Little Squib, yet I have met many men, yellow and white and red that eat of the long grisly arms or tentacles of the Devil Fish, so in their turn these awful masses of jelly-like formation serve as food to the Chinese. In fact they are said to be a great dainty. So you see, if we lived on the other shores of this great rough Pacific and wore darker skins, and were giving a Thanksgiving Day party we could offer them Devil Fish stew with Sea Cucumber as a side dish.

All this time the lad had packed a gun without using it. We left our canoe and walked a mile or two back along the shore. On the way the lad picked up a "Mermaid's Purse." Have you ever seen one of these? A boat shaped bottom, a parchment cover of yellowish green colour, in length about one foot. This is the eggcase of the skate. This leathery looking thing you find stranded along the shore. Pick one up and examine it: you will find the stern deck has been opened. Out of this slid a young skate with semitransparent fans, really its fins but they have become so enlarged through centuries of slow waving, bottom feeding motion, that they resemble fans attached to the sides of this flatfish. Nature causes this great fish to lay its

eggs in these boat-shaped cases. These float submerged, and the heat of the water hatches out the odd-shaped little fish from the egg within.

Now we met a couple, a man and a boy, out to enjoy Thanksgiving Day. As we approached them the pair were wildly running along the shore, along the edge of a line of storm-bent dwarfed firs. Fritz and I, hurried by their yells and excitement, conjectured there must be some wild animal in the shorebush. Expecting to see a cliff-shut-off cougar, or a poor little black-tailed deer that had been drinking at the creek that de-



The "Nursmaid's Purse," or Egg of the Great Skate.

bouched ahead we sped along. "Bang!" sang a shotgun. "Rip, rip, rip," echoed an automatic. "Well I can wear the tail in my hat," I heard the boy exclaim. Evidently it could not have been a very large animal. The noble hunters stepped out of the scrub with the badly mangled remains of a common red squirrel, riddled and torn to pieces by the murderous discharge. The man was well breathed, and the boy was smiling and

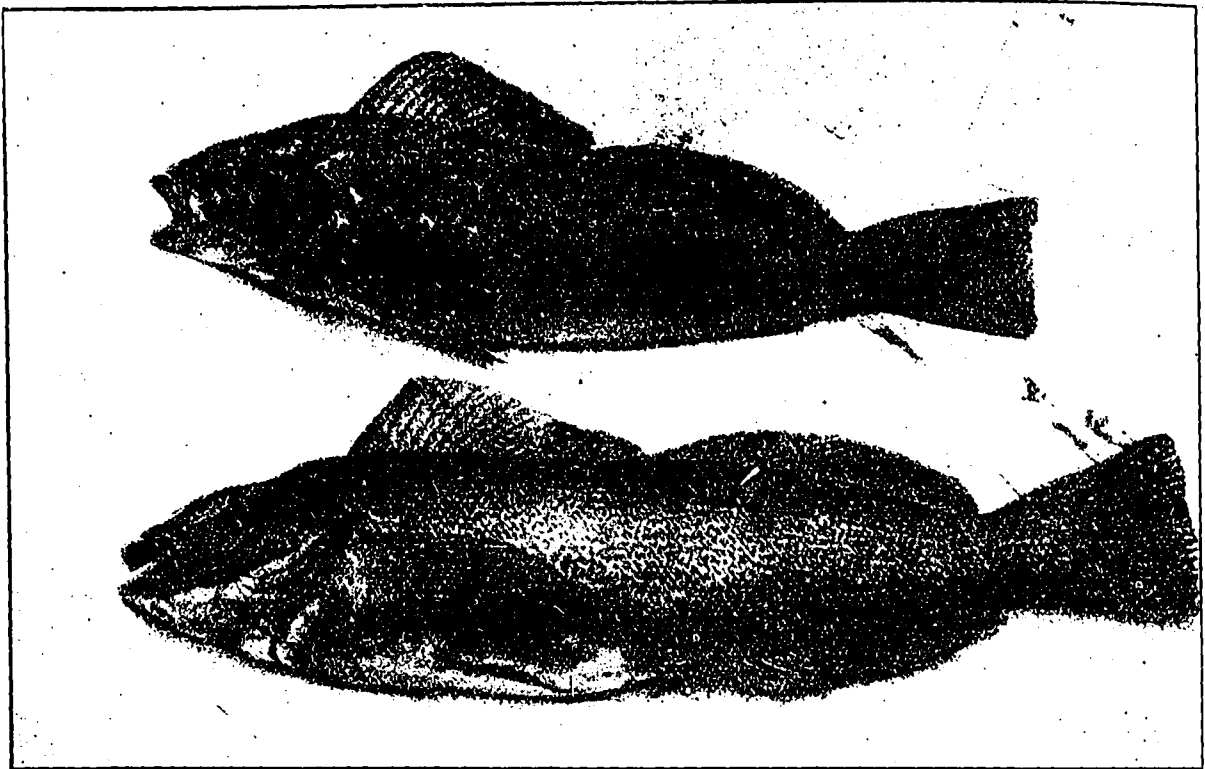
breathless. Out came a pocket knife and the torn tail was separated from the bloody body and stuck in the boy's hat-band. Now tell me lads and fellow sportsmen: Is this what the Great Thanksgiving Day was established for?

The lad Fritz and I stepped into the canoe and fished off some low tide rocks. The other man and the boy banged away at everything that crossed their path for at least one mile while they were in sight.

"Well I am glad of that," said Fritz. The man had fired at a poor unoffending gull that swooped out over the bank of the little stream, and missed it; and right behind them flushed a magnificent cock pheasant and sped away unseen and unharmed. Now it is right and lawful to kill such game birds; but these two imitation sportsmen were warning all the good game birds to escape by firing at harmless useless birds and animals.

I want to show you two of the cod we captured that morning, using worms, and fishing close to the bottom right beside some kelp. Wherever you see this big plant growing near the shore is a good place to fish. One of these cod was brown spotted all over, and is called the Rock Trout. It is one of the numerous Rock fishes included in the Cod family. The other rock fish or cod was spotted with well-defined robin-egg green irregular spots. Both of these are good to eat. Now there is a cod like this in which the flesh is all coloured this strange robin-green. I know that this fish has been eaten by friends of mine without any trouble ensuing, but I know of one man that also ate of the livers of these and other cod fishes and that both he and his family were made very ill by the food. Now the fish were biting greedily, but as we could not use more than these two fifteen-inch fish we reeled up and continued our way.

It is marvelous how Mother Nature supplies us and everyone. The retreating tide had left many a fine big grey crab in the shallows, carefully hidden under the feathery rack and kelp. There were also red crabs, shore crabs, hermit crabs, spider crabs. I pictured the sunny natured lad, just as he raised a great



The Green Spotted Cod.
The Brown Cod or Rock Trout.

eight-inch crab from the water. He turned smiling at the click of the setting of the shutter and laughed as he found I had snapped him. Now divided attention is not always the best. The crab had its attention set on one object, the fat finger that intruded so near the big blunt grasping and clubbing claws. There came a yell that rent that calm November air and the lad flung his hand up over his head, executing a sort of semi-civilized war dance; and the only time I ever saw a crab fly was when that big grey chap shot far up into the air and splashed into its native element many yards from the shore. Oh! I wish I had had time to have pictured the look on the lad's face as he danced on that lonely strand. The "before" and "after" were so different. I could not express much sympathy after expressly warning him.

There were many other things to admire this representative British Columbia Thanksgiving Day. Mighty mountain ranges, so high that the circling eagle above their lonely fortress, nesting-limb was the only level with the benchlands of the foothills. These Olympics that bound our southern viewline across the Straits of Fuca are a truly magnificent pile. Fir-clothed to the timberline, oreveined in

myriad places, elkhaunted in their lonely highest, unexplored valleys. From them two fine bands of elk every winter descend and are hunted, notwithstanding the United States law. With the telescope we can pick out from our Vancouver Island station valley, range after range, uncut, unburnt.

I remember while on the other side of the Straits meeting a most remarkable woman that lived in those solitudes. I was travelling on a steamer. Then as now, we had a rate war; and the U. S. Tottelish craft—little steamers that should never venture across the Straits of Juan de Fuca—were crowded. Beside me a little boy of five leaned over the rail. There was a big oily sea and the boat was rolling heavily off Port Townsend.

"Are you not afraid he will fall over?" I asked his mother sitting near me.

"If he did I'd jump after him." This woman was worth investigating. I got into conversation with her nephew, who was travelling with her. He told me that on one occasion she was drawing up water in a pail from the back of a moving tug. The pail filled, held firmly to the rush of the water, and over went the woman. The crew did not miss her for

five minutes. Back they sped at full speed. "And when they picked her up she said, 'Here, take this rope, no use losing the pail.'" This brave, excellent swimmer, lived alone in one of the little valleys of the Olympics. She told me that to get back home she would have to go to Olympia and take the Northern Pacific into the mountains and then pack her babe and ride seventy miles on horseback to her ranch. Her nearest neighbor, several miles distant, was also a woman, living alone save her little boy. I could not help noticing that she had lost the sight of one eye. "A thorn caught me when I was out hunting." Imagine this woman packing a deer home amid those lonely mountains. She told me how she threw out salmon-dogs, that ran so thickly up her little mountain river that she waded in and pitched them out with her potato fork as food for her pigs. "Yes, I was in danger once, the river rose and flooded my shack and I had to tie this kid on the cow's back and swim across; it was pretty black that night, too." Tell me you city dwellers is there anything to be thankful about this glad Thanksgiving Day? The lad Fritz and I meet many lonely souls on these devious Pacific coast trails.

Along sped the canoe, and now our gun was called into action and two couple and a half of ducks were taken for the table. Fritz, as usual, distinguished himself by killing a hen pheasant that rose with her gaudily coloured lord and master. I mention this simply to call attention to the fact that the law is very hard to follow when your bird rises in the cover. The lad was properly ashamed when I pictured the kill.

All you good British Columbians who are celebrating the day and have many relatives and friends scattered through the older provinces to the east. Come back with me to Ontario for a minute.

It is Thanksgiving Day. The lad and I were studying in far different scenes. Rivers ran through maple woods, pine trees covered the hills, blue limestone rocks were set in all the scarlet and yellow glories of the dying woods. That lazy pleasant haze was in the air. The season of the "Indian Summer" was

late that year. Not all the colours of a painter's palette could have exaggerated the brilliancy of hill and valley and marsh. Fritz and I were eating our mid-day lunch near the rippling Otonabee. A single black figure was paddling upstream, and as the canoe came in front of the pleasant green sward on which we lay, the man turned the bow shorewards and landed. "Good-day" he greeted us with. "Good-day," we answered. He drank a cup of tea from our black pot and asked us many questions of the farmers that lived along the bank of the river. When he saw that we wondered at his curiosity he told us his name and the following tale:—

"Thanks for telling me about all the folks. I used to know them all when I was a lad like your assistant there. Now could you guess what I have in that brown paper parcel?" He got up and brought the oblong package from the canoe. Of course we could not hazard a guess at its contents. "Well," he continued, "it's thirty years since I sat on this camp ground; it's not changed any; but I guess I have. My folks farm up this creek a way," and he pointed to a creek that ran from the river into the maple bush. "I got into a bit of trouble with dad and he thrashed me—thrashed me pretty hard for a lad of thirteen. I had been playing "hookey"—staying away from school, you know. Well next morning I managed to kiss Ma good-bye before I started off. I slipped down the lane and swung my schoolbag about my head and let it fly into the pasture; then I took to my heels and never stopped running till I got clear of our land. I had my wee bit of savings money in my pocket. All the clothes I had were on me, a straw hat, a little blue checked gingham shirt, a pair of black knickerbockers and black stockings, and a pair of stout shoes with copper toecaps. I got to Port Hope that night, and another boy showed me how to "steal a freight," and we got into Toronto next morning. I sold papers and did odd jobs, and worked my way to Detroit and finally to Chicago. I had better clothes then; and I still wanted to get west. I was afraid dad would even get the police after me

in that big city. I left my country duds and my books that I had bought with the kind-hearted woman I boarded with and worked my way out to the coast. It was several years after that I sent to Chicago for my little carpet bag. Once, in San Francisco, I met an Ontario man who told me my father and mother were dead, so I gave up all thought of writing, and worked along at my trade as Jack of all trades. Finally I bought a little bit of ground and settled down. Last week I came across a copy of a Port Hope paper. It was over a year old. In it I read of dad and mother, both alive and mentioned as respected old-timers—and here I am and here (he undid the brown paper

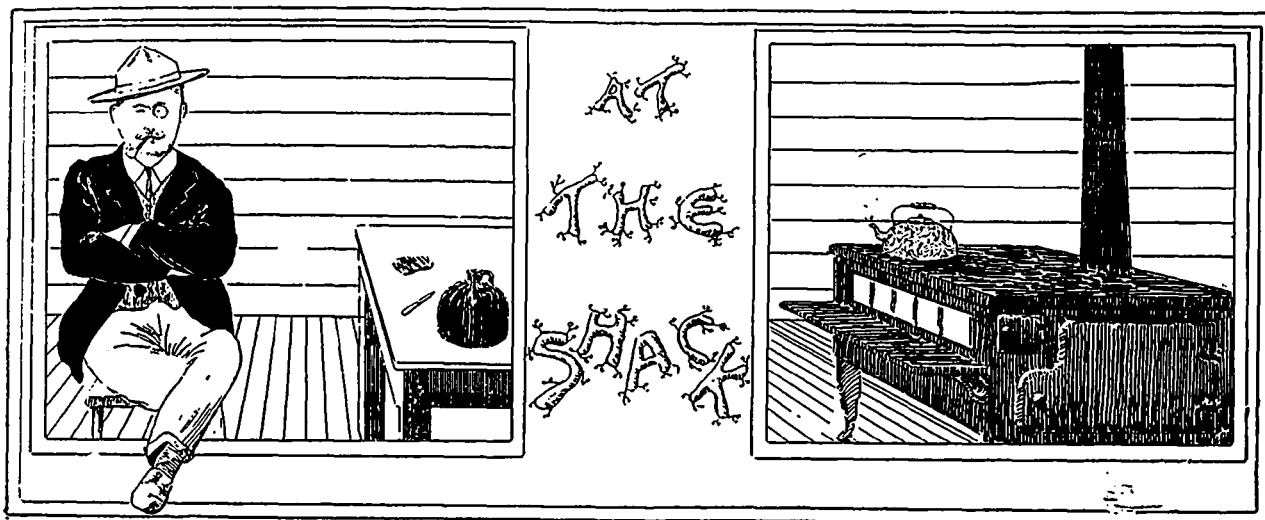
parcel) is the little blue checked gingham shirt, the black knickerbockers and copper-toed shoes. I have other presents for Ma but I guess she'll like these best—if (and here his lip trembled) she's still alive."

"Indeed she is," burst out Fritz. "I bought butter from her yesterday and she gave me a pie and your dad gave me a pocket full of apples."

"That's them," laughed the man as he walked swiftly towards his canoe, tying up his precious package.

Had those two good old souls, nearing the Great Harvest time themselves, anything to be thankful for that bright Thanksgiving Day?





By Percy Flage.

THERE has been considerable discussion lately, "back home," as to whether a statue of Dickens might with propriety be erected by the nation, despite his wishes to the contrary, as expressed during life, and now re-voiced by his descendants.

The arguments of the latter have evidently prevailed; and the desire of a generous public to set another exclamation mark in stone on the page of English history is reluctantly withdrawn, in favour of a greater desire to do no aggression on the perpetual copyright of the man himself.

That it is right to yield to the word of Dickens, and that Dickens was neither presumptuously modest nor selfishly reticent in withholding his person from the measurement of the calipers is generally acknowledged. But there is everywhere evident a vagueness of comprehension as to when and why the living object of a future discipleship should or should not with decency admit the shadow of a coming statue; and when and why the admiration of a people may or may not honourably result in the building of a monument without such admission.

The root of this ethical and practical confusion lies in the careless interchange of "statue" and "monument"—both in word and idea.

A statue is a true graven image.

The statue of a man is the completed whole of that rigid representation that is most commonly expressed in part by a bust.

Few artists have the daring to model a bust from anything less near to the actual man than a death mask.

Fewer yet should dare to build a body statue from the plane surface of a photograph; and yet we hear of statues of Shakespeare!

There is no statue of Shakespeare, nor of St. John the Baptist. There are monuments to the one and symbolic images of both.

There is no statue of Dickens, who would sit nor stand for one (this is not slang, good reader), nor, is it possible that there should be one; for a graven image of the man even if chiselled by Rodin or Puech would by the very nature of genius, prove to be no more a statue than a raped snapshot of Theodore Roosevelt is a portrait. The right of statuary rests with the subject. No man (save a criminal) may be photographed or portrayed in colour or stone unwillingly. His symbolic image, on the contrary, belongs to the world at large who look on him and own what they see. They may sketch, caricature and publish that. They may kodak and picture postcard that, (I cite the case of Marie Correlli vs. Doe & Doe, photographers),

and British law protects them if no malice is shown.

They may limn your features on little buttons by the million, and spread your symbolic picture from Victoria westward to Vancouver without permission, but lacking your leave no one may say, "This is His Portrait!" and against your will, art cannot interpret aught of you.

Dickens would not be sculptured, and there is not statue of Dickens. Let it rest at that.

As to a monument—that is entirely the affair of those who would build one.

Dickens had no voice of control, no interest whatsoever in that—nor have his descendants. Whether the would-be builders should abstain from carving an image of Dickens on such monument as they might erect, leads us first to the query—Why do we raise either monuments or statues?

Consideration shows us that we desire statues of heroic men, and that we dedicate monuments to heroic ideas. The heroic idea is more often than not, a half-grasped idea, a quest, a glimpse of something that must be marked lest it elusively vanish.

It was not for nothing that the Ephesians inscribed a monument to the "Unknown God." All our real monuments have something of the unknown in their meaning.

On Trafalgar Square stands Nelson's monument and the Gordon Memorial. Each these culminates in a so-called statue—one of the hero sailor; one of the hero soldier.

They are not, nor do they pretend to be statues, but graciously artistic symbols of heroic ideals. I speak from long memory, but would yet say that no features of the great Admiral are discernible from the base of that high column. One sees a well-known shape—almost a conventional figure, that one reads at a glance—Nelson. More than that, "England expects." More than that, Blake is there, and Rodney—and Van Troup too, who helped to make us—and Drake and Howard and a score of others—Beresford as well. You walk away thinking of many things, and telling some of them to the youngling with you.

Not the statue of Nelson the hero, but the monument, to a vast heroic idea that sways and surges in almost eternal tides, from the flood that threatens to swamp the tiny island, to the ebb that leaves the mud-flats lost in mist.

Nor is the other a statue of, or a monument to, General Gordon—Chinese Gordon—Gordon Pasha. It might rather be inscribed, "To the unknown Gordon!" for who knows or needs to know aught of the man in the presence of that sad figure bowed with the atlas burden of a world's neglect.

A monument to the heroic idea of simple failure; lost endeavour; the great undone! These are truly monumental conceptions, and worthy of their shrine.

The idea of what Dickens was and is to the people in a large city needs no other ikon than a well-filled bookshelf, and no surer reminder than the hum of the passing throng.

Individually I may choose to ornament my wall with the glorious gamp, bearing a perched raven and supporting pendant pattens, saveloys, chitterlings, nankeen shorts and kersey dittoes to keep my memory green as to the good world within his volumes, but as a people we need but hearken a moment each to the multitudinous others, and his stories spring up alive.

Listen to the passing footsteps, and you get the echoes that came and went through the tangled lives of Sydney Carton and the Doctor and Lucie Manette.

Listen at night, when the fire alarm sounds, and you hear the mad rioters of "No Popery" raging down the by streets.

Listen when the wind brings up weird noises in rising gusts, and you hear the mob that hunted Sikes on the roof-tops of Jacobs Island, or the hawkers crying the crime of Jonas Chuzzlewit through Holborn! or, better still, if you are in a fitting mood—the roar of the electors of Eatanswill as Slumkey of Slumkey Hall kisses all the babies.

What echoing fame of marble would waken us more quickly to these associations?

No obelisk could help us if we waxed forgetful nor could a *bas relief* worthily recall our Pickwick. It would be very

far from disparaging his form of genius, to point out how much more necessary to us is the statue of a statesman than that of a novelist.

Where the life work of a Dickens is given to us entirely in his books, that of a Peel or a Beaconsfield is hidden in the fog of yesterday's history and meshed in the webs of circumstance. Without a monument their efforts are soon lost sight of by the many for whom they toiled. Without a statue to guide us, we cannot read the men.

The normal monument to a statesman is a true and full statue, whose face and

form may throw some guiding light on our garbled tale of his deeds.

There are abnormal monuments, such as that of Cromwell in Westminster Abbey, where the statue or bust becomes entirely symbolic again, and where a brass plate scribed with a name would be of fuller significance.

But in general, the statesman's monument is a statue, and under no conditions of easy imagination could we conjure up statesmen refusing to bequeath his proper image to the people whom he guides. It is almost his sole apology to posterity; for the things that he tried to do are written there.

Along the Coast of the Northwest.

J. H. Grant.

Photos by Rev. B. C. Freeman.

THE deep whistle of the steamboat Camosun roars out its final warning, the donkey engines cease their clinking and the deckhands replace the hatches. A few tardy passengers struggle pantingly up the gang-plank just as it is being drawn in; the vessel looses her ropes, swings silently about and heads for the mouth of the harbor. Her prow probes the dark deep warily, and from the stern stretches a long trail of troubled waters, fringed with foam that gleams white beneath the lagging cloud of dusky smoke. On she steals through the dark channel and out again, where on one side, silhouetted against the moonlit sky, stands a great black mountain, and on the other, stretches a sheet of shimmering water. Vancouver, a semi-circle of lights, gradually recedes and diminishes, as with ever increasing speed, we continue upon our course to the open sea.

It may be that I, a native of the prairies, beholding as I do the beauties of this western coast, with eyes that are

wonder wide, am inclined to be over-enthusiastic; but I believe that this trip from Vancouver north along the coast will yet become one of the most popular in America with summer tourists.

At this particular season of the year the majority of travellers are from some part of the great central plains, where the climate is hot and dry. The soft sea breezes are balm after the harsh winds of the prairies. To these men who are unaccustomed to see a hill more than fifty feet in altitude, a tree more than eighteen inches through at the butt, or a boulder too large for the corner stone of a barn, these mighty mountains, these forests of gigantic trees, and these great bluffs, cracked and seamed are like pictures from some book of fairy tales.

To the lover of scenery, no matter from which clime he may come the whole voyage is one panorama of delights. No-where, except perhaps it be the coast of Norway, could he behold anything to even approximate its rugged grandeur. From his position at the vessel's prow,



A Fishing Village on the Northern Coast.

he sees a broad blue water, dotted with verdant islands and bounded on either side by tree-covered banks, that reach up and up until they terminate in wreaths of gleaming snow. At times the rocky walls seem suddenly to recede and the astonished traveller beholds a bay, beautiful as a painter could imagine. Perhaps in its still waters a tiny tug may be seen trailing a long boom of logs to

some obscure mill that nestles close at the foot of a great protecting mountain, and throbs with the power imparted by a roaring mountain torrent.

Swanson Bay, where the pulp mills have been built, is perhaps the most beautiful little inlet upon all the Coast of America.

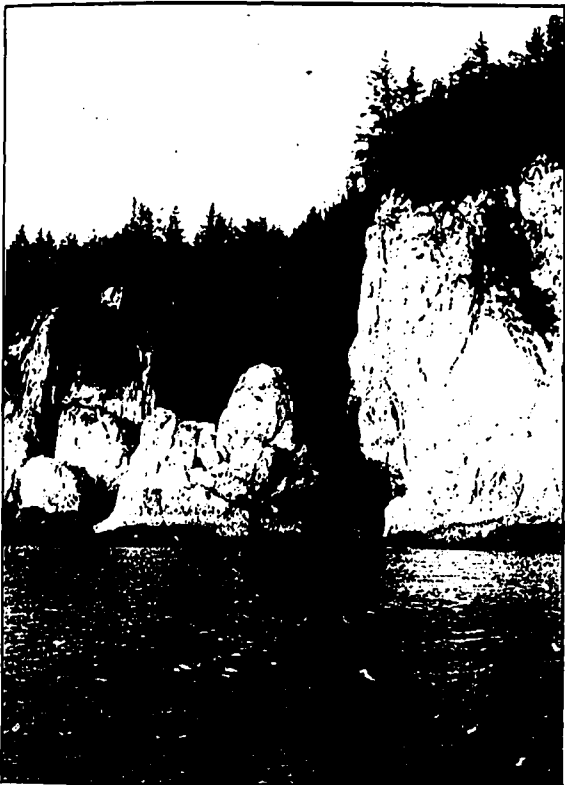
For a distance of over eighty miles, throughout what is known as the Gran-



An Indian Village.

ville Channel, the course lies between bluffs, steep and snow-capped and at no point more than a quarter of a mile apart. Here and there a tiny arm of the sea thrusts itself into a gap in the granite wall, and up the little gorges thus formed, the smoke from the vessel floats, rising higher and higher till it lies a black streak against the pearly white.

Sometimes a long strip, robbed of every vestige of growth, and rubbed



Great Bluffs Cracked and Seamed.

smooth as a floor, marks the path of a mammoth slide. At rare intervals the tiny hut of a hardy settler clings to the base of a shadowing rock. Away ahead the channel narrows to a mere thread and loses itself in a blue haze that climbs the steeps and looks like a second sky of deeper hue.

The little fishing villages along the way are odd mixtures of the old and new; the past and present. Upon the beach in a dilapidated row, repose the old "dugouts" of the Indians, while their owners man the modern fishing boats of the canning companies. Occasionally, in the fishing fleets one notices a boat, longer and more gracefully curved than its fellows, and recognizes an old war canoe, refitted with paint and rowlocks.

The population is conglomerate. There are representatives of almost every race, and mixtures of many: everything in fact, from the aborigine to the "Latest Thing" in Asiatics. Of one cannery which I visited, the manager and foreman are Canadians, the net boss a Norwegian, the bathroom man a Swede and the nightwatchman a German. The fishermen are Japanese and Indians, the washers and fillers, Indian women and Chinese. One of the Chinamen is married to an Indian woman, and their children though quite young, can speak fluently the Chinese and Tsimshian languages, and are able to converse intelligently in both Chinook and English.

But, entertaining as are these cosmopolitan points, and grand as the scenery upon the first part of the voyage, yet interest culminates only when we reach the lone lands of the Redmen. Here each mountain adds to itself the charm of mystery and all the dark belts of for-



Totem Poles Masking an Ancient Village Site.

est seem to sigh of hidden things. Here an occasional group of totem poles, ancient and hideous, stands among a few grass-grown, weed-besmothered walls, and marks the site of a village, long since depopulated. On some bare beach, where

perhaps a mainland tribe encountered the fierce seafaring Haidas, still lie white and bleached, the bones of the slain. It was not the custom in olden times, for the Indian to bury the body of his deceased friend, and consequently, an ancient repository for the dead is a veritable boneyard.

A casual glance at an Indian village of today reveals nothing unusual. A green bank sloping to an inlet of the sea, a tiny church, a Hudson Bay store, and a collection of quaint little houses—that is all.

The inhabitants act and dress much as we do. I noticed that some of the women even wore "Merry Widow" hats. They—that is the women—are exceptionally musical and have their brass bands and church choirs. But, beneath all this, deeper than the veneer of our civilization, deeper even than the stratum to which our religion percolates, linger the old loves. These children of the forest, this brood of Mother Earth, how they cling to Nature's solitudes. Their dead are buried upon some lone hill; the graves set deep among the firs and cedars and hidden by grass and shrubs. On a Chief's monument I read this inscription:

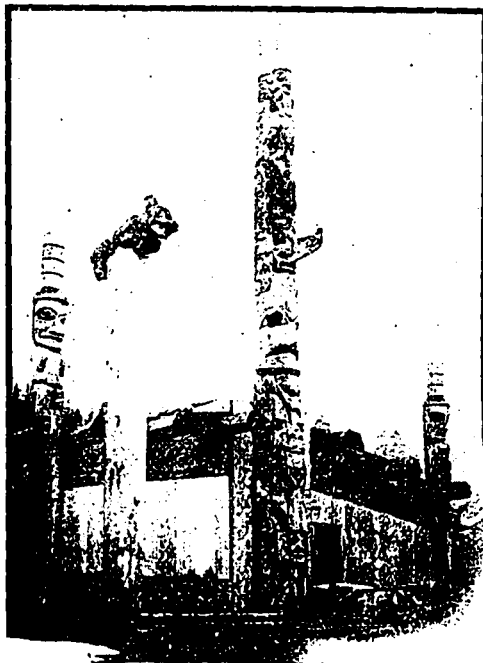
"Let me die in some lonely place, where none comes to weep and where no sound is heard, but the sighing of the wind in the great trees. Let my people not find me for five hours. By that time I shall have gone hence."

Beneath was added:

"His people found him not for eight hours. God gave him more than he asked."

The worst features of the "potlatch" are forbidden by the law. No longer do they indulge in those fearful orgies openly. But, there are times when a voice, old as the race, calls from out the forests gloom and the untamed heart leaps to reply. Then it is that a village or even a whole tribe, disappears as completely as though they had been suddenly

swept from off the earth. Silently but with feverish tread they press on by winding paths, through dim forests, down gorges, through deep canyons and over precipitous rocks, till away in the far interior, they reach a rendezvous, as yet unknown to white men. Here it may be by some lone lake, lit by the ruddy glare of their watch fires, with the great forms of the forest trees standing all about and with no spectator save a grim old grizzly or perhaps a wandering big-horn, the weird whistle moans, the drums rumble, the medicine men chant from behind their horrible masks and the gruesome rites begin.



A Chief's House in Olden Days.

Here on these Northwestern shores relics of this quickly passing race lie all about. Here are bays, whose waters have borne no craft since they rippled from the prows of the great war canoes: here are mountains whose crests have yet to be scaled by men: here are forests where still roam the wolf and grizzly; here are hot springs which bubble out from the mineral-charged rock and flow down unhampered by artificial contrivances. Here is the place to spend a vacation with nature all untrammelled.



A Northland Eden.

Lysle I. Abbott.

BRITISH COLUMBIA and British North America are not synonymous terms. The former is the Pacific Coast Province of the latter, just as California, Washington and Oregon are the Pacific Coast States of the Union. British Columbia, roughly speaking, is eight hundred miles from north to south and six hundred from east to west, but if the surface were ironed smooth it would cover ten times the present area. In general, the physical characteristics of the province separate themselves into several well defined divisions. Beginning on the west there is the Pacific slope with its mild, moist climate and heavily timbered plains and valleys. Beyond this favoured region lie the Cascade Mountains robbing the clouds of their moisture and dooming the interior regions to perpetual drouth. From the Cascades on the west to the Selkirks and the Rockies on the east, there extends a high, broken, arid plateaus, cut and seamed with canyons and valleys by the myriad streams which carry the water from the melting snow caps back to the sea. The east line of the province follows the summit of the Rocky Mountains to the fifty-fourth parallel of latitude and then runs due north to the sixtieth. The northeast corner of

the province comprises the Peace River country of which so much is said and so little known.

Most of this interior plateau is suitable only for grazing. Along the streams, where the topography permits, irrigation is possible and to some slight degree practised. Here and there valleys of some magnitude are found. Some of these are now under a high state of cultivation and the land brings fabulous prices because of its productiveness and the demands of the local markets. Most of these valleys need irrigation, but a few of them are equally productive without it. Belonging to this latter class is the valley of the Nechaco, visited by a party consisting of Fred. Engen, R. C. Strath, E. C. Gallup and F. E. Harrison of Saskatoon, Sask., J. A. Harvey of Cranbrook, B.C., John F. Appleton of Crystal, North Dakota and Dr. F. G. Sparling, Frank Crawford and myself of Omaha. I give these names and addresses as some of my statements may seem to need corroboration.

On June 30th last our party left Ashcroft, a village on the Canadian Pacific Railway about two hundred miles inland from Vancouver. For about one hundred and seventy miles, we travelled by a four-horse stage over the Cariboo

road, a magnificent gravelled turnpike built by the government more than half a century ago to render accessible the mineral wealth of the Cariboo range. This road touches the Fraser River at Soda Creek where we embarked on a flat bottomed, wood burning, stern-wheel steamer for a trip of fifty-six miles up the river. At Quesnel we left the outpost of civilization, except for a telegraph line owned and operated by the government between Ashcroft and the Yukon along the line of which our trail lay. Here we were supplied with saddle

topography, vegetation, climate, rainfall and soil.

Roughly speaking this marvelous valley contains about two hundred thousand acres of arable land. It is entirely surrounded by mountains which can be seen cutting the sky line. It seems to be the bottom of a pre-historic lake. The soil is a highly productive white silt, entirely free from sand or grit of any kind, so much so that when placed between the teeth none is perceptible.

The Nechaco River flows through the valley from west to east and a more



Oat Field in the Nechaco Valley—Note Height of Grain.

and pack horses by which means we traversed the forest for about one hundred and thirty miles over a trail made by the hoof of horse but innocent of the touch of the hand of man. On Monday, July 8th, we reached the Nechaco Valley and camped for a day on the shores of Lake Noolki, a beautiful body of water about six or seven miles long and about half as wide, surrounded by high wooded shores. The next day we moved our camp about five or six miles to the banks of the Nechaco where we made our home for a week. We were in the saddle every day from early morning till late at night, covering, by detachments, as much of the valley as we could and gathering all available information as to its

beautiful stream I never saw. About three hundred yards in width and deep enough to carry light draft steamers, swifter than the Missouri at Omaha, with water sweet and cool and as clear as crystal, it flows between high, wooded banks and among its many islands. Tributary to the river are many beautiful little lakes, among these being Tsinkut Lake, about two and one-half miles in length by one in width, Moolki Lake, something over twice as large, and Lake Tachic, about ten miles in length and two or three in width. These are attractive bodies of water, having high, wooded shores rising abruptly from the water's edge, sand and gravel bottoms, and clear, cool water. Game, fish of



Vegetables grown in the Nechaco Valley. Notice comparative size as shown by two-foot rule.

kinds known to northern waters are found in abundance. Upon the shores of Lake Noolki is a village of Stony Creek Indians whose main article of diet is fish, caught from the adjacent lake. Almost everywhere you can get a drink of cool, sweet spring or mountain water, so numerous are the small water courses.

The surface of the valley slopes gently towards the many streams and lakes, making almost perfect drainage and yet avoiding any appearance of roughness. Outside of the steep banks of a few of the deeper ravines we would be safe in saying that the valley proper contains no rough land, certainly none too rough for the plow. The entire valley is covered with a dense growth of small poplars interspersed with a limited amount of spruce. Occasionally one finds open meadows of considerable extent, giving a park-like appearance to the landscape. Clearing the land for farming is simpler and cheaper than breaking prairie sod. In the fall when the vegetation is inflammable, fires are set. One burning destroys all underbrush and kills the trees. The dead trunks fall of their own

weight and the second burning practically prepares the land for the plow, no stumps being left for the reason that the roots spread out on the surface on the ground and are pulled out by the falling trunk, ready for the fire.

To my mind the climate of this Northland Eden is its most marvelous feature. Our information in this regard came from the Hudson's Bay agent at Fort Fraser, hunters and trappers, and Indians. The Hudson's Bay man proved to be a most systematic observer, keeping a book in which he jotted down the main climatic features each year covering a long period. Among the trappers we found a man from Misley. He has built himself a very comfortable log house and is supplied with vegetables from a good sized garden which he cultivates with a spade, his only farming implement.

From reliable information obtained as I have detailed, the following statements may be considered as conservative: Outside of two or three days each winter the thermometer does not fall below zero. The snowfall is generally about eighteen

to twenty inches, coming about the first of December and going about the first of March. Small grain is planted in April and ripens in August. The rainfall is ample for all crops and comes during the growing season. The summer temperature ranges from eighty-five to one hundred, but even at the highest point the heat is not oppressive. The nights are always cool. The autumn is warm and late, killing frosts coming generally about the tenth or fifteenth of October. Last year in Mr. Murray's garden, above referred to, potatoes were left in the ground and this year they produced a volunteer crop with an immense yield. We saw this volunteer crop ourselves. Last year the Hudson's Bay agent at Fort Fraser threshed seventy-five bushels of oats to the acre, his threshing machine consisting of a floor upon which the oats were thrown and over which horses were led back and forth.

In the clearings, wild grasses grow on the uplands with the greatest luxuriance. I have a photograph of a meadow of red top taken on July 12th, showing the growth above a horse's neck. Wild pea vine of which animals are passionately fond, grow everywhere to the height of three or four feet. Timothy and clover when tried, without any care or attention, grow luxuriantly. We brought back a head of timothy over twelve inches in length picked on July 13th, the growth coming from seed thrown upon the unprepared ground of a burned clearing.

Wild fruit such as strawberries, raspberries, saskatoons, high bush cranberries, huckleberries, choke-cherries, wild cherries and many other kinds of berries grow wild in great profusion. I see no reason why apples and similar hardy fruits should not grow equally well. At Soda Creek about a hundred miles further south there is an apple tree five years old which produced over two hundred pounds of fruit last year and bids fair to exceed that amount this season. This tree belongs to Mr. C. H. Smith, who

is an intelligent gardener and observer. Last year he took two hundred and twenty-five pounds of plums from one tree, the plums of such a size that about ten of them would fill a quart jar. His cherries were picked this year on July 20th, and yielded abundantly. He has grown pears successfully and his currant and raspberry bushes were loaded down with ripe fruits of extraordinary size when we were there on July 20th last. Among other things Mr. Smith last year produced one hundred pounds of potatoes from one pound of seed potatoes and took two hundred and twenty-five pounds of Hubbard squash from one vine. In his garden we saw some fine looking corn which he said produces roasting ears about August 15th, and fully ripens long before frost.

At Quesnel we saw on July 20th oats fully headed out, their tops touching the extended arms of a six-foot man. We gathered and brought with us peas of heavy yield just beginning to ripen, potatoes larger than a man's fist, corn six feet three inches in height, and rhubarb with leaf thirty-six inches in width, the stalk thirty-two and one-half inches in length and five and one-half inches in circumference.

From the data collected I could multiply evidence of the almost tropical productiveness of this wonderful garden spot, but this article is already too long. Suffice it is to say that the prices keep pace with the growth. Potatoes bring five cents a pound, oats two dollars and fifty cents a bushel and other farm products in proportion.

Inside of two years this valley will be reached by the main line of the trans-continental Grand Trunk Pacific now building both ways towards it. Mining and timber interests of fabulous value surround it. When the iron whistle awakens the echoes of modern commerce along the virgin shore of the Nechaco the door of opportunity will swing to those adventurous spirits who shall early hear and heed the "Call of the Wild."

What About Your Fall Overcoat?

If you have'nt made up your mind about it yet why not look us up ?

We have them in fancies as well as in plain cloths--serge and silk lined.

They are tailored by the best clothes craftsmen in Canada.

Our fall overcoat is very modest in length, has center vent and a fairly deep roll. The shoulders are not as wide as in former seasons.

They have those little touches of smartness only obtainable in very high priced garments; and when you can save \$5.00 and more, is it not worth while ?

"Fashion-Craft"

The Shop of Fashion Craft

335 Hastings St., Vancouver, B. C.

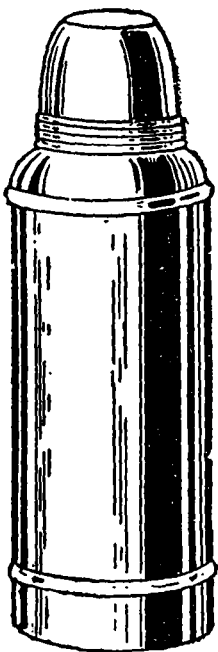
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The Newest Wonder of the World.

A bottle which will keep hot liquids *hot* for 24 hours in the *coldest* temperature—which will keep cold liquids *cold* for 72 hours in the *hottest* temperature. That's almost unbelievable, isn't it? But

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will do it. A German scientist simply applied the vacuum principle to the Thermos Bottle by putting one glass bottle inside a larger one and removing the air from the space between. Heat or cold can't get through this vacuum. No chemicals—nothing for you to adjust. Put in your liquids hot or cold, and the Thermos Bottle will keep them that way.



Motoring Take Thermos Bottles filled with any liquid at any temperature, and no matter where you go or what happens you have refreshments at hand. There's a Thermos Bottle Basket to contain 6 bottles made especially for automobiles. Also leather auto case for two bottles.

Outings Picnicing, Yachting, Hunting, Canoeing—or any kind of trip—you can have hot drinks or cold drinks always ready if you put them into Thermos Bottles before you start.

Traveling No more vain longing for a refreshing drink on tedious railroad journeys. Simply put into your grip one or two Thermos Bottles filled with hot or cold refreshments.

The Thermos Bottle provides hot or cold drinks for LUNCHEON at office, shop or home. In the SICK ROOM it keeps medicines and nourishment always at the right temperature. It supplies the BABY with warm milk day or night.

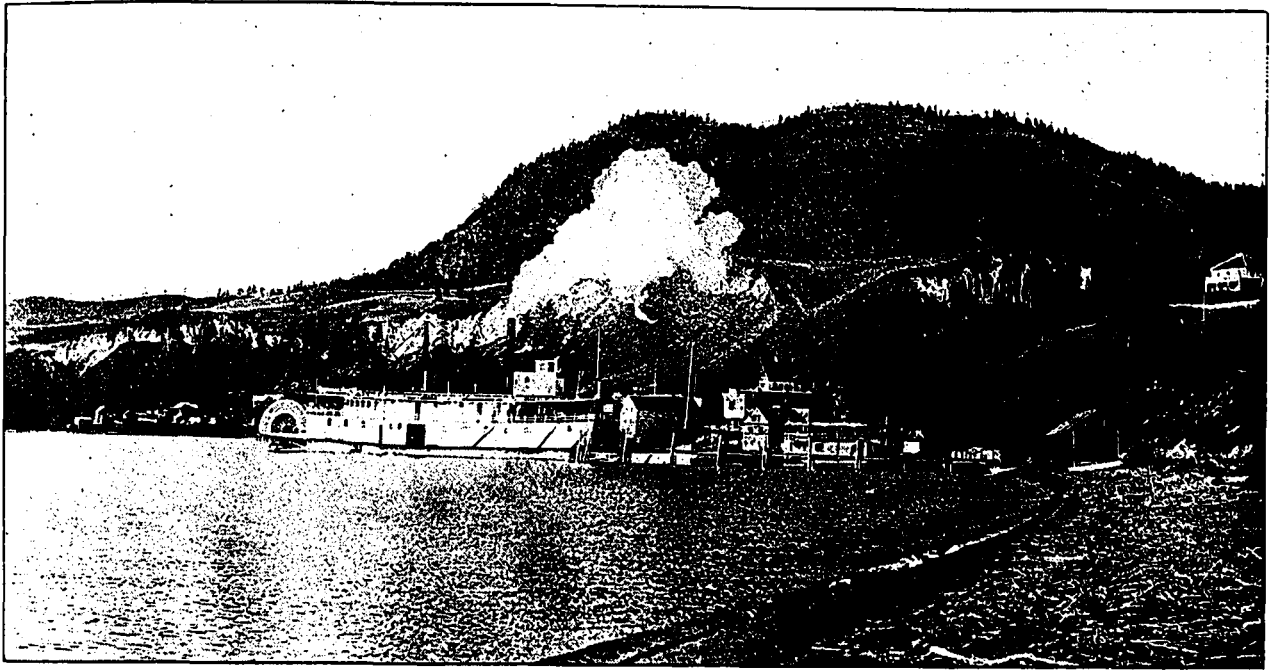
Thermos Bottles are sold in the leading department stores, hardware stores, drug stores, jewelry stores, leather goods stores, automobile supply stores—everywhere. Pint and quart sizes.

Prices from \$3.50 up.

Send for free booklet.

Always ready—never requires any preparation.

CANADIAN THERMOS BOTTLE CO., LTD., Montreal.



Summerland.

A. T. Robinson, M. A.

IT was at a political meeting in Ireland that one of the speakers likened his opponent to an extinct volcano.

"O, the poor crater!" immediately sung out an Hibernian in the audience.

In Summerland, in the sunny Okanagan, there are no poor craters—not if you buy your peaches from the Fruit Exchange; for every crate they send out has to pass under the eagle eye of their inspector, who thumbs them over to see if the producer knows how to count straight: 48 to 64, Fancy; 64 to 80, Grade A; 80 to 90 Grade B; over 90 Grade B; over 90 to the crate, culls. Take *them* away.

All of which is not without interest to the man who buys, for; from the standpoint of the buyer he is a "poor crater" who packs one hundred small or otherwise doubtful peaches into a twenty-pound crate, and he is a "good crater" who puts in forty-eight to eighty. But from Summerland and Peachland many a crate designed for tomatoes has gone out full of peaches, because two

layers could not be crowded into the standard peach crate, without bulging up through the roof more determinedly than little Billy's shock of hair ever stood up through the roof of his ten-cent straw hat in swimming time.

California ships peaches to Winnipeg that run over one hundred to the crate. Picked green, they are dried out when they arrive. Often they are tough as leather, flavorless as a chip in porridge and would find no market at any price, save among foreigners, were it not that Manitobans are ravenous from long abstinence from a fruit diet, and not yet acquainted with the incomparable quality of the fruit grown in the peach belt of British Columbia.

A peach belt in British Columbia has therefore, more than a local significance. It is a kind of national treasure. Canada has only a few spots of the kind, where the peach and its cousins, the apricot and the nectarine can be grown in abundance and unrivalled excellence.

Summerland is located in one of those

CEETEE UNDERWEAR

The Underclothing that Everybody Likes

Because "Ceetee" Underclothing is made from fully combed and thoroughly scoured imported yarns (spun from Australian wool)—thus removing all the short fibres and foreign particles that cause that irritating and tickling sensation so frequent in ordinary underwear. Only the long, soft, full length fibres, which give greatest strength and elasticity to the garment, with the lightest possible weight are used. Made of wool, and silk and wool.

We manufacture it in all styles for men, women and children and want you to ask your dealer to show you "Ceetee" underclothing. It is fully guaranteed by us.

The C. Turnbull Co.
of Galt Limited.
Established 1859.

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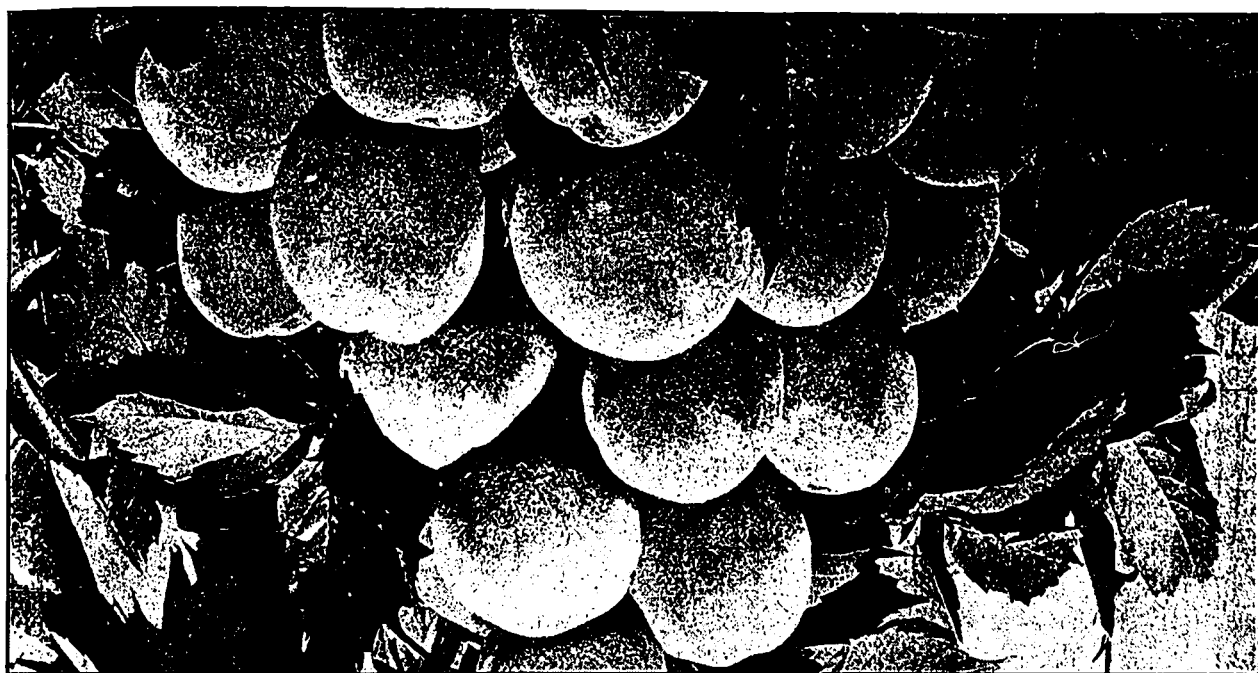
GUARANTEED-UNSHRINKABLE
CEETEE
PURE-WOOL

favoured spots, say two hundred miles east of Vancouver and one hundred miles south of Sicamous on the main line of the C.P.R.

Were you to come sailing in on a cloud drift of a summer's day, and look down upon the community you would see something like this. You would see that in its general aspect Summerland is a diversified plateau rising about 1,400 feet above sea level. The surface, originally clear of trees and ready for the plow for the most part, is broken here and there by ravines; ramifies west, south and north into Prairie, Peach and Garnet valleys; lifts itself up toward the centre in a bold peak called the Giant's Head, and sweeps away eastward in descending slopes toward Okanagan Lake, which it skirts for a matter of five miles. Three wrangling creeks, Prairie, Trout and Aeneas, wander through the estate and furnish the water necessary for irrigating.

The soil is generally a warm, sandy loam, or a whitish clay silt, for, many ages ago, when fierce internal dissensions cleft the earth's crust and threw up these Rocky Mountains, the fire fiend within broke out in places, belching forth a stream of molten rock through yawning fissures. Such stuff, containing more or less of mineral properties, in due time cooled and became known as igneous rocks. Of such a character is the formation about Summerland, showing in fact, precious metals in place. At that time the Okanagan was some miles wider and hundreds of feet deeper than it now is. Little by little the ceaseless action of the waves, aided by the frosts, the rains and the sun, eroded and then washed down, minute particles of those igneous rocks impregnated with mineral properties, and, carrying them far out into the lake deposited them there as mud. Today those mineralized, decomposed mud bottoms form the benches on which Summerland fruit lots are situated. Going along the lake shore one may see in the cut banks crowned with castellated turrets a hundred feet high, the various strata of mud piled one upon another.

From your height you would see also



Peaches from a 3-year-old Tree on R. H. Agur's Orchard.

other handiwork. You would see the face of nature, at great cost, intersected and interlaced by flumes and ditches for the conveyance of water, and heavily shaded by the deep foliage of trees struggling to carry their fruit. Among them the luxuriant peach with its leaves of rich, dark green.

Among the peach trees would be seen also, orchards of apple trees with pears, plums, prunes and cherries here and there contending for the pre-eminence. Sometimes the peaches are found among the apple trees, in which case they are technically known as "fillers." That means they are planted there with a view to being rooted out when the apple trees, which are of slower growth, shall require the ground they occupy.

A peach filler, well cared for, will bear a few peaches in its third year, be bearing commercially at five or even four years, and should be dug up at eight or nine, when it is in the full glory of its production. It requires something like Spartan resolution to go through an orchard hewing down trees that are yielding from seven to ten dollars each per year; but it must be done. One tree or the other must go. As with Abraham and Lot of old the land cannot bear them both.

Prof. Lake, an Oregon authority on apple culture, noted with surprise, as a

peculiarity of the soil in Summerland, that the finest peaches and apples grow side by side. He is quoted as saying he knew no place in the American union of which that could be said; and later, as he admired a Spitzenberg tree in the orchard of Mr. Jas. Gartrell, the orchard that has won such an array of medals in old world fruit expositions, he observed: "I could afford to give you \$3.00 a box for a train load of apples like that."

In the adjoining orchard of Mr. G. R. Brown were one hundred and ten peach "fillers" that were yielding their fortunate owner returns at the rate of \$1,200 per acre.

Another peculiarity of the peach tree in this dry air is its longevity. In Ontario they reckon the life of a peach tree to be twelve or fifteen years, but in the dry belt of British Columbia there are trees twenty-seven years old still bearing with unabated vigour. They may live to be fifty for aught we know, as Prof. Lake remarked in one of his lectures.

There too, from your seat on the tail of the cloud, you would see among the 400,000 or so of trees that have been planted, beautiful homes of modern architecture sheltering still more beautiful people. Socially these present a clean bill of health. In the six years

of their history as a community no arrest has been made among them, nor has the sheriff gathered any of them in—possibly because they have no licensed bar in Summerland. Those who came, for the most part came prepared to await the fruition of their hopes. They have come from the coast and from the ends of the earth, but chiefly business and professional men of the Northwest who had served their country well in the cold and were now prepared to seek easier conditions; or they came as successful farmers, with the natural brains of business men who had won out in the struggle of the wheat belt and were now disposed to acquire and sit down under their own vine and fig tree. Yes, fig tree! Mr. W. A. Lang of Peachland, fifteen miles north of us, ripened excellent figs in the open. No other attempt to do so, however, has been made so far as the writer is aware, but vines may be found anywhere.

When Mr. J. M. Robinson of the Summerland Development Co., laid the foundations of the place in 1902, financially assisted by Sir Thos. G. Shaughnessy and Messrs. Holt, Hosmer, Osler and Angus, directors of the C.P.R., he planned to build a community in which intelligent people would like to live. To do that it was necessary that they should find themselves ultimately surrounded by intelligence; and to secure the intelli-

gence some process of selection had to be instituted and maintained. The easiest way in which to compass that end, was, he reckoned, to reach a certain number of the desired class and then they in turn would bring others, their relatives and friends, who would naturally be of the like feather, and so a certain homogeneity, a peculiar and valuable social complexion would inevitably result.

That his calculation was not wide of the mark may be inferred from the fact that the community has been undisturbed by broils even over selections, and that last year there was erected, chiefly by the gifts of its own citizens, a college which has already enrolled seventy-two students, has eight teachers and assets of \$70,000 or over. The building is fitted out with weathered oak and mission furniture, electric lights, hose, hydrant and sanitary appliances. Okanagan college, which is open to all but controlled by the Baptist body, is for the present affiliated with McMaster University, Toronto, by the Senate of which its examinations are honoured. The students come from anywhere between Moosejaw and Victoria and a freshman class of great promise is now at work.

Looking down once more from your fleecy cloudlet you would see that over those peach and apple orchards a most benign climate is brooding. The scenery is delightful, but it is the soil and the



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has nothing to do with maple syrup—excepting the FLAVOR. It is not a substitute or even an imitation of maple syrup but an original extract with the

Genuine Maple Flavor

It makes a syrup when added to sugar and water and flavors ices, candies, cakes, etc. It is sold by your grocer.

CRESCENT MANUFACTURING COMPANY
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climate that make Summerland. The air is dry, clear and immensely tonic. The temperature is wonderfully even and free from those sudden body-wrecking changes that so try one in the east. The lake never freezes and the children play out of doors the year round and grow like weeds. The clear air and long continued sunshine give the wonderful coloring and flavour to the fruit and make life a joy. Real estate men say Summerland is the place to which people are taken to prepare them for Heaven so the shock of transition won't be too great. As a matter of fact there are lots of people, who, after they have been there awhile, don't want to go to Heaven at all. Think Summerland is good enough for them and they'll stay there indefinitely, the medical profession to the contrary notwithstanding.

At this point let me quote the opinion of a prominent journalist, Mr. E. W. Thompson, of the *Boston Transcript*. Writing in the *Winnipeg Free Press* of Dec. 2, 1905, he says:

"On the plains there has been a snap of 20 deg. below zero or some such trifle of cold. On the coast, unless returning

commercial travellers falsify (which is not strictly credible) they have had rain and mist, and more rain and more mist, weather which is there acknowledged to be moist but commended as 'balmy.' In the Kootenay country last week there was sunshine and mildness on the hill tops, but cold and mist in the vales. Here there was general dryness and clear sunshine. In the Summerland gardens there are flowers that have never known frost. On the hillsides, in places moistened by 'seepage,' or by water escaped from irrigation ditches, there are patches of May green grass. Sailboats on the lake are not stripped of canvas or drawn up on the stocks, for the good reason that they may be used all winter, since Okanagan never freezes but is traversed by steamboats the year round. How it comes that a bit of Virginia climate has been permanently sandwiched in between coast weather and plains weather is not adequately explained by any meteorologist. But what is, is."

You would see, too, on looking over those miles of beautiful orchards, many watchful eyes bent on them, eyes that are keen to discover an enemy in the

form of an insect or a weed. No grass growing around these trees. No Ontario methods here, whereby the orchard gets what time may be left after the farm, the dairy, the hens and the hogs have been attended to. There's just one object in life you see—that orchard. On it is a commercial enterprise with a business man's concentration and intelligence of purpose behind it. And if by chance, some John Barleycorn did stray in, who slept while his weeds were growing to the scandal of the neighbourhood, a fatherly municipal council with its enterprising pest inspector, would soon be around with a plow, and later come around with a little bill for the pleasure he had had in the outing.

And beside those verdant fields would be seen other fields covered with primeval sage brush yet to be subjugated—a tributary territory capable of accommodating possibly another 400,000 trees. Beside all, the beautiful ribbon of blue they call Okanagan lake, 80 miles long three to five miles wide and say 2,000 feet deep. They have fathomed 1,800

feet without a bottom. In its heart the big trout sleeps; and on its bosom rise three yellow funnels of the C. P. R. steamship service, to say nothing of those of many smaller craft.

By the lake rests the town of Summerland with its splendid stores, elegant hotel, band stand and business generally, showing up in the electric light that casts its broken reflections in the water. Among the businesses are a bright weekly, *The Review*, and a monthly, *The Missionary Arena*.

And now the wind freshens; a breeze springs up that bears you on your diaphanous courier of the air, up and up and up, till from the summit of some cloud capped peak your vision sweeps far beyond the irrigation flumes, the clustering leaves and the busy orchardists below. From that eyrie you behold to the eastward millions settling down like a cloud on the hard wheat fields just beyond the fence we call the Rocky Mountains. And they too are busy; they too are building nice homes; they too are

ROYAL CROWN WITCH HAZEL TOILET SOAP

It is a DAINTY SOAP for DAINTY WOMEN, for those who wish the BEST; a soap that is



A COMPLEXION BEAUTIFIER



and yet sold at the price of ordinary soap;

DELICATELY AND EXQUISITELY PERFUMED

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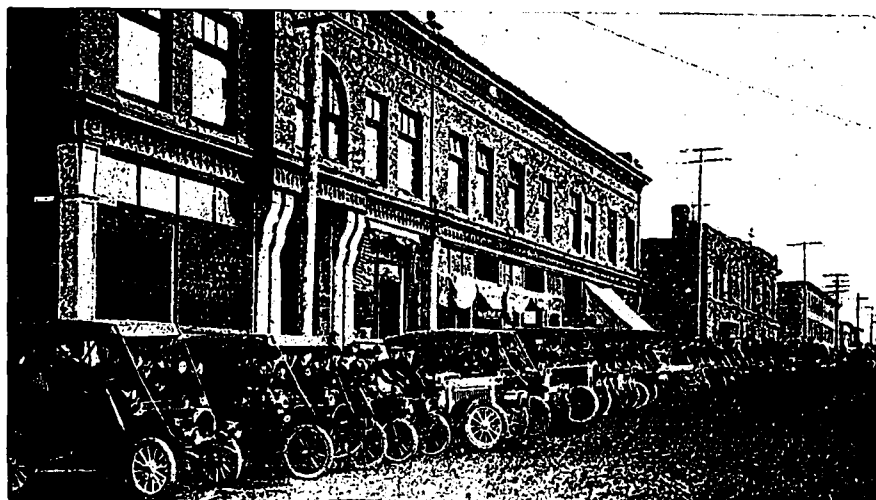
The Royal Soap Company, Ltd

VANCOUVER, B. C.

getting rich; but, alas! it is cold, and they have no fruit.

Westward you look and New Zealand and Tasmania in their off season, Hawaiian Islands, China and Japan are beckoning. They too would know us better, and would like to deal with us. And farther yet, this side the line where east and west meet around the world, there in the home of wealth and the garden of

all Anglo-Saxon civilization, the Motherland, you see them picking up our apples, gazing with wonder and admiration thereon, and hear them saying one to another: "Why deal we longer with aliens? Behold, are not these our kinsmen overseas? And is not this they bring us better than aught that has yet appeared? Go to, now, let us trade with them."



Commercial Calgary.

Charles H. Webster.

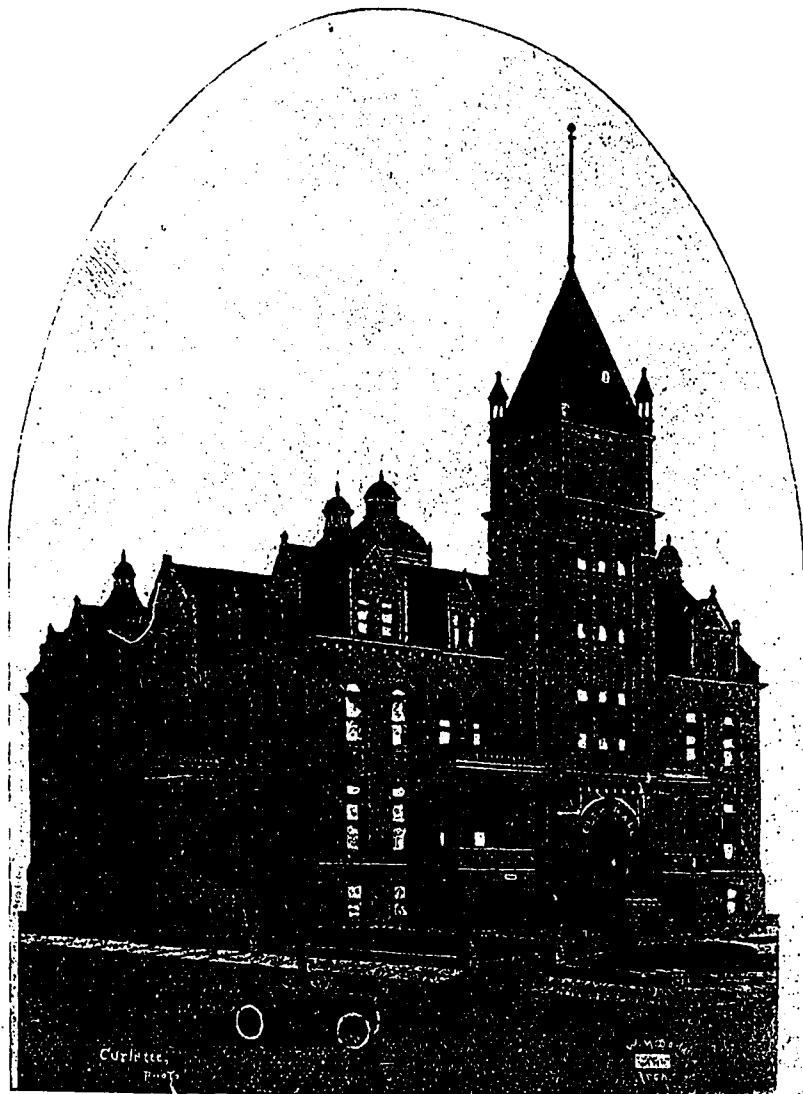
AT a point on the main line of the world's greatest transportation system, "The Canadian Pacific Railway," 642 miles east of Vancouver on the Pacific coast and 840 miles west of Winnipeg, the "Gateway of Western Canada," the City of Calgary is very picturesquely located in the valley of the Bow River at the confluence of the Bow and Elbow. To the west the snowy peaks of the Rocky Mountains can be seen and on a clear day they appear to be only a few miles away, although they are in reality sixty miles distant. To the north the country is of a rolling nature, that is, from a point fifty or sixty miles north, especially adapted to diversified farming, from this

point south to the International boundary, grain is extensively although not altogether, raised and large stock farms are to be found throughout the entire district. To the east of Calgary for a distance of 180 miles the Canadian Pacific Railway Co. have undertaken the greatest irrigation scheme in the world, comprizing 3,000,000 acres.

The ideal location of the city, its altitude of 3,389 feet, its numerous sunny days, of which there were 272 last year (1907) with only 93 cloudy days; its warm winds from the west and southwest, known as Chinook winds, account for its beautiful climate and mild winters. Here wheels are in use all the year and sleighs are never used except on rare

occasions in January and February. A former resident of Ontario brought his cutter with him and now has it hung up out of the way in his barn with a sign on it that reads "Reminiscences of Ontario." Sufficient snow may fall to make excellent sleighing, but owing to the warm Chinook winds it never stays more than three or four days. It is almost possible to see the snow melting away, so fast does it disappear before the influence of one of these famous winds.

In the summer there are the warm sunny days that ripen the grain and the long cool evenings that are so enjoyable. In athletic circles this is known as the Twi-light League as all athletic games are played after 7 o'clock p.m. The wet weather is in May, June and the early part of July. The following table will show the average for the last ten years in both temperature and rainfall, as compiled from the records of the Government Meteorological Station at



New City Hall.

A story is told of a settler who hitched his team to his "bob" sleighs just after quite a heavy fall of snow and started for town. Shortly after he was on the road a Chinook wind sprung up. He whipped his horses continually and made the distance to town in record time with the horses and front "bobs" on the snow and the hind "bobs" dragged in the mud all the way.

Calgary:—

	Av. Temp.	Av. Rainfall
January	17.5	.25
February	14.7	.38
March	21.9	.92
April	39.1	.55
May	47.6	3.44
June	53.7	4.59
July	60.1	2.56
August	57.0	3.70

September	49.1	1.59
October	41.9	.44
November	28.8	.59
December	23.2	.38

The large business blocks and public buildings, built of the famous Calgary sandstone, are what attract the eye of the visitor. There are at present under construction, public buildings totalling a cost of \$1,390,000.00, viz. :—

Public Library	\$ 50,000.00
High School	85,000.00
Y. M. C. A.	95,000.00
Land Titles Office.....	145,000.00
Post Office	145,000.00
City Hall	150,000.00
General Hospital	150,000.00
Normal School	150,000.00
Court House	220,000.00
Can. Pac. Ry. Depot	225,000.00
	\$1,390,000.00

There are over twelve public schools, High School, Normal School, representing over \$500,000.00 invested in buildings and Separate School, Convent, Western Canada College for boys, St. Hildas College for girls, and the Calgary Business College.

The twenty-six churches in Calgary, represent the following denominations: Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist, Episcopalian, Roman Catholic, Moravian, Lutheran, Salvation Army.

The numerous commercial, industrial and financial institutions established here place Calgary in the position of the Commercial Metropolis of the "Last Great West." There are 105 Wholesale houses, including practically every line; and 40 industrial plants. Over 250 commercial men travel out of this city and have their homes and headquarters here. Five elevator companies, operating 85 elevators in the Province, two flour milling companies, with a daily capacity of 1,450 barrels, and one breakfast food factory, turning out 300 barrels a day, are located here. The thirteen banks employ 132 clerks and the bank clearings for the year 1907 were \$69,745,006.00. The customs receipts for the same period show an increase of 66 per cent.

During the year 1907 there were in and out of this city 1,400 passenger trains, 2,250 freight trains, 291,000 tons of freight were received and 90,000 tons shipped out; 87,620 railway tickets were sold and over one million messages handled at the Commercial telegraph office. There are three daily newspapers.

The municipal electric light plant made a profit of \$26,000.00 and its capacity is being practically doubled. There are nearly 24 miles of sewers, 29 miles of water mains, and in the neighbourhood of 35 miles of granolithic sidewalks installed.

The first street paving is now under way, about five miles being undertaken at present and the rails for the electric street railway are being laid at the same time. The system is to be about eleven miles in extent, the greater portion is to be in operation within a year.

In amature athletics, Calgary's associations hold 12 championships, including football (Assoc), baseball, lacrosse, golf, tennis, boxing (2), and running (5).

Theatrical amusements are looked after by one large theatre and one large and one small vaudeville houses.

Founded in 1882, incorporated as a city in 1894, population in 1901, 6,557, and a population today of nearly 25,000, with the best of water, direct from the Rockies via the Bow River. Steam coal at \$2.75 per ton upwards and natural gas discovered, with prospects of getting it in paying quantities in the near future, as drilling is still progressing. Two railways already here and five more lines on the way. Calgary has the very best prospects of attaining a population of 100,000 in the not far distant future.

IMPORTUNATE OPPORTUNITY.

Time has not tarnished the ancient adage "money is power," for like Eternal Truth it is perennial, and unfolds new and partly hidden meanings with the rapidly varying developments which the 19th century has begun and the 20th century must consummate.

But its phraseology is somewhat deceptive, and does not quite accurately express its recondite significance. In a

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moral sense money is impotent, and in a political sense the power that it produces is ephemeral and like the strength of a fitful frenzy it quickly reacts upon him who has put it forth and leaves him effete and exhausted whilst those who stood awe-struck by the achievements of his marvellous paroxysm are still in the heyday of their vigor.

It is in an industrial and economic, a commercial and speculative sense, that the maxim most nearly approximates to absolute accuracy. But even here it must be understood in its proper correlation. Per se, it is a falsity; for without its august correlative—opportunity—money is utterly unable to accomplish or achieve anything except to provide the necessities of life or cater to the demands of the whim or fancy.

Doubtless the original inventor of the phrase had in his mind a "waiting opportunity" at some particular juncture of his experience when he generalized a truth without taking cognizance of a predicated condition, and thought that money was the one essential, when in fact the opportunity was the battery that alone could convert the money into power. In much the same way from a particular set of circumstances, many a maxim, proverb and aphorism has come to be circulated as a truism of general and universal import.

What we are anxious at the present time to demonstrate is that money becomes power only when allied with opportunity; and that the co-operation of both is required to obtain that which the maxim attributes to money alone.

No better illustration of this truth could be presented than the new Pacific City of Prince Rupert.

There is laid out on the most scientific and approved basis, as was described in the October number of this magazine, the Townsite of what must eventually be one of the great commercial cities of British Columbia, one of the leading ports and harbours of the American continent, in and out of which the merchandize not only of Canada, but of the world must flow to and from all parts of the British Empire. This new city has come as one of the heralds of the 20th century and reasserts the truth of the law of gravita-

tion, the principle of the centre of gravity—a law of force which operates not only in science, but in natural and commercial affairs.

World commerce has become the dominant aspiration of the nations; and the Pacific must soon be as crowded as the Atlantic, and her far reaching waters must be the connecting link between millions and billions of peoples and the medium of exchange for their merchandize.

Prince Rupert, in a word, must undoubtedly rise, and rise quickly, to splendour and power.

The Townsite of Prince Rupert is not yet upon the market or open for private ownership. Very soon, however, it will be, and it is in anticipation of the event that we are indicating the possibilities for our readers to convert their money into power.

Some of the greatest magnates of Eastern Canada are men upon whom wealth has been forced by the importunity of opportunity. They or their progenitors were the owners and possessors of agricultural land. A conjuncture of circumstances evolved a camp into a village, a village into a town and a town into a city. The expanding city gradually absorbed agricultural land and extended its metropolitan area; for manufacturing, warehouses and residential houses had to occupy the place where cereals had been planted and fruit, corn, wheat and grain had annually luxuriated. This was the opportunity for the farmer, who heard the voice of "importunate opportunity" and stopping from the dull routine of his daily toil observed the new conditions and conformed to them by converting his farm into building lots. He then became by a force extraneous to himself—a development in which he had no participation—a man of wealth and power.

No such strange metamorphosis of the farmer into the luxurious millionaire will be seen, however, in Prince Rupert. Yet many men will be made rich by acquiring at the start an ownership in the lands included within its area. But it will require diligence and vigilance to become a participant in Prince Rupert's developing wealth. The rush for her building lots will be tremendous as soon as the



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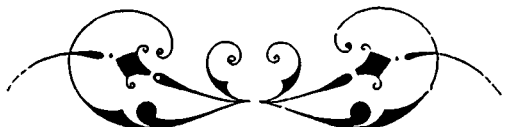
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townsite is thrown upon the market; and to be on the spot is a *sine qua non* for the successful competitor. There are many who through varying circumstances cannot be on the spot. There are many whose avocations prevent them from bestowing the necessary vigilance, and there are many more whose surplus or investmental cash is not large enough to acquire any one of its allotments. To all these there is only one alternative to missing this great opportunity which Prince Rupert is about to offer for converting their money, great or small, into real wealth and power, and that alternative is to become a share or stock holder in one of the companies that are being formed in connection with the new city.

One of these is "The Prince Rupert Securities, Limited," which purposes to deal in city property and adjacent lands, to buy and sell real estate both for perma-

nent investment and on commission, to build business blocks and houses, to lease or build docks, and in fact to handle everything in connection with property that the city's quick and phenomenal expansion may suggest as desirable.

The directors and managers of the company claim to possess an intimate knowledge of the townsite, and to be as a consequence in a position to choose its most desirable lots. The majority of them are on the spot, and it appears that to those who on account of inadequate means, or of any other preventive course are unable to become private owners, such a company as the Prince Rupert Securities, Limited, presents an opportunity which should at once be embraced to once more verify the maxim that "money is power."



"Alberta Red Wheat."

THE District of High River which is the birthplace of "Alberta Red Wheat," has passed from the embryonic or struggling period of existence, with isolated homes and unfenced land, and it is now a flourishing community where prosperity is predominant and a population of 1,500

has sprung up where only a small settlement existed a few years ago.

Not only has the population grown in numbers but the ambition of High River has been swelling at a marvellous rate. It has a Municipal Electric Lighting and Power Plant, of which the citizens are proud. Its installation cost nearly \$30,-

ooo, and it is now on a dividend-paying basis and will eventually prove a great investment for the municipality. It also boasts of a handsome brick Town Hall which cost about \$15,000, and a Fire Department; also a large Assembly Hall with theatrical stage accommodation. Hotels and banks not only abound, but flourish. There are three large grain elevators, a lumber and a planing mill and several substantial stores.

The meaning of all this prosperity is accounted for by one fact and circumstance. High River and the territory bounding it on every side and extending for many miles in every direction, constitute one of the richest and most fertile areas in Western Canada for the growing of grain, and possess at the same time the most propitious climate for mixed farming—the raising of cattle, sheep, horses, pigs and poultry.

The farmer's life there is one of constant and continuous industry. Further eastward, owing to climatic conditions, the raising of a crop of wheat, rye or grain, with a few adjuncts defines the

extent of the farmer's scope for industrial operations.

But in Sunny Alberta, in the High River district, forty miles south of Calgary, cattle can be raised all the year round in a climate more mild and unvariable than that which prevails in Southern Europe. The winter is short, snow seldom visits the place before Christmas and disappears with the warm zephyrs of March. All the time cattle can be abroad growing in ponderousness as if they were in competition with the grain which flourishes here in such luxuriousness that farmers who have gone to the place from the States and other grain-growing areas, declare there is nothing to rival it outside the Nile Valley which has long stood symbolical in popular parlance with the highest conception of the earth's productivity and richness. High River is a name synonymous with superiority of horses, and the raising of them will be one of its greatest sources of wealth when Western Canada's population will have many

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High River, Alberta

times multiplied than at which it now stands.

When the land yields 140 bushels of oats to the acre, stunted growths in horses and cattle are not to be tolerated. Recently at a sale fifteen steers averaged 1,760 pounds each and four tipped the scale at 2,000 pounds.

It is almost incomprehensible that in face of this indestructible prosperity there are still over a million acres of wheat land waiting the occupation of dilatory man. Why should it be?

There is an all-prevailing opinion, entertained not by the ignorant peasant classes of the nations from which our immigrants are drawn, but by really intelligent and fairly educated men that the farther west one travels in Canada the more uninhabitable becomes the country, and that the Rocky Mountains indicate the last limit of civilization. It requires a place like High River to refute the absurdity of such a belief; and of course in time the great west, like the Northwest, will have its full measure of justice from those who wish to come to seek a new life and a new prosperity within their borders. But where will

High River be then? Every inch of her land will have been acquired; every farm will be fenced; stock and barnyards will be full with the elements of wealth; her town will have become a city; and the accompaniments of civilization will be possessed by thousands who now are content to utilize and exploit the richness and resources of the district.

"Sunny Southern Alberta," so long neglected and despised but now happily coming to her own, has in her climate and soil more than auriferous deposits could ever impart to her people; for those bountiful gifts of nature are inexhaustible and produce and reproduce wealth, contentment and happiness where gold which is only a subordinate species of wealth could at best be a transient influence.

Freedom and independence are the inseparable accompaniments of Canadian prosperity; and every community ought to grow like High River with a full resolve that in their train will also come contentment, honour and integrity in the evolving of the public life and destiny of the community.



A High River Homestead.



MODERN EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS

Nothing is more characteristic of the present day and generation than the Educational Institutions which grow, expand and flourish around us. Those whose aim and object are the imparting of higher instruction than that obtainable in national schools are more symptomatic of the aspirations of the people than even the colleges and universities themselves. They form the bridge or intermediary between the two extremes, and without their aid many a brilliant student would be held by the ruthless grasp of fate to yearn for unattainable ambitions; or he would lapse into apathy, and be lost to the world.

The Public High Schools of Canada are fine national institutions; but they have a formidable though a friendly rival in the Private School which builds upon the same foundations and directs its efforts to the same end.

There are many arguments in favor of the Private as against the Public Institution, and one of these is that it affords a better opportunity for individual teaching, and individual development. Besides as a boarding institution the Private School becomes a conglomerate home and seminary, and yields simultaneously the product of both—moral character and intellectual culture.

Many of the most brilliant graduates have passed directly from the Private School to the University. The business man must adapt himself to his advancing importance and fit himself for the widening scope which cosmopolitan commerce opens before him. He can no longer be content with a knowledge of some partic-

ular craft or industry, but must be in a position to familiarize himself with, and if need be, to become master of the systems and principles of many undertakings. The curriculum of the private schools and seminaries is one equally efficient for university preparation and for equipping the student for a business or commercial career and it imparts to him the fundamentals, the essentials and the indispensables of a successful life.

With these the world and its wealth lie before him. Without them, however clever, industrious and resourceful he may be his path must necessarily be one of continuous resistance to the attainment of his ideal.

The Chesterfield School of North Vancouver is one of the private high-class schools to which we wish to draw particular attention. Its principals, Mr. A. H. Scriven, B. A., and Mr. R. H. Bates, B. A., are men of splendid university attainment, and their experience and success as teachers are such as to command the confidence of the public as well as to inspire enthusiasm in the student. The remainder of the teaching staff are equally efficient in their several departments. The scope of instruction in the school embraces languages necessary for University and business life, mathematics, science, manual training and the theory and practice of music and many other subjects. But we notice in the school's prospectus "good conduct" is not subordinated by the principals to "good scholarship," but placed on a level with it; and that as the "scholar must live a full, joyous life," every provision is made by them for outdoor games at the grounds of the North Vancouver Club, which are at the exclusive use of the school each

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afternoon, while a competent drill instructor attends to other branches of physical training. It is evident the principals are au courant with the most advanced and most modern methods; for it is this blending of intellectual with moral and physical culture that ensures to the student the development of the best that is in him; and it seems the Chesterfield School is capable of achieving for its students all that its principals claim for it.

POLE HUNTERS' EQUIPMENT.

Tucked away in the hold of the Roosevelt when it sailed for the North Pole recently was a big store of all kinds of good things. These will furnish food and creature comforts for Lieutenant Peary and his pole hunters during many long, lonesome months when the nearest they will get to any human habitation will be some small village of scattered Eskimo huts. The cargo includes:

Flour to the amount of 16,000 pounds, 1,000 pounds of coffee, 800 pounds of tea, 10,000 pounds of sugar, 400 cases of kerosene oil, or about 2,500 gallons, 7,000 pounds of bacon, 400 cases of biscuits, amounting to 10,000 pounds, 100 cases of

condensed milk, fifty cases of roast beef hash, 30,000 pounds of pemmican, 3,000 pounds of dried fish and 1,000 pounds of tobacco.

In addition, the Roosevelt is provided with a library of 300 books from the public libraries and 100 magazines. There are also useful things for the fat-faced Eskimos, such as guns, ammunition, knives, steel sledges, shoes, hammers, hatchets, needles, thimbles, scissors and mirrors.

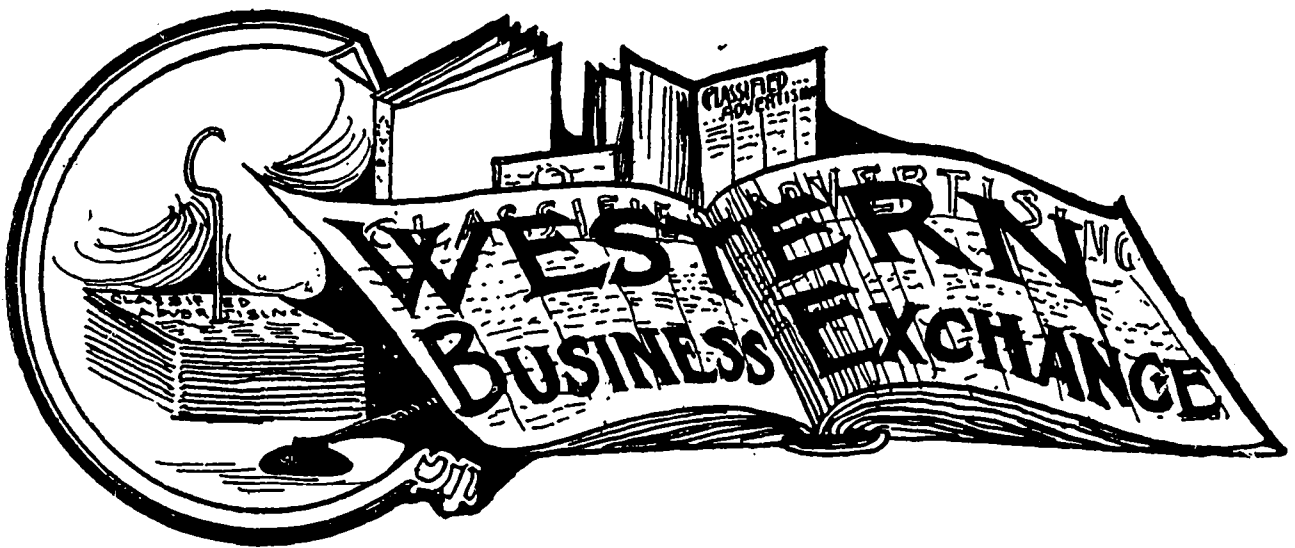
Then there is a quantity of scientific equipments, the most complete outfit ever taken to the Arctic, it is said. It includes all the instruments needed, in meteorological, astronomical and tidal observations.

And, in addition to all this, there is a complete equipment of Thermos Bottles—the kind that keep drinks steaming hot without fire, or ice cold without ice. They will be used to provide hot drinks during long journeys on sledges over the ice and snow. Every member of the crew, from Lieutenant Peary down, is provided with these bottles.

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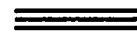
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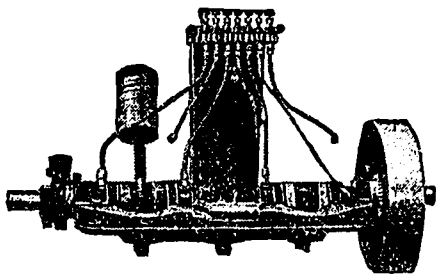
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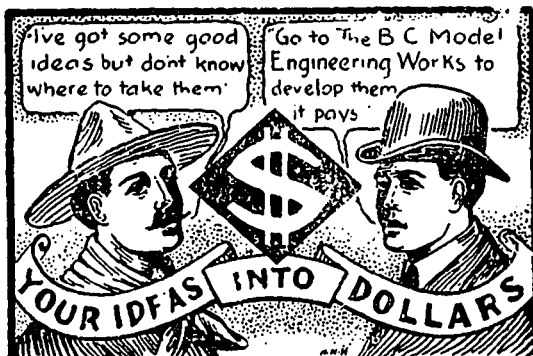
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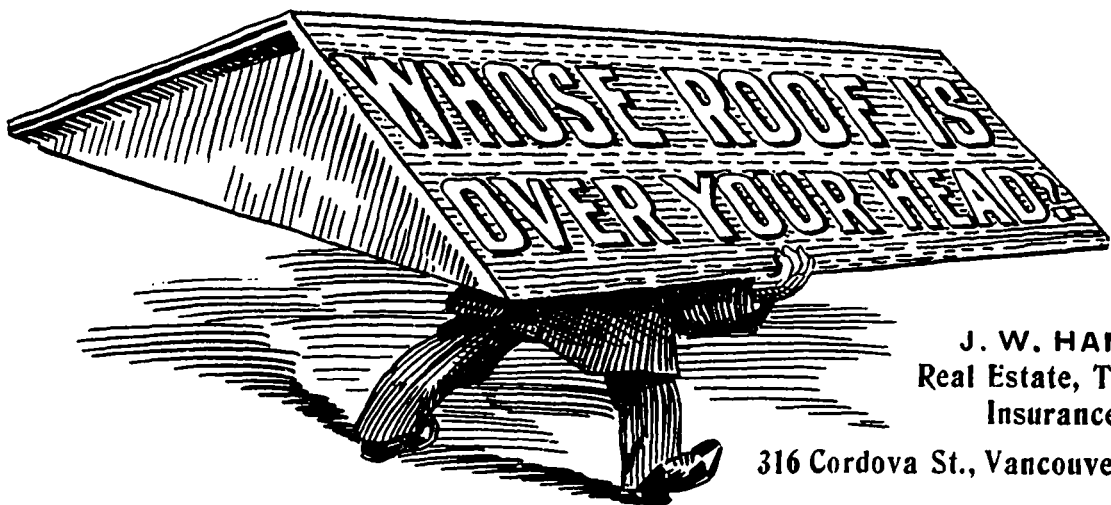
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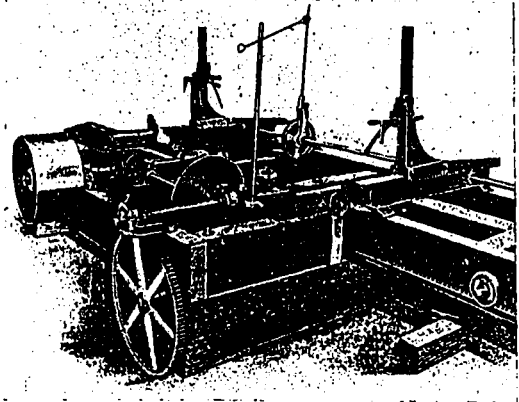
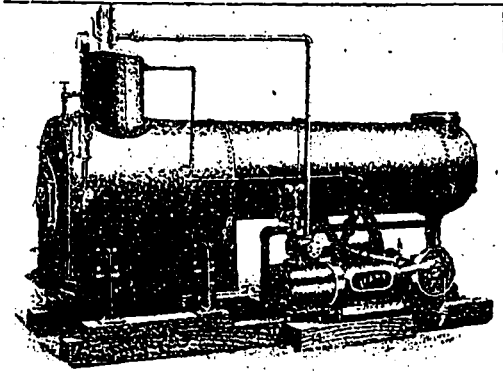
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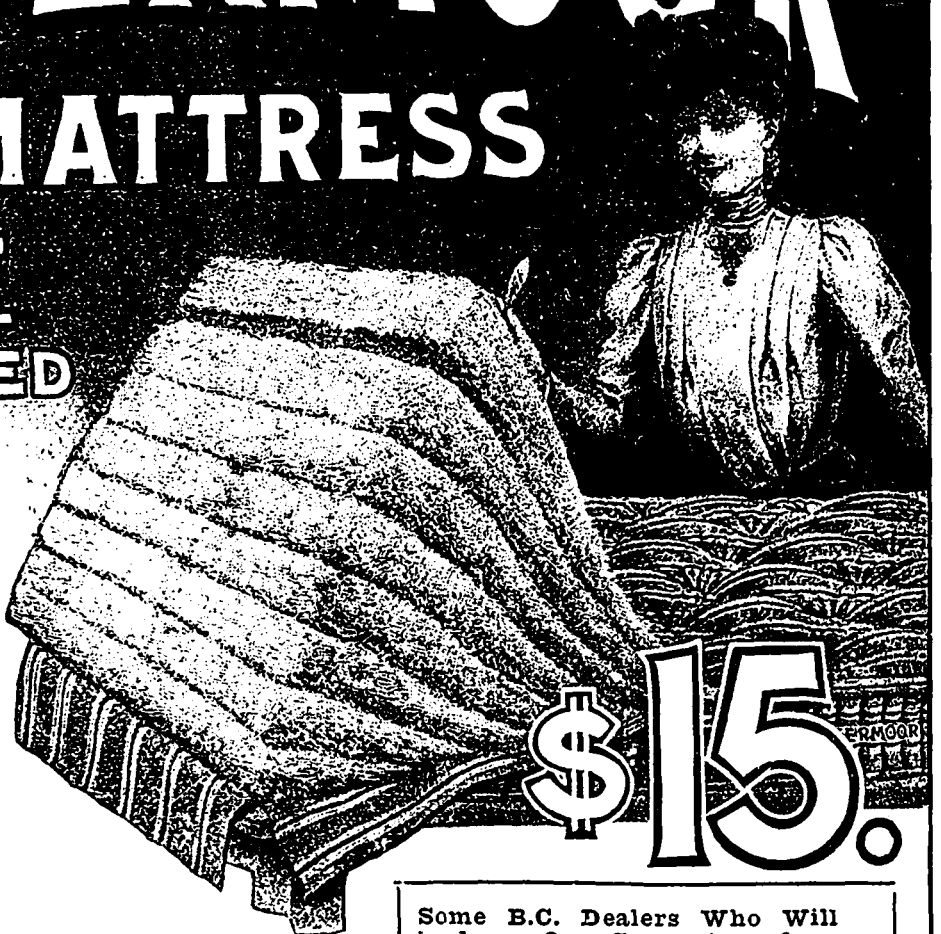
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