

Vol. LV.

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September
1920

No. 5

THE
CANADIAN
MAGAZINE

PRICE 25 CENTS

How Britain Got Her West Indies

By T. H. MacDermot

Famous Canadian Forts

By R. G. MacBeth

Fighting the Marne Over Again

By W. S. Wallace

From Month to Month

By Sir John Willison

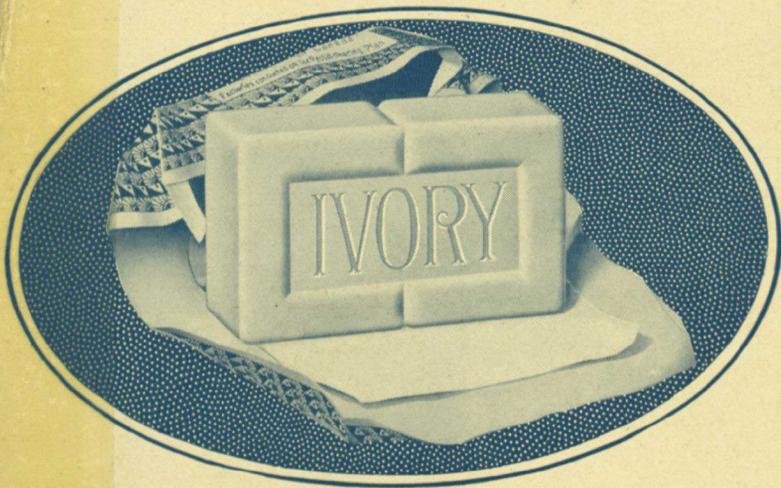
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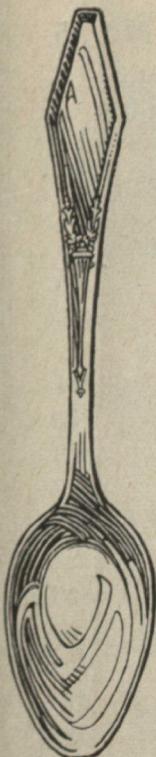
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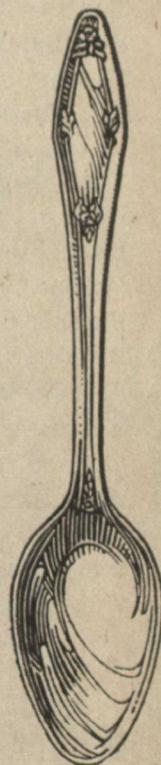
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The Canadian Magazine

Vol. LV

Toronto September, 1920

No. 5

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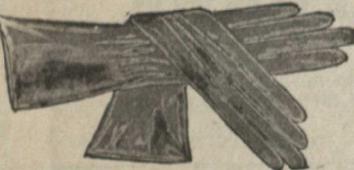
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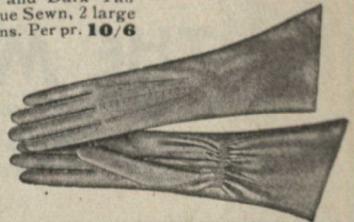
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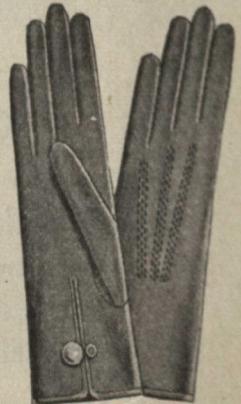
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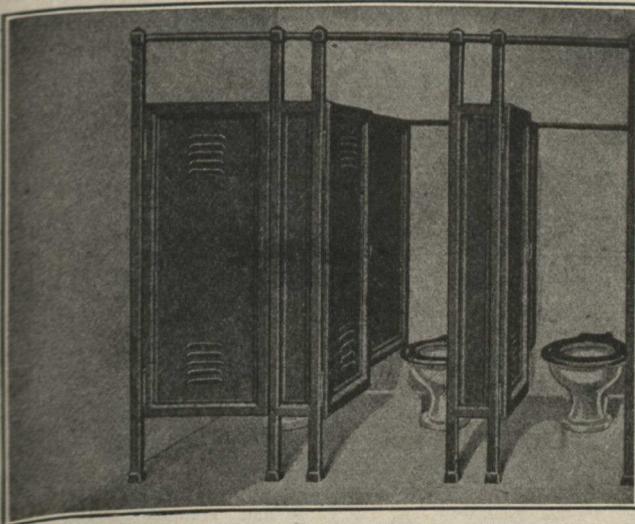
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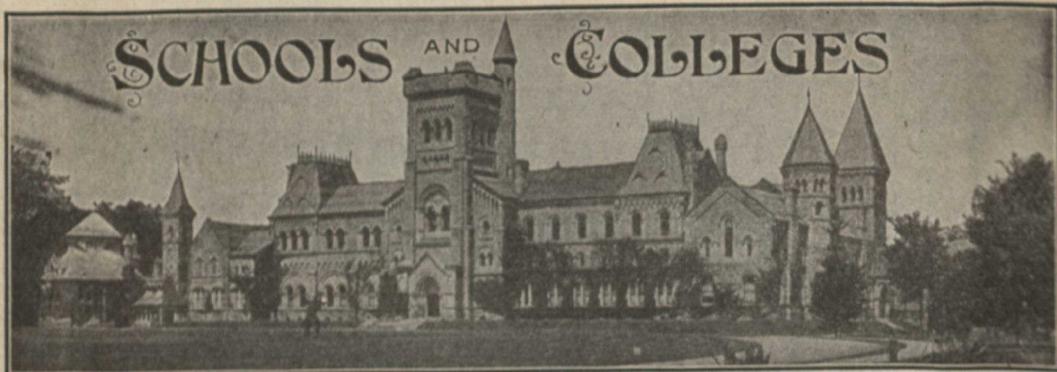
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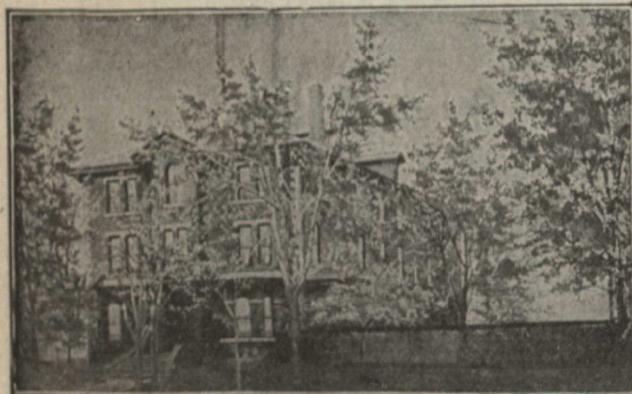
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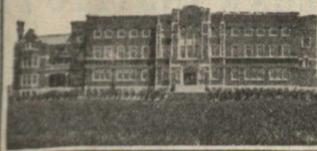
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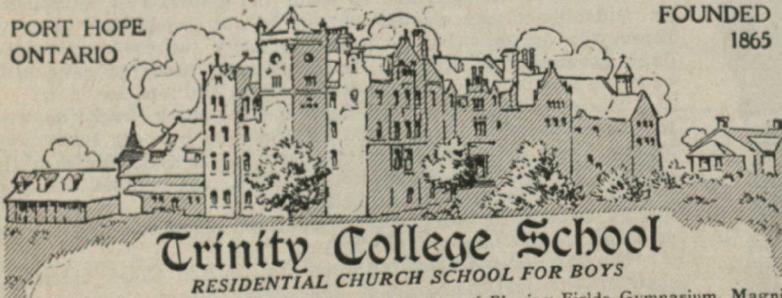
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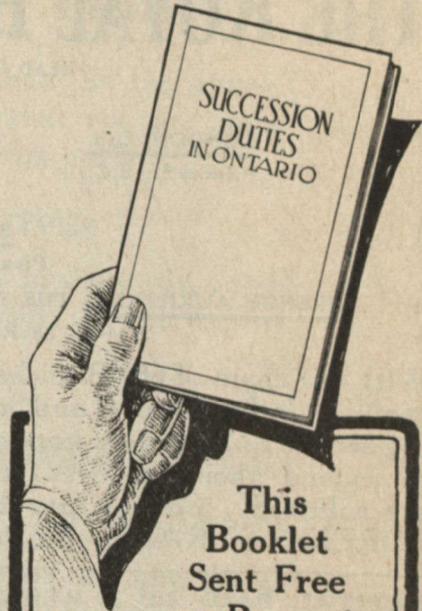
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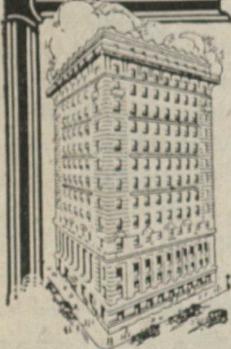
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THE

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No. 5

HOW BRITAIN GOT HER WEST INDIES

BY T. H. MacDERMOT



THE future of the British West Indies is just now being discussed with briskness. One proposal is that they should be drawn into the Canadian Confederation. Another is that they should be federated into a new self-governing Dominion within the British Empire. In some directions the possibility of their being passed over to the United States is suggested, while in others it is urged that the present direct connection with the British Imperial Government through the Colonial Office is the best arrangement in the meantime, if some of its rather antiquated machinery were exchanged for more business-like and up-to-date methods.

How did Great Britain acquire her West Indian Colonies? If we stretch the term a little so as to make it include the Bermudas as the extreme northern limit, British Guiana on the

extreme south, and British Honduras on the west, there is a land area of some 112,000 square miles with a population about the neighbourhood of 2,000,000. These colonies were obtained in various ways, some of them by settlement, where no other nation made claim as in the case of Barbados, some of them by capture at a comparatively early date, as when in 1623 little St. Kitts was taken from Spanish possession, though not from Spanish occupation. Jamaica was captured from the same power in 1655, the Spanish hold on the island being so feeble that they did not put up a single day's good fighting in their attempt to retain it. Some of the other colonies were captured during the wars of the eighteenth century when Britain was sometimes struggling against three or four hostile nations at the same time. St. Lucia changed hands more than once. So did Trinidad. Both of these finally

remained British. Martinique, on the other hand, after having been occupied by the British, was handed back to France. British Honduras, which began as a settlement of logwood cutters, had to persist in its attempts to get recognition by the British Government for more than a century before it was duly constituted a full-fledged colony.

The Bermuda Islands are by geographical position beyond the West Indian region, but as the daring and enterprise of their inhabitants played a not inconspicuous part in making certain portions of the West Indians British, they may be included in this survey. Time was of course when the Spanish claimed all these regions, but it was seldom that they gave themselves the trouble to occupy the smaller islands. The larger islands such as Porto Rico, Hayti, Cuba, and Jamaica, and the territories on the mainland they did actually hold and use, but small places like St. Kitts they did not worry much about until men of some other nationality presumed to take possession of them.

The Bermudas are a collection of one or two small islands and of several hundreds of microscopic islets. They were one of the very earliest additions to Britain's Colonial Empire. They cover about nineteen square miles, that is one-seventh of the size of the Isle of Wight. They lie on the ocean in the form of a shepherd's crook and their history as a British Colony, though rather in a vague way, goes even further back than does that of Newfoundland, Barbados, or St. Kitts. The Bermudas discovered by the Spaniard Juan Bermudez, very near the beginning of the sixteenth century, were marked out somewhere about 1527 for colonization by an enterprising Portuguese named Camello, who hailed from the Azores. This, however, did not materialize, although there is an inscription on the main island dated 1543 which suggests that Camello landed there. The Spaniards landed on the islands from time

to time, but they did nothing more important than stocking them with pigs. Attracted by the gold and silver mines of Mexico and Peru, they saw nothing that tempted them to settle on the "Still vexed Bermoothes", isolated, storm-beaten and desolate, and haunted, the Spanish sailors declared, by devils. It was a storm and a wreck that gave the Bermudas their first English occupants, although the stay of these visitors was only a matter of a few months. In 1593 James Lancaster, who was in the West Indies with three trading ships from London, sent one of his men, Henry May, back to Europe on a French ship. This ship was wrecked on the Bermuda reef. May and some of his companions reached the shore and remained on the island for five months, after which they managed to get transport to Newfoundland. Both Sir Walter Raleigh and Champlain, the French explorer of Canada, have left on record opinions decidedly adverse to the Bermudas as a storm centre. Sir Walter speaks of them as "hellish for thunder, lightning and storms." It was a shipwreck that gave them their alternative name of Somers Islands and that opened the door of English public attention to their settlement. The Virginia Company in 1609 sent out nine ships. One of their leaders was Sir George Somers. His ship was driven ashore at Bermuda, fast wedged between two rocks. This was on the 28th of July. The crews remained on the island till May 10th following, by which time they had built two ships in which they pursued their voyage to Virginia, but Virginia then was in such sorry plight for food that Somers speedily turned himself about and returned to the Bermudas to bring from thence for the well-nigh starving Virginians, supplies from the islands, abundance of fish, hogs and fowls. Somers had barely landed at Bermuda for the second time when he died there. They embalmed his body and took it back to England, but his heart, removed dur-

ing the process of embalming, was buried in Bermudian soil. The island town of St. George is named after him, and so is Somerset Isle.

Bermuda, not a great time after this, began to be regarded in England as a very attractive place and the Virginia Company promptly arranged that it should be included in its charter. In 1612 the first emigrants under Richard Moore, a ship's carpenter, went out to the Bermudas. A short time afterwards some hundreds of emigrants arrived from England, and the British settlement in the island was fairly established. Bermuda has the distinction of having been the second British colony which was given representative government. The first was Virginia which received the institution in 1619. Bermuda received it in 1620 and is therefore today the British colony, the representative institutions of which have the oldest history. The colony, therefore, was acquired by settlement.

The little island of St. Kitts or St. Christopher with an area of sixty-eight miles, ranks close to Newfoundland and slightly above Barbados in its age as a British colony, for while Barbados as a British settlement dates from 1624-25, St. Kitts dates from 1623. In that year that "worthy, industrious gentleman" Mr. Thomas Warner, arrived with a small company to grow tobacco. One of those hurricanes, which have so often mixed up agricultural efforts in the West Indies, ruined this tobacco crop and brought the colonists into hard straits. They were relieved by a ship sent out by the Earl of Carlisle. Warner paid a visit to England. He had originally come to St. Kitts as the agent of a Mr. Ralph Merrifield; he was now granted a commission as the King's Lieutenant. He relanded on St. Kitts in 1625, and as it happened on that very day there landed also Besnambuc, a French privateering sailor. In this way began a dual control of the little island which continued for many years with varying fortunes.

Sometimes the French and English fell foul of each other, but they very often remained at peace even when their two countries were at war in Europe. The original inhabitants of St. Kitts had been Carib. They were a warlike folk, and their attacks on French and English alike helped to unite those two peoples. The Spaniards, however, though they had never occupied St. Kitts, objected to either the English or French settling there, and in 1629 they fell on the island with twenty-eight ships. The French were driven to fly to Antigua, although a few remained on the island and when the Spaniards left re-established their colony. The English were deported, hundreds of them being taken away to the mines on the mainland. They, however, returned in due time. This attack by the Spaniards was named by Cromwell in his statement justifying his expedition in 1654 against Spanish power. The French in St. Kitts attacked their English neighbours, and although the latter were helped by no less a person than Henry Morgan, the famous buccaneer leader, they were driven out. The Peace of Breda in 1667 brought them back to the island, but in 1689 they were once more driven out. This time Sir Timothy Thornhill of Barbados led them back within the year, and for seven years following St. Kitts remained entirely British. By the Treaty of Ryswick, 1697, the French again obtained a footing, but once more, in 1702, the French capitulating to General Hamilton, gave up their possessions. The Treaty of Utrecht in 1714 confirmed the possession of the island to Great Britain. All French property was publicly sold and it is an interesting fact that it was £80,000 of the sum so realized that formed a marriage portion of the Princess Anne. The year 1782 brought the French once more. They captured the island, but in the following year, by the Treaty of Versailles, it was finally passed over to Great Britain. When Villeneuve made his flying dash

across the Atlantic, just before the Battle of Trafalgar, fought by Nelson, he raided St. Kitts. That was the last fighting that the island witnessed in the see-saw contest for possession waged by the French and English.

For some reason the Carib Indians do not seem to have occupied Barbados. At any rate when the island was discovered by the Portuguese in 1536 it contained no human inhabitants. Even as the Spaniards did in the Bermudas, so did the Portuguese discoverers of Barbados. They gave it a name and they landed a number of pigs. Then they sailed away and apparently forgot it. It was in 1605 that the British came along and so far as word of mouth went they took over Barbados. Sir Olave Lee had despatched the "Olive Blossom" to take stores and settlers to Guiana. She touched at Barbados, and from her men landed and set up a cross on the shore, while on a neighbouring tree they carved an inscription, "James, K. of E, and of this Island," then they also went their way and for twenty-one years Barbados had no history, and no inhabitants, though it had been tagged for the British Empire. Vessels continued to touch there sometimes to get water, and sometimes owing to stress of weather, and just as Somers's men took home to England glowing accounts of the Barbados, so did these casual visitors to Barbados spread abroad on the wharves and in the counting houses of London the pleasant character of the Barbados. Their good reports arrested the attention of Sir William Courten. Dutch, by extraction, a Protestant by religion, and son of a tailor whom Spanish tyranny had driven to England, Sir William was a prosperous London merchant. At the end of 1624 he sent out the *William* and *John*, carrying forty emigrants, and commanded by Captain Henry Powell. It is interesting to note that one of the forty above mentioned was the son of that John Winthrop who was afterwards the

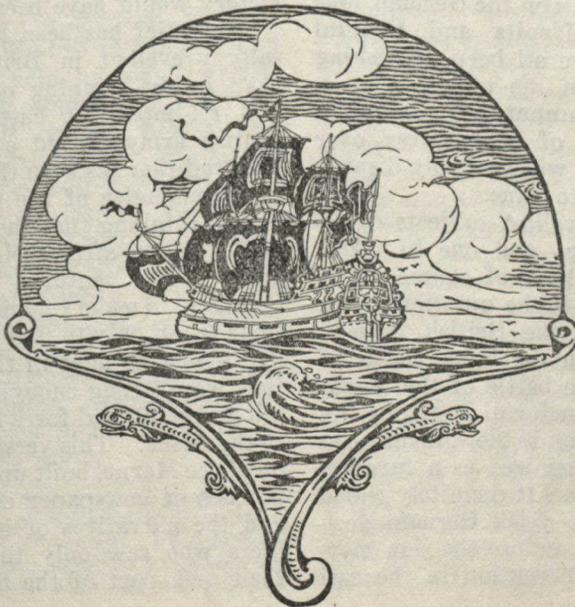
Governor of Massachusetts. These colonies began the British settlement of Barbados and in 1625 the island was included in the Commission which made Warner Governor of St. Kitts. Thus began British possession in Barbados. After a time there was some internal fighting between Royalists and Roundheads but the island was never, as was St. Kitts, and as was Trinidad, a point of contest between rival nations. It became British by the settlement of British men and it has remained British ever since.

Another of the West Indian Islands which has remained British without any interlude of foreign possession, since it was first acquired, is Jamaica. It surrendered in May, 1655, to a British expedition, which was commanded (and very badly commanded) by General Venables and Admiral Penn. The latter was the father of the Quaker, Penn, who founded the colony of Pennsylvania. This British expedition, carefully prepared and planned during 1653 and 1654, sailed from England towards the end of the last named year. It was the most formidable naval expedition that had, up to then, ever left a British port. It was despatched by Cromwell with sealed orders. These were opened at sea and directed it to strike a blow at Spanish possessions in the West Indies. It crossed to Barbados. At that island it remained some time recruiting soldiers. It then went northward, picked up more recruits at St. Kitts, where the remembrance of the Spanish onslaught and cruelty in 1629, was still alive. After this the fleet attacked San Domingo. Bad leadership and bad discipline made the attack an utter failure. It is interesting to note that it has been shown that one chief cause of the failure was the absence of a supply of water bottles for the troops. Compelled to march many miles under a tropical sun without water, they became utterly demoralized. After this disaster Penn and Venables brought their forces across to Jamaica. The

Spaniards there made very little resistance. Their surrender was complete early in June, and they were allowed to evacuate the island. Disease, the lack of supplies, bad discipline, and the death of successive leaders, left the British conquerors in very bad plight, and it was not until the first five years of their occupation were passed that the British possession became anything like secure. During that time the Spanish counter-attack was delivered and defeated by Governor D'Oyley. During the rest of the Napoleonic wars early in the eighteenth, and down to the end of the Napoleonic wars in the early nineteenth century, Jamaica was, for the most part, the centre of a fierce struggle between Britain and her various enemies. There was a serious French invasion in 1694, and when in 1782 Rodney won his great sea fight on April 12th, off Dominica, he shattered a force which was on its way to conquer Jamaica. Later on, when Nelson was one of the officers in its naval garrison, the danger of French conquest was so imminent that

he wrote from Jamaica to an English friend that he was busy learning French in preparation for the French prison. Much British blood and much British treasure have been spent in retaining the island as a British possession, but the expedition was not in vain, for the island has remained British without a break since its conquest from the Spaniards in 1655.

In a somewhat indefinite way the Bahamas had been British before Jamaica. They were discovered by Columbus in 1492, containing indeed, the spot in the New World which he first saw. The Spanish, of course, claimed the Islands, and for a time even occupied them. But ultimately they transported their native inhabitants to work in the Mexican mines and abandoned the islands. It was owing to the enterprise of the men from Bermuda, that somewhere about 1646, a British settlement was begun and thus the Bahamas may be placed along with the Bermudas, St. Kitts, Barbados and Jamaica, as among those West Indian Islands which came first into British possession.



FIGHTING THE MARNE OVER AGAIN

BY W. S. WALLACE

NO sooner had the Great War come to an end than the military historians began to fight it over again on paper. Some even of the chief actors in the struggle have rushed lately into print with their particular versions of the struggle. Lord Haig, it is true, has not yet broken his silence; Field-Marshal von Hindenburg is keeping his own counsel, and Marshall Joffre, with that Olympian serenity which stood him in such good stead in 1914, has declined to rake over again the ashes of the past. But, on the British side, Lord Jellicoe and Lord French, and on the German side, Admiral von Tirpitz and General Ludendorff, have all been publishing their memoirs of the war, and in so doing have, not unnaturally, been disclosing sources of controversy over which historians will probably dispute for many years to come.

One of the liveliest subjects of recent controversy—and one in which British readers have of course an especial interest—is the question of the part played by the British Expeditionary Force in the First Battle of the Marne. The battle of the Marne—or, as the French call it, the battles of the Ourcq and the Marne—has always been recognized as a turning-point in the war. It definitely ended the chance of a quick German decision in the west, before the slow-moving Russian intervention in the east

could make itself effective; and it ushered in the long phase of comparative deadlock which culminated in the latter half of 1918 in victory for the allied arms. Had the Germans broken through at the Marne—and they very nearly did break through—the most unpleasant results must have followed. The French field armies would have been cut in two; one half would have recoiled on Verdun, the other on Paris; and the disasters of the war of 1870 might easily have been duplicated. The struggle would doubtless have gone on; but France would almost certainly have been eliminated from it, and the prospects of German victory would have been very bright.

The belief has been almost universally prevalent in British countries that, in the winning of this critical and all-important battle, the small British army played a crucial part. The tradition has been that von Kluck, the commander of the German First Army, thinking that the British were out of action after their long retreat from Mons, ventured to disregard them, and to make a flank march across their front, only to find that they still had plenty of fight in them, and that they were strong enough to smite him hip and thigh and force his retirement to the Aisne. This version of the battle of the Marne, built up from the dispatches of newspaper correspondents and the narratives of individual soldiers who saw only the fighting in their own part of the field, has long

been current; and it must be confessed that Lord French's new book 1914 does not, except in minor details, contradict it. In the same way, General Sir F. Maurice, in his brilliant book *Forty Days in 1914*, though he is at pains to clear up many popular misapprehensions as to the fighting of 1914, believes that "history will decide that it was the crossing of the Marne in the early hours of the 9th [of September] by the British Army which turned the scale against von Kluck." General Maurice's language is so emphatic that it is worth quoting in greater detail:

The retreat from Mons is already a glorious page in the history of the British Army, but the advance after the retreat is certainly no less remarkable. That an army, which on August 23 had been all but surrounded by an enemy who outnumbered it by two to one, should have fought its way out, retreated 170 miles, and then immediately turned about and taken a decisive part in the battle which changed the course of the campaign of 1914, is as wonderful an achievement as is to be found in the history of the war.

After reading these weighty and glowing words, it is a distinct shock to the student of the campaign of 1914 to find that a wholly different view—a reverse view, in fact—of the part played by the British in the Battle of the Marne is held by many French and American writers. A chief exponent of this reverse view is Mr. Frank H. Simonds, a well-known American war-correspondent who had throughout the war exceptional opportunities for learning the inside history of the struggle, and especially the attitude of the French. In the first volume of his history of the war, the volume entitled *The Attack on France*, Mr. Simonds discusses, under the brutally frank caption, "British Failure", the British share in the battle of the Marne in these words:

To the British was assigned precisely the rôle that Napoleon assigned to Grouchy in the Waterloo campaign. Field-Marshal French's army was expected to engage and hold Kluck's army while Maunoury struck

its flank and rear In this particular mission the British failed exactly as did Grouchy, and the consequence of their failure was the escape of Kluck and the restriction of the extent of the Allied victory. The failure long remained unknown to the British public, which was early informed and generally believed that the British had won the Battle of the Marne and saved France. The fact was quite different. Not only were the British not actively engaged at the Marne, but had they been able to do that which had been hoped, if not expected of them, Kluck might have been destroyed and the battle of the Marne might have been as immediately conclusive as Waterloo.

Mr. Simonds goes so far as to suggest that at the Marne Sir John French "let the supreme opportunity of the war slip through his fingers"; and he asserts that "unmistakably this is the view of the French military commentators, and to this view British military criticism now points clearly".

So sweeping a condemnation is disconcerting; but it is doubly disconcerting to find that it gains support and, to some extent, corroboration from the German side of the battlefield. Our sources of information regarding German military opinion about the details of the war are still far from complete; but in 1917 there was published in Paris by the Belgian Documentary Bureau a translation of a little book on the battle of the Marne which had appeared in Berlin the year before. The book was the work of an anonymous German staff-officer, who appears to have been on the staff either of von Kluck or of von Moltke; and it was written evidently to meet the criticisms to which these two generals had been subjected in Germany in connection with their conduct of the battle. It would not have been surprising to find this officer in order to make out a good case for von Kluck, contending that the British intervention in the battle was more energetic and effective than anyone had a right to expect in the case of a force which had been so severely handled as the British had been during the retreat from Mons. But such is not his attitude. He states that von Kluck

assumed that the British were out of action; and he holds that von Kluck was justified in his assumption by the event. Discussing von Kluck's dispositions, he explains that these weakened the line opposite the British, but that the latter "did not know how to profit by the situation to the full, for they were afraid themselves that they would be driven in by the inferior German forces in front of them, and they kept asking their neighbours to the right and left for reinforcements." He sums up his view of the British operations in these words:

If, in these days, French or his seconds-in-command had only shown themselves to be possessed of a little initiative, the situation of von Kluck must have become very critical; but the English did not seem to be able to adapt themselves so quickly to the change of circumstances; their flight first took on the guise of a retreat, and then of an advance.

And lastly, to bring the wheel full circle, it is remarkable to find that so stoutly British an author as Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, in the first volume of his *British Campaign in France and Flanders*, more than hints at his partial agreement with Mr. Simonds and the German staff-officer. Questions of general strategy, or even of tactics, do not as a rule come under review in his book; but in his account of the British advance at the Marne, he utters one or two pregnant sentences:

The British Army, consisting of five divisions and five cavalry brigades, with its depleted ranks filled up with reinforcements, and some of its lost guns replaced, was advancing from the south through the forest of Crécy, men who had limped south with bleeding feet at two miles an hour changing their gait to three or four now that they were bound northward. The general movement of the Army cannot, however, be said to have been rapid. Von Kluck had placed nothing more substantial than a cavalry screen of two divisions in front of them.

Compared with the savage diatribe of the American and the contemptuous irony of the German, the grave reticence of the British author seems the most damning of all.

Is it then true that at the battle of the Marne the British Expeditionary Force under Sir John French failed to rise to the height of their opportunities? It must be confessed that the argument of Mr. Simonds—to take him as the chief advocate for the affirmative—has a very convincing ring. If one may make bold to paraphrase and synopsise it, it runs as follows:

It was on September 3rd that General Gallieni, the military governor of Paris, under whom Joffre had placed the newly assembled French Sixth Army, under General Maunoury, discovered that von Kluck was making a flank march in front of Paris from Amiens, with the object of striking the flank of the French forces on the British right. On September 4th Gallieni and Maunoury motored out, according to Mr. Simonds, to the British headquarters at Melun, and asked Sir John French to co-operate with them in an attack on von Kluck's flank and rear on September 5th. French professed his inability to do so; and consequently when Maunoury attacked von Kluck's rear-guards along the Ourcq on September 5th, there was no corresponding pressure from the British on von Kluck's flank, and von Kluck was able to pass back two whole army corps to the Ourcq to meet Maunoury's attack, leaving only a cavalry screen facing the British. On September 6th the British did advance, but, slight as was the opposition facing them, it took them three days to reach the Marne again. In the meantime, the battle had been going against Maunoury on the Ourcq, despite the reinforcements that Joffre had been pouring into Paris, and that were being rushed out to the battle-front in motor-cars and omnibuses; and the battle in other parts of the field had reached a climax. In particular near Sézanne, where General Foch's Ninth Army was bearing the brunt of the German attempt to break through, a decision was being reached. It was on September 9th, the day on which the

British reached the Marne, that Foch dispatched to Joffre the famous telegram: "My right is retreating, my centre is yielding; situation excellent; I am attacking." Launching a division of his Iron Corps—trained by himself at Nancy during peace time—at a weak spot in the German line, Foch turned what seemed to be inevitable defeat into a decisive victory. The Prussian Guard, followed by von Hausen's Saxons, turned and streamed northwards in flight; and the battle of the Marne was won, not, argues Mr. Simonds, by the British, but by Foch's Ninth Army. Von Kluck in his retreat merely conformed to the backward movement of the rest of the German army.

This version of the battle of the Marne seems, as has been said, very convincing. It reveals the British as having been late at the starting-post, and it awards the palm to the general who later became Generalissimo of the Allied forces. But one must remember the ancient Latin caution, *audi alteram partem*. As a matter of fact, a careful examination of General Maurice's admirable and authoritative book will reveal facts of which Mr. Simonds seems to have been ignorant. Chief among these is the fact that Foch's brilliant offensive did not start until the late afternoon of September 9th, and that hours before this offensive was launched von Kluck was already in full retreat toward the Aisne. Foch's stroke cannot therefore have caused von Kluck's retirement; the explanation of it must lie nearer Paris, and can hardly be anything else than the crossing of the Marne by the British in the early hours of September 9th. At this time Maunoury was very hard pressed; von Kluck was outflanking his outflanker; and had the British not appeared in his rear along the Ourcq, it is unthinkable that he should have thrown up the sponge. The victory of Foch near Sézanne in the afternoon of September 9th, undoubtedly accentuated the precipitancy of the

German retreat; but the decisive factor in starting the ball rolling was the appearance of the British north of the Marne in the morning of September 9th. They were here well in the rear of the German forces along the Ourcq, and von Kluck had no option but to make good his retreat.

General Maurice's view therefore, that the British had the honour of playing a decisive part in the battle of the Marne may be regarded as well taken; but, at the same time, it must be confessed that there is more than a modicum of truth in the view of the other side. Nothing can obliterate the fact that it took the British, with nothing more than a cavalry screen in front of them, three days to advance from the Seine to the Marne.

A partial explanation of the unreadiness of the British army to take part in the battle of the Marne may be found in the fact that the British base had been changed, necessarily, to St. Nazaire in the south of France, thus entailing an inevitable disorganization in the supply and reinforcement services, and, furthermore, that the French troop movements into Paris practically cut off communication between the British army and its new base. The ultimate explanation, however, must lie in the dilatoriness of Sir John French's tactics. It is idle to assert, as General Maurice does, that the British General Staff did not know that there was nothing but cavalry in front of them. This means only that Sir John French had an inadequate intelligence service, and did not sufficiently grasp the situation. Possibly he underestimated the recuperative powers of the British infantryman. In any case, he missed a superlative chance to strike in conjunction with Maunoury, and so to turn a tactical success into a strategic victory.

Such, at least, is the conclusion to which the facts, so far as we know them, seem to point. The British played a decisive part in the battle of the Marne; but that part was not so decisive as it might have been.

THE HIGHLAND SUNSET GOWN

BY LILIAN LEVERIDGE



HEY were at tea. He was tired—dog tired—and so was she. His nerves were all frazzled out at the ends; and so were hers. Otherwise nothing would have happened, although trouble had been brewing for weeks.

She had timidly requested money for a washing-machine.

"Do you think I'm made of money?" he exploded. "It isn't six months since I bought you a brand new wash tub. What's the matter with that, I'd like to know!" And then he indulged in the wicked little word.

Mrs. Adams's pale face grew a shade paler. Almost perceptibly the lines deepened around her startled eyes, and the little gray locks of hair trembled on her forehead. She made no answer, but the frail china tea cup, the one with bluebells around the rim, fell from her nerveless fingers and shivered in a thousand atoms on the floor.

Just at that very moment, on the still evening air floated a sweet, plaintive strain from Billy Murdoff's violin. The tune was "Sweet Afton". For a few long moment the two listened and gazed at each other in silence. Then, muttering something about the chores, Michael left the table and with a milk pail on his arm swung out of the house.

Mary Ann had chores to do too, but for once they suffered neglect. The

patient spirit that had always met them unflinchingly and performed them faithfully, faltered and drooped. Mary Ann's whole attitude was droopy. Her gray head bent dejectedly upon her clasped hands, and her lips quivered a little now and then before they settled in a pathetic downward curve.

It had really happened—the thing from which she had fancied herself immune—her husband had sworn at her! Vivid memory called up a day long ago, when life and love were young. They were walking together, arm in arm, along a country road in spring, flower scents and bird songs blending with their low-spoken words, when there fell a discordant note. From an invisible home—no, they had concluded it was merely a dwelling-place—came the high-pitched tones of a man's voice swearing lustily at his meek and unavenging wife.

"Michael," she had said to him with a little shiver, "if ever you should speak to me like that——"

His arm had stolen caressingly around her—how well she remembered—as he replied, "Don't you worry, little one. I'll die first!"

Michael had been true to his word—until now. He had a temper, decidedly; and he could swear—on occasion. Mary Ann would have been horrified to acknowledge, even to herself, that she had secretly gloried in the fact; but it was one thing when

refractory stove pipes, or a neighbour devoid of conscience or common sense, were the objects of his ire, and quite another to have it directed upon herself. It seemed nothing less than tragic.

And still the violin sang throbbing-ly that memory-freighted air. Mary Ann's hurt spirit leaped the intervening years, and lo! it was Tommy Parkins playing at Stanley's dance. Lightly they swayed and floated, she and Michael, throughout its witching measures. Then, with its echoes still vibrating in their hearts, they had strolled out into the starlit garden, sweet with clove pinks and mignonette, and he had told her of his love. Tommy had played the same waltz at their wedding; and more than once, in their own little home, the two had glided dreamily through its rhythmic measures while Michael softly whistled the air. Michael still often whistled it about his work, and that was how Billy Murdoff, their neighbour's boy, had picked it up. Billy had an unmistakable "ear for music", and had learned all the little trills and flourishes with which Tommy had embellished the tune.

Michael's step coming slowly up the walk roused her out of her reverie. With a little start of dismay she rose hurriedly to her feet. What would Michael think of that neglected table? For the first time in her life the question caused her a little apprehensive tremor.

Michael set his pails down on the bench and surveyed the untidy table and the shattered tea cup on the floor. "On strike, Mary Ann?" he asked.

There was a note of sympathy and understanding in his tone, which Mary Ann's hungry spirit grasped at eagerly; but he did not offer to help her with the dishes, as in earlier days he might have done. Instead, he settled himself for a comfortable nap on the lounge, while his wife wearily completed her day's work, continuing, meanwhile, her apathetic musings.

She saw that they had wandered

needlessly and hopelessly far from the flower-bordered highway of life into a tangled morass of trivial cares and worries, and her own tired feet seemed sinking in a slough of despond. That wicked little word had stung her like a wasp, and was stinging yet. How was it that Michael had not also been stung? To think that he could *sleep*, and not care!

Michael was not sleeping, however—not by a long shot. His thoughts were very wide-awake, and were flowing in precisely the same channels, with the exception that his flowed a little faster and got ahead of hers—he, too, was thinking to the tune of "Sweet Afton". He noted his wife's droopy attitude, and the pathetic shadow in her eyes. Nothing had escaped him, but he didn't "let on" that he was aware of anything unusual.

"Mary Ann," he began slowly, rousing himself with a yawn as, having put out the cat and locked the door, she began to wind the clock, "Mary Ann, did you recollect that it's our wedding day next week?"

Yes, Mary Ann had recollected it.

"Let's see—how many years is it?"

"Fifty years, Michael."

"Fifty years! Hm! Isn't that what they call the Golden Wedding? We've never had a celebration, have we? How'd it be if we go for a little jaunt to the city—to our son George?"

"O Michael! Do you mean it?" Into Mary Ann's shadowed face a light had suddenly sprung.

"Sure, I mean it."

"I've wanted to go for years—but how—how could we leave?"

"No trouble about that, I'm thinking. There's Mr. Lang and the wife are looking round for some place in the country where they could stay a week or so. They'd look after things here all right, and think themselves in clover. Of course I haven't asked them yet—only just thought of it—but they'd come safe enough. What do you say? Shall we go?"

"O Michael, yes!"

"All right. We'll call that settled. Now, I suppose for such a far flight as that you'll want some fine feathers, eh?"

"I did ought to have a new dress. And you need a suit, Michael."

"Sure! It might be a good idea for you to make out a list of what we need. We'll drive to town to-morrow afternoon, and I'll see what arrangements I can make with Mr. Lang."

Tired as she was, it was hours before Mrs. Adams got to sleep that night, and for days she seemed to be walking in a dream. The arrangements fitted together beautifully, like blocks in a doll house. Mr. and Mrs. Lang would be "just tickled" to come and play at farming for a week.

The hours flew by on wings, until, very early on the glorious morning of the Golden Wedding Day, the fifty years' bride and groom waved a good-bye to the little group of well-wishers on the platform and the train pulled out.

Mr. Adams's gaze wandered alternately from the whirling landscape outside the window to the gentle face beside him beneath the little black hat. Her eyes swept tirelessly over the varied and lovely scenes, and the light of all the flashing sunbeams seemed to leave a soft reflection on her face. He was a man of few words, and both were accustomed to long silences. "Are you enjoying it, Mary Ann?" he asked at length.

She merely nodded in reply, but he was content. For more than a week he had been trying to frame an apology for his little outburst, but now he felt satisfied that none was necessary.

The journey was only of a few hours' duration, and it came to an end all too quickly.

"What if George shouldn't be there to meet us?" suggested Mrs. Adams a little apprehensively as the slow-moving train came at last to a standstill. She had heard that the station was a bewildering place for the uninitiated—and such were they,

for this was their first visit to the big city.

"Don't you worry," he replied reassuringly. "George will be there all right." And George was.

George had always been a good boy, and his greeting was such as to satisfy the fondest and proudest of parents. Afterwards Mrs. Adams confided to her most intimate friend, "He wasn't ashamed to kiss his old mother, right before the crowd. And he with a handsome new touring car waiting for us to ride in!"

The ride was a delight, and so was the affectionate welcome home by George's winsome young wife—still almost childish in appearance, though they had been married ten years.

"You must be tired to death after your journey, mother," she said, caressingly stroking the gray head. "You must lie down and take a good long rest right after lunch."

Mrs. Adams was positive that she should not sleep, but it was certainly a pleasant change not to have to bother with the dishes. She lay dreamily musing of all the pleasant things that were happening, and in a few minutes drowsed off into a restful oblivion.

In half an hour she awoke, "as chirpy as a robin", as she declared to Michael, whom she found talking to George and Viola on the verandah.

"You don't feel equal to any sight-seeing to-day, I suppose," queried George tentatively. "There'll be plenty of time during the week—only I can't always reckon on getting a day off."

"I'm equal to anything," Mrs. Adams declared with emphasis.

"Good!" exclaimed George heartily. "Now, I wonder where would be the nicest place to go. How about the Park?"

But, a little to George's surprise, his father demurred. "We'll go to the Park another day," he said. "I'd kind of like to have a look around the stores. Are the big ones far away from here?"

"Just a nice little run," George replied. "Do you really feel equal to so much exertion, mother?"

"I'd just love to go," she asserted. "There's a few little odds and ends I want to buy, and two or three of the neighbours around home asked me to do a bit of shopping for them. I'd like to get it off my mind."

"All right. Bring out mother's hat, Viola, while I get the car round to the door."

In a few minutes they were off.

"You can't have any idea what those big stores are like," Mrs. Adams confided afterwards to her friend, "unless you just see them yourself. It is the biggest, bewilderingest place to go and buy things you ever saw. I couldn't have found what I wanted no more than blind Bartimeus if it hadn't been for Viola. As it was, my head was all in a whirl before we got through."

"Now, is there anything else you want to buy or to see?" Viola asked after an hour or so had passed.

"Yes, I'd like to see some silk dresses," affirmed Mr. Adams, to the surprise of everybody. Forthwith to the silk dress department they went, wonderingly.

"You see," Mr. Adams explained a little awkwardly, "It's more than fifty years ago I promised your mother a silk dress, and I've never bought it yet."

"Why, Michael," Mrs. Adams demurred, "I'd forgotten, years ago, and I'm past wanting fine clothes like that. You'd better save your money."

"What for? To buy us a shroud? I've enough laid by for that now, I'm thinking. I want you to have it."

Mrs. Adams was all in a flutter. "It'll be a plain black one, of course," she said as they passed a lot of rainbow-hued, filmy things.

"Of course it won't!" he protested with vim. "I always had an eye for colour, and you haven't a thing but black now."

Mrs. Adams gave in, and let Michael and Viola do the choosing.

They saw a bewildering display of dresses, all colours and shapes and prices; but he was not easily satisfied. At last, however, one was discovered that suited his peculiar idea of fitness. Its colour was not easy to describe. One way you looked at it, it appeared the softest, smokiest blue, like the velvety mist-wreaths over far-away Highland hills (Michael's earliest recollections were of the bonnie land of heather and bluebell); then at the next glance, perhaps, it would seem that glints of light from a golden sunset sky were sifted through the haze. The gown was fashioned in graceful lines, with a fichu in soft, cloudy folds over the shoulders.

Mr. Adams was delighted.

"It is really a lovely thing," pronounced Viola almost eagerly.

"Do you like it, Mary Ann?" Michael asked.

"Oh, yes! but——"

He knew she was uneasy about the cost. "How much?" he asked of the saleslady. Its price would have bought half a dozen washing machines, but he never turned a hair. "I'll take it," he said.

Michael was pleased with the world in general, and himself in particular; but especially so when, quite by accident, he discovered the sweetest silk hat to match. A spray of bluebells, so real in appearance that one almost looked for drops of dew in the slender bells, gave just the touch that was required for the completeness of the costume.

As the little shopping party passed out into the crowded street, Mr. Adams began absent-mindedly to whistle "Sweet Afton".

After a sumptuous six o'clock dinner they were all resting on the verandah. Michael leaned back in his easy chair, where he had only to lift his eyes to see his Golden Wedding bride in her Highland sunset gown; and judging by the frequency with which his eyes rested there, the sight was not unpleasing. But the long city street with its streams of human

life coming and going had the most powerful fascination for him.

"There'll be no moon to-night," he remarked just as the summer twilight began to settle over the city. "I wish there was. I'd kind of like a little walk, now it's cool; but I'm not much of a hand at getting around in the dark."

An amused smile flitted over George's face, but he only asked, "Aren't you too tired, father?"

"What for should I be too tired?" he queried. "Mother nor me have neither of us done a stroke of work this blessed day."

Mr. Adams rubbed his toil-hardened hands together and laughed. "Well, if I hadn't clean forgot about the electric lights! Seems to me, you're independent here of sun, moon and stars."

"As far as seeing our way about goes, I guess we are, Dad. They haven't got electricity in our little town yet, have they? I'm just wondering if you and mother wouldn't like to go for a ride to the Beach. I have an errand in that direction. It's an interesting place to spend a summer evening, and the electric display is quite brilliant. It's an elaborate sort of a playground, you know. It's just a nice little run in the car; and you can rest there as well as here. How does the idea strike you?"

"We'll take all that's coming to us, my lad. Eh, mother?"

Mother gave a ready consent, and soon in the back seat of the motor-car, Michael and Mary Ann were viewing the big city by night.

Arrived at the Beach, they found no words to express their wonderment and delight. Imagination had never pictured a scene so brilliant and fairy-like. As in a dream, dazzled by the lights and charmed by the music of the orchestra, they threaded the winding walks to the seats above the beach.

"This will be a pleasant place to rest," said George. "You don't mind

my leaving you alone for an hour, will you? I won't be long away. I'm sorry Viola couldn't come with us."

They assured George that they would be perfectly content to rest there, and he need not hurry. When he had gone, for some time they watched the gaily painted canoes darting in and out of the shadows upon the Lake; but the unusual scenes on the shore were more attractive. What a gay time these crowds of pleasure-seekers seemed to be having! And how wildly venturesome were their amusements—at least, so they appeared. There were swinging cars that circled dizzily out into space; and a high structure from which a boat load of people plunged madly down a steep incline into the water. There was also a merry-go-round.

"Are you game for a ride on the merry-go-round, Mary Ann?" he asked with a little twinkle in his eyes.

"I'd just love to," she replied with an answering twinkle. "Do you remember the ride we had at Sandy Hill that day at the Fair?"

"Don't I remember it, though!" He laughed at the reminiscence. "The tent tumbled down on top of us, didn't it? You got all tangled up. I thought we'd never get you out; and all the while, that confounded phonograph kept singing,

"Are ye comin' out to-night, Mary Ann?
Arrah! Don't say that ye can't, for ye
can."

This affair has that old machine beat all hollow. Some style to this!"

He bought the tickets, and they mounted the prancing wooden ponies, side by side. The music struck up, and off they went, dizzily, wildly, round and round. The wind caught his hat off, and her little gray ringlets danced out under the Highland sunset hat. Mary Ann felt like Alice in Wonderland; and he—he had somehow imbibed a draught of the Elixir of Youth, and was a boy again. They laughed happily as they descended. She was a trifle dizzy.

"Let's take in all the shows there are," he suggested.

"Yes, let's!" she agreed. Having once cut loose from conventions, they might as well go the whole length. "Can we get through all of them before George gets back?"

"I think so; it won't take long. What shall it be next, lassie? The swinging cars?"

"Not yet. Couldn't we try that race down the rapid?—I don't know what you call it."

"All right. Come on."

They took a front seat in the little boat and slowly mounted into the air. At the top, being confronted with the notice, "Hold on to your hats," Mary Ann took the precaution to remove hers. His was still gallivanting off on the wind somewhere. With a delicious thrill, they clutched each other's hands as the boat began its dizzying descent. It lasted only a few mad, breathless moments. But oh! the wild joy of it!

"That's going some!" laughed Michael as they stepped out of the boat after the final plunge. Mary Ann's teeth were chattering too much to permit her to answer.

"Can you stand any more?" he asked quizzically.

"I can stand all you can," she replied with spirit.

They wandered off from the dazzling lights to where, behind high walls, mysterious things were going on. It was evident that one short hour would not be sufficient to sample all the attractions. They somewhat reluctantly forbore to enter into competition for teddy bears and roses, but paused where a great water wheel went splashing round and round. The scene was pretty, where the water, flowing in a narrow bed, disappeared in the region of mystery. A little boat waited invitingly, and they stepped in. They were the only passengers, and they had not the faintest idea to what bourne their little barque would bear them, or what was going to happen.

Slowly the boat glided through painted scenery, softly illumined by artificial light. There was an old windmill with silent sails, and fairy landscapes, such as one fancied lay beyond the sunset. Suddenly, however, the little boat plunged into darkness and raced down a canon between high, rocky banks.

Mary Ann caught her breath and leaned toward Michael. "Don't be frightened, lassie," he whispered as he put his arm around her and gave her hand a reassuring squeeze. Very soon they emerged into the light again, and again plunged into darkness. Thus winding in and out of light and shadow, the boat ran its tortuous voyage, and came back to the starting place.

"Say," ejaculated Michael as he helped Mary Ann to disembark, "this is what I call a lark. We'll tell Billy all about it when we get home, eh? Won't the kid's eyes open wide when he hears?"

"George said something about a 'Scenic Railway,'" Mrs. Adams suggested. "I wonder if we could find it."

They found it quite easily, and boarded the rumbling car. Swiftly the car gained speed, till it was rushing breathlessly along, up hill and down dale, over a labyrinthine way in a painted fairyland. Oh! it was wild and wonderful, and altogether bewitching. A spell seemed cast over both of them. They had no idea that they were capable of such keen, abandoned enjoyment.

They had raced through a deep valley, from one windy hilltop to another, while his admiring glance noted the coquettish ringlets and the soft rose flush on the rejuvenated face beneath the dancing bluebells. Suddenly the car plunged without warning into the black darkness of a tunnel. Again she leaned with a little gasp toward him. Swiftly his arm encircled her waist, and—wonder of wonders!—she felt his lips upon her own in an unmistakable kiss.

"Michael," said Mary Ann with a happy little thrill in her low tone, "Do you know how long it is since you kissed me before?"

"How long?"

"It was that year I went away for a week to Aunt Bell's. I've often wished I could go away again somewhere—just so as you'd kiss me good-bye; but I seemingly never could make the raise."

"Poor lassie! I didn't know. And I swore at you the other day! Have you forgiven me for that?"

"Oh yes, Michael!"

Softly Michael began to whistle "Sweet Afton", but only got through a measure or two when the car stopped.

As they emerged from the building they came upon George wandering up and down in search of them. "Where in the world have you been?" he asked. "I've been looking all over the place for you."

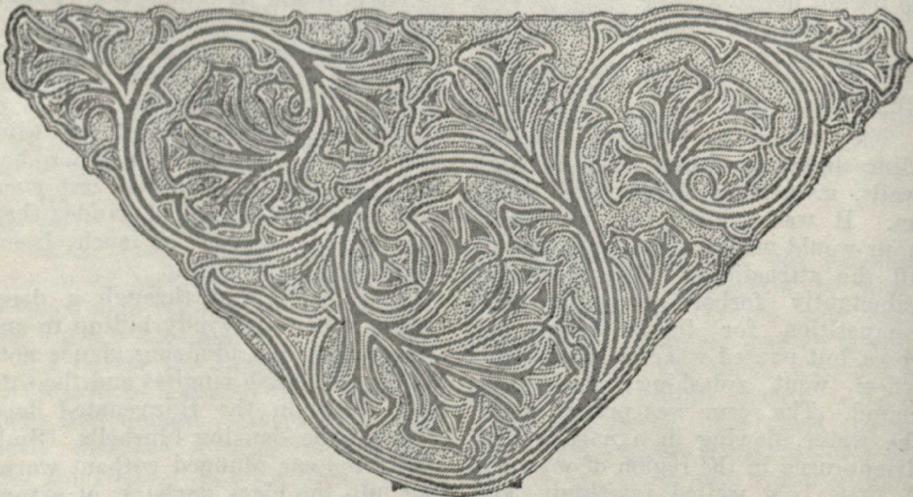
"Oh," explained his father a little apologetically, "We've just been for a little jaunt on the Scenic Railway yonder. A great game, that—

wonderful clever invention. I wonder who's brain worked out the idea."

"Good for you, Dad!" laughed George. "There's nothing like it. And it's done you both good. Mother, I declare you look twenty years younger than you did this morning. But you really must come home now and rest, or you'll tire yourselves out."

When they reached their own rooms that night, Mary Ann, still in the Highland sunset gown, sank wearily but happily into a cushioned cosy corner. Michael sat down beside her. "Mary Ann," he began slowly, "I've been seeing things somehow different to-night; and I think when we go back home we'll take life a little easier. There's no need for us to work and save like we've been doing. We'll just jog along easy like, to that little waltz tune of Billy's. And, Mary Ann,"—Michael's arm stole softly around the silken waist, while for the second time in that cycle of years he kissed her—"and Mary Ann, I guess I won't swear at you any more."

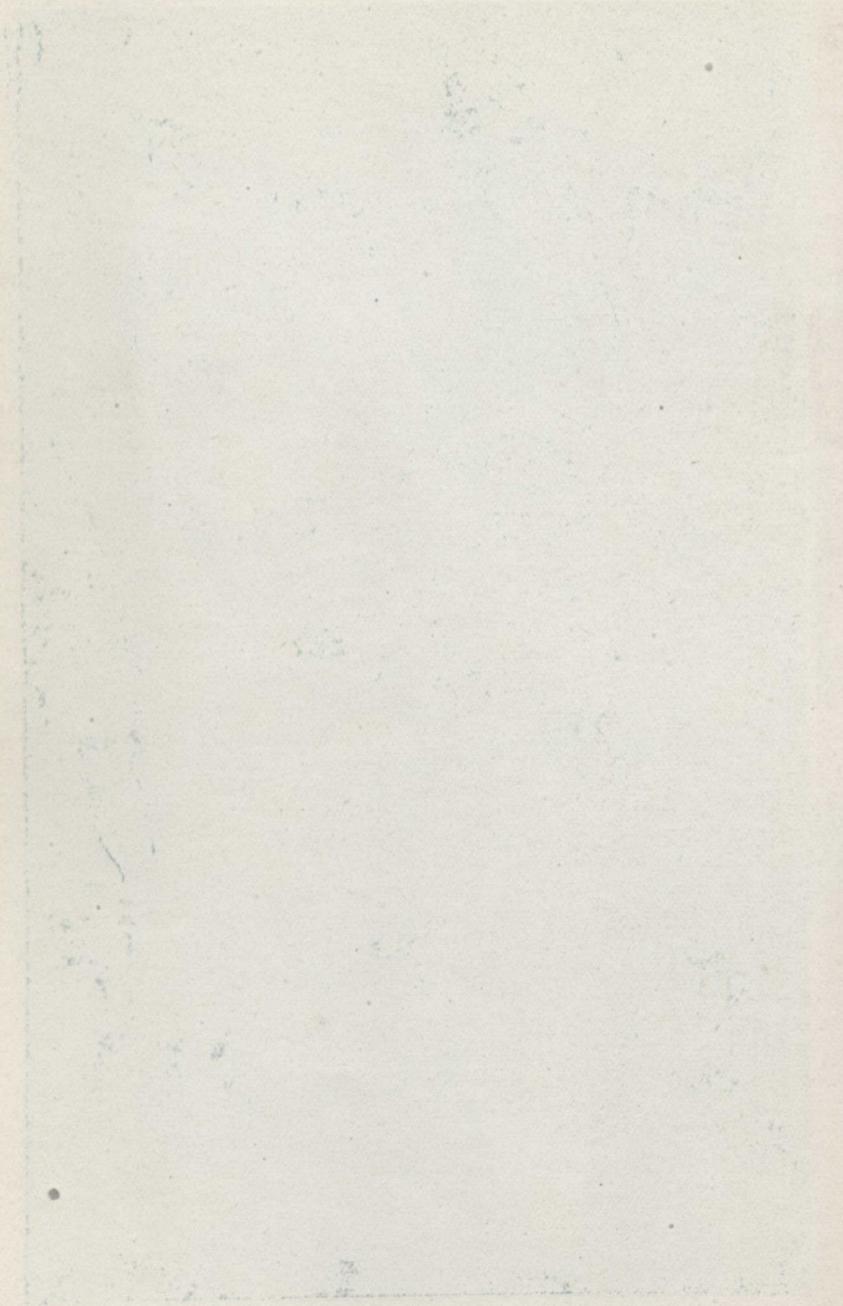
And Michael never did.





THE JAPANESE JAR

From the Painting by
H. M. Rosenberg.
Exhibited by the
Royal Canadian Academy of Arts



DELIA'S DESPERADO

BY EDITH G. BAYNE

IT was a warm, still, summer afternoon with even the restless poplars silent for once, with everything wrapped in the sleepy calm that spreads over the foothill country as soon as the sun has reached his zenith and has begun to travel toward the Rockies. It was the kind of day when it is found to be much more agreeable to lounge in the hammock, with not even a book to distract the mind from its indolent fancies, than to make the slightest effort either of a physical or a mental nature. Mount Rundle, dominating the scene, his conical head sharply outlined against the intense blue of the sky, looked down over his far-flung valleys and across his undulating plains where east and west and south lay the ranches, and as he looked—supreme, unapproachable, in his majesty—he seemed to communicate in wordless language an old message: "I, the monarch, require of you my subject-lands that your soil, which has been tickled with the plow should laugh back with a bountiful harvest, that your gardens and your smiling fruit-orchards on which the sun has shone so warmly and unremittingly should respond with richly-laden boughs, that all your desert places should rejoice and blossom as the rose."

And as if in answer to that intangible behest the lovely land of Alberta was glowing verdantly as far as the eye could see, and the cattle on a thousand hills were sleek and fat, while all along the narrow strip of fruit coun-

try the early apples were turning rosy-cheeked beneath old Sol's ardent glance.

The silvery Bow, tumbling noisily in its shallows as it wound in and out amongst the echoing canôns, was perhaps the only sound-maker in all the landscape and even it ran noiselessly here and there, where sheer rock-walls rose to an immense height.

At the Bar Q, around an end of which the river shoulders its way, a girl sat churning in the cool, roomy kitchen of the ranch-house. She was alone. Okoko the Jap cook-and-factotum had succumbed to the overpowering inertia which always attacked him on these hot afternoons and had pattered away in his list slippers to the hammock under the garden poplars. Everybody else had gone to town, except possibly one or two stable hands who kept to their own domain.

The girl manipulated the churn-pedal but intermittently and with no great display of enthusiasm. How could one be expected to interest oneself in the unexciting task of making butter, when the two-day's old Calgary paper which Okoko had brought in at noon from the mail-box at the gate, contained such a thrilling tale as the one she was now reading? No, it was no story of frothy fiction that absorbed her. Neither was it the account of a mushroom aristocracy ball. Nor yet was it the synopsis of the latest vamp drama of Miss Sheeza Bird the most beautiful woman on the screen. It was just the newspaper rendition of the escape of a prisoner from the Provincial "pen" that thus held her

enthralled—to the extent that it boded ill for the *début* of the butter.

“The escaped prisoner is probably making for the hill country across to the south, with the intention of getting across the border with as little delay as possible. In spite of his record he is well educated and of singularly pleasing address and he is capable of assuming any disguise. The people of the south districts are warned to be on their guard. Vokes, alias Emilmann, alias Fritz Weimer, alias Slim Weimer, is tall and well-built and has a skin of a healthy brown hue due to having spent a great many weeks lately out-of-doors acting as assistant gardener in the “pen” grounds. There is little or no suspicion of a German accent, although the man is evidently a Teuton or of Teuton descent, and he is about five-foot-eleven in height. A scar of some kind, probably an old bayonet thrust, runs part way down the left temple and is almost concealed by his hair.”

The girl read the above paragraph several times and then raised a speculative eye and gazed out across the shimmering fields of young wheat that spread away almost illimitably on every hand. From her seat near the open door she could see as far as the “pike” road leading to town, and along which she need not look for her father and mother to come until dusk or later; but her glance was half absent. It was not of herself she was thinking. Cowardice was no part of her nature, and anyway it was altogether unlikely that the quiet, almost dull routine of her life would be disturbed by the arrival of a holdup-man! She was thinking of the slight chance Vokes would have if Inspector Fairway of the Mounties were in Canada. Fairway was the Holmes of the Force, a perfect marvel of adroitness and skill. “You can’t faze Fairway,” was a byword of the whole countryside, and he already had more captures to his credit than he could count on the fingers of both hands. If he were at home he would go right to the scent like a cunning hound, and it would be

dollars to doughnuts Vokes, alias Emilmann, alias Weimer, would never so much as glimpse the International Boundary, much less cross it! But Fairway, alas for the present dilemma, was in France doing his very effective bit in the artillery branch of the army.

“But if he were here—oh, if he were here!” breathed the girl, her eyes glowing with the ardour of romantic youth for the object of its hero-worship.

She sighed and turned to her churn once more. A few desultory motions of her foot and she decided to look at the cream and see if it were “coming butter” yet. So she lifted the lid and stooped to peep in upon the cool curdly mass that by-and-bye would be yellow butter.

Something made her glance up suddenly. It must have been some subconscious agency, for no sound had broken the utter and profound silence of the afternoon.

A man was coming across the corral yard. He was a stranger—that was patent at once—but he walked with a curious stealth, looking backward over his shoulder more than once and then regarding the Bar Q ranch-house as though somewhat doubtful of a welcome. The girl watched this figure as it skirted the barns and sheds and finally jumped the hitching-rail and made straight for her open door. Her heart beat quickly, but she continued as though fascinated, to watch his advance. That half-furtive tread, her prairie shrewdness told her, betokened guilt or fear or both. In fact there was that in the general deportment of the man that seemed very sinister, even at the distance of twelve feet away, and when he had come up to the steps she caught her breath at the sight of his face. The essence of all things evil seemed written there—until he smiled, which he did, although waveringly. For he read in her expression just what she was thinking.

Tramp? Well, she had dealt with tramps before. Desperado? There was her loaded revolver nearby in the kit-

chen-desk drawer, the very weapon with which her father had taught her at the tender age of eight to "draw a bead" on a mark at five hundred yards. Quickly she stepped back and possessed herself of this, sliding it into her skirt pocket and smoothing her apron over the bulge. Then she waited for the stranger to make known his wants.

Possibly he had never before seen such a picture as she made, standing straight and tall and challenging, over her churn. The tramp stared. He opened his lips but no sound came forth. A brown-haired girl with direct blue eyes and the healthy pink cheeks of youth can look very striking in a fresh pink print dress, even though she may have no claim to actual beauty.

"You're hungry, of course," she said at length.

It was a tradition of the Bar Q that no stranger was ever yet turned empty away from the house of John P. Drew.

"Right, first time!" returned the tramp.

He spoke with an airy nonchalance that somehow accorded but ill with his general appearance of down-and-outness. His garments were ill-fitting and mismated, but not tattered, he wore a several days' growth of dark beard, and he looked, as indeed he proved to be, very nearly famished.

"Sit down on the top step, then, and I'll get you something", said the girl. "There are some pork pies in the pantry, I think, and we baked this morning, so you can have all the fresh bread you can eat."

A well-fed desperado couldn't in the nature of things be quite as desperate as a hungry one! The young hostess or benefactress or whatever she might have been termed at this stage of the chapter hurried to the other side of the room, but she maintained, nevertheless, a close watch upon her visitor.

"A thousand thanks! This is a god-send!" he said, with eager gratitude as he took from her hands a moment later such an assortment of food as he had not seen in days and weeks.

"I'm glad the tea was still hot," she remarked, as she returned to her task of making butter. "If you find it too warm there on the step just move across to that bench behind the vines."

He mumbled thanks again.

Some moments passed and then the tramp, drawing the back of his hand across his mouth, looked in at the girl.

"Can't I finish that job for you?" he asked politely.

She drew a sigh of relief and removed her foot from the pedal.

"If you will," she said, venturing to smile a little at him. "Then you can have all the buttermilk you want."

"Um-m-m!" observed the tramp, stepping in and seizing the churn-handle without more ado.

He had eaten with the eager haste that distinguishes hungry vagabonds and small children. Poor fellow! And just look at the way he was making the churn roll! Only a little more of that firm, steady motion and the butter would come. What a hard life begging must be—and how awful never to know the comfort of a permanent resting-place. Yet it evidently gave one strength of muscle. She would tender him a little advice by-and-bye. He didn't seem to be utterly degraded and his features were good and full of character; his glance was not so furtive as it had seemed at first—he looked more steadily at her, and oftener, too, and besides there was a total absence of a shambling movement in his walk. Why had he seemed afraid when crossing the corral yard?

"This is Mr. Drew's place, isn't it?" he asked suddenly.

"Yes."

"You don't know if he needs another hand, I suppose. Is he at home?"

She evaded the last query.

"We just took on a new stable hand yesterday," she said. "He is quite satisfactory. I don't think we need any more help till late in August."

"Oh, well, I merely asked."

The butter came and the tramp had his jugful. As he sat slowly imbib-

ing the cool liquid on the step outside the girl decided to put in a few tactful words of good advice. They might not come amiss and he seemed such a polite tramp. Perhaps he had had a good mother.

"I should think," she began innocuously, "that a great husky fellow like you would be much better employed fighting for your country than playing knight of the road."

He regarded her soberly.

"How do you know I'm playing? Tramping is a profession. Before one can be a successful tramp one must have the necessary adjuncts. Do I look like an amateur?"

"You look as though you had the ability to do something better."

"Thanks. I'll think it over since you are so kind. You—are Miss Drew?"

She nodded. After a short silence:

"Why don't you try to get work? I mean good work. You seem educated—"

"Now that's just the trouble," he said with engaging frankness. "You see I'm burdened with a college education. It is a dreadful handicap, Miss Drew."

She smiled in spite of herself.

"And then you see," he went on, "it is so much easier to go round to doors and ask for handouts than to stick in a poky office or class-room all day, that I just naturally follow the line of least resistance."

"But are you never moved by higher impulses? Vagabondage is all very well for a lark, but—" here she broke off, her attention attracted by the figure of a man in blue jeans crossing the field just below. "There, look at our new stable hand. He's going to pump the water for the herd now. Can't you hear him whistling? *He's* happy because he's *busy*."

The tramp sat up alertly and followed with a rather bored expression the movements of the industrious "help".

"Makes me weary just to watch the fellow," he admitted with a yawn. "On a hot day like this! But then perhaps

he's been a stoker on a ship. Come to think of it his gait seems to smack of a jack-tar, sort of rolling you know. Don't you think so, too?"

Miss Drew shrugged her shoulders indifferently. She was more interested in the problem just before her on the step. The tramp certainly had nice eyes. They were brown with vague shadows in their depths. He must have suffered in spirit, she told herself. They were the eyes of a man who had looked upon great sorrows, seen much of the sad side of life. She found herself watching for his rare smile, for it lit up the gloom of those eyes so that he appeared almost refined. The busy hand was, indeed, whistling, a tune that she didn't recognize. But it seemed to have undoubted fascination for the tramp, who sat perfectly still, his head on one side. Presently a slow smile spread across his face and he leaned back against the verandah rail, took up the buttermilk jug once more and drained it. He rose then.

"Much obliged for your hospitality," he said, and stooped to pick up his shabby cap from the step.

When he looked up again it was to see an expression of horrified amazement on the face of the girl. She leaned pantingly against the door-jamb, eyes bulging, cheeks white, stern glance fixed on the tramp's left temple.

"Singularly pleasing address—skin of a healthy brown hue—five-foot-eleven in height—well educated—*scar on left temple!*"

This was what ran tumultuously through her mind, so that she failed to hear his question of astonishment as to what had seemingly frightened her. Two minutes passed while they continued in a futile way to stare at each other.

When he had bent to get his cap the thick wave of hair that lay athwart his brow had fallen forward revealing a nasty, jagged, recently healed-over wound. Slowly the girl's hand went to her pocket, and the tramp started when he saw it come forth closed

round the revolver. His jaunty grin faded and was replaced by the old furtive expression.

"Good-bye!" he said hurriedly and turned away to be immediately arrested by her sharp, "Stop!"

"Stop! Put up your hands. You are my prisoner," said the girl.

His mouth sagged open and with a look almost of terror he watched the weapon waver a moment and then rest on a direct line with his top vest button.

"Movie dramatics," he remarked ruefully. "Very well. The trumps are yours. Up go my mitts. Tense situation in the third reel—heroine covers villain till police arrive. What next?"

"Back up and sit down on the step, Mr. Vokes. That's right. Now stay there till I—"

"Hold on. You make me dizzy circling about like that!" he protested, but she had seen him start at the name Vokes, and had come around in front, still with the weapon poised on high.

"I say, what sort of a shot are you?" he asked with some anxiety. "And is that a hair trigger? Keep your finger off it please and I'll be as good as gold. I—I'll do anything in reason but I won't be slugged full of bird-shot—"

"This is a revolver," she said with dignity, though the effort to seem cool cost her something. Her knees were shaking under her and she was wondering frantically if her father was on the home stretch.

"Oh, pardon me. It looks like a blunderbuss of the date of '49. What—are you going to do? Put me in the jug?"

"I'm going to telephone the Mounted Police."

Again he gave that peculiar start.

"Not that I think much of them or they'd have had you before this, Mr. Vokes," she went on. "If Inspector Fairway were only here you would have been captured two days ago."

"Fairway did you say? Who's Fairway?" and his eyes narrowed.

"He's the best man in the whole Mounted Police force—that's who he is!" returned Miss Drew. "Nobody

can slip through his clutches, let me tell you. He is known as the Human Bloodhound."

"Wow!" ejaculated the prisoner. "And where is this paragon of efficiency? Why isn't he on the job? I—I'd rather like to meet him, don't you know?"

"He's in France, where you ought to be."

The tramp gave a twisted smile.

"Applause from the pit," he remarked. "As a matter of fact, young woman," he went on soberly, "I am at the present moment suffering from shell-shock—I mean cell-shock—"

"I don't think it at all funny to jest about a thing like that."

"Neither do I. Say, it's tiresome holding up my paws like a stock-exchange bidder. Let me bring 'em down. You have my solemn promise that I won't try to make a getaway."

Miss Drew seated herself on a chair, laid the weapon across her knee and again scanned the town end of the road.

"Very well," she said.

There really was something that inspired confidence in this poor vagabond. Honesty of purpose shone in his eye. He meant what he said. Besides—up the road appeared the welcome cloud of dust that heralded the approach of John P. Drew.

"Before I go to the gallows—no don't interrupt please—for of course it is a hanging matter—before I hang, therefore, I shall recall this little episode of the afternoon and remember your kindness—" the tramp had spoken slowly and now broke off in an odd, choked way and turned his head aside.

"Will—will they actually condemn you to *that*?" now asked the girl, a world of horror and pity in her grave eyes.

"Not a doubt of it. The record of Vokes is a most sinister one."

"But—oh why, *why*, do you do such dreadful deeds?"

She leaned forward, a sudden mist of tears in her eyes, her hand instinctively outstretched. He caught the

hand and held it a second or two, then released it.

"Such a pity as yours," he said huskily, "would transform the veriest blackguard into a saint. Oh, why did I not meet you sooner!"

"It is not yet too late, Mr. Vokes," the girl assured him. "Haven't you got an alibi or whatever it is that lets a prisoner off? Oh, if Inspector Fairway were only in Canada he would do all in his power to give you a fresh start!"

The tramp frowned.

"I thought you said he was a veritable bloodhound."

"Se he is but he has also a heart as big as all outdoors. He has let more prisoners off than ever he has brought to justice—given them a second chance, I mean."

"Um . . . You seem to be an enthusiastic champion of this Mounted marvel. Handsome I daresay, or else he wouldn't inspire such—er—hero-worship."

"I don't know what he looks like," said the girl, a look of wistfulness coming into her eyes. "I never saw him that I know of."

"Oh, I see. It's a sort of long-distance homage. Well, I see there is someone coming along the road from town so you won't be held in this suspense much longer. I suppose you will call out to the rig for help."

The girl started and looked up the road. She had temporarily forgotten her father.

"Quick!" she cried, springing up and seizing his shabby sleeve. "I'll hide you. It's father, but I won't ever tell. It's your—your second chance. Quick!"

He sensed her intention before she had stopped speaking and was on his feet.

"Into the milk-cellar. Hurry! Nobody will go down there till milking time to-morrow morning. You can come up after we are all in bed. I'll leave the door unlocked."

She wheeled the empty churn aside, lifted a piece of rag carpet that con-

cealed a trap-door in the centre of the kitchen floor and pointed. He lifted the trap-door and lowered himself into the cool dark depths of the milk-cellar. Just one glance he had time to send her, but it spoke volumes and the gratitude and admiration that she read remained with her for many a day afterward.

Scarcely had she replaced the carpet and the churn when her parents drove into the corral-yard, and a moment later Okoko came yawning in from his siesta in the garden.

"Velly kliet day," he observed to Miss Drew.

*

"It's only a couple of buns and some cream," said Miss Drew apologetically as she set the lantern down on an upturned pail and handed the light lunch to her prisoner.

"I certainly didn't expect this," he said gratefully,

"Well, I knew you'd be hungry. It's not yet dark so you can't come up for several hours yet. When you do you will find a small parcel of sandwiches on the table near the door. Where are you going from here?"

"You certainly have a right to know, but I can't tell you because I have made no plans."

"But promise me that you will lead an honest life from now on!"

"I solemnly promise Miss—Miss Delia. (I heard somebody calling you that, and I like the name.) I give you my word."

She sat down on the third top step and, her small rounded chin buried in her hands, regarded him earnestly across the dimly-lighted cellar. He sat, opposite the lantern, on another upturned pail.

"Did you ever commit murder?" she asked suddenly.

He started violently.

"Wh-why do you ask?" he wanted to know.

"Because I somehow can't associate such a dreadful deed with your face. Did you?"

"Well—I *have* sent a few people to their last long rest," he admitted.

"But of course it was in self-defence?"—eagerly.

"Yes."

She shuddered and then sighed.

"How have you spent these last three or four hours? Not meditating fresh crimes, I hope?"

"No. I have been thinking—hard."

"I'm glad to hear it."

"You'd you like to know the subject of my thoughts?"

"Yes. It was the turning over of a new leaf, I trust?"

"Partly, but mostly I have been thinking of—of you."

Miss Drew drew herself up, a look of displeasure beginning to gather in her eyes. She prepared for flight at once.

"Wait. Please don't go," he pleaded.

"But I won't remain here to—to be insulted."

"Such a thing as insulting you was furthest from my thoughts, my dear girl! Sit down again. . . . That's right. Perhaps the fact that you neglected to fetch your blunderbuss—I mean revolver—with you this time has given me confidence to speak out."

"But you were getting actually *fresh*."

"Was I? Believe me, I didn't mean to. I am very glad you don't expect or desire me to make love to you. I have had so little experience along that line that my technique is bad. But surely we can be friends."

The girl shook her head uncertainly. "I don't know why I stay here talking to a—a—"

"A desperado. Say it. I know. It's because you have a heart of gold, Miss Delia. Even a polished villain such as I am can appreciate the noble instincts which have led you to open your pure young heart—and—er—your nice dark milk-cellar—to one who is a fugitive from justice."

"I don't know that I have opened my heart to you, Mr. Vokes."

"You have, but unwittingly. I feel as if I had known someone like you

away back in the old days when—when I used to shoot peas at the Sunday school superintendent from the back benches. I was a good little shaver in those days."

"Self praise is no recommendation."

"I know that," he said with becoming humility. "But I just wanted you to understand that my early life was decent. Does that new stable hand of yours retire early?"

The question was of such a sudden nature she looked her surprise.

"Oh, I wasn't thinking of murdering the poor fellow in his bed! These buns are the best I ever tasted."

"I made them . . . Yes, all our hands go to bunk shortly after eight o'clock. They have to be up at four, you see. Smith sleeps in the bunk-house nearest the corral—and what is more he sleeps armed."

There was that in her tone which mocked him. With deep chagrin he realized that she wasn't by any means prepared to trust him utterly. Always she was on her guard.

"Much obliged for the information," he said gravely.

"I can give you the combination of father's safe too."

He ignored the thrust.

"Why does Smith sleep armed, Miss Drew? Guilty conscience?"

"He told father that some rustlers whom he caught at the last ranch where he was employed had threatened his life. I think myself he is over-cautious. But he seems to be a chap that takes people and things very seriously."

"No sense of humour, I judge."

"Some people have too much," remarked Miss Delia. "It ill becomes them to try to be funny when they have so much to answer for before the law."

"A well-merited reproof. I shall conduct myself from now on like an undertaker's assistant. What time is it I wonder?"

"It is just about eight o'clock, Mr. Vokes."

"Surely it must be more? From yon little window it seems quite dark

outside. I shall try to get away now, I think."

"Better wait another half-hour," advised his fair warden. "Father is smoking on the verandah yet I know. I'm going up at once. I'll signal you by rapping on the floor and then you must go away directly. If you should chance to be seen I stand ready to perjure myself to the limit—goodness only knows why—to camouflage you. I'll say you are a pedlar, a lightning-rod agent, a census-taker, a trouble-shooter for the 'phone company or a plain every-day tramp to whom I have given a handout."

"Your goodness gladdens my heart, and I—"

"Say nothing more please. I—well, I feel in my heart that I am doing *very* wrong to aid and abet you. I wouldn't like Inspector Fairway to know of this."

"That name again!" and the tramp frowned.

"He has been my hero from short-skirt days," explained Miss Delia, disregarding the tramp's ill-humour. "If—if ever you run up against him, Mr. Vokes, as you will certainly do if you do not adhere strictly to the path of virtue, don't ever give me away—not that he'd know who *I* was of course—"

"Miss Delia, Fairway or any other man could not cherish for you anything but the most ardent admiration! Won't you shake the hand of your poor desperado before you go?"

Miss Drew hesitated, and then with an impulsive little movement extended her hand. The tramp held it for a moment and then relinquished it quickly with a sharp intake of the breath which went to the girl's heart. How long since he had had the privilege of touching the hand of a good woman!

But when she looked back ere she disappeared through the trap-door— he was smiling!

Evening in the foothill country comes down with a soft suddenness that is almost disconcerting. The merging of the twilight and the dusk

takes place so imperceptibly and yet quickly withal that to the uninitiated it seems an affair of sheer artistry arranged by some sleight-of-hand wizard with a drop-curtain and a few calcium lights. When Miss Drew descended to the tramp with nourishment it was still quite light, with the long twilight of his western land shedding a soft clear glow over nature and bringing into relief the softened outlines of barns, stables and corral. Now the light had faded and she could distinguish nothing farther than a dozen feet away. The fireflies were punctuating the gloom at short intervals, frogs were chorusing from the swamp in the coulée and a myriad of stars lit up the dome of heaven.

She decided to locate her parents first. Her mother was reading in the living-room, but the voice of her father could be heard on the verandah in conversation with another man. She tiptoed out and stood blinking on the threshold of the door. It was probably one of the neighbouring ranchers, she thought, and she decided that the best thing to do was to invite them indoors for some lemonade.

But her father was too busy talking to notice her and the stranger's back was turned to her. It was a broad back. She looked again. It was clothed in a scarlet tunic. Another glance was hardly necessary, but in a daze she made out blue trousers with narrow yellow stripes along the sides, knee-boots and a leather belt. On a chair lay a khaki hat.

As stealthily and as quickly as she could Miss Drew returned to the kitchen and once more lifted the trap-door and descended to the milk-cellar.

"There's a Mountie here!" she gasped. "He's talking to father. He must have just ridden up. What—what will we do *now*?"

The tramp rose and stared at her, his eyes bulging.

"This—is what one might call a *contretemps*," he remarked with such evident courage under difficulties that the girl was thrilled. "Is that door over yonder an exit?"

"It is locked from the outside and Okoko has the key. I'll ask him for it. I was afraid to before for fear he might suspect something, but I suppose it's 'any port in a storm'."

"Wait. It may not be necessary. They're on the side of the house facing the garden, are they? . . . Very well, I can still make my getaway across the corral."

"No you can't, for they can see both ways! Oh, dear me, I *knew* my sin would find me out. I—"

"Is he a tall stout fellow, this Mountie?"

She nodded.

"That would be Middleton," he ruminated aloud. "Consarn his officiousness anyway! Who told *him*—"

"You see, Mr. Vokes, someone has already seen you and perhaps followed you up our trail," she interrupted. "I can't see how you are to escape for you've got to pass within eight or ten feet of where father is sitting. You'd better remain here till he—the policeman I mean—goes away. Then—"

"Unthinkable! He will probably search the entire place. Did—you didn't happen to hear what they were saying?"

"I just heard father say: 'The only stranger that's been round these dig-gins is our new hired man, a perfectly respectable fellow and a real smart worker too', so you see they are on your scent. Is there a large price on your head?"

He started.

"Eh? . . . large price on my head? . . . I should say so! Had it occurred to you to give me up and draw the five thousand dollars reward?"

"When I once undertake to befriend a person I stick to it," returned the girl with dignity. "I'm going up now to get the key of the outer door there and in less than ten minutes—you can correctly guess the length of time, surely, you are so clever at other things—you can come forth. I shall have enticed father and his visitor indoors then. Good-luck, Mr. Vokes, and remember what I said—don't give me away."

She was gone. The tramp stared up at the trap-door for fully five minutes after her exit. He smiled.

"Indoors? On a night like this? Tut-tut my dear," said John P. Drew lazily. "Fetch the lemonade out here."

"But father—"

"Don't interrupt, Delia. The sergeant and I are busy."

The girl wrung her hands silently. What could she have said? Over her face came a look of comical despair—at least to an onlooker unaware of its cause it would have seemed quite comical. At last she turned indoors, brushing against her mother, who was just coming out.

"John! There's someone in the kitchen! I heard a funny noise," said Mrs. Drew hurriedly. "Okoko has gone to bed. Maybe it's only the cat, but I wish you would go and see."

Both men rose, with a mutual glance that said the same thing. They proceeded in some haste to the rear regions, the sergeant muttering that he "was convinced the boulder was on the Bar Q," while Delia, her lower lip caught in her teeth, realized that she had neglected to unfasten the *bolt* of the milk-cellar door. Stupid! All her altruistic work gone for nothing and poor Vokes in the toils once more!

While she still stood in her tracks fuming at the ultra-cautious Puritan principles of her mother who had a mania for keeping things under lock and key, three figures dashed past the verandah—a fat short one and a tall stout one in pursuit of a tall slim one. It was all off!

*

Down near the corral there was a revolver shot, then shouts. Delia shuddered. She clung to her mother, who was on the verge of a swoon herself.

At the end of half an hour three men came up the steps and the women were requested in the jovial voice of John P. Drew to bring forth eatables and drinkables.

To celebrate the capture of the notorious Vokes," he added, in a quieter tone. "Don't be frightened my dears. He's not here. We've got him trussed

up and waiting down at the bunkhouse. These officers will take him in to town at once. My wife and daughter, gentlemen, Jane and Delia—meet Sergeant Middleton and Inspector Fairway.”

A confused moment all around, hurried explanations, some laughter, invitations to “make yourselves at home gentlemen”, and then Delia looked a little closer at the visitors, particularly at the one who wasn’t in uniform.

“So sorry!” he murmured under cover of the general noise. “It was unforgivable of me to make such a row in the kitchen. You left me no alternative, you see, but to come up by the trap-door——”

“I’ll never, never forgive you as long as I live!”

“Oh, please——”

“I’ll be the laughing-stock of the whole . . .”

“No you won’t, for I haven’t told anything nor do I intend to. I explained my presence satisfactorily and Middleton will give me full credit for the capture. As soon as I heard your Smith whistling “Die Wacht am Rhein” and noticed his gait I knew he was the bird I was after. Vokes was a sailor, you see. I am very grateful to you for keeping me hidden till dark. For Vokes is a wily guy. I had to sneak up in mufti, posing as a deadbeat in order not to rouse his suspicions.”

“But I thought you were in France!”

“I was till ten days ago. I have a discharge. Nerves, and shell shock, I mean shell shock. No, I mean——”

She gave a little cry as he pushed back his thick hair.

“Oh, then your wound is an honourable one! Oh, I am so ashamed. I’ll never forgive myself!”

“But you will *me*? You were such a charming warden I couldn’t help but carry the farce along as far as it would go. But had you not taken me into custody and hustled me down cellar so peremptorily, I intended to lie low somewhere near at hand until I could get Vokes on the q.t. Then when you told me of Middleton’s arrival I was more determined than ever to act quietly. I don’t thirst for publicity, but I did want to grab off the honour after the trouble I had gone to. . . . Even the great Holmes was like that you know, at times.”

“Well, the honour is rightfully yours. How did you guess that the prisoner was at the Bar Q?”

“It was just chance. I had known that he was headed this way. I’ve been knocking about in this disguise for three days and escaped arrest too——until——”

“Oh, I could drop through the floor!”

“Please *don’t*. I want you to stay here and say you do forgive me for playing such a trick——”

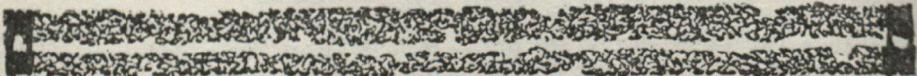
“Here’s the eats, Inspector,” called out his host at this juncture.

“Don’t hurry him, John,” said Mrs. Drew good-naturedly. “He and Delia seem to have a lot to say to one another for strangers. Never knew Delia to pick up so quick with anyone before!”

“When—when that shot rang out,” her daughter was saying just then in a very low tone, “I—was afraid——”

“Oh it wasn’t me he aimed for. He was trying to wing Middleton. I looked too much like a deadbeat. Some day soon, Miss Delia, when I have a shave and haircut and can climb into some white man’s apparel I want to come over to the Bar Q and——er——explain more fully. May I?”

And Delia smiled up at her desperado in a highly encouraging way.



PETER POWERS, ROMANCER

BY EARL DERR BIGGERS



O, sir," said Mr. Peter Powers firmly, "I don't believe in mixin' things. Everything in the world is mixed now. You see joy an' sorrow, happiness and marriage, and some other trouble. graftin' an' church-going', all marchin' hand in hand. It ain't right, I say, an' I make it a rule never to mix nothin'. That's why I've said 'beer' every one of the five times you've asked me to have a drink, an' that's why I'd go on sayin' 'beer' if you was to ask me five hundred more times."

I nodded to the waiter, and Mr. Powers smiled genially.

"Generosity," he continued, is your strong point, an' that's how you come to remind me o' George Barber. George was the mos' generous man I ever see, though you're a close second, an' who knows but you'll beat him out in the end? Every pay-day George acted more an' more like Carnegie, only he never wasted no money on books. It was a real pleasure to sit near him in a café, with a good spry waiter close at hand. Yes, sir, you remind me o' George in a good many ways. He didn't have a very intelligent face, but he knew enough not to have heart failure whenever the waiter brought the checks."

He drank.

"It's long since I seen poor George," he went on feelingly, "three long years since the time him an' me tried to get rid o' a thousand sewin'-machines that had come into our lives

accidental like. Unusual machines they was, too, always causin' trouble, an' before we got 'em off our hands we'd kidnapped half the female population o' a little New England town. Mebbe you'll like to hear about it?"

I consulted my pocket, and again nodded to the waiter. With this slight encouragement Mr. Powers began:

On one of the big North River docks in New York I struck old George Barber, always so jolly an' gay; an' the look in his eye was sad, an' his smile o' greeting was the kind that does service at funerals.

"I'm in trouble, Peter," he says to me, low an' tearful.

"I'm sorry, George," says I, with the true ring in my voice; for I thought he was broke, an' to meet the most generous man you know an' find he has no money is the most mutual sorrow there is.

"See that fancy yacht?" he says, pointing to the harbour. An' there, right in among the dirty tugs an' tramp steamers an' the like, was the prettiest little boat afloat. Her brasses an' awnin's flashed in the sun, an' she was puffing an' snorting an' turnin' up her nose at the craft around her fer all the world like Mrs. Van Dusen visitin' the poorhouse.

"Ain't she the beauty?" I remarks.

George sighed. "I'm in command," he says.

I started to congratulate him, but he got behind the post he'd been leanin' against and held up his hand.

"Don't," says he. "That would be the last straw. On board that there

yacht is the cause o' all my worry. Peter Powers, if you'd told me when last we met that my generosity an' kind nature was goin' to get me in all this trouble, I'd a turned different on the spot."

"I'm glad I didn't then," I says heartily.

"Yes," he answers, "I suppose it was better to let me live in ignorance. But it was a awful blow when it fell." He leans toward me. "Come on board," he whispers like the villain in the show, "we might be heard here. Come, an' I'll tell you the story o' my life."

We was rowed out to the yacht, an' once in the cabin I was pleased to see that George was himself again, fer I had only just set down when he put some bottles an' glasses on the table. That was George—that was the secret o' his generosity. The trouble he was in, the story he had to tell—or the one someone else was tellin'—never got him so interested he fergot the liquid refreshments. Well, we set down, an' George took up his sad, sad story.

"Six months ago," he says, "I was a happy man—first mate of a tramp steamer carryin' bananas between a lot o' little South American republics an' New York. Then one day a rich general down there in the tropic climes got the idee that he ought to be president o' the pink spot on the map called his country. He an' our captain met; money talked, as is its habit, an' when next we left New York it was with ten thousand rifles stowed away below, in the name o' liberty as represented by the general. Everything had been arranged by his agents; all we did was to take the boxes from a shady wharf on a dark night an' hide 'em away from anxious eyes. So we steamed south, to aid an' abet a Humpty-Dumpty president at havin' a great fall.

"But he didn't. Oh, it's a sad tale. We anchored two miles up a forsaken, smelly river one moonlight night, an' saw the ragged army o' tyrant stranglers camped on the shore. The gen-

eral lent talk to the unloading—he was a fat man full o' whiskey an' excitement. When the boxes was all ashore he grabbed an axe an' mounted one of 'em. Downin' tyrants was his subject; that an' givin' liberty a fair field. Also he mentioned that he had waited long fer them rifles. A fuzzy atmosphere was crawlin' into our lungs an' chokin' us, so we told him to cut it short. Then he opened a box, an' next he swore—in Spanish.

"Well, Peter, there ain't no use makin' a mystery of it. Inside that box was a neat little sewin'-machine. Inside the next ten, twenty, thirty, up to one thousand boxes the general began opening they was sewin'-machines. Don't ask me how they got there—I don't know. The general set down on a box an' cried, an' between sobs he asked us what we thought he was runnin'—a sewing circle or a war. Our captain tried to tell him they was a new kind o' machine gun, but the old boy wouldn't be cheered.

"This ain't no women's war" he says.

"Well," says Murry, the captain, "it was pretty dark that night on the wharf. An' these look a lot like the boxes we was told to take on. They was a few more than we expected, but we thought you couldn't have any too many—er—rifles."

"At mention o' that word the general stood up an' drew on his vocabulary fer some o' the choicest words I ever hear used. Then he set down an' cried some more.

"You fight too much in these blame' picture-book countries anyhow," says Murry, mad about the names. "Sometime when I can afford it I'm goin' to take a day off an' spank this seat o' war. It's muddy here," he goes on, "an' I don't like the cries o' the birds an' beasts, nor the wild wet breeze comin' up from the swamp. I believe I'm catchin' cold. I'm goin' back on board."

"The general grabs him. 'The rifles?' he says.

"I'm sorry," says Murry, who'd got most of his pay for the job before starting in; I'm very sorry, but someone else probably has 'em now. An' it wouldn't be safe to inquire. Keep the machines," he says, "they'll come in handy round the camp. Some rainy day when it's too wet to fight let the men stay at home an' do a little dressmakin'. They need new clothes," he says.

"Two minutes' thinkin' convinced the general that revolutions was too expensive just then, an' that he'd better wait till they was cheaper. He tells his army to go home, an' fergot it, in a 'there'll-be-no-war-to-night' speech. We took him an' the machines to the capital city, where he got back his job of Secretary o' War, with no questions asked. He's there now, quietly waitin' fer a chance to shoot the President under the table."

That, sir, is the story George had to tell, and as he stopped to fill my glass I says to him, "George," says I, "George, what has all this to do with you an' your trouble?"

"My trouble," says George, "is that I'm too generous. Them sewin'-machines—a thousand of 'em—are on board this yacht. In a evil minute, urged on by my kindness o' heart an' a offer of a third what I get fer 'em, I agreed to come up here in the general's yacht an' sell 'em off fer him."

"Well, why don't you?" I says.

"Why don't I?" says George, with tears in his eyes. "That's it, why don't I? A thousand white elephants on board this yacht would be easier disposed of. A thousand diamond tiaras disappearin' from the New York wharf wouldn't have caused more stir among the police. The government has taken charge o' the rifles, an' now they're lookin' fer the machines. They want everything. As sure as I steal into a city an' get ready for bargain day on the yacht, the newspapers come out with big headlines about new clues in the case. Why don't they fergot it? Ain't there other news but lost sewin' machines?"

"The thing to do," I says, slow an' careful, "is to go somewhere an' sell them machines to somebody."

George looks disappointed. "I'd got that far myself," he says.

"Yes," I says, "but you ain't been usin' common sense in carryin' out the plan. You've been trying to sell what I suppose a cruel justice calls stolen goods in the land o' arelights an' cafés, where crime is wrote large in the headlines, an' there's suspicion in the eye of your brother if you ask him the time. It's the simple life fer yours. It's some little village alone an' forgotten by the sea, where hearts is unsuspecting, an' manners an' customs—especially customs—ain't too exactin'."

"You're right, Peter," says George, "you're right."

"Of course I am," I says, "an' I know the place, too. Up on the Maine coast they's a little town called Grimport that even the Lord thinks has toppled off into the sea. What ails you, George?"

"I've heard of it," says George, choking over his drink.

"That's queer," says I. "I didn't suppose any man on earth had heard of it."

"A—friend—of mine onct lived there," says George.

"No friend o' mine has lived there, or ever could, an' still be a friend," I says, "but here's my plan. Why not run up there fer one day, pass around bills in the mornin' invitin' all ladies to come on board in the afternoon an' view the machines we're almost givin' away, sell all we can, deliver 'em an' collect the money, an' then fli away before suspicion wakes? I'll go with you, George. I'm out of a berth, an' I always did like to be near you, anyhow."

George's gratitude at my offerin' to go along was touchin' to see, an' he hunts up the crew, orderin' them to start at once. We steamed away north, an' all that night George set up in the cabin, deaf to the swearin' o' the mate, writin' advertisements

for sewin'-machines that was artistic triumphs. He said the machines was bought by a missionary society for the heathen in Africa, but when they was delivered the heathen wouldn't have 'em, because they didn't like to sew, an' didn't wear clothes, anyhow.

One o' the crew that was onct a sign-painter in San Francisco printed George's ads on ten big boards, an' the mornin' we got to Grimport we took 'em ashore an' put 'em up where they couldn't help bein' seen. I tried to get George to tie up to the docks, but he was set on achorin' out in the harbour. We could get under way quicker if anything happened, he said, an' he was so afraid o' trouble that he went ashore an' hired a waterman to carry the ladies to an' from the yacht, not wantin' to use our own boat for the purpose.

At one o'clock that afternoon we set down to wait for customers. George was a little nervous about the outcome o' the plan, so I cheers him up a bit.

"Think of it," I says, "in this deserted village there's over a thousand women, heartsick an' hungerin' fer a bargain sale. Few, if any, have come into their lives. An' now we bring 'em their heart's desire on board a yacht. Why, George, they'll flock here like—like birds. We'll be hailed as public benefactors. They'll build us a statue at the mouth o' this harbour."

"Under water," growls George.

"You wait an' see," I tells him.

George waited, and he saw. I wish I could describe the scene that followed. If I had one more drink mebbe I could. Thank you—much obliged. The first trip the waterman made he brought five women, an' pretty soon lady shoppers was thicker on that deck than in a department store the day before Christmas. George got out some of the machines, an' some o' the ladies who had brought along implements for sewin' set down an' sewed, accordin' to George's offer in the ads. You won't guess what a

pretty scene it made, with the ladies talkin' a blue streak, an' the machines a-buzzin', an' George's head buzzin' too, because o' the questions they asked.

One by one they came an' ordered an' went away. I could hear George sayin': "Yes'm, pay on delivery to-night," an' then he'd come over to where I was sittin' by the rail an' punch me like he was ringin' up the sale on a cash register, an' shriek low fer joy. "Another gone," he'd say; "Peter, this is your work, God bless you!"

It began to get late, an' the crowd thinned out. They were just five left, the old lady with the green specs, an old maid who wouldn't have been satisfied with a solid gold machine set with diamonds, a butcher's wife whose social standin' wouldn't allow her to buy nothin' inferior, an' two young married women who couldn't decide. George comes over to me.

"Two hundred and eighty-three sold!" he says. "If you'd 'a' told me yesterday such luck was waitin' fer me, I'd 'a' jammed the lie down your throat. To-night I'll be a rich man. Two hundred and eighty-three, an' mebbe some more."

"Yes, mebbe some more," I says, "fer here comes the waterman with another customer."

George smiled and says: "That's good," an' turned to look at the waterman's skiff, not a hundred yards away. Then his face went white an' he trembled all over. At that minute the waterman's passenger, a tall, homely woman, stood up in the stern o' the boat an' made some remarks, emphazizin' her words by wavin' a umbrella vigorously.

"Good Lord!" says George in a broken voice, "she's seen me."

"Well, why not?" says I, surprised.

"Why not?" shrieked George. "Why not, you fool? She's my wife, that's why not."

"You never told me," I says sadly.

"This ain't no time fer family history," he says, an' rushes below. I

followed. The engineer was right there, but George didn't notice him. He started the yacht himself.

"Look here," I hollered, "they's five women aboard this boat what belong ashore. Are you mad, George?"

"No," says George, "I'm doin' the only sane thing, as you'd know if you'd ever met my wife. Eight years ago I left her, an' she's been after me ever since. Once she gets me, I'm a goner. I was a fool fer comin' to this town, she used to live here when she was a girl. Go up on the bridge an' keep her headed to sea, Jim," he says to one o' the men.

"Where are we goin'?" I asks.

"Siberia, Hindoostan, Algiers, anywhere," says George, "anywhere, I ain't sure where," he says. "I only know we're goin' an' we're goin' quick.

"Well, put on your armour," I says, "an' we'll go on deck."

I think I'll need another drink to describe the scene that met our eyes there. Thanks! Have you ever faced five cryin'-mad' women you've just kidnapped. No? Well, I guess they ain't no use tryin' to give you any idee o' the way they acted.

"Be calm, ladies, be calm," says George, in his softest tones; "this is an accident, an' we're all sorry, I'm sure."

The old lady with curls stopped cryin' to scream:

"Pirates! Pirates! I knew it from the very first. It seemed all along something was wrong. I suppose we're bein' carried off to be piratesses. But I won't be one. I'll die first."

"Yes, I guess you will," says George, tryin' to cheer things up a bit.

"Listen to that," shrieked the old lady, "he's goin' to kill us. I knew it. Take us back, you monster."

George tried to explain, but explainin' to angry women is like postulatin' with a storm at sea. The names they called him was far better an' stronger than I'd heard from sea-captains who'd had profanity on their side from birth.

When we'd gone about three miles down the coast I took George aside.

"Your wife can't follow you here," I says, "an' I can't listen to this commotion much longer an' stay in my right mind. Why not stop an' put these women ashore in a boat. They can walk back to Grimport before midnight."

George said it was the best plan, an' he told the ladies so. As he was linin' up the weepin' crowd ready to lower 'em into the ship's boat, his generosity came to the front again.

"I've caused you some inconvenience, ladies," he says, "no, you can't deny it—don't try. So I'm goin' to make each one o' you a nice little present. With each lady put ashore goes one o' our latest-model, light-runnin' sewin'-machines. When I'm far away—an' I'll be as far away as I can get, you can bet on that," he says, thinkin' o' his wife, "you can look at the machines an' remember George Barber, the man that carried you away by accident—"

"Cut it out," says the butcher's wife; "it's gettin' late."

So the crew put 'em ashore in the boat, an' followed 'em with five o' our best machines. They made a pretty picture, standin' on the sand, each one beside a sewin'-machine, an' utterin' female curses on George's head. We steamed away, an' George said it almost broke his heart to leave 'em. But I reminded him o' his wife, an' he was comforted.

We'd gone about a quarter o' a mile when George came rushin' to me, a glass in his hand. "Peter," he says, "bad luck don't come single. They've got us now, or my name ain't George Barber."

"Who's got us," I asked, "the ladies?"

"The law," whispers George in hoarse tones, "the law." An' he points with shakin' finger toward a revenue cutter speedin' along through the dusk, blowin' bushels o' smoke from its funnels, an' throwin' its searchlight, like some evil eye, over the waters.

"It's been nothin' but trouble, trouble," says George sadly, "ever since I took charge o' these blamed machines. An' now it's six years hard labour fer us all." He fell over a machine, an' instead o' swearin', stops to think. "They's one way out," he says, excited like; "they's one way to save us yet." An' he picks up a machine an' throws it overboard. "Call the crew," he shouts; "this is the only way." We all got to work, not relishing George's picture o' prison stripes, an' pretty soon we'd thrown seven hundred and twelve perfectly good sewin'-machines into the deep blue sea.

The cutter comes nearer an' nearer. George finds it harder and harder to breathe. Then she turns her light on us fer a second—just a contemptuous glance in passin'—an' flashes by.

George's face was a sight to see, even in the dusk.

"They never stopped," he says softly; "they never stopped."

"That's clear," says I; "they went by."

"Fifty thousand dollars' worth o' sewin'-machines," he murmured, "thrown to the mermaids."

"It's a shame," says I; "but the mermaids need—"

"A third o' the money mine," he goes, "an' a excitable general waitin' in South America fer his share."

"What's the answer?" I says.

We steamed on southward, a sad lot. I asked to be put ashore here at New York, an' George gave in, against his

will. When I said good-bye, he told me his plan. He was goin' to show the general the newspaper clippings about how the police was on our track. "The story of our brave fight, as I have thought it out," says George, "is a touchin' one. For a hundred miles we raced the fastest revenue cutter in America. Brought to bay at last, we were forced to throw oberboard our treasure, in order to save our lives. All is lost, my dear general, save honour an' the yacht."

"I hope he'll be good to you," I says, "as good as you deserve. Good-bye. Good-bye, George. I hate to leave you."

"An' so," finished Mr. Peter Powers, "me an' George Barber parted fer the last time. It's been three long years since I seen him, an' him the mos' generous man I know. No, you haven't beat him out; I'd like to say you had, but loyalty to poor old George won't let me."

I said good-bye to poor old George's faithful friend, and started out. Near the door I met a waiter I knew.

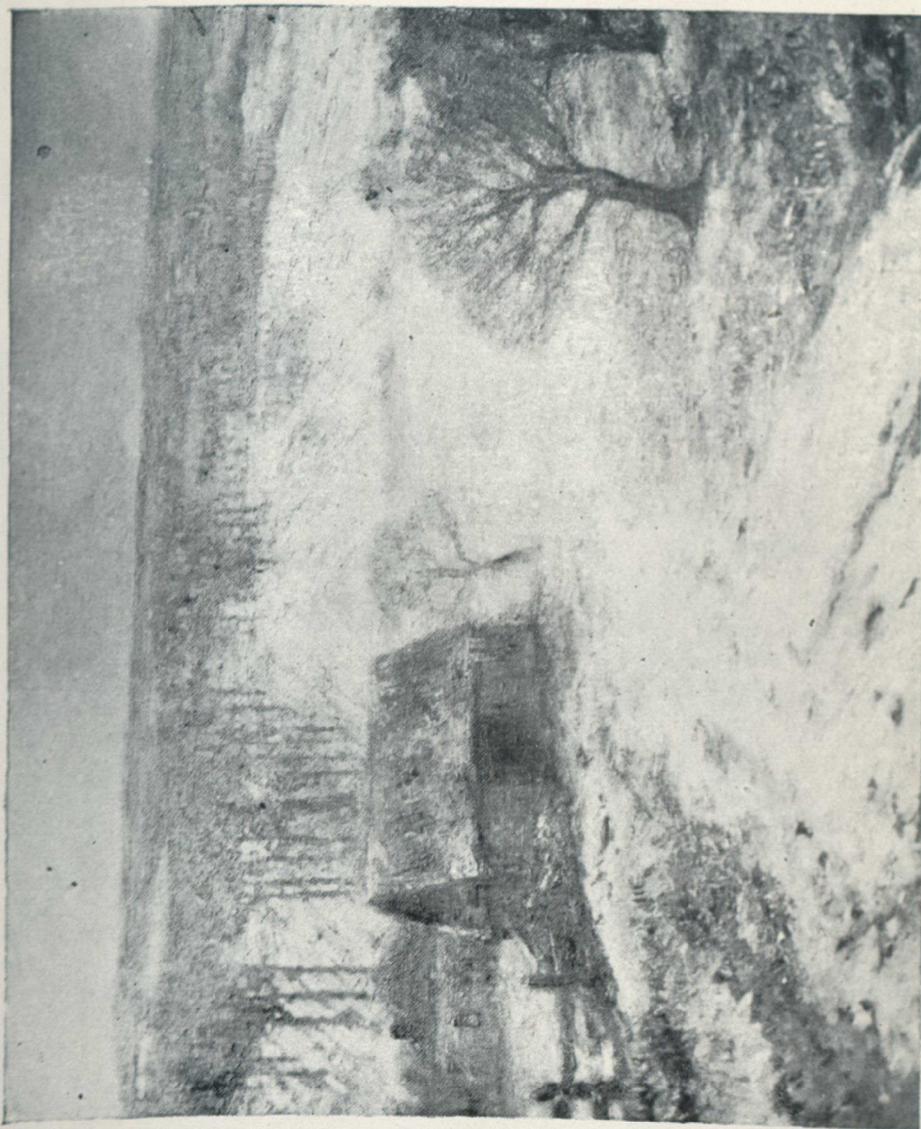
"Who is this Peter Powers?" I asked.

The waiter smiled. "He's a carpenter," he said, "and he lives over in the suburbs."

"But he's been on the water a great deal," I protested.

"Ferry boats," returned the man, "twice a day—morning and night. And maybe on the swan boats at the Island."



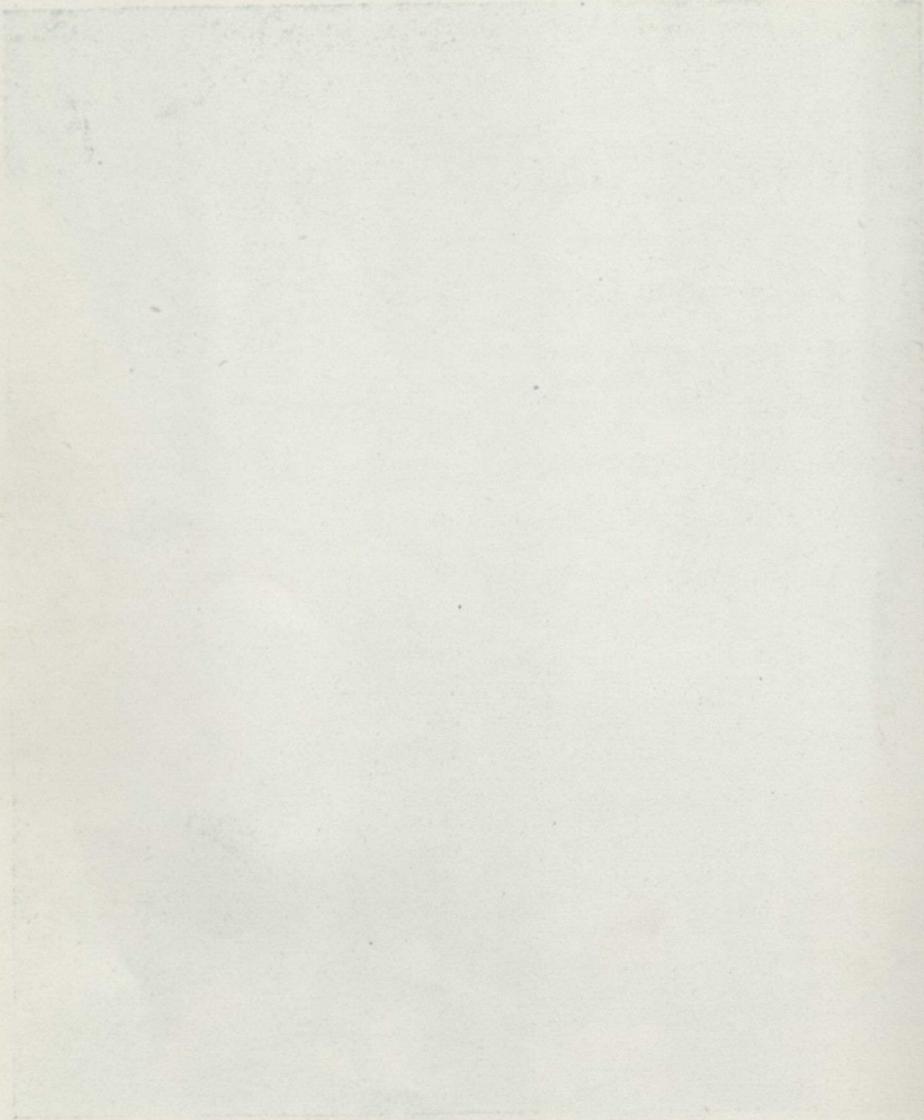


WINTER LANDSCAPE

From the Painting by
W. E. Atkinson.

Exhibited by the

Royal Canadian Academy of Arts



FAMOUS CANADIAN FORTS

BY R. G. MacBETH

AUTHOR OF "THE ROMANCE OF WESTERN CANADA" ETC.



IN the great war it was amply demonstrated that statics give way to dynamics, or to put it in other words, forts vanish in the face of projectiles. But in the old days of the Western prairie frontier, forts gave visibility to the power of the fur companies and served as an effective defence against the bows and the flint-locks of the wandering Indian.

Some of these forts have crumbled into the surrounding plain, some were levelled by the vandalism of real estate speculators, some were reduced to ashes in rebellion days, some still remain as reminders of bygone glories, but all made a place in primitive history and each had its aureole of grave or gay traditions. From the Great Lakes out towards the setting sun or swinging northward to the Polar Sea, these famous old forts were scattered by the lavish hand of adventurous hunters and traders and their sowing has produced a harvest in the romance of their unconventional history. Fortunate have been those places whose lust for modernism has not issued in a desire to obliterate the names made illustrious by the struggles and the triumphs of frontier days.

Fort William, at the head of Lake Superior, is one place which has had the good sense to preserve the historic continuity of things in remaining linked up by name with the scene of some remarkable episodes of the fur-trading days. When the grim and persistent band of Scottish merchants

in Montreal, refusing to recognize the Hudson's Bay Company as monarchs of all they surveyed in the vast domain of the West, formed the North West Fur Company in 1784, for the purpose of striking into the centre of the Continent and then on to the Pacific, one of their leaders was the noted William McGillivray. After him Fort William was called, and for two or three decades it was the scene of the annual rendezvous of the officers, traders and trappers of the Scottish Company, as it used to be styled. And the doings at this annual gathering became a subject of comment even in a day when revelings and business were strangely commingled. These stalwart hunters and boatmen, strong as oxen and frolicsome as kittens, could stand much stimulant without being knocked over, and so, on through many a night, feats of strength, practical jokes that to-day would bring men to the police court, riotous boat songs and such like would make the welkin ring. And yet, when the day broke these men would go coolly and silently into matters of business. Their extraordinary strength, coupled with the fact that such an experience only came once a year, made them largely immune from the collapse that would overtake the modern indoor man under similar conditions.

But Fort William saw its most thrilling experience in 1817, when Lord Selkirk, who was on his way westward to help his Red River Colony, which had been nearly blotted

out by Cuthbert Grant and his rough-riders, at the instigation of the North-West Company, heard of the massacre of Governor Semple and his men at Seven Oaks. Hot with resentment at this outrage, Lord Selkirk, who had with him a hundred Swiss Mercenaries, headed for Fort William, captured it in reprisal and took the North West Company men prisoners. For this somewhat doubtful proceeding, Lord Selkirk suffered much through litigation, especially in view of the fact that he never seems to have had fair play before the courts of this country.

In 1870, Colonel Wolseley with his military relief expedition came this way to oust Louis Riel, and after another fifteen years came Middleton across the railway gaps through Fort William to meet this same mad rebel and put him out of the reach of doing any further harm.

We come on westward and find that the gallant explorer La Verandrye built Fort Rouge in 1738, at the confluence of the Red and Assiniboine Rivers. In 1804, the North West, or Scottish, Company which had pushed its way boldly into the interior in defiance of the older Hudson's Bay organization, planted a fort not far away from the site of Fort Rouge, and gave it the ringing name of Gibraltar to indicate that they were there to stay. This excited the Hudson's Bay men, who raided and dismantled the Fort with the impregnable name, and used some of the material to build a fort of their own on the Red River bank, which they called Douglas, after the family name of Lord Selkirk. And this Fort Douglas, which survives to this day in the name of Point Douglas in Winnipeg, became famous since from it Governor Semple of the Hudson's Bay men sallied forth on foot in June, 1816, to meet, supposedly for conference, Cuthbert Grant and his mounted rough riders. But Cuthbert Grant and his men were not out for conference, they were out under gen-

eral instructions from the North West Fur Company to up-root the Selkirk Colony, which they felt had been planted by trade-rivals to strengthen their own position. And so Governor Semple's little band of practically unprepared men were given short shrift, for the gallant though mistaken Governor and over a score of men were killed that day. There is no doubt that Governor Semple's move was for the protection of the Selkirk colonists who were defenceless. And so after the massacre Cuthbert Grant issued an edict that the colonists should pull up stakes and leave the Red River Country at once, which the colonists did by going to Jack River, leaving their poor homes to be burned by the victorious North-Westers. No wonder Lord Selkirk was so incensed that he captured the North-Westers' fort at Lake Superior, and that coming West he occupied Fort Douglas and restored his colonists to their holdings. This visit of Lord Selkirk, "The Silver Chief", to the Red River in 1817 was filled with beautiful incidents, but that is afield from the purposes of this article.

Fort Garry, begun in 1821 by Governor Garry, in order to amalgamate the interests of the two rival fur Companies which had just united, is perhaps one of the best known names in the fort catalogue. It was a wooden fort, though replaced by stone later, and in contrast, Lower Fort Garry erected on the Red River twenty miles towards Lake Winnipeg, was called popularly the Stone Fort, being built of the latter material. The stone fort still remains and might well be taken over by the country and preserved as a piece of old-time architecture. Within its walls might be gathered a museum of western antiquities, relics and souvenirs of the ancient frontier, and specimens from the natural world of animal, plant and other products indigenous of the West. An institute of that kind would be of absorbing interest and great value in the days

of modern æsthetic development. Up to the boom time in the early '80's Upper Fort Garry at the junction of the Red and Assiniboine Rivers was the centre of the social and business life of the West, but then, alas! under the siren spell of speculators the great old pile was torn down to make way for real estate subdivisions. Nothing now remains but the back gate of the Fort which, with the piece of ground around it, was given by the late Lord Strathcona to the City of Winnipeg. Even that gate is an impressive link with the past and is a fine adjunct to the history of the modern city. Hard by, the Grand Trunk Railway, which has shown a remarkable aptitude for retaining the historic associations of the West, has erected a palatial hotel bearing the name of the famous fort.

I remember Fort Garry well in its palmy days, when it came into the possession of Riel and his rebel following. Though but a little lad at the time, I recall going to the Fort with my father, who was a magistrate under the Hudson's Bay Company, but who that day handed back to Riel an appointment of the same kind which he refused to accept because, as he told Riel, he did not recognize the right of the rebel Chief to make appointments at all. Riel was not pleased and would fain have ordered the arrest of the old Selkirk Colonist, but that he feared the consequences. During that same visit I recall seeing the lordly Lépine, Riel's fighting man, as fine a specimen of physical manhood as ever trod on the Western plains.

Great and stirring events took place in Fort Garry that winter while it was in the hands of Riel and his marauding crew. Within the walls of the enclosures, gatherings of the settlers had been held in the open thirty-below-zero air in the hope of being able to settle matters before they went too far. Here, too, outside the front gate, Thomas Scott was murdered for the crime of loyalty to

Canadian Institutions. And here it was, too, in front of the Governor's house that Donald A. Smith (later Lord Strathcona) read his Commission from Ottawa, first of all demanding that the British Flag be hoisted instead of the rebel ensign. And on that day when Riel was obstreperous a well-known Kildonan settler caught the rebel Chief by the collar of the coat and hurled him down the outside stair. From the bastion not far away at an earlier date in the same year, Dr. John Schultz, the leader of the Canadian party, escaped one night in a blizzard and ran down to my father's house. There was a price on the fugitive's head, and Riel's scouts on their red-blanketed horses had orders to shoot him on sight, but the old Highlander would not fail a hunted man. And so Schultz was sheltered there for a few days till my brother drove him by a wooded road to where he got a guide and took that terrible winter journey on snow-shoes to Duluth and Toronto. Schultz, who became a leading public man, in the House of Commons, the Senate, and the Governorship of Manitoba, was a giant in those rebellion days, but that journey shattered his magnificent constitution and he did his work in later years more by reason of his indomitable will and eager patriotism than by physical health. On the wall of my study, as I write these words, I see a handsome authentic engraving of Fort Garry. It was sent to me, beautifully framed, by Schultz not long before his death and it is inscribed as follows by his own hand, then trembling with weakness, "To my esteemed friend of many years, Rev. R. G. MacBeth, From Lieutenant-Governor Schultz, Government House, Winnipeg, in memory of my brave old friend, Honorable Robert MacBeth, and as a souvenir of stirring events in other days". This picture, one can readily understand, is a highly prized possession. It is redolent of the romance, pathos and tragedy of the early times.

Leaving the Red River country, one finds the western plains, the far reaches to the Arctic Circle, and the mountains toward the Pacific, all dotted over with the forts and posts of the adventurous traders who braved the frontier in the great task of opening up a new world for business enterprise. From amongst these outposts of civilization only a few can be selected for special mention here.

When returning from the Riel Rebellion Campaign by way of the North Saskatchewan River in 1885, we passed a somewhat obscure trading post below Prince Albert. There was nothing to indicate the tremendous issues that had been brought into life by the establishment of this trading post on the north branch of the Saskatchewan nearly a century and a half ago. It was Fort Cumberland that we passed that day on our river route. My first thought in connection with this outpost was as to its being in charge of Horace Bélanger, a gigantic man of handsome and picturesque appearance, whose jovial disposition and wide knowledge of the country made him a popular figure at gatherings of Hudson's Bay people. Some years after this he was drowned from a canoe in a day of storm near Norway House.

But as I began to recall western incidents I remembered that Fort Cumberland was the answer of the Hudson's Bay Company to the eager, impetuous movements of the Montreal traders, who had struck westward from Lake Superior to cut off the trade which the old Fur Company, who kept headquarters at Hudson Bay, expected to have come to them at that port. Frobisher, one of the most active of the Montreal traders, had two years before planted a fort at Sturgeon Lake, so as to intercept the Indians with their great bales of fur on their way to the Bay. Heretofore the old Company had not pushed into the interior, but the Sturgeon Lake establishment meant that the Montreal men had thrown down

the gauntlet. The Hudson's Bay Company, waking to the danger, took up the gauge of battle by rushing in and building Fort Cumberland. By their so doing they definitely inaugurated the fierce fur-trade struggle which lasted with desperate intensity till the amalgamation of the companies took place in 1821 by the Hudson's Bay organization absorbing its rivals.

Farther up the Saskatchewan was Fort Carlton, which became a heap of ashes in Riel's day and was never rebuilt. Its right to a niche in the temple of fame rests principally on the fact that it was headquarters of the Mounted Police under Major Crozier when Riel was making inflammatory appeals to the French half-breeds at Batoche not many miles away. Crozier sent Thomas McKay, a well-known Prince Albert settler, to find out what Riel was after, and Riel's reply was, "We want blood: there are two curses in this country, the Hudson's Bay Company and the Canadian Government and we are going to drive them both out: we want blood". And he sent word by McKay to Crozier to surrender. But surrender was not the way of the police and a day or two afterwards Crozier, accompanied by a small force of Police and Prince Albert volunteers, went out to Duck Lake to bring in some Government stores. There they were ambuscaded by Gabriel Dumont, the fighting man of Riel's second rebellion, along with Chief Beardy, and our men suffered heavily before retiring to Fort Carlton. Next day they started out to protect Prince Albert, where there were many people. And Fort Carlton took fire just as they were leaving and was soon a smouldering heap on the snowy banks of the swift-flowing Saskatchewan. It was a sort of inglorious end to the Fort but Carlton and Duck Lake were the words that called Canadians, in 1885, to the rescue of the scattered settlers on the wide plains. And in answer to that call

Canadians sprang up, obedient as Highland Clansmen, when

“Every tuft of broom gave life
To plaided warrior armed for strife”.

Fort Pitt, farther up the river, was blazing when I first saw it in 1885, for Big Bear and his braves fresh from perpetrating the massacre at Frog Lake had applied the torch after they had looted the defenceless post. We had marched from Fort Victoria, which the Indians had also plundered and burned, had passed the desolated reserve at Frog Lake, where we buried the bodies of the massacred, had looked with interest at the sun-dance lodges which were put up to terrify the volunteers, and then we came over the brow of the hill in the evening time, to see Fort Pitt on fire and the Indians vanished in retreat. The fort had been under the care of Mr. W. J. McLean, the well-known Hudson's Bay Factor now living in Winnipeg, but he knew the Indians so well that he considered it would save bloodshed and trouble if he and his family went out and gave themselves up to Big Bear. They with others were held prisoners until the band was scattered, months later, but the Indians were no Huns, and men, women and children were safe in their keeping. A specially interesting thing in this connection was that the Mounted Police, a few men, who were at Fort Pitt, were under command of Inspector Dickens, a son of the famous novelist. Of two of Dickens's men who were out scouting one was killed, the other wounded, but so long as the McLeans remained in the Fort he refused to give it up. When they went out he had nothing to remain for with his few men against hundreds, and so in the night they dropped down the river and reached Battleford in time to be in the fight at Cut Knife.

Fort Edmonton is one of the best known of all the Hudson's Bay posts and for about a century has been the point of departure for explorers and

traders and gold hunters to the North and West. To-day the old fort, which when I first saw it many years ago seemed to tower up from the river banks, is no more, having made place for a park in front of the Legislative Buildings but the ancient walls had many a tale to unfold of the work of such gallant men as Hardisty, Ross, Campbell, McKenzie, Simpson, Stuart, McPharlane and the others who passed backward and forward in their wide-sweeping journeys by river and trail.

When on a trip out through the Peace River country a short while ago, I was much interested in coming across reminders of Jasper Hawes, the old Hudson's Bay trader who built his little fort in a famous pass of the Rockies. Because he was flaxen-haired he is commemorated in Yellowhead Pass and Tête Jaune Cache, and with a praiseworthy appreciation of the fitness of things the great expanse of mountain and lake and towering forest is now called Jasper Park.

Out in the new North near the old Peace River landing or crossing, where both companies had posts, it was interesting to us to see the ruins of Fort McLeod, from which Alexander McKenzie, the North West Company hero, started out to make his wonderful journey through the mountains to the Pacific, where he wrote on the rock the memorable inscription, “Alexander McKenzie, from Canada by land, the twenty-second of July one thousand seven hundred and ninety-three”. And farther up the Peace River we stood before old Fort Dunvegan, which the grim Scot, McLeod, true to his passionate love for the homeland, called after his ancestral castle in the Isle of Skye, to the wonder of the Indians who did not understand. And then on to the North we have such points as Forts Rae, Resolution, Enterprise and the rest, full of romantic and tragic memories of the heroic efforts of those adventurous spirits to find the North-West passage.

When we come into British Columbia, we are in the midst of what a noted Canadian statesman once called "A Sea of Mountains". And we recall how another quite prominent public man about the same time declared that a transcontinental railway which aimed to link up British Columbia with the East "would not make enough to pay for axle-grease". Both these statements were intended to throw some considerable doubt on this Province, as an asset to the Dominion, but we have not only survived these derogatory expressions, but have weathered the gales of several booms with their wild inflations in values. No province in Canada has been so much exploited and so little developed. Its hidden resources are enormous.

Amid our "sea of mountains", up and down the rivers and valleys we find innumerable traces of the fur-trading explorers who built forts, established posts, and opened up a new empire to the world.

A few weeks ago I met in Vancouver a man with whom I had gone to school when we were mere boys together in the Red River country. For thirty-five years he has been in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company at Fort St. James in Northern British Columbia, and though he has now retired, he is so wedded to the place that he has settled down on a farm beside the historic old frontier post. And as we talked together I remembered that it was at Fort St. James we first found special mention of James Douglas, who was afterward knighted by his Sovereign, became Governor of Vancouver Island, then of the mainland and finally of both, occupying the office in all from 1851 to 1864. Douglas, who was a scion of the famous Scottish family of the Earl of Angus, was not remarkable for his gentleness, but was high-minded, honest and incorruptible and on the whole must be regarded as the most distinguished and able man that has been in the Hudson's Bay Com-

pany service west of the Rocky Mountains. He was first a clerk in the North West Company, but was taken into the amalgamated concern when he was only eighteen years of age. A tremendous student of everything within his reach, he soon became of marked value to the company, while his prudence, great physical strength, determination and courage early marked him out as a born leader of men. Leaving Montreal when a lad, he was employed at Fort William, then transferred to Athabasca, where he remained till 1824. Then at the age of twenty-one he went to Fort St. James in what was then New Caledonia, in company with James Connolly, in whose honour he built and named Fort Connolly, and whose daughter he married. While at Fort St. James Douglas studied the life and languages, the topography and geography of the country and laid the foundation of his future commanding knowledge and influence. But Fort St. James is famous in connection with the fact that within its walls the career of this extraordinary man was nearly ended by the murderous knives of the Nekasly Indians. For the killing of one of the Company's men Douglas had retaliated by executing the murderer and then had to barricade the fort. But the wily old Indian Chief, coming alone and rapping at the gate, sought entrance to talk the matter over with Douglas. While they were talking another Indian rapped at the gate. "That," said the Chief, "is my brother coming to talk with us and settle this matter quietly," but when the gate was opened in rushed the whole tribe, who menaced Douglas with their knives. He was saved by the interpreter's wife, who that day was the providential instrument to continue the life of a great nation-builder.

Fort Vancouver, on the Columbia River, was the next scene made remarkable by Douglas's labours, for though McLoughlin, a gentle, honourable man, was in control, Douglas,

his lieutenant, became the real directing force in the affairs of the Company. Fort Vancouver, like Astoria, the famous fort built by John Jacob Astor, was swept into the United States by the extraordinary document known as the Oregon Treaty of 1846. Douglas foresaw this possibility and made preparations to meet it, but in the meantime he went steadily on with his work, revolutionizing the accounting methods, extending the trade, and watching the growing tendency towards colonization that was proceeding. A visitor to Fort Vancouver during this period was Paul Kane, the artist, who made headquarters there for a time and whose book published in 1859, entitled, "Wanderings of an Artist among the Indians of North America, from Canada to Vancouver Island and Oregon", created immense interest and still remains a classic on the subject.

The whole question of the boundary was one that seethed incessantly during the period of which we write and it was at this time the cry was raised in the United States of "Fifty-four forty or fight", which meant that if Great Britain did not yield peaceable possession of all the territory west of the Rocky Mountains up to Russia on the North (by them described as latitude 54° 40') the United States would fight for it. This was what Western people call a game of bluff of the most flagrant kind, and could not be supported by sane people in view of all that had gone before, but in the end it was astonishing enough when Britain conceded the boundary line as the 49th parallel of North latitude. It is well known that that line would have swung almost any distance to the North and West, but for the efforts of the Hudson's Bay men.

Fort Victoria on Vancouver Island, (first called Camosun) now the capital of this Province and anchored down by the splendid Legislative Buildings, was built by Douglas in preparedness for the settlement of

the boundary question. He made a careful survey of Vancouver Island in 1842 and decided to recommend the building of a fort and the organization of business on the present site of Victoria, including Esquimalt, which latter place he said has one of the most remarkable deep water harbours in the world. The judgment of Douglas has been amply vindicated by the process of the years, for Victoria is the capital of the Province, and Esquimalt is the Pacific Headquarters for the British Navy. Victoria had many stirring days in the fur-trading period but few of them were more tense, than the transition hour from the old to the new when Lord Dufferin, as the Queen's representative, refused to drive under an arch with the legend "Carnarvon Terms or Separation". At the same time the great diplomat declined to receive an address which dealt with contentious matters, but the tense feeling was relaxed somewhat a few weeks later when this brilliant Irish Governor-General made his famous speech speaking in highly laudatory language of the coast line trip he had taken in the interval.

On the mainland perhaps one of the most curious items in the history of forts is the case of Fort Langley, founded in 1827 about thirty-five miles up on the Fraser River. It is said that the Hudson's Bay men who founded it were attracted by the fact that one of the few stretches of plain in this Province lies back of it, and might become a source of support for the posts through farming. Langley Prairie, it was called then and now, and it is one of the finest of agricultural areas, but the Fort alas! has long since vanished, leaving only its name and an old townsite to tell the tale of former greatness. And yet at one time it was actually expected that Fort Langley would be the capital of British Columbia. A townsite was laid out and (tell it not in Gath) lots were sold in a two-days' auction sale to the amount of sixty-eight thousand

dollars. This was ninety years ago, and so our booms are not all of recent date.

Farther up the Fraser was the well-known Fort Yale, the starting point of the famous Caribou Trail over which as on a great shelf of rock overhanging the river, the adventurous gold seekers trekked to the diggings with their pack-horses and four-mule teams in the hands of skilled and rugged men. Fort Yale was the rendezvous of all classes and conditions of men, rough and lawless enough some of them, and it was here that that remarkable man Judge Begbie, when he first held court, warned the assembled miners and others that they were in a British country and that no quarter would be given to law-breakers. They governed themselves accordingly.

Away in the dry belt is Kamloops, which was once an important Fort as it is now a town of good standing. It made a name in the old days under the leadership of a Scottish Hudson's Bay factor named Samuel Black who was very jealous for the good name of his company. Travellers were always welcome and treated hospitably at these old forts and to Kamloops one day came a Scottish botanist David Douglas. He and Black sat up late and possibly had some mountain dew, but in any case, Douglas during the conversation declared that "the Hudson's Bay Company was a mercenary corporation; there is not an officer in it with a soul above a beaver skin". This aroused the ire of Black who challenged the famous botanist to a duel, which the scientist wisely declined, though the challenge was repeated next morning. Douglas had some botanizing to do and went on his way. It is interesting to know that this Douglas gave his name to the most characteristic tree of British

Columbia, for it is after him and not after Sir James Douglas, as some suppose, that the Douglas Fir is called. It is somewhat a curious fact that a few years afterwards Black was killed by a fanatical Indian who thought that a relative named Tranquille, a Shuswap Indian, had died of sickness produced by some evil influence emanating from Black. And it is worth recording that the tuberculosis sanitarium near Kamloops is called Tranquille after this ancient Chief of the Shuswaps. Years later I knew Black's son, who was a member of the first Manitoba Legislature, and it was characteristic of the loyalty of the old trader that his son was named Alexander Kamloops Black.

The other day I saw for the first time another story illustrating the loyalty of these frontiersmen to their own locality and their own headquarters. It used to be the custom to circulate Royal Proclamations through the Hudson's Bay Company posts and as printing was difficult of access it was arranged that the proclamation should be transcribed by a clerk and then passed on to the next post. One day a proclamation sent out through Edmonton came to Victoria, on the North Saskatchewan, with orders to copy and forward to White Fish Lake and so on to the next post. The clerk at White Fish Lake, who was transcribing, saw the heading "Victoria, by the Grace of God", etc. He took this to refer to the post from which it had come. Considering that his own copy should bear a similar imprint, he sent it forward and it began, "White Fish Lake By the Grace of God", etc. He evidently did not intend his locality to be considered behind others in destiny and function, and perhaps he thought that a Hudson's Bay Post was "by the Grace of God" as well as a monarch.



AT TRISTAN

BY MARY HEATON VORSE



URING the first part of the evening I felt as if I were an outsider and resented it a little. On one side of the box sat Simone Euston, and Carhart's red head seemed, from where I sat, almost touching her blonde one as he bent forward. On the other side Mark Euston sat directly behind his sister's chair, and I, behind them all, envying Euston because it was with Elizabeth he was listening. I would have given—well, what wouldn't I have?—for the chance of listening as he was, for having Elizabeth to myself at that moment. Then, as my loneliness was at its highest point, she turned toward me, and with her lovely, sympathetic smile she brought me into their circle and I was never again an outsider.

What I said to her in the foyer isn't germane to the story. Afterwards she claimed that it was taking an unfair advantage to propose to a girl who had been hearing "Tristan".

I liked Carhart that night more than ever. I had always liked him, but I had suspected him of liking Elizabeth too well and of being the better man. There never was a pleasanter little party, freer from undercurrents, from the suspicion of the sinister, than was our supper party. Euston was preoccupied, but he was always that when he had heard any music which moved him profoundly, and I think he loved "Tristan" beyond anything else.

That was Monday

By Elizabeth's order I was not to see her until Thursday. She "wanted to think," she said. So Monday night I said good-bye to her for three days.

I was sitting quietly by my fire Wednesday night when my telephone bell rang.

I knew—how, I can't tell—that it was Elizabeth and that she needed me. I said "Elizabeth" before she spoke, and through my mind went a flash of wonder, for there is no telephone in Elizabeth's little apartment where she and her aunt make their home together.

"Can you come to me at once?" Then without waiting for my answer, she added, earnestly, "You must come to me."

"I'll come, of course. What is it?" I said.

"I can't tell you," her answer came, faint. "Come—come quickly."

I was waiting impatiently for the car to eat up the time which separated me from Elizabeth, when I saw Carhart's red head towering above the rest of the people. He had about him I know not what air of nameless anxiety as he came toward me.

"You've heard, of course?" he asked briefly.

"I'm on my way to hear. What's wrong?" and from his manner fear grew in me.

"Euston's gone," he told me, and his voice was dry as if he found it unusually hard work to bring out the words.

"Gone?" I stupidly echoed. "Gone where? What do you mean?"

"He's not been seen since Tuesday morning. That's what I mean." The words came more easily this time.

"What do you mean?" I echoed again.

"I can't tell you any more than the bare fact," he answered. "He started for business as usual Tuesday morning. Then he telephoned his office that he wouldn't be down, and gave some directions, and that is the last that has been seen or heard of him. When ten o'clock came that evening and no word from him, Simone couldn't stand it any longer, and telephoned for me. You know what a punctual fellow he's always been? He'd telephone if he were even going to be late for dinner—" His voice caught in his throat again.

Carhart is Euston's best friend and I understood how he might well be overcome.

"At nine this morning we telephoned the office and found he hadn't been there and about his message.

"Of course you've let the police know?"

He made an impatient gesture. "Everything—every expedient," he said. "The police—the hospitals. But I've kept it quiet that he's gone—the office thinks he went out of town and was taken ill."

I nodded assent.

"But it's as if the earth had swallowed him up. How can a man vanish like that?" he demanded.

"Foul play?" I suggested.

"The telephone to the office?" he asked me, and a strange look of intelligence passed between us.

"You mean?" I wanted him to dot his i's. I wanted to be ready for Elizabeth.

"I mean nothing," he cut me short. "Simone had no light to give," he continued after a pause. "He kissed her good-bye as usual—" He gave a little shiver, almost as of horror. "I'm on my way to her house now."

I had only one more question for him.

"When did Elizabeth hear about it?"

"We kept it from her as long as we could. She learned when she went there this evening. Fortunately she didn't come around yesterday. You know how she's always at Mark's?" I nodded. The only reproach I had for her was that her devotion to her brother scarcely gave him time to live his own life with Simone. I had often thought it a little difficult for Simone and had deemed her very patient and charming about it.

"Heaven help Elizabeth if anything's happened to Mark," I said, "for her devotion to her brother is beyond that of many women to their sons."

"Heaven help us all." It came from Carhart almost a moan. I wrung his hand and in a moment we were on our different ways.

Elizabeth opened the door for me herself.

"You've heard?" she breathed; one look at me had told her.

"Carhart," I explained; "I met him on my way."

That she had a movement of sympathy for Carhart at this moment was like her.

"Poor Carhart." Then she fixed me with her dark eyes; there was something almost terrible in her suppressed anger. "Why didn't Carhart tell me? Why didn't Simone? Why didn't any of the people who knew? Who had better right than I to know? I loved him more than all of them. And if you had known, and hadn't told me—" She stopped. "You didn't know?" she demanded, and read the truth in my eyes. "Oh, I know you didn't!" she cried; "but I'm so bewildered; I'm so surrounded by things that I don't understand—by things that stare me in the face and whose answer I can't read." She walked away from me to gain control of herself. I didn't try to comfort her, for I knew that she wanted her strength and that sympathy is weak-

ening. Time enough to cry when we had given up hope.

"Not telling me at first," she burst out, "was as if Simone accused him, as if she dared to accuse him, of trying to cover his absence, of doing something he would be ashamed of!"

With her white hot certainty of her brother's uprightness she burnt away my little doubt. For, after all, even the best and most reliable of men may have lapses unaccountable.

"How," she continued, "how could Blake be so led by Simone as not to tell me? He must know that it's I, not Simone, who could help to find him." She walked up and down the room.

"For we can find him," she finally pronounced. She stopped before me, and dropped her voice almost to a whisper. "He's alive, you know. He telephoned me to-night."

"He telephoned?" I echoed stupidly.

"Did you think if he were alive he would leave me without a word?" she demanded. "I was waiting for him to come in as I dined there at his house to-night. You know when you intensely want any one to come, how every sound is full of them? I was walking up and down and the thought came to me that he would telephone me soon. I hadn't been there all yesterday and he must have known I'd come to dinner to-night, so I walked toward the 'phone, and just as I got there it rang—oh, a little discreet ring, as if it didn't want any one but me to hear. Then I heard his voice over the 'phone say:

"Hello!" and I answered:

"Hello, Mark!" and then came his voice again.

"Elizabeth! I could barely hear; it sounded more faint than a whisper—the thinnest, most attenuated sound you ever heard. It must have been from way, way off. Then they cut me off, and I was ringing up central again cross enough, when Blake Carhart called up Simone. So, of course, I

ran for her, I heard. 'What news?' 'Nothing!' 'Oh, don't say there's nothing! Elizabeth's been waiting for him all the evening. She's here now'—and then her answers grew wilder and more confused and she threw herself into my arms. I couldn't ask there, of course, where Mark's call was from."

I had listened with something like indignation.

"What do you mean?" I interrupted. "You told Simone you'd heard from him at once, didn't you?"

"I told her nothing," she said, with a strange glance at me.

"In heaven's name, why?"

"Do you love me? Do you trust me?" her eyes seemed to say.

"My dear," she answered, and the sound of her voice thrilled me for all the love and anguish there was in it.

"I love Mark in this moment more than I do you, and it's his secret that he's alive—I shan't even tell Blake."

"But what motive—what motive," I asked again, "had he to go?"

"He must have found out," she answered, dully.

"Found out what?" I pressed her.

"About Simone, I mean."

"But what?" I stupidly echoed.

"Oh, I don't know," she burst out, her control of herself slipping away, "but there's something *wrong* about Simone. I don't know, I can't tell you one definite thing in words. I only know that for weeks and months—I feel as if I'd *always* been doing it—I've been standing between them—Mark and Simone."

"But they've always seemed so *right*—Mark's always seemed so fond of her—"

"He is; he is," wailed Elizabeth. "and that's why I've been crowding myself in, filling up all the place I could so he wouldn't see—"

"But what?" I would have it out of her.

"Ah, that's what I can't tell you—that's what I don't know. I feel as

if I'd been trying to tide them over—to throw dust in his eyes—to give her time. And she knows well enough what I've been doing. She's welcomed—haven't you seen?—my continually being there in season and out."

"And you don't accuse her of anything?" I needed something definite to go by in this nebulous affair. I felt as if I were in some dark passage with a veiled horror at the other end.

"No, nothing—nothing, until to-night."

"But to-night?"

She looked at me sombrely.

"I don't know how to tell you. I've so little and so much. I only know I'm sure."

I waited for her to be able to get it out, whatever it was. What she had for me was in its way more overwhelming than Euston's disappearance.

"She's glad he's gone," Elizabeth said at last.

I could only stammer, "Why do you think that?"

"She's glad; she's glad," Elizabeth repeated. "They told me she had a headache—so I went into her room quietly—she didn't hear me—she was sitting up in bed—there was a look on her face—I wouldn't have known it was Simone—it was only a gleam, only a second, but it was like an open door. It was a look of triumph, of joy, and then when she told me Mark was gone I knew what it was she was glad about." She spoke with such intensity of conviction that for the moment she made me believe, monstrous as it all was, and unjust and absurd as it afterwards seemed to condemn anyone, and of all people, Simone, on such evidence.

She continued to pour her anguish out before me.

"He's been feeling this disaster coming. It's been stretching out its long wings over them. For some time I've felt as if he were on the eve of finding out the things I had been see-

ing so blindly. And so it has proved he was. Perhaps it was only a look such as I saw."

"Oh, come," I had common sense enough to say, "a man doesn't leave his wife for a look." I had been engulfed in the sea of my poor child's morbid thought, but now I struck bravely for firm ground.

"He must have had a solid reason for doing this."

"Oh, he had his reason. I feel his reason here," and she put her hand to her heart, "though I can't tell it in intelligible words."

The bell rang, and we heard Carhart's voice in the hall. Carhart came in, and with him Simone.

She threw herself into Elizabeth's arms.

"How could you leave me as you did?" she cried, reproachfully. Then she held Elizabeth at arm's length and looked at her. "My poor dear, my poor dear," she said; "don't you know it was for you I kept it from you?"

"I wanted to see Allison," returned Elizabeth, and in her manner there was no trace of her passion. There was something ghastly to me in the way she covered up her emotion, and I wondered if under it all Simone were feeling Elizabeth's pulse as I knew Elizabeth was Simone's; if, under their words, one soul was asking the other:

"What do you know? What have you guessed?" and if the other was answering, sternly:

"What have you done?"

"I had to see Allison," Elizabeth repeated; "we were to have been married, you know," and she smiled a wan little smile that quivered only this side of tears.

It was Carhart who pulled us out of all sentiment.

"I told Simone that I thought that was the state of things, and when she heard that you were here she would, tired as she was, come over, so we could all together think up some plan between us, of search."

"You go on the supposition that he's alive?" Elizabeth asked Carhart, and I knew she was asking if he had followed along the tenebrous road she had walked; but he gave her no answering signal.

And at that moment Simone's already overstrained nerves gave way. Her little childish face was contorted in a very passion of grief, long sobs shook her, and then she burst out into wild laughter; peal on peal jangled out on our distressed silence. She shrieked, "He's alive!" through her sobs. "He's alive!" came repeated in every cadence of uncanny laughter. Then our silly inaction was ended by the entrance of Miss Euston, Elizabeth's aunt.

"Poor little girl," she said, patting Simone's shoulder, "of course he's alive."

"He telephoned me!" Simone almost screamed, and she burst out again into her shrieking laughter.

"If you oughtn't all of you to be ashamed to let this child work herself up to such a state," cried Miss Euston, indignantly. "You, Mr. Carhart, will you send for a doctor? Come with me, my dear," and gathering up poor, convulsed Simone, she half shoved, half carried her into her room. As Elizabeth started to follow, "I don't need you, Elizabeth," her aunt threw at her, drily; "one of a kind's enough."

The doctor came and went.

"She's asleep," Miss Euston announced as she joined us. "She told me that just after Elizabeth went out the telephone rang again, such a little ring that she thought she was mistaken, and she heard Mark's voice say:

"Hello!" and Mark's voice came back:

"Hello, Simone!"

"She said her voice came from very far off; it was so faint that it was almost as if the sound were inside."

Elizabeth's blank gaze sought mine for a second, and then turned itself on Carhart.

"Very likely," he said, "it was inside herself, overwrought as she is, and full of the thoughts of Mark—"

"She said it frightened her awfully," Miss Euston began, but Elizabeth interrupted her and her voice had the snap of breaking metal.

"Why on earth should she be frightened," she demanded, "at the sound of all others on earth she most wished to hear?" She addressed Carhart, and I saw that she wondered if any of her suspicions had occurred to him, Mark's best friend.

"She said his voice didn't sound natural," Miss Euston began.

"And because very likely it was her own imagining, it frightened her," finished Carhart.

"Did she tell you about the telephone when you came?" Elizabeth demanded of Carhart again.

"No," he answered.

"Well?" Elizabeth's voice was almost an accusation.

"Well?" asked Carhart, evenly; I saw he measured Elizabeth and that there flashed from his eyes something almost of dislike; and, indeed, spent with the strain she had been under, her dark eyes glowing with excitement, standing there with something almost menacing in her attitude, she looked like the priestess of tragedy.

Miss Euston broke in on our tenseness.

"I don't see the slightest reason for believing that she imagined a telephone ring. And why shouldn't she be shaken at being cut off that way? Simone's not very strong just now," she said, significantly, "and grief has its own way of affecting each one of us. Now, if Mark doesn't come back of his own accord, I have a plan for looking for him, if you care to listen. Apparently for no reason we can tell he's gone away; but there's one thing he won't be able to live without and that's music. Sooner or later he must hear 'Tristan.'"

"And there must be some one who knows him every place where 'Tristan'

is given!" Elizabeth jumped into the idea with enthusiasm.

"Elizabeth, it's time you went to bed," Miss Euston broke in. "It's past midnight. I can't have two cases of hysteria on my hands, my dear," and she patted Elizabeth's hand kindly.

The next afternoon he called me up on the telephone.

"You'll see Elizabeth to night, I suppose," he began, abruptly, "and I thought I'd better tell you first so you could have time to decide what attitude to take." He hesitated a moment, I fancied, in embarrassment; then he went on straightforwardly:

"Elizabeth and Simone have had a serious falling out, and in Simone's condition you know——"

I cut him short.

"What about?" I asked.

"Why, it began because Simone said she could stay all alone in the house; naturally it's painful to her—and she wanted to go down to Lakewood—it seemed very natural to me, and Elizabeth felt that it was wrong of Simone to leave the house so soon, and that as Mark had twice tried to telephone he might try again. And that's not all. I went to Simone's at lunch time. She was in a frightful condition. Elizabeth *oughtn't* to upset her like that. Simone said that from Elizabeth's attitude she gathered that in some obscure way Elizabeth held her, Simone, accountable. Does she?" he asked, abruptly. I fancied he was trying to surprise the truth out of me. His hostility to Elizabeth was apparent; naturally it irritated me.

"I can tell you," I replied hotly, ignoring his question, "that I think she's entirely right about Simone not leaving the house—not yet, at any rate, after those two messages."

If my temper had risen, Carhart lost his entirely.

"Of course, you think everything Elizabeth has done is perfect. You think she was right to monopolize Mark until Simone fairly had no husband. You think she was right to

make herself the important person, to leave Simone out in the cold. Personally, I shouldn't have blamed Simone for anything she might have done—*anything!*"

I made a shot in the dark. "So, Simone's been complaining to you?" I asked, dryly. "I think myself it would have been better for her to complain—granting she had anything to complain about—to her husband."

"Anything to complain of?" Carhart echoed. "She's had a happy time of it, I suppose you think? And now comes—this awful thing. Mark clears out in this cowardly way! Why didn't he look after his wife? What right has he to leave her—to leave all of us—in suspense in this way?"

I went to Elizabeth's that night, my brain full of strange thoughts, and found Elizabeth ready for me with more news.

"Simone's afraid—mortally afraid—to stay in the house," she told me. "She's afraid he'll come back. She's mortally afraid he'll telephone! Oh, it's not my imagination," she insisted, as she caught a sceptical glance. "While I was there the telephone rang the way it did the time Mark telephoned us, and I tell you she got gray—fairly gray—with fright, and then she began to talk about how lonely the house was and how she couldn't bear to stay alone."

"And then you quarrelled?" I put in.

"Then *she* quarrelled," Elizabeth corrected. "I was quiet enough. She lashed herself into a fury over it—and then it was that she said I had never like her and had always stood between her and Mark, and a whole lot of stuff." Elizabeth paused a moment. Then she turned her tragic eyes on me. "You know it's been with positive relief *she's* welcomed my presence in that house!"

"It's been a day of battles," I said, desirous of bringing a lighter tone. "I had a tiff with Carhart. He'd seen Simone."

"And I suppose she made me out a beast, and he takes her side," Elizabeth wearily supplemented. "After all, it's only her word against mine. You believe in me because you love me, and Blake believes in Simone because——"

So there we were, Elizabeth and I against Blake Carhart and Simone. Of course this condition of affairs could not endure, especially as the details of our search for Mark had to be arranged.

Business took me abroad and Carhart saw me off, the last thing I saw was his flaming red head towering above the crowd, as he waved his hat in good-bye. As my business kept me in Paris for some months, I had of course, undertaken to go to every representation of "Tristan" given there, though it was with small hope of accomplishing anything but giving a little poor comfort to Elizabeth. But three months had passed with no word of Mark. Elizabeth had written briefly that the baby had come, and they hadn't named it yet.

I was meditating on the strangeness of it all, permitting my mind to wander on that forbidden ground of speculation on which Elizabeth and I had so strangely stumbled, when coming down the foyer I saw Mark Euston, and at the sight of him I felt afraid.

It was the face of a man who had got to the other side of suffering. There was an expression on his face as of utter detachment from life. I sprang to him.

"Mark!" I cried.

He looked at me, but it seemed to me without interest.

"How did you come here, Allison?" he asked me.

"I've been looking for you—searching for you everywhere—trying to find you to bring you home——"

He shook his head with gentle finality.

"I can't go home," he answered.

"You're going home with me," I told him, in a tone I tried to make de-

cisive. But somehow I knew beforehand that there was no use—that it was really true; he couldn't come home. "How absurd for you to say you can't come. What reason shall I give Simone—and Elizabeth?"

He smiled wanly. "Ask Simone for my reason," he said. "Simone knows why I can't come back. Simone—knows—Simone and Carhart—they both know——" And I had a vivid picture of Carhart's face when last I had seen him. His voice made me remember Elizabeth's description of his message over the telephone—it gave the effect of coming from a great distance. I refused to see his meaning, and without asking him more questions I overwhelmed him with the flood of my arguments. I felt as if his life and mine depended on my breaking through his apathy. He listened to me unmoved, with gentle aloofness. He had no answer for my arguments, nothing to say at my picture of Elizabeth's grief; but by the very force of his inertia he quenched my passion. I faltered and stopped. "I shan't, at least, now I've found you, let you out of my sight," I finished.

He shook his head.

"You can't see me again, Allison," he replied. "Ask Simone," he said again. For some moments I had noticed that people had gone past us, and now we were caught up in the stream of the crowd; the opera was over. Somehow, in the ever-increasing flood, Mark was separated from me, and then I lost him. I elbowed my way through the crowd, searching wildly right and left. I did not find him. Paris had swallowed him.

I returned to my hotel beaten, to find there an urgent cable from Elizabeth. My instant presence was needed there.

All the way over I wondered what account I would give of myself; how I could explain my losing Mark when once I had found him; and as the days went on I found myself feeling as if I had dreamed the whole thing;

with time the whole episode gained a phantasmal quality.

At quarantine, a letter from Elizabeth told me to join them at Lake-wood, where Simone was dangerously ill. She had never been well since the baby's birth six weeks before.

Elizabeth opened the door for me herself, and fell in my arms.

"I'm so glad you've come—so glad," she almost sobbed; but in spite of her emotion she spoke in the low tone of one who has lived long where there is illness.

My first glance told me she had passed through some great emotion; but before I could hear her story I had to tell mine.

"Elizabeth," I said, "Mark is alive; I found him."

Elizabeth's face became ghastly.

"You—you found him in Paris?"

"At 'Tristan,'" I said, "and I lost him again. He will not come home."

"No, he will never come home—never, never," she replied in an odd voice. She swayed to and fro and for a moment I thought she would fall.

"When did you see him?" she questioned, and the strained, still note of her voice frightened me.

"Why, Allison, I'm so glad you've come," Miss Euston's cheerful tones broke in on us.

She glanced from Elizabeth's face to mine disapprovingly.

"Are you children breeding tragedy again over Mark's obstinacy? Now that he knows his little son is here he'll come back, of course. Ever since Anderson saw him in Chicago——"

"Anderson saw Mark in Chicago! When?" I asked, trying to repress my amazement.

"About a week ago and at 'Tristan', just as I said we'd find him," the good lady continued triumphantly.

"Two days after you saw him in Paris," Elizabeth whispered to me. Then she sank to a chair and sobbed convulsively.

"Why, Elizabeth, I'm ashamed of you," Miss Euston went on. "I never saw such nerves as the present generation has! You're as bad as Simone and with less excuse." Miss Euston turned her kindly face to me. "Why, when Henry Anderson came back with news of Mark, Simone simply went all to pieces. It's true that Anderson said Mark refused to come back and that Simone knew why. But Anderson is sure that now he knows about the baby——"

Elizabeth raised her head and gazed at me, her face convulsed with grief and fear.

"It was a week ago that you were at 'Tristan' in Paris," she breathed. "It's all over."

Miss Euston went on placidly, her cheerful tones somehow added the last unbearable touch to it all.

"Nonsense," she said, "Anderson didn't believe he meant it when he said he couldn't come. Simone needn't have taken it so to heart, for now he knows about the baby," she repeated. A smile blossomed on her kind face, and she beckoned to some one in the hall.

A woman came in with a baby in her arms. To me, unaccustomed to children, it seemed wizened, and the many wrinkles of its small face were as the wrinkles of old age, and in its eyes shone what seemed to my excited imagination a cynical intelligence, as if it knew all things that had been and that would be, as if it had in its heart the secret to the mystery before us. It had, moreover, the aspect of a very wise little old man turned burlesque actor, for a fuzz of thick, red hair, thick and stubby as a wig, flamed from its tiny head.

With the smile of the enraptured grandmother, Miss Euston took him from the nurse, and proudly brought him toward me.

"Look at Mark's little son!" she said.



THE KNITTER

From the Photograph by
Edith S. Watson

EDUCATION

A PLEA FOR A MORE ECONOMICAL SYSTEM

BY JOHN McQUARRIE



In almost all branches of human endeavour we find that more or less work is wasted, but probably in none is there as much as in the educational, and probably in no other could the evil be overcome so easily. Commencing with the public school, we find that a large part of the children's time is wasted in learning things which they soon forget or which if of no practical value to them. School work should be appropriated as much as possible according to circumstances. A pupil who unfortunately has received little learning and whose school days are nearly over should not be taught as many subjects as one of the same age who has prospects of getting a good education. The former should be instructed only upon subjects such as reading, letter writing, everyday problems in arithmetic, common geography and subjects which will be of benefit to him in daily life later and he should be thoroughly drilled upon them. The chief aim of any teacher should be to get every pupil to the stage where he can read with ease, for when that is reached he is likely to educate himself later, but if not he is apt to lose nearly all he ever learned at school and never to become a good reader. None of the time of a child who is not likely to get a good education should be occupied by learning scientific names, or things which will be of no practical value. In fact, with any children, a teacher should give attention to useful subjects first.

It is frequently found that one who has gone to school a good deal has very little knowledge of practical subjects, and the reason may not be that he is stupid, but that his time has been largely wasted on other kinds of learning.

There is not only much work wasted in public schools, but perhaps proportionately more in high schools and colleges. A student in preparing for a profession must first pass examinations on many subjects which are of no use in the practice of it and which he scarcely ever thinks of after the examinations are over. That takes a lot of work, time and money. The programme of subjects should be altered so that anybody, if he should wish, could prepare himself for a profession without wasting anything upon subjects which will be of no benefit to him in practice. That would not, of necessity mean a short or easy course. Let time which is spent on unnecessary subjects be taken by extra work upon those relating to his chosen profession. In that way professional people would, as a lot, be more competent than they are under the present system.

There is probably no class of professional people whose time has been wasted so much as specialists in the medical line. A large percentage of medical students intend to specialize, but a student is not allowed to proceed in his chosen branch until he has first taken the general course which takes several years and a lot of money. As a rule only a small part of the general course is necessary for the special. A

specialist in a branch in which performing operations is never required does not need to know anything about operations. One who attends only to disorders of the ear, eye, nose and throat does not need to know anything about amputating limbs or giving treatment for the hundreds of other ailments a human being can have. In fact, a specialist will not take a case apart from his own branch, and when out of practice could not do it justice if he would. Why then should he have ever learned anything about it? Let him, in studying, be given of the general course only that which is necessary for his special line.

Many people who would like to study and practice a certain branch, and could make a great success of it, do not attempt to prepare for it on account of the necessity of first taking the general course. The general course is proper for a general practitioner but unnecessary for a specialist. Let it be excluded and, if necessary, let the special courses be made more severe than they are. Better results would thereby be attained.

In dentistry, however, a student is permitted to qualify without first taking the general medical course. Why should he be required to take it? But there is just as much reason that he should as that a specialist in any other line should.

Many a very successful medical doctor, lawyer, civil engineer, etc. had great difficulty in preparing some of the unnecessary subjects and many another person could have been very successful in a profession, but, on that account, took instead, work for which he had less natural talent and of which he made a failure. In that way he was deprived of success and the country of good service.

Anyone who desires to take up a profession, should be allowed to prepare for it without passing preliminary examinations on unnecessary subjects. A physician or a lawyer who has first to pass examinations on Euclid and Algebra does not need

them any more than does a stenographer or a musician whose prescribed courses do not include them. Of what use can a knowledge of those subjects be to anyone in performing a surgical operation or in trying to prove a legal right. If a student calculates to become an astronomer or a surveyor they are needed and he should begin early to study them but they, like many other prescribed subjects, are unnecessary in most lines. There is no more reason that a professional man or any one else should be compelled to acquire unnecessary knowledge than that a tradesman should.

Educationists maintain that the study of some subjects which are of no practical worth is valuable training for the mind. It no doubt is, but to what extent there is no proof. But practical subjects will also train the mind. Authorities disagree as to what subjects are best for that purpose. Many of their conclusions are but guesses. I have a right to guess also and my guess is that the subjects in which a student takes the most interest are the best to develop the mind. It seems quite clear that the mind should become more active and stronger by studying something which is interesting than that which is not. A student naturally takes more interest in subjects connected with his expected life-work that he does in those which he knows are of no practical value to him, and they should develop his mind better than the others.

Just as in developing strength in the body, exercise of the arms will strengthen the arms, but not other parts, or exercise of any part will develop that part only, so in developing the mind the study of Euclid may strengthen it for Euclid but nothing else, or the study of any subject may develop it for that only. To say that it helps much in the study of other things is but a guess.

The matter prescribed for mental development by controllers of education is simply what custom calls for and not what is needed.

Moreover, if unnecessary matter should be studied for the sake of mental development, how much of it should? Can controllers of education calculate the right amount? Perhaps there is not enough now. That also is governed by custom and not necessity.

Even if certain subjects which are of no practical worth do train the mind better than ones which are, the difference cannot be great enough to make up for the time and money they take.

Many people seem to be satisfied, on this point, with the idea that knowledge of unnecessary subjects does no one any harm. It would not harm a medical doctor to have first studied law for a few years or a lawyer to have studied medicine or either to have taken a course in civil engineering or some line apart from his chosen profession. But he needs it no more than a shoemaker needs a knowledge of bricklaying. And it would take a lot of time to take the extra work and to earn the money for the purpose. The number of years of practice for the average professional man is not very great and if several years are spent by unnecessary study his period of practice is shortened by a big percentage thereby, and therefore his service to his country is greatly lessened.

But I suggest that the prescribed unnecessary study really does harm. It not only takes a good many of the best years of a professional person's life, but it does harm to the public, who have on that account to pay extra for his services. Ask a specialist of any profession why his fees are so high and he will refer to the long expensive college course he took. A dentist will charge for a certain amount of work only a small part of what a medical specialist will. It would do a dentist no harm to first take the general medical course but he would charge accordingly and the purses of his patients would be greatly affected. If a medical specialist of any branch did not have to take the general course he

would do his work for only a small part of what he charges. There would be more competition and, therefore, more and better practitioners. If anything should be cheapened, when possible it is medical treatment.

College courses are modelled too much by old customs and tradition. These may have charms in regard to anything, with most people, but when they greatly interfere with progress they should be given little consideration. The needs of the time should be given preference.

There are many professional people, however, who admit that a great deal of what they had to study in order to qualify was unnecessary and that they have little confidence in its mind-developing value. Even some who took a full college course, obtaining a degree, will confess that they wished they had not, giving as a reason that they could have been practising the profession several years sooner but for it.

There is no doubt that the demand for specializing is increasing. People are getting to realize more and more the value of it, but as it increases, the learning of unnecessary things should decrease or better still be removed as much as possible.

By choosing a certain branch of work and specializing on it a person is apt to be engaged at that to which he is naturally adapted and that is the greatest assurance of success. If all people were engaged in occupations which suited them best the world would rapidly advance to a condition hard to fancy. It may be the Divine plan that if all people had work to which they were best adapted there would be exactly the right number for each sort.

A great drawback in educational work at the present time is scarcity of school teachers. Many remedies—increase of salaries, consolidation of schools, etc. are proposed. But I maintain that the best remedy is to make examinations of some classes of teachers easier. Why should a teacher

be required to pass examinations on subjects which he never has to teach? The cutting out of some, or all, unnecessary subjects, would not lower the teaching standard in the least. It would merely make it easier for candidates to qualify and therefore there would be a greater supply of teachers.

Most people realize the need of reforms which would abolish compulsory learning of unnecessary things. They should take steps for the purpose of bringing about the desired changes. The great reason that reforms in that regard are hard to make is that the prescribing of subjects and examinations are controlled by practitioners of the professions. Before any changes could be made the Government would have to place the control of each in the hands of people, the majority of whom, are not engaged in the profession, and therefore, not personally interested. There are some practitioners who would be willing to sacrifice personal interests for the sake of other people but, as a whole, they are not willing to do so. They are more apt to make changes which would be of benefit to themselves. They have all taken the prescribed courses and are unwilling to

allow others to practice without taking them also. They do not want the courses to be made easier for others because that would mean more competition and reduction of fees. Just as it is useless to try to get liquor dealers to support prohibition, gamblers to vote for the abolition of gambling, speculators to vote for the abolition of speculating or any people to condemn that by which they profit, so it is useless to try to get college-bred people, as a whole, to support sweeping reforms in the educational system.

The great hindrance to the making of educational reforms is that people in general have a mistaken belief that it is necessary to let the professions be controlled by people engaged in them and, therefore, they place confidence in them. The controllers betray that confidence by protecting themselves. As long as each profession is controlled by practitioners of it the needed changes will not be made.

Sentiment in favour of the lessening or abolition of unnecessary learning is increasing, and, no doubt, the time will come when great reforms in this regard will materialize the world over.



THE GREAT BLACK PEARL

BY ELIZABETH NAYLOR WATERHOUSE

KING PETER angrily stamped his feet upon the floor, and raged at his poor servants until they were in fear of losing their lives; for they knew not what the King would order to be done in his present mad state.

The King held on high a jewelled crown upon which all present gazed in fearful awe, for the great black pearl which had ornamented the centre of the crown for hundreds of years was now missing.

"Stand forth, you lowly vassals!" shouted the king in his mad rage, "and let me question each in turn, for methinks I yet may find the thief within the palace-gates."

The slaves who had been bowing to the floor, now arose to their feet upon which they could hardly stand, for their limbs were trembling in their fear.

"What ails you, knaves?" shouted the King. "Do you think that my palace is a hospital for the palsied?" and forgetting the dignity required of a king, he drove them from his presence.

Then the King gazed once more at the crown from which the great black pearl had been stolen, and turning to his chief adviser, bade him draw near.

"Dost thou know ought of the missing pearl, Salem?" asked the King.

"I know nothing of the pearl, Your Gracious Majesty," answered Salem; "but methought, last night as I looked out of my chamber-window, that I saw dark shadows creeping about the palace-walls."

"Dark shadows! dark shadows!" exclaimed the King, "and yet I was not told."

"No, Gracious King, for though I waited long, I saw nothing further, and thinking the shadows were but the pictures of mine own imagination, I retired to bed."

"Bid the Chief of the Guard to enter my presence," said the king.

It was not long before Maestro, Chief of the Guard, entered in great fear, for he knew that the King would not command his presence except upon very urgent business.

As Maestro approached, the King gazed keenly at him as if he would read his very thoughts, and then said: "Didst thou fall asleep upon thy post last night?"

"O Gracious King! never have I fallen asleep when at my post."

"Then how canst thou account for this?" asked the King, and he held the jewelled crown before Maestro's eyes.

The Chief of the Guard stared in horror at the vacant place in the crown where once had been the great black pearl, and falling upon his knees, exclaimed; "O believe me, Gracious King, for I can truly say that I know nought of the famous pearl."

"But Salem tells me," said the King, "that as he looked from his chamber-window last night, he saw dark shadows move about under the palace-walls."

"O, King most powerful, it was but the shadows of the swaying trees cast upon the walls by the light of the moon," answered Maestro.

"Begone thou craving knave, for I have finished with thee," answered the King, "for it seems that from thy empty head, I shall draw but little further knowledge of the missing pearl."

Maestro gladly hastened from the King's presence, but had only just reached the outer hall when he was bidden to return before the King.

"Remember knave," said the King, "to post well the guards this night. Place them about the walls so that they may be as close as beads upon a string. Guard well the main gate, and woe betide the guard that sleeps; for I, myself, this night shall closely watch."

Thereupon, Maestro was once more bidden to depart, which he was only too glad to do, for he feared that the blame for the theft of the great black pearl would fall upon his own head.

Entering the court-yard, he called the guards before him, and told them of the missing pearl and also of the King's commands that they should be posted that night shoulder to shoulder about the palace-walls.

Meantime, Salem and the King were in earnest conversation, for only the king, himself, had up to this time, known the power of the great black pearl; but now he had decided that his trusted adviser, also, should know the history of the missing jewel.

"Ah! Salem," said the King, "would that I had lost anything in my kingdom rather than this famous pearl; for its loss bespeaks some dire misfortune and great loss of power."

"Three hundred years hath it rested within the crown, where it was first placed by my ancestor, known as 'The Great Conqueror' who first won this kingdom now ruled by me."

"Upon the black pearl, this Conqueror placed a charm, that it would give power of kingship to him who owned it."

"Hence, thou canst see, faithful Salem, that we must get back the stolen pearl with all expediency, lest I be dethroned and lose my kingdom."

"To thee, only, Salem, have I confided the history of the great black pearl, and as thou valuest thy head, tell not the secret to any man."

Falling upon his knees, Salem kissed the hands of the King, and said, "O! thou great and glorious sovereign, thy humble slave, Salem, shall not rest by day or sleep by night until the missing great black pearl is found."

"That is well," answered the King, "and as the guards about the palace shall see that no one gets without, we shall find the thief if he be within the gates."

Then calling for his servants, the King made them place the crown within an oaken-box, which they carried into the throne room, where they placed it beneath the seat of the throne.

There six guards were bidden to stay and watch by day and night, lest the remaining jewels of the crown should also disappear.

"Should another crown-jewel disappear," said the King to the trembling guards, "there will be six lives less upon this earth," and after looking keenly into the face of each man, he and Salem left the throne-room.

On leaving the king, Salem withdrew to his own apartment, in which he dwelt with his wife, Sandra, whom he told of the loss of the great black pearl.

On hearing of the theft, Sandra was greatly troubled, and said, "Dear Salem, I trust that the blame of the missing pearl will not fall upon thy head."

"That will not happen, my dear wife," answered Salem; "for the thief will yet be found, although I do not think within the palace-gates; for as I told the King, last night I saw dark shadows moving about the palace-walls."

"O, Salem, surely, the blame for that did not fall upon thee."

"The blame fell not upon me, dear Sandra, for the King sent for the Chief of the Guard, who explained to him that the shadows were cast upon the

wall by the light of the moon; but I knew better, for trees take not the shape of men."

"However, Maestro has always been a friend to me, and I had not the wish to bring down the wrath of the King upon his head by openly contradicting him."

That night, instead of retiring to bed, Salem sat at his chamber-window, for he had promised the King not to rest by day or sleep by night until the stolen jewel should be found.

The breeze shook the trees that grew without the castle-walls and seeing their moving shadows, Salem would peer out of his window, thinking that some person was approaching.

Then he would see the guards on duty at their posts, and at once knew that it was only his own imagination which had pictured a person's form, for the guards were posted far too well to allow the approach of any thief.

The king, also, was upon the watch that night, but not like Salem, at his chamber-window. He walked from room to room, and from hall to hall, thinking that the thief might be hidden in some dark recess. :

Once, he heard a gentle step, and quickly concealed himself behind some heavy curtains.

As the step drew near, the King peered cautiously out between the curtains, and was greatly surprised to see his daughter, the charming Princess Sona gliding gracefully past.

Anxious to know why the Princess should be wandering unattended about the palace at night, he followed at some distance behind her, and was surprised to see her enter the throne-room.

There, she walked up to the throne-chair, but on seeing the six guards standing around, she drew back in surprise.

The guards were amazed to see the Princess unattended at such a late hour, but not daring to show their surprise, they merely respectfully saluted her.

The Princess bowed in answer to their salute, and then left the room, hastening across the main hall and up the wide staircase, soon reaching her chamber which she entered quickly.

The King who had been closely following the Princess, tried her door, but found it securely locked, and though he knocked gently upon it, he received no answer from within.

Puzzled over his daughter's behaviour in wandering alone about the palace at night, he decided he would question her on the following morning.

Then the King walked quietly among his guards to see if any man slept upon his post, but finding that all were quite wide awake, he retired to his own chamber, where he slept soundly until the following morning.

On awakening next morning, the first thought of the King was of the great black pearl, and he decided that he would have all the servants of the palace searched that day.

Therefore, he sent for his chief adviser, Salem, to whom he told his intentions, asking his advice upon the matter.

The King's adviser thought that it would be wise to summon all the servants of the palace at one time into the throne-room which would hold them all, and there they could be searched by the soldiers of the guard in the presence of the King.

At the same time, their rooms could be searched, and thus no one would have time to get away with the stolen pearl.

Thereupon, the King did as Salem advised, and the servants were assembled within the throne-room.

There each one was carefully searched, and although not the smallest particle of clothing escaped the attention of the guards, no servant was found possessed of the lost jewel.

Meantime, their rooms had also been thoroughly searched, but without success in finding the great black pearl.

The King was now sorely puzzled and began to think that Salem must

have indeed truly seen dark shadows creeping along the palace-walls, and that these were the shadows of the thieves who had stolen the missing pearl.

Therefore, the King dismissed his servants, and summoning Salem before him, said "Methinks my faithful Salem that thou didst surely see shadows of thieves creeping along the palace-walls.

"Strong enemies must dwell without, and if we take not care, they yet may steal the crown, when woe betide me, for then I shall surely lose my kingdom, handed down to me from my conquering forefathers."

Now Salem was as much distressed about the great black pearl as the King himself, and in spite of the wide search which had been made for the missing jewel, he yet believed it was hidden somewhere within the palace.

Salem therefore decided that he, himself, that night, would keep watch within the palace, for perhaps the thief might then try to find some new hiding-place for the stolen pearl.

Now the King had also determined to keep watch once more that night within the palace, and sending for Maestro, he bade him post strong guards again that night about the palace-walls.

Meantime, Salem's wife, Sandra, was sorely troubled over the loss of the great black pearl, and when her husband told her of the searching of the servants, she sighed heavily, and said, "I do not like this business, dear Salem, some thief dwells among us, and an honest man will yet be blamed."

Salem wondered if he should tell his wife of his intentions to watch for the thief that night; but thinking she might be alarmed for his safety, he decided to keep his own council.

Now the King decided to hide that night within the main hall, into which all the staircases opened, and through which the thief would have to pass in order to get into any of the great rooms.

Therefore as soon as it was dark, he took his place behind some heavy curtains, from behind which he could see all who passed without being seen himself.

The King had been hiding there some hours and still no one had appeared, and he was just on the point of retiring for that night when he heard a stealthy step, and peeping cautiously through the curtains, he was surprised to see his trusted adviser, Salem, descending the stairs.

It was only by the greatest self-command that the King could prevent himself from rushing out and ordering Salem to be seized by the guard.

"No wonder, I could not find the pearl, when the thief was the man whom I least suspected," said the King to himself; "but I will wait my time, for I must follow my treacherous adviser and discover what he will yet do."

Thereupon, the King followed cautiously behind Salem, and soon saw his adviser enter the throne-room.

Entering unseen, the king hid once more behind heavy curtains from behind which he could mark all Salem's movements.

The King's adviser walked up to the guards and then started back in surprise, and no wonder, for every man was fast asleep upon his post.

Now when the King saw the six sleeping guards, his rage was awful to behold, for he thought that a sleeping draught had been put into their food by Salem, and had his chief adviser looked that way, he would have seen the angry face of the King peering out between the curtains.

But the unsuspecting Salem was only thinking of the safety of the King's crown, and determined that he would take the oaken chest to his own chamber, where he, himself, could guard it for the night, after which he would restore it to the King.

Therefore, the king's adviser dragged the oaken-box across the floor and up the great staircase to his own room, while the King, fuming with

rage at the thought of being deceived by one, in whom he had placed so much trust, followed behind.

After Salem had entered his chamber, the King returned to the throne-room where he beat the sleeping guards until they awoke.

On being so rudely awakened, the dazed guards stared stupidly about them, and then suddenly seeing the King, fell upon their knees; but the King bade them to rise, saying, "You lazy knaves, had I not been on the watch this night myself, I should have lost my crown."

"Hasten, all of you, and bid Maestro come before me," commanded the King; "for at last I have found the thief of the great black pearl."

In trembling fear, for they knew not upon whom the blame of the missing jewel was to fall, the guard did as the King had bidden them, and soon returned accompanied by Maestro.

Looking keenly at Maestro, as he stood before him, the King said "Art thou, too, to be mistrusted, Chief of the Guard?"

Then Maestro fell upon his knees and kissed the King's hand, saying, "Thy faithful servant, Maestro, would sacrifice his dearest friend for the sake of his great and glorious King."

"Thou shalt now truly have a chance to test the strength of thy promises," answered the King; "for I charge you, Maestro, to place a guard about the chamber-door of Salem."

"Surely, Your Majesty does not doubt the long-tested honesty of thy trusted adviser, Salem," said Maestro.

"Who hast placed thee upon a pedestal, rogue, that thou darest to argue with thy king? Out of my presence, knave, and do as I bid thee, lest thou shouldst count thy days upon this earth."

Thus Maestro was driven from the King's presence, and made haste to carry out his commands by at once placing a strong guard outside of Salem's chamber.

Meantime, Salem, unsuspecting any trouble to himself, was within his

room sitting upon the oaken-box, where he was faithfully guarding the King's crown, which he meant to restore to the King on the following morning.

The Chief Adviser was thinking of the praise which he would receive from his master, the King, for his faithful vigil, and knew nothing of the guard which was posted without his door.

Early next morning, Salem was brought before the King, and charged with the theft of the crown and also with that of the great black pearl.

The King's adviser was amazed at thus being accused of theft, and tried to explain to the King why he had taken the oaken-box containing the crown to his own chamber.

But the King who now truly believed Salem guilty of the theft of the missing pearl, would not even allow his adviser to plead for himself; but gave orders to his guards to at once cast him into prison.

Then the oaken-box was once more restored to the throne-room, where the crown was taken out and for safety hidden elsewhere.

Meantime, Maestro sorrowfully carried out the King's orders, for he had received many kindnesses from the chief adviser, who had often shielded him from the king's displeasure.

As the Chief of the Guard was about to leave the cell to which Salem had been taken, he turned to his friend and said, "Whatever possessed thee, Salem, to take the crown into thine own chamber?"

Then Salem told Maestro how he had found the six guards asleep upon their posts, and taken the crown to his own chamber that he might guard it for the King to whom he meant to restore on the following morning.

"Well," answered the Chief of the Guard, "it seems as if the King will hear no reason, and he truly thinks that you are the thief of the great black pearl and have hidden the missing jewel somewhere about the palace."

"My friend, would that we could find the person guilty of the theft of the pearl, for then we could prove your innocence to the King."

After clasping the hand of Salem, and telling him that he would do his utmost to restore his liberty, Maestro left the prison, after which he sought out Sandra to tell her of the misfortune which had befallen her husband.

On hearing the bad news, Sandra beat her breast in despair and said, "I knew that the missing pearl would bring shame upon an innocent man, and so I told my husband, Salem."

"What shall I do? dear Maestro, for thou hast ever been our friend. Wouldst thou advise me to plead before the King?"

"No, dear friend," answered the Chief of the Guard, "that would be useless, for the King in his mad anger, is more like a maniac than a sane man, and is in no condition to judge between right and wrong."

"Then I will beg the Princess Sona to beseech the King to pardon my poor husband, for unless something is done quickly, the King in his dire madness, will condemn Salem to die for an offence, of which, both you and I, dear Maestro, know he is truly innocent."

"I would bid thee seek out the Princess Sona with all haste," answered Maestro, "for at present, I see no other way out of this sore trouble."

Thereupon, after wishing Sandra God-speed in her mission with the Princess, Maestro went to spread the sad news of the arrest of Salem.

Poor Sandra, weeping bitterly, soon gained an audience with the Princess Sona, who was greatly distressed upon hearing of the misfortune which had fallen upon her father's faithful adviser, and promised the troubled wife that she would at once seek out the King and beg that pardon be granted to Salem.

Sandra, feeling much comforted, was bidden by the kind Princess to rest in the royal apartment until her return, when she hoped to bring her good news from the King.

It was not long before the Princess returned to Sandra, and it needed no words to tell the poor wife that she had been unsuccessful in gaining a pardon from the King.

"Ah! dear Sandra," said the Princess, "my father truly believes that Salem knows the whereabouts of the missing pearl, and will only grant a pardon on condition that he restore it to the crown within the next twenty-four hours."

"Should that time elapse, and the pearl be not yet found, the King has ordered that your husband's life shall then be forfeited."

Poor Sandra clenched her hands in her despair and strode about the room, for she was too troubled to remember that she was in the presence of a princess.

It was in vain that the Princess Sona tried to comfort her, and at last the poor wife fled weeping to her own apartment.

"Twenty-four hours! twenty-four hours!" cried Sandra, "and an innocent man's life will then be forfeited for another's guilt. What shall I do? What shall I do?" and the weeping woman strode about the room.

That night, the Princess Sona became very ill and the nurse sent for her father, the King; but even he could not comfort his daughter, who was continually calling the name of "Sandra".

Therefore the King commanded the presence of Salem's wife in the bed-chamber of the Princess.

No sooner had Sandra taken the hand of the King's daughter than she became quite calm and soon fell into a peaceful sleep.

Thinking that she might soon awaken, the King bade Sandra to keep watch with him at the bedside of the Princess.

It was not long before they were surprised by seeing the Princess arise and walk about the room as if unconscious of their presence.

Hastily throwing a robe about her shoulders, the King's daughter left the

chamber, and the King beckoned Sandra to follow with him at some distance behind.

Slowly down the great staircase they followed the Princess, and were surprised to see her enter the throne-room and walk towards the throne-chair.

There she drew out the oaken-box which had once contained the King's crown; but which now had been removed elsewhere.

Upon seeing that the box was empty, she seemed disappointed and muttered something to herself which the King and Sandra could not hear for they were too far away.

"Let us draw nearer," said the King to Sandra, "perhaps we may yet hear what may solve this strange mystery. This is the second time that I have seen my daughter walk about by night, but in the misfortunes that have fallen upon the palace, I had forgotten it."

As they drew near to the Princess, they looked upon her face but she was quite unconscious of their presence, and with a glassy stare looked past them.

"Hush," said the King, putting his finger to his lips, "she is still asleep, and we must try to hear what she is saying."

"Ah!" said the Princess, "What is this trouble that I have heard about the great black pearl? It is quite safe, for I have guarded it well; but it must now be restored to the crown, for methinks it has brought misfortune upon some one and that I would prevent."

Thereupon, the Princess gazed at something which she held within her hand, and looking down, Sandra and the King were amazed to see the great black pearl.

Gently, the King took the pearl from the hand of the Princess, and motioned Sandra to lead his daughter to her chamber, where she was soon sleeping peacefully once more.

After having joyfully restored the great black pearl to its place in the crown, the King sought out Sandra and begged her forgiveness for having accused her husband of dishonesty.

"Dear Sandra," said the King, "tell not the Princess how the pearl was found, for she would be much troubled to know that she had been the cause of thy misfortunes."

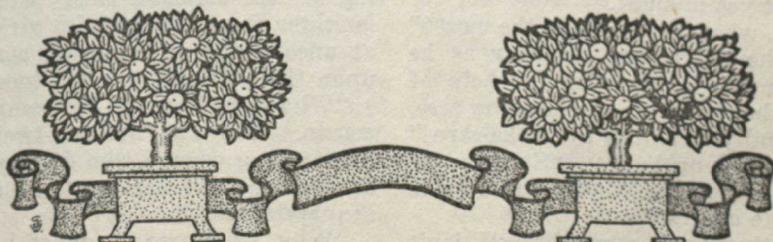
Then the King bade Sandra accompany him to the cell where her husband, Salem, was imprisoned.

No words can describe the joy of Salem on being restored to his loving wife, and in being reinstated in the King's favour.

Thereafter, the King never doubted the honesty of his faithful adviser, or ever again hastily accused any man of wrong until his guilt had been truly proved.

Next day the Princess Sona visited the apartment of Sandra to share the joy in the release of her husband.

Salem and his wife both kissed her hand and made her very welcome, for they knew that though she had been the cause of their past misfortunes, the Princess was quite unconscious that she, herself, had been the thief.



A SHOCKING IMPRUDENCE

BY FLORENCE WARDEN



It is most kind of you!"

Thus, gratefully and warmly, Ermyntrude Sedgeley, a merry brunette of twenty years of age, to a quiet-mannered man of about thirty-five, with a dark moustache and a look of demure fun in his black eyes.

From the other side of the hedge he had, raising his hat politely and speaking in a melodious and winning voice, offered his service to a party of three forlorn girls and a dismal elderly maid, who were all running distractedly in and out of Cheringham Cottage, waiting for the furniture vans which delayed their coming most unmercifully.

For two hours they had waited in the empty house which they had taken, until Mrs. Sedgeley, mother of two of the girls, aunt to the third, and mistress to the elderly maid, had wandered away in despair into the village, rather with the vague feeling situation than because she thought of unrest consequent on her unhappy she could hurry along the vans, which were not yet in sight.

"Now, what do you want the most?" asked the chivalrous stranger as he got over the hedge with the help of the low bough of an overhanging tree, amid kindly warnings to "Take care!" from the young ladies. "Suppose we make a beginning with a small table and some chairs?"

"Oh, thank you so much!" "I don't know how to thank you." "Poor mama will be so grateful!"

"And then you would like some tea. I'll have some sent in. I know that when ladies are ever so miserable it only takes the sight of a cup of tea to raise their spirits again to the proper level." There was a chorus of delighted giggles and he went on: "That is because they are so much better-tempered by nature than we men are. It takes a jolly lot more than that to make us amiable."

"Not when they're like you," cried Sheila, a shy young creature of sixteen, all arms and legs, whose shyness was momentarily conquered by the force of circumstances.

The stranger made her a low bow.

"That's nice of you," said he. "Nobody has ever said quite such a nice thing to me before. I must earn the right to it. I'll have that tea before you can count a hundred."

"Then it won't have 'drawn' properly!" cried Ermyntrude merrily, as he hurried down the little garden to the gate to make his exit in a more dignified manner than he had made his entrance.

He looked back laughing and raising his hat, amidst a merry chorus of laughter from the grateful girls, who at once began to babble of comment upon their neighbour's kindness.

"Who is he?" asked Rosemary, the cousin. She was five-and-twenty, a prim young woman who disapproved, as much as did her aunt, of chance acquaintances.

"Why, of course, he must be Gregory Ilford, since he comes from the big house next door," said Ermyn-

trude. "Cheringham Court it's called. Yes. Look. He's going in there."

Between the trees which grew, some in their own and some in their neighbour's garden, the girls could see their new friend running bareheaded up to the big house and disappearing inside through the open French window on the ground floor.

"I wish Aunt had been here," said Rosemary anxiously. "You don't know anything about these people, and I know she wouldn't approve of our putting ourselves at once under an obligation like this."

"Oh, how absurd, Rosemary! And how ungrateful! I'm sure he's the nicest man I ever met."

"And he's so good-looking," added Sheila enthusiastically.

"He may not be a desirable acquaintance for all that," said her cousin.

"Well, I think a man who will bring me a chair and a cup of tea is absolutely the most desirable acquaintance in the world," laughed Ermyntrude flippantly.

Field, the elderly maid, however, partook of the fears of the eldest of the girls.

"Perhaps Mrs Sedgeley will be back before he comes," she said nervously. "Oh, dear, no. There he is!"

A chorus of merry laughter from the girls announced that the new friend was in sight. Struggling manfully with a table in one hand and a couple of light chairs in the other, and half extinguished by a basket arm-chair which he had placed on his head, he stalked down the garden with an assumption of a martial tread, followed by an imposing butler with a tray and tea-cups.

"Don't laugh at me. It's unkind!" said the stranger plaintively as he staggered up the garden path and stopped before the cottage porch. "Just tell me where to put these things and then I'll go back for some more."

"Oh, no. It's really too kind. We don't like to trouble you."

"To trouble me!" echoed the stranger with a tragic look, as he divested

himself of the basket-chair and began to smooth down his discorded hair. "It shows you're not used to the country when you think a little interlude like this is anything but a delightful excitement! Just tell me, pray, ladies, whether my coiffure is all that it ought to be. Now that I'm getting rather thin on the top I can't afford to be careless."

Laughing, they all assured him that his appearance could not possibly be improved. And he drew himself up with a gratified look that made them laugh again.

"Now, tell us where you will have the tray. Indoors or out?"

"Oh, indoors, please," said Ermyntrude, who saw with horror that some of the youthful villagers, by this time released from school, were planting their dusty little faces against the railings at the bottom of the garden, much interested in the proceedings.

"This way, then, Miles."

"Yes, sir."

Master and man entered the cottage, placed table and chairs and tea-tray in the front room, which was to be the drawing-room, and retired to fetch further supplies.

The girls were chatting gaily, laughing merrily, and reclining at their ease in the chairs already provided by their thoughtful friend, when the door opened and Mrs. Sedgeley, severe in matronly indignation at the failure of the mover's men, walked into the room.

She uttered an exclamation of surprise at what she saw. Instead of the comfortless, bare room she had left she now beheld seats and delightful preparations for much-needed refreshment.

"Where did all these things come from?" she gasped out. "Not, I hope, from—"

Her voice, in which rising disquietude could be noted, was drowned in a merry chorus of explanation.

In the midst of the various replies one phrase caught Mrs. Sedgeley's ear, vivid, significant, unmistakable:

"The gentleman from next door."

A low wail of horror and dismay escaped from the matronly lips.

"From next door!" she exclaimed with tragic emphasis. "Just what I most wished to avoid! We must send them back—at once. Field, you must take back the chairs and table, and tell Gregory Ilford that we are much obliged, but that our own things have come."

"But they haven't!" screamed Sheila.

"And it looks ungrateful, when he was so kind! Mama, we can't," said Ermytrude earnestly.

"We must," repeated Mrs. Sedgeley with increasing vehemence. "I've heard something about this Gregory Ilford, and he's a most impossible person for you to know, or even to speak to."

"But even if he were impossible, we can't help thanking him for what he's done," persisted Ermytrude.

"I will do all that is necessary," said Mrs. Sedgeley coldly. "Field, take back the chairs."

"But he's sending us in some tea! Oh, mama, do be reasonable. Whatever he has done, he is awfully nice," said Ermytrude.

"Yes, he's a most charming man, I know. But that is only another reason why he should be avoided. Unfortunately, his manners are better than his morals."

"Well, let us teach him to behave better," persisted her irrepressible daughter.

"Be quiet, Ermy, you don't know what you're talking about," said Rosemary.

"Yes, I do. And I know I'm not going to be rude to a stranger who has behaved like a friend," said Ermytrude hotly.

"You have got to listen to reason," urged her mother quickly.

"Well, what has he done?" demanded the girl.

"I can't tell you. 'It's too shocking.'"

"Perhaps it isn't true," urged Sheila, quite excited in defence of the fascinating stranger.

"It is true," reiterated Mrs. Sedgeley, losing her temper before the threatened revolt. "This Gregory Ilford is a man of infamous character. He is a bigamist, and he treated his wife shamefully."

"I don't believe it. I don't believe he could treat any woman badly. He's too nice," cried Ermytrude with passion.

"Sh—sh!"

This warning, uttered in a hoarse whisper by Sheila, came too late.

Standing at the opened window, very calm, but perhaps rather paler than he had been when they saw him last, the courteous stranger was holding a tea-pot in one hand and a sugar-bowl in the other, while the butler, who looked rather scared, was standing behind him, with a cream-jug, a plate of bread and butter, and baskets of fruit and cake, on a large tray.

"I've been knocking at the door, but I couldn't make you hear, and there doesn't seem to be any bell," said the stranger mildly. "I've brought you some tea, if you care to have it."

Mrs. Sedgeley was making her way to the window, but Ermytrude interposed her person, and answered him with a gentle and grateful smile.

"It's very good of you," she said gratefully, "but—"

"Oh, don't say but. Do take it. What does it matter who I am, or what I've done, as long as you're hungry and tired."

His tone betrayed a touch of temper.

Ermytrude looked distressed and bit her lip. Mrs. Sedgeley took advantage of the pause and placed herself between her daughter and the window. Speaking in that subacid tone adopted by matrons when they intend utterly to crush a member of the obtrusive sex, she said, with a conventional smile which did not mask an expression of penetrating disapproval:

"It's so very good of you, and we should have been delighted. But we've had tea already. And we really couldn't think of imposing upon your

kindness any further. So you'll let me send back the chairs, won't you?"

The stranger raised his eyebrows and withdrew the teapot.

"Oh, certainly," he said in the tone of coldness corresponding to the crushing flavour of hers. "I apologize for my intrusion."

He could not raise his hat, as he was bareheaded, but he bowed in as dignified a manner as it is possible to do when one is encumbered with a teapot and sugar bowl, and abruptly withdrew.

"Mama, how could you? You didn't even thank him for his kindness," said Ermytrude angrily.

Mrs. Sedgeley was flushed and perturbed, but she frowned and said:

"I don't like to do it, but after what I heard there was no alternative. We couldn't stay here to be on friendly terms with Gregory Ilford. Nobody else would call upon us if we did."

"I'd rather be friends with him than with all the rest of the people about here," cried the rebellious Sheila, who, like most shy creatures, was desperately bold upon occasion.

"Be quiet, Sheila," said her mother sharply. "Field, why didn't you refuse the loan of the chairs?"

The maid who had been many years with the family, shrugged her shoulders.

"It's of no use talking to Miss Ermyn," she said tartly. "She was determined to make friends with this gentleman, and I could not stop her."

"Rosemary, why didn't you warn her? You know how particular one to be!" And Mrs. Sedgeley turned to her niece.

Meanwhile she was collecting the borrowed furniture, and striving in vain to get the basket chair through the door. While doing this, she instinctively turned round to look for help, and then made the disconcerting discovery that her two daughters had disappeared.

"Where are those girls?" she asked sharply.

Her niece and the maid exchanged a stealthy look but said nothing.

They probably guessed at the shocking act of mutiny of which Ermytrude and Sheila had both been guilty.

For those two girls had stolen out of the room, and gone out into the garden, where, standing together close to the hedge, they could see the cruelly treated tenant of Cheringham Court slowly making his way up his own garden with the despised teapot in one hand. He had restored the cream jug to the tray of the butler, who had gone on slowly towards the French window by which he and his master had come out.

On catching sight of the two girls, the rebuffed proprietor of the teapot exchanged his brisk pace for a saunter, and, looking over the lid of the vessel, heaved a deep sigh.

They wished to be good, to be dutiful, but on the other hand they couldn't bear to be guilty of rudeness to the man who had come so nobly to the assistance of females in distress. They tried hard not to giggle, not even to grow red, but they did both, and their neighbour waving the teapot as a sort of flag of truce, came stealthily near the hedge, and looking over, sighed deeply.

"I'm awfully sorry to have been guilty of overhearing what was not meant for my ears," he began in a subdued voice, "but I really couldn't help hearing what the lady who has the honour to be your mama said about me."

The girls did not know which way to look. Confused, distressed, perplexed, and half incredulous, Ermytrude floundered into speech.

"Oh, I'm so dreadfully, dreadfully sorry. She — mama — didn't understand how kind you had been," she said apologetically.

"Oh, it's all right. Don't distress yourself about it. I don't mind, really. And as for what I did, I assure you," and he waved the teapot with so much energy that the hot tea came out over his hand and made him jump, "I assure you that you wouldn't have blamed me if you had known all the circumstances."

"Oh, no, I'm quite sure we wouldn't," murmured Ermytrude hastily, anxious not to have to listen to a disconcerting confession.

But he refused to be silenced.

"What can you do with a wife who won't lend you her embroidery scissors to cut your tobacco with?" As the girls stared at him with puzzled faces, he went on, stamping his foot and gesticulating violently, but this time taking the precaution not to use the teapot hand. "What can you do with a wife who doesn't use hairpins? That's what I married her for, so that I should always have a hairpin handy, to mend my motor-car or to clean my pipe! And the creature wouldn't use them just to spite me! So there was no help for it, you see, I had to get another one. And I behave beautifully over it. Instead of being unkind or rough, as any other man might have been, I just took her up by the head—her hair was too short, you see, for me to take her by the hair, and I held her out of a first-floor window and shook her two or three times, and then let her drop. Now if I'd been cruel by nature, I shouldn't have chosen a first-floor window, but a third-floor. What are you laughing at? Really, ladies, this is a serious matter. Ask your mama if it isn't!"

He was now standing, preternaturally solemn, with the teapot clasped lovingly in his arms, looking at them with grave eyes over the hedge.

"It isn't true!" cried Sheila, bursting out at last into the laughter she had in vain been trying to repress. "You never did that to any wife!"

He turned with a face of unmoved gravity, to Ermytrude.

"And what do you think?" he asked slowly.

"I don't think; I know," said she shyly.

He gave her a quick look, thanking her silently. Then he called the butler:

"Miles, go and ask the mama of these young ladies, whether Mr. Warren Ilford may not after all send them in some fruit."

Ermytrude started, and whispered:

"You are very good, very forgiving."

He laughed as he came nearer to the hedge.

"No," said he. "Only very selfish, and very anxious to have some pleasant neighbours. Your mama—by the bye, I hope I may know her name some day, was quite right. But my cousin has had to leave England for a little while till things have blown over, and I have undertaken to look after the place while he's away."

At that moment, Mrs. Sedgeley, hearing voices outside, appeared in the cottage porch, Sheila ran up to her.

"Mama, there's been a mistake," whispered she.

And as the lady, perplexed and bewildered, stepped out upon the garden path, Warren Ilford, smiling and bowing humbly on the opposite side of the hedge, said, addressing her in the meekest of voices:

"I hope, madam, that you will not continue to visit the sins of my cousin, Gregory Ilford, upon me. I have never had two wives. I've not even had one. I'm the most lonely of bachelors indeed. At the same time"—and as he spoke, he unconsciously cast a glance at Ermytrude, who had taken his part so valiantly—"I am not a hardened one."

Mrs. Sedgeley was overwhelmed. She tried brokenly to apologize.

But he would not let her.

"There's only one form of apology I can possibly accept," he said firmly. "If you won't let me bring the tea to you, will you come and have tea with me?"

Mrs. Sedgeley made excuses, but people who, taking advantage of her mistake, were getting unruly and self-willed.

And even before the vans arrived with the furniture it began to be evident to all the party that if Mr. Warren Ilford were to remain a bachelor for another six months, it would be very much against his will.

A LIFE-DREAM REALIZED

An appreciation of the unveiling and spiritual significance of the Hébert Statue of Evangeline at Grand Pré

BY J. D. LOGAN



WHICH of the statues, as art, by the late Philippe Hébert, who is the most celebrated of Canadian sculptors, will rank as his masterwork, is a question that must be left to the critics of the plastic arts. As to the historical, social, and poetic significance of the statue of Evangeline, which was originally designed by him and completed by his son, Mr. Henri Hébert, and which was unveiled at Grand Pré, on July 29th, 1920, by Viscountess Burnham, wife of Viscount Burnham, president of the Imperial Press Conference, before the delegates of the Conference, members of the Nova Scotia Government, and distinguished citizens of the Province, there is but a single opinion or estimate. The statue is the fruition of a dream which was always in the innermost heart of Philippe Hébert. He himself was permitted only to design the small clay model which the President of the Canadian Pacific Railway, through the kind offices of Mr. Murray Gibbon, generously presented to Acadia University, which is near Grand Pré, in recognition of the University's services "in promoting the study and appreciation of Canadian literature", and which is housed in the Library of Acadia. With this model as a basis the statue as it now stands was completed by the late sculptor's son.

The statue as such, however, is but the outer form of the meaning of the dead sculptor's dream. Its inner or

poetic meaning is summarized in the metaphor which Viscountess Burnham applied rather to the sun that shone down as a benediction on the occasion than to the work of art itself. The statue of Evangeline memorializes the truth that, in Viscountess Burnham's phrase, "God's healing hand" rests, at last, on two races which, under the rigours of ancient methods of warfare and, no doubt, unnatural intrigue and lust of empire, had wronged one another. It signalizes a tragedy in the history of the Acadian people; but it also signalizes the fact that the descendants of the Acadians and of the British in Canada have joined hands and, expressing contrition for the error of their progenitors, are reunited in brotherly love. In other words, the Hébert statue of Evangeline is a beautiful, enduring memorial of Atonement.

French occupation of Nova Scotia began in 1605 with the festivities of L'Ordre de Bon Temps; and ended with the Tragedy at Grand Pré, in 1755. That Tragedy ended in our day with the unveiling of the statue of Evangeline, which is the art work of the Héberts, father and son, descendants of the Acadians who were expelled from Grand Pré more than a century and a half ago. Surely this as an Atonement wrought by love and memorialized by art; for art is born of the faculty of imaginative idealizations, which itself is the faculty of love.

The Hébert statue of Evangeline was cast at Paris this year in bronze,

and, as it stands on its pedestal of gray granite, attains a height of twenty feet. On the base is engraved the pathetic legend: "*Pleurant le pays perdue*", a phrase which summarizes the poetic conception of the sculptor, Philippe Hébert. The figure shows a young Acadian peasant woman, by no means conceived, however, after the traditional manner of the illustrators of publicity posters and booklets, as being in her "sweet sixteenhood", but rather on the way to her thirties. The figure is that of a woman arrived at maturity and capable of deep emotional experiences. The limbs and torso are faced eastwardly towards the river (Gaspereau) where lay, in 1755, the British ships of deportation; but the head is turned southwesterly, to the fertile lands Evangeline is leaving forever, for one last, lingering, longing look at the lost homeland. The face of the figure is not winsome or lovely, but it is not homely; it is just a peasant face; and thereby the sculptor has sought to express not the emotions of an individual but of a people, a simple plain, human people. On the other hand, the sculptor has put his gifts in art for art's sake into the dramatic pose, graces of line in the facial contour of face and neck, and the fall of the garments. The texture values of garments are remarkable for reality and veracity. The modelling of the half-arms is notable for the beauty of the line and the suggestion of tactile values—the sense of pliant roundness and resistance to the touch. There is also a nice suggestion of movement just on the point of stopping without doing so—which is a kind of sculptural feat. The peculiar *spiritual* expressiveness of the statue is attained in a sort of paradox. For while the figure is that of a peasant woman pathetically looking on her homeland for the last time, the expression on the face and in the pose of torso and arms and hands is one of sorrow sublimated by heroic pride in self and scorn of trial. In short, the statue has spiritual *dignity* shining through com-

mon humanity. In these qualities the Hébert "Evangeline" is in plastic art what Bastien LePage's "Joan of Arc" is in pictorial art—a compelling envisagement of a noble soul in a peasant body. Around the sculptor's art as such the imagination is left free to weave what pathetic or sublimating romance of the spirit it may.

This beautiful statue stands in a park of sixteen acres, in which may be seen the site of the Norman church to which Evangeline went to Mass and vespers, the row of willows, now two centuries old, that lined the old village street, the site of the home of Evangeline, and Evangeline's well (rebuilt for tourists' eyes). These sixteen acres, in the original land of the Acadians, "the Eden of Nova Scotia", is being created into an Acadian Memorial Park by the management of the Dominion Atlantic Railway, a subsidiary of the Canadian Pacific Railway. So far the ground around the Evangeline statue and the environs embracing the sites of the church and home, the row of willows and the well have been laid out in beautiful landscape gardening. A Gotho-Norman Gateway, which is later to be incorporated in a Norman Gatehouse of stone, stands at what is to be the main entrance to the park. The Gateway, as well as the bronze statue, are the gift of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The Acadians were Normans; and the Dominion Atlantic Railway is conveying, through Le Société de l'Assomption, the site of the old parish church of St. Charles, on which to erect a chapel in Norman architecture as a memorial to the Acadian people. A Museum of Acadian antiquities, with a comprehensive library of the literature of the Land of Evangeline, is also contemplated as a feature of the park. Attached to the Museum will be an Inn, where literary tourists may consult, while they rest and sup, the literature in the library, food to be served by native Evangelines, and the books by Gabriels, both dressed in Norman garb. The aim, in the end,

is to make the Grand Pré Memorial Park, and its idyllic Acadian environs, the Literary Shrine or Mecca of Canada. For originating and realizing, so far forth, this idea of the Grand Pré Memorial Park and the Evangeline statue, four gentlemen are chiefly responsible: Mr. George E. Graham, General Manager of the D. A. R., Mr. R. U. Parker, General Passenger Agent of the D. A. R., Mr. Murray Gibbon, novelist, poet, and Publicity Agent of the C. P. R., and John F. Herbin, poet and historian, who is one of the few descendants of the Grand Pré Acadians and who resides at Wolfville, near Grand Pré.

Preceding the unveiling Dr. George Barton Cutten, profoundly impressed the spectators with an address which signalized, in a philosophic way, the historic, social, and poetic significance of the statue and the occasion. He said:

"We are apt to think of the emotions as fleeting and unstable, and of the intellectual qualities as steadfast and lasting. Nothing could be further from the truth. The intellectual elements of three thousand years ago are gone; the religious creeds, the dogmatic science, and the hard-fought debates are subjects for the antiquarians, but the emotional experiences and strivings of the twenty-third Psalm are as fresh and as true to-day in America as they were on the rocky hills of Judea one thousand years before the Christian era. History—the history which we remember—is a series of emotional experiences and appeals; panic and fear, sorrow and calamity, courage and heroism, joy and contentment.

"We are met here to-day to remind ourselves of another emotional experience. The intellectual element in the historical event is forgotten. We have ceased to argue about the justice and the cause of the expulsion of the Acadians, and we remember the sorrow in the hearts of the friends of the murdered English, and the pathos of the people wandering in a foreign land with their eyes turned toward their old home. The historian has recorded the fact, but the poet has put the emotion into words of touching appeal, and now the sculptor has breathed this same emotion into deathless bronze.

"Some may ask if the poem 'Evangeline' accords with historical fact. Of course it does not! But poetry is always truer than history, and sculpture than biography. Poetry touches the unseen and eternal, his-

tory the seen and the temporal. Sculpture is the snapshot of a heart beat, biography the distorted account of real facts. Of course Evangeline is true! And as we look at the statue to-day the appeal to the heart is real and lasting.

"Did Evangeline live? Evangeline did live and still lives. This statue represents the longings of a deported people for the old home, one last lingering look at the beloved scene before leaving it forever. Wherever, to-day, men and women long for lost homes, whenever they look longingly back upon the days of joy and happiness with the feeling of loss and sorrow, wherever the innocence of youth, the virtue of middle life, and the contentment of old age have been lost, or the joy of a richer life appeals to us as the might-have-been, Evangeline still lives and touches our hearts even more than the maid of Grand Pré.

"But now times have changed; we have met with this distinguished company to-day when the gentle hand of an English lady will unveil the statue of a French peasant girl. No longer are the French our enemies, but in the late conflict our drum beats and heart beats kept time. Strife and conflict we would forget and in these scenes of peace and plenty we hope that the time may soon come when equal peace and prosperity shall be found throughout the whole world."

To conclude: let me add that the late Philippe Hébert was an Acadian by descent. In 1605 an ancestor of his arrived at Port Royal, and this ancestor's descendants shared in the exile of 1755. But their name and influence still remains in Nova Scotia in the district known as Bear River, "Bear" being an English corruption of the sound of the final syllable of Hébert. Philippe Hébert, though a son of a Quebec farmer, loved the old homeland of the Acadians, and was obsessed with the dream of nobly memorializing his race by his art, by an example of it in bronze, which would visualize for all time the most tragic episode in the history of Canada, and at the same time symbolize the Atonement wrought by his Acadian gift and a British ceremony of acceptance. Let this Atonement of art be Philippe Hébert's crowning glory—even more enduring, as it is, than the material bronze which reflects his great genius and his equally great soul.

FROM MONTH TO MONTH

BY SIR JOHN WILLISON

I

Many Canadian newspapers insist that if Great Britain joins with other nations in defence of Poland against the Soviet Government of Russia, soldiers shall not be sent from Canada, except with the express sanction of the Canadian Parliament. In order to obtain such sanction a special session of Parliament would be necessary, but *The Globe* contends that, "the expense and disturbance of an emergency call to members is greatly to be preferred to any attempt by the Ministry to usurp functions which must be exercised solely by Parliament if popular government in the Dominions is not to become extinct." It is *The Globe's* view that "Canadians of all parties will stand firmly for the principle that in matters concerning Canadian participation in world politics, and particularly in the consideration of issues of peace and war, the final decision shall be arrived at by the representatives of the Canadian people on Canadian soil".

It is difficult to challenge this position, but is it in exact accord with the spirit and constitution of the League of Nations? Is there any difference between this position and that of the Republican majority in the United States Congress? Substantially, Republicans declare that they are willing to have the United States act with other nations even in extreme measures to maintain peace in Europe or elsewhere, but that Congress must determine in any crisis upon any question whether there are adequate causes for American intervention. This seems to be only equivalent to the demand that Canadian soldiers shall not be sent into the field except by direct sanction of the Canadian Parliament and in support of a cause of which Parliament has expressly approved.

II

The Imperial Press Conference and the pilgrimage of the delegates across Canada have excited deep and general interest. It may be that few direct practical results will follow, but the Dominion must profit by the greater knowledge of the country which will be obtained by so many of the foremost journalists of the Empire. One hears whispers that the delegation is not fully representative of the leaders in British journalism. It would be true enough to say that there are great journalists in England who were not able to attend the Conference, but there are few among the delegates who have not achieved distinction in some department of journalism or literature. No one can be with the delegates even for a few hours without realizing that the average of ability is very high, and that the opportunity to receive such a company is a privilege for which Canadians should be grateful.

From Australia and New Zealand the delegation is as representative as could be secured. This is just as true of South Africa and Newfoundland. Among the British delegates are Lord Burnham, Sir Robert Bruce and Mr.

Robert Donald. *The Times* (London) is represented by Sir Campbell Stuart, a young Canadian, who by sheer capacity and energy has become signally influential in *Times* counsels and whose attractive personality gave him great popularity with the delegates, and by Sir Arthur Willert, for ten years *The Times's* correspondent at Washington, but who now goes back to London to become its foreign editor. In a difficult position at Washington through a difficult period Sir Arthur has represented *The Times* with much ability and discretion, and unquestionably his wide and accurate knowledge of American conditions and problems constitute a valuable and peculiar qualification for the position of foreign editor. As chairman of the delegation Lord Burnham has been wise, considerate and resourceful. He has had to speak often, but he has never been commonplace, and often he has been singularly persuasive and eloquent. There has been much speaking, but the average has been of great excellence. It is universally admitted that the best speech at the Conference at Ottawa was that delivered by Mr. Dafoe of *The Manitoba Free Press*. Mr. John Nelson of Vancouver also spoke with great felicity. The speech by Mr. Rinfret of *Le Canada* at Lord Atholstan's banquet at Montreal was greatly admired for its beauty and eloquence. Admirable addresses have been delivered by Mr. Ward Jackson of South Africa, Sir Robert Bruce of Glasgow, Mr. Robert Donald and Dr. Ellis T. Powell. But to pay tribute to all who deserve "honourable mention" would almost exhaust the roll of delegates.

The Conference at Ottawa wisely confined itself to questions in which the press was primarily and directly concerned. There was no attempt to usurp all the functions of government or to make the Conference the general adviser of Cabinets. Whether the delegates represented Great Britain, the Dominions or the Dependencies, it was recognized that every portion of the Empire must control its own fiscal policy, determine its own attitude towards common defence, and settle its own status in the Empire. There was no jingo Imperialism nor any attempt to prescribe duties or obligations for Canada. The chief benefits of the Conference will be realized in a better acquaintance of journalists throughout the Empire, and a better understanding of Canada in all other portions of the Empire. Wherever the delegates have been they have been the objects of generous hospitality, and they have been appreciative of all that was done for their edification and comfort. As was inevitable the hospitality has been excessive, but they have smiled, however weary, and gone on with heroic fortitude, however worn and exhausted.

All agree that the organization for the pilgrimage has been perfect in every detail. For this the credit goes chiefly to Mr. C. F. Crandall of *The Montreal Star*, Honourary Secretary, Mr. William Wallace, Assistant Secretary, Mr. J. H. Woods of *The Calgary Herald*, Mr. W. J. Taylor of *The Sentinel Review*, (Woodstock) and Mr. John Nelson of *The Vancouver World*. Mr. Nelson, Mr. Woods, Mr. Taylor, Mr. Crandall, Mr. Wallace, and Mr. Dafoe met the delegates at Sydney and did a great deal to make their first days in Canada happy and interesting. But it must not be overlooked that behind all was the faithful labour and organizing genius of Lord Atholstan, Chairman of the Canadian committee, and that the journalists of Canada have had the very hearty co-operation of the Dominion and Provincial Governments and the municipal authorities of all the places which have been visited. This is written before the delegates have left Toronto, but it is certain that they will be as warmly received in the Western Provinces as they have been in older Canada, and that they will have a memorable farewell in Quebec where they will complete a journey in which Canada has been profoundly interested, and of which one hopes every delegate will have only pleasant and profitable memories.

III

Whether we admit it or not there has been an unreasoning prejudice among Canadians against goods "made in Canada". For years many of the boots and shoes which it has been believed came from the United States were actually made in Canadian factories. Owing to the prejudice against the Canadian product American names have been applied to many of the lines made in this country. There have been the Yale shoe, the Boston shoe, the Bostonian shoe, the New York shoe, the Manhattan shoe, the Broadway shoe, the American shoe, the Fifth Avenue shoe and many other names which suggest American manufacture. In a retail shop a few days ago a woman bought a pair of fine shoes and expressed her deep regret that she must buy American goods because of the failure of Canadian manufacturers to produce such a sample as she had chosen. She was incredulous when told that the shoe which gave her such complete satisfaction was "made in Canada".

In many such shoes the retailers had their own stamps and the name of the manufacturer did not appear. It is stated that for many years at least twenty per cent. of the finer lines of boots and shoes made in this country have been sold as American goods. The manager of one of the best Canadian factories, producing women's shoes, is authority for the statement that two-thirds of his output has been sold as American. An Ontario manufacturer, making both men's and women's shoes, adopted for women's shoes a name which clearly indicated that they were made in Canada. In his own words "the name killed the line". But he was able to develop a splendid sale for the same shoe branded with a name which suggested American origin. Only two accounts are now taking the shoe with the original brand; all others require that the fact of Canadian manufacture shall not be disclosed. It was difficult for manufacturers to exist if they rejected the retailers' demand. Those who would not agree to have their product marked with names which could only mislead the public lost business and money.

A thorough survey of the boot and shoe industry in Canada shows that in 1918 representative firms had an average profit on turnover of only 5.1-3 per cent. and on capital investment of 7.1-2 per cent. In 1915 the average profit on turnover was 2.65 per cent. and on capital 2.91 per cent. In the furniture industry in 1917 the net profit was 2.6 per cent. and on capital 3.1 per cent. Fortunately there is support for the statement of the Board of Commerce that "business is in the main sound and honest," and that "despite high prices undoubtedly prevailing profiteering so-called, that is the taking of unjust profits, is not, in the Board's opinion, as common as may have been charged or claimed." No doubt there is profiteering, combination to maintain or increase prices, and in cases, deliberate plundering of the public. But such evils are not common and they do not exist peculiarly among manufacturers.

Sometimes, perhaps, we do not distinguish between "profiteering" and efficiency, and genius for business organization. It would be unfortunate if success in manufacture or in any other pursuit or calling should come to be regarded as a criminal offence. In the manufacture of munitions the courage and resource of Canadian manufacturers and the efficiency of Canadian labour were established, and it is true that in peace the great body of Canadian manufacturers are showing equal courage, equal resource, and a resolute determination to hold the Canadian market by the quality and prices of their products.

In 1918 Canada exported products other than manufactures to the value of \$900,000,000. It has been estimated that if the manufacturing processes of even one-third of these had been completed in Canada 125,000 more workers

would have been employed, an additional \$125,000,000 would have been paid in wages and salaries, and the value of the products would have been increased by \$275,000,000. During 1918 foreign products to the value of \$906,000,000 were brought into Canada. According to the same estimate if one-half of these goods had been produced in Canada, or if we had substituted goods made at home for one-half of the imported products, 100,000 more workers would have been employed and \$100,000,000 more paid in wages and salaries. With a deficit on the national railways of \$47,000,000, with an annual expenditure of \$400,000,000 or \$500,000,000, and with a debt of \$2,000,000,000 it should not be necessary to emphasize the need of a national policy which will increase land settlement and agricultural production, maintain and expand industries, develop natural resources and carry manufacture of raw materials to the last processes in Canada.

IV

All proposals affecting the Imperial relation under discussion in Canada are opposed by the French newspapers of Quebec. As yet only *L'Evenement* among the French journals has accorded any support to Lord Jellicoe's naval proposals and its language is guarded. It admits that in 1910 "like the majority of our compatriots we were hostile to a programme of naval construction," but confesses that "tragic events since then have taught us a great deal and we realize how easy it is to upset the equilibrium of the world and how difficult it is to re-establish peace and order." In the light of these experiences it thinks that "before coming to any settled opinion" we should consider the problem of naval defence first from the standpoint of Canada and then "from the point of view of our relations with the Mother Country and the other parts of the British Empire."

Le Soleil, the Liberal organ of the Quebec district, insists that all of Lord Jellicoe's projects should be thrown into the wastepaper basket and that "only those whom jingoism blinds" could imagine that Canada has millions to spend on a navy. It traces the whole movement to "the detestable designs of conquest which are nurtured by the Imperialistic clique." *La Presse* argues that the finances of the country will not permit us to assume obligations for a navy and that "the duty of the Administration if it really intends to adopt any attitude at all in relation to Lord Jellicoe's report is to first consult the Canadian population in a general election." *La Patrie* thinks we should develop a mercantile marine and that the Government has no mandate to decide what shall be the naval policy of Canada. *Le Devoir*, organ of Mr. Bourassa, warns the country against accepting even the principle of an Imperial navy. *Le Canada*, whose editor has just been elected to the House of Commons, argues that neither Canada nor the Empire is menaced and that the time is ill-chosen to raise the naval question.

The French newspapers are as resolutely opposed to the proposal which has the support of Mr. Doherty, Minister of Justice, and Mr. Mackenzie King, leader of the Liberal party, to vest power in the Canadian Parliament to amend the constitution of Canada without reference to the Imperial Parliament upon concurrence of all the Provinces in the amendments suggested. They insist that Quebec has special rights and privileges affecting laws, language and religion, guaranteed by the British North America Act, and that these may not be restricted or sacrificed. *The Montreal Gazette*, however, expresses the opinion that Quebec's hostility to the proposal will disappear when it is better understood and sees no reason why the rights and privileges of the French Province should not be secure under purely Canadian constitutional guarantees. *The Gazette* and other English newspapers point out that no request

from Canada for a constitutional amendment has been or is likely to be refused and that it is unjust and ungenerous to suggest that the Imperial Parliament has any desire to exercise authority over the Parliament of Canada or to interfere with the right of Canadians to determine the provisions of their constitution. As *The Mail and Empire* (Toronto) puts it, the requirement of Imperial sanction for changes in the Canadian constitution was not "an abridgment of our national rights," but was a necessary condition to the pact of Confederation.

The Manitoba Free Press, while admitting that the privileges of minorities and the special rights of provinces guaranteed by the Constitution must be protected, does not agree that no modification of the Constitution shall be made without the approval of all the provinces. It thinks that any change supported in a referendum by two-thirds of the people in two-thirds of the provinces, not impairing special rights and privileges, should go into effect. "The suggestion," says *The Free Press*, "put out at Ottawa that any Provincial Legislature should be given power to veto any proposal to amend the Constitution would place the whole Dominion at the mercy of the most backward section." It suggests a constituent assembly to recast the Constitution and declares that "a vast majority of Canadians are resolute in their determination that Canada shall be henceforth a nation in name and in fact; and they are not going to be deflected from their purpose by the fears, whims or prejudices of timid and reactionary elements in the population."

Quebec also regards with distrust and disfavour the proposal to abolish appeals to the Imperial Privy Council. Such a proposal has been before the Legislature of Ontario and possibly will be adopted at some future session. Quebec sets a high value on the right of appeal to "the foot of the Throne", and clearly is not too willing to have questions touching its special rights and privileges in Confederation finally determined by the Supreme Court of Canada, in which a majority of the judges are taken from the English provinces. The truth is that Quebec does not want to have the original compact of Confederation disturbed, and while opposed to Imperial projects and all the proposals of Empire federationists, holds resolutely to the Throne and to the connection with Great Britain. It may be added that whatever action may be taken by the Legislature of Ontario or of any other Province to restrict appeals to the Privy Council it is doubtful if such legislation can be effective without ratification at Ottawa. There is the further contention, perhaps of doubtful validity, that the right of appeal to the King is something of which no British subject can be deprived.

V

Newspapers favourable to public ownership contend that the Government should write down the capitalization of the National Railway System and adjust freight charges to the difference between the actual value of the roads and their total capitalization. This is a method of avoiding deficits and of misleading the people which, as a general principle in business, would produce astounding results. One effect would be to handicap private railways which have to compete with the National System and a second effect would be to impose interest charges upon the general taxpayers which should be met by higher rates for freight and passengers.

The advocates of public ownership have led the country to believe that lower freight charges and more efficient management would follow assumption of the railways by the Government. It never was suggested that capitalization would have to be reduced in order to prevent increased charges for transportation. By the method suggested losses could have been avoided under private

management. Is there so much difference between additional subsidies to private railways and reducing capitalization of public railways? Somehow or other the country must meet every obligation which has been assumed and the situation is not improved by financial jugglery.

It did not seem to enter the mind of the Government at Washington to abolish the huge deficits under public operation by reducing capitalization. By adequate reduction deficits at any moment could have been turned into surpluses and the complete success of public ownership established. But it is curious that this easy method of equalizing income and expenditure never was suggested even in Canada until a great railway system actually was acquired by the Government. There may be stretches of railway in Canada that are over-capitalized. There may have been waste or even jobbery in construction. If so it is certain that the stretches of road constructed by Government were as costly as any section built under private management. The fact of over-capitalization, therefore, is not an argument in favour of Government railways or of public control over transportation.

Moreover it is certain that great sections of private railway taken over by the Government could not now be built for what they cost eight or ten years ago. Indeed if we have any such influx of immigrants as seems to be inevitable the fact that we have a great railway system built with cheap money will be a valuable national asset. At current rates for money it is doubtful if any Canadian railway can be said to be over-capitalized, and surely there are vital objections to any action by the Government, particularly since portions of the Canadian railway system lie in the United States, which would radically alter the conditions of competition between private and public railway systems and require Railway Commissions to adjust rates with all the natural relations between competing roads complicated by Governmental undervaluation of those under public control.

VI

The Veterans of the Great War constitute a new and very formidable element in the life of Canada. If there was any apprehension that they would be a social or political danger, that has been dispelled. It is perhaps offensive even to suggest that any such apprehension could have been entertained. There are restless spirits among the soldiers but those who are agitators now were of like temper before they went oversea. In many cases, indeed, they are soberer in judgment and less aggressive in opinion and action.

In Canada as elsewhere there are symptoms of revolt against the old order, incipient Sovietism, and inflammatory writing and speaking. But few of the leaders of these extreme movements were in the army. For the most part in the older Provinces they belong to revolutionary groups of foreign origin, who enjoyed personal security and high wages, while the soldiers were fighting to maintain the free institutions which they assail. In the West there are busy recruits from Hyde Park and from the nurseries of Australian Socialism. Chiefly the fomentors of unrest are pacifists, Socialists, and Syndicalists, those among the workers who opposed conscription, and those affected by the teaching of social destructionists, and possibly in cases the secret agents of international revolutionary movements. From such enterprises the soldiers generally hold aloof, as they do apparently from all recognized groups and factions.

Indeed the great body of the soldiers are singularly quiet and reticent. They seem to have begun life over again, not with distaste for old associations, but with a detachment and a reserve that it is difficult to penetrate. For the most part they have been re-established in civil life and seem only anxious to forget their experiences oversea and to escape praise and adulation. None

so unresponsive as they when public speakers glorify their achievements. Never when they speak individually do they suggest any claim upon public favour or gratitude. They will rally to a comrade who stands for public office and they are quick to resent unfavourable criticism or any symptom of indifference towards their demands. But they will not trade in their losses and sacrifices although they expect sympathetic consideration and all reasonable opportunity to establish themselves in decent comfort and independence.

The soldiers have not come back to Canada as professional patriots. In their utterances there is no glorification of war and seldom of Empire. One does easily discover their hatred of "profiteering" and their contempt for the futilities of partisan wrangling. Even those who were social leaders before they enlisted have left any class feeling they may have had in the trenches. It is not certain that the veterans will be more active in the churches. They either loved their chaplains or regarded their personalities and ministrations with tolerant amiability. They found their own religion in the trenches, and it was expressed in a furtive fidelity to the Sermon on the Mount, a robust courage for the call of life or death and a conception of human relations not unlike that which prevailed in the old mining camps of the Sierras and the Cariboo. But whether the veterans are more or less religious it is certain that they are more intolerant of narrow sectarianism and have had probably a final release from the denominationalism which has divided and enfeebled the churches in other generations.

One feels that they have no acute interest in the issues which divided the people while they were away. They are thinking of the present and of the future, of the problems of re-establishment, of the immediate prospects of themselves and their families. Many of them, with all consideration that the State can extend, are in a less fortunate situation than when they left Canada, and it is not surprising that they should be greatly concerned to recover what they have lost or at least to escape uncertainties and anxieties for the future. They cannot fail to realize the tremendous political power which they possess. At most Canada has 9,000,000 of population. In all the Provinces woman suffrage has been established. There were nearly 600,000 men in uniform and 400,000 of these were in England or in active service in France or elsewhere. Under the system of equal suffrage between 1,500,000 and 2,000,000 voters are veterans or the relatives of veterans and directly interested in pensions, gratuities and other provisions for the army. Thus nothing which the soldiers demand may be lightly ignored and nothing within reason may be withheld that can be granted without danger to the public credit and excessive strain upon the country's resources.

Fortunately the bulk of the veterans are under responsible leadership and apparently persuaded that the disposition of the Government and Parliament is to give more rather than less than the finances will permit. There is a prospect that the soldiers will unite in a single national organization and while this will give even greater power of political pressure it is manifest that they hope to prevail by reason rather than by coercion or intimidation. There is no doubt that for a generation the soldiers will be very influential in government in Canada. They will have many representatives in the Senate and the House of Commons. They will have preference in the judiciary. They will constitute a great portion of the Civil Service. One wonders if they will restrict or extend sumptuary legislation and what will be their ultimate contribution to the faith and fact of Empire. It seems hard to doubt that those who lie over in France and Flanders will walk in spirit by their sides and that the living will cherish and protect the institutions for which their comrades gave "the last full measure of devotion".

THROWN IN

BY NEWTON MacTAVISH

THE RED SCHOOLHOUSE

THE sideroad and concession crossed where the schoolyard lay — a parcel of land, perhaps two acres in extent, fenced off from the outside corner of a corner farmstead. Denuded of everything that nature had bestowed, the plot itself presented in its various aspects nothing but a bare and forbidding prospect. But it was not intended that nature should be outraged. Having cut down the beeches and the elms, natural monuments which had raised before the settler their sureties of a fertile soil, the trustees, those misguided miscreants whom we have tolerated throughout Canada for fifty years—the trustees took thought again and planted saplings here and there along the four sides. As an unconscious protest we used to climb trees in the nearby fields, pick gum in the neighbouring swamp, or play hide-and-seek amongst the slabs and columns of the adjoining graveyard.

*Bare and
forbidding*

The graveyard was put there no doubt because it was there that we all should end soon or late. It was a Baptist graveyard, and as the school was composed of Protestants and Catholics there was but little respect for denominational distinctions or any visible reverence for consecrated clay. Clay it was that covered the schoolyard and clay covered the newly-made graves. Burials did not take place often, but it was not a remarkable co-incidence for the teacher to be conjugating the verb "to be" while the minister was repeating the familiar, "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes". We had the beginning. We had the ultima thule.

Ultimate indeed was this incongruity. And as to the schoolhouse itself, one might suppose that it was called red because commonly it was misjudged as being well-read.* Certainly if it ever had flaunted the first primary colour its pristine

*A Pun and
a Reason*

*This pun is suffered to stand in the hope that it might induce the Editor to print a defence of the pun which it is my purpose to write just as soon as I fail to think of a better subject.

*Cold drab
of the
Weather-
beaten*

brilliance had changed long ago to the cold drab of the weather-beaten. Beaten assuredly it was, not only by weather but also by time and the depredations of healthy children. Its style was not Grecian, nor Georgian, nor even Colonial. It was plain clapboard, standing sheer to the elements, on the inner side of the yard, so that the outer wall at the back could serve as part of the fence. To either end a small porch, without door, was attached. A pump, long in disuse, leaned hard by, and in each of the farther corners there was a small outhouse. And while the school was ludicrous on the outside, as one reviews it now, it was equally ludicrous within.

There were two distinctive rooms, the Little Room and the Big Room. It was our privilege to enter the Little Room first. There we beheld a space about twenty feet square and ten feet high. At the farther end a blackboard extended from one side to the other, and underneath it, eight inches above the floor, there was a platform. At one end of this platform stood the teacher's desk, a high slanting device with four spindling legs that were held together four inches from the floor by four wooden bars pegged at the four corners. These bars, or at least the outside one, which was flush with the edge of the platform, served another important purpose by supporting when the school was over-crowded four boyish legs whose feet dangled in front and whose nether supports reposed on the hard floor beneath. This hard floor supported also a third small boy, but he had to sit in behind, wholly underneath the desk, with his fet thrust out like a performing bear or tucked below like a Scandinavian tailor. For him there was no dangling. He even could not kneel without bumping his head or imagining himself a prince held tight in a dungeon.

To be that boy it was my privilege in those far-off, tender years. Years, I write, but was it not an epoch?

With me under the desk, but with legs dangling over the bar in front, sat two others, a boy long dead, named Jim, and his cousin, long lost, named Dick. Of the three Jim was the oldest, and he immediately declared a dictatorship as to the preferred positions in front. Already he had disrupted our morale, especially mine, by wearing long pants, of striped cottonade, with deep side pockets. Into these pockets he loved to thrust whole pieces of chalk obtained stealthily by me from the desk's encumbered maw, just above my head. As a reward for my enterprise, Jim would perform the single shuffle, making for me a place in front beside himself, much to Dick's combined discomfort and disgust. For it was Jim's contention

*First place in
Jim's
Affections*

that Dick, being a cousin, had first place in his affections—next to chalk—and that if I should produce the chalk he would, with justice, degrade Dick.

But Dick, like many another boy thrown thus upon his mettle, had predatory instincts of his own, and therefore it never was long before he could reclaim the seat by delivering what always looked like the longest and fattest piece of chalk I had ever seen. Then I would have to crawl back into the shadows, beaten and bested, full of shame and the study of revenge.

Revenge never has promised so much sweetness. And at length, urged by the ghosts of my forefathers and in order to render my revenge supreme, I attempted to get a whole handful of chalk all at one haul. The teacher's back was towards me when I crept forth, but when I stretched with toes atip to make the great grab, one end of a pointer came down upon my head, causing me to withdraw quickly, sink ignominiously to my knees, and creep with inglorious countenance into my retreat. Dick sat triumphant, while I, led by the ear in deep disgrace, was placed between two ruffians on one of the side benches.

The side benches were indeed a device of the devil. It is bad enough when children are placed for hours at a time, two at a desk, or even one at a desk, in straight rows, this way and that way; but when it comes to plain pine benches put in the aisle between desks and wall, it is too much for human endurance.

It was on one of these side benches that I made my first adventure in the furtive pastime of fishing for rats. I use the word "fishing" not because we used it then, but because we fished much, through knot-holes in the floor, but caught little. Not a highly intellectual pastime, one might confess, and yet it had points of fascination. A bent pin tied to a string served as tackle, and for bait anything would do from a shred of slate rag to a morsel of cheese. Cheese, in the circumstances, was the *pièce de resistance*, and the rats rose to it like sand flies at twilight. A simile out of proportion. Nevertheless I have seen rats swarming in the space between the school floor and the soft earth beneath, and once, when the teacher moved the wood-box, a mother rat ran across the boards, to the commingled delight and fear of the children; and after she had been hurled, all crumpled, into outer space, the nest was dragged forth, and ten hairless young ones were sent squeaking and sprawling upon the floor like miniature piglets.

*The Justice
of degradation*

*Sprawling
like
Miniature
Piglets*

*Numerous
fishing-holes*

The floor contained numerous fishing-holes, but we failed to realize that none of them was big enough for a rat to pass through. Thus with joyous patience, yet surreptitiously, we fished at every opportunity, and oftentimes we jerked a rat up against a hole and caught a glimpse of his hairy nose before it dropped back again into the gloom. But once—oh, only once!—Dick, making his first overture towards a peace, passed to me, from his seat under the desk, a long line with a fish-hook tied tight at one end. The line ran under the bench, lengthwise, and therefore most of it could not be seen. I fixed a piece of fried egg on the hook and dropped it into the widest hole. Like a trout in fly time, a big rat gulped it. I gave a yank, and immediately there was the most agonized squealing and scratching I ever had heard. In terror I let the string go, but Dick, who held the other end, drew it taut, revealing the rat's mouth and whiskers and increasing in violence the squealing and scratching. Then followed an immense hubbub. The children shouted and danced, and the teacher, not knowing what was happening, put fingers in his ears and called vainly for order. But confusion continued, and as the line still lay, almost imperceptibly, under the bench, nobody could point to the cause. Dick by this time had a foot on the farther end of the line, just where it emerged from the bench, and was looking on with keen delight but with no show of guilt.

To discover the cause was the teacher's duty, but round the rat the pressure was so great that he could not immediately elbow a way through. Meantime the squealing and scratching continued until just as the teacher squeezed in upon the scene someone jostled Dick off his balance—and the rat dropped out of sight. The line swished after it, and sometimes, even to this day, whenever I have used fishing tackle I have thought of Dick's adventure and of his piece of twisted linen, a precious possession, that went with distressing suddenness into the unsavoury burrows of ratdom, to be followed in the same breath by an occurrence without precedent—a stampede from the Big Room through the partition doorway into the Little Room.

The Big Room was composed of the big boys and girls and the Big Teacher. Into it we gazed betimes with awe and expectation, for in the natural course of events we should undergo some day the exquisite ordeal of passing into it, acknowledged as fit subjects for the higher education. But the higher education was not regarded generally as being of much account in the everyday life of our people. For without it you were a carpenter as good as if you could parse a sentence or

*The Higher
Education*

define a noun. Without it you could plow as straight as if you could describe a circle or solve a problem given by Euclid. Without it you could set a tire or lay a brick with as nice precision as if you knew the date of the Norman Conquest. Without it you could patch a shoe or fell a tree with as much assurance as if you knew by heart "The Vision of Mirza". And without it you could knit a sock, render lard, or bake a pie with skill as fine as if you knew longitude from latitude or could name the great water routes of the world.

*The real old
Water route*

But the water route that we all knew best was the one that lay between the school-house and the nearest farmyard, for the chronic indisposition of the pump and well in the playground made it necessary for us to transport water from another source. A patent pail was the method, and four willing arms were the means. But try as we might the water, when at length it was placed on the bench, never was in what a drover would call prime condition. If we walked leisurely in summer time it would be warm. If we ran it would spill. And whether we walked or ran dust surely covered it. But in winter time, when we turned from allaying thirst to keeping out the cold, conditions were a little more favourable. Even at that, I recall a ludicrous incident to a late autumn afternoon. Snow had been falling unexpectedly in thick, heavy flakes. Already the ground was covered, but Dick and I, undaunted, volunteered to fetch water. The sharp change of weather had caught us without mittens, and by the time we were returning our fingers began to feel numb. Then we started to run, and the water ran with us, at least, some of it ran with us, but most of it ran out. Dick held that we could make up the loss by putting in snow, which would melt and nobody need know any difference. But the snow failed to melt. Instead it mixed with the water and took the form of slush. This mongrel concoction, in blissful ignorance of its devilishness, we introduced to the school. As a libation it was a dismal failure, but as a weapon for mischief it put the old reliable, the pea gun, into the fire. Immediately we entered the room a dozen hands went up for the privilege of passing the pail. Up and down the aisles the pail was passed, and the children, instead of drinking, grabbed handfuls and with the feverish rapidity of many machinations of the devil they began to pelt one another with melting snow. Within two minutes the place was so bespattered that the teacher, who was marked by philosophy, being of cheerful texture, ordered us all out to finish the bout in the open. First, however, he had one request to make. Long had he suffered under the galling

*Up and down
the Aisles*

*The Pea gun
and the
Snowball*

fire of the pea gun, and while he had the disposition to recognize it as an institution, he now saw a chance to supplant it with the snowball. He made his request in these words: "All ye who have pea guns draw nigh and cast forth."

We leaped to obey, and soon we saw an armful of pithless elder stalks consigned to the flames. The groans that followed from the boys were equaled only by the roar of the old box stove.

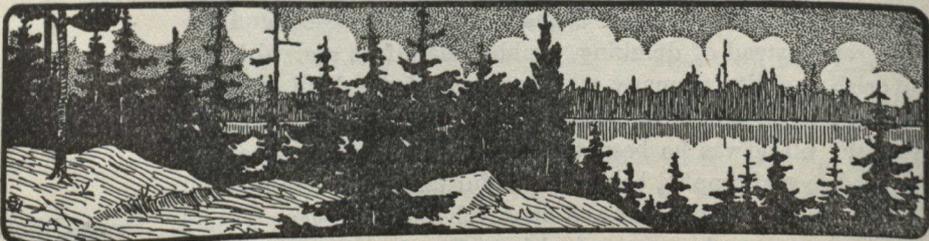
To the stove, perhaps after all, we should not commit thus summarily the enlivening pea gun, for although it might be regarded as a nuisance, this toy had its proper season, when the elder stalk was at its best, just as had also the leek, with its insufferable odour, the elm root, with its fine Havana flavour, and the spring run of suckers. The pea gun was known also in my grandfather's day, and one teacher, as I recall the account, arrogated to himself the right to use it as a whipping-rod. He always selected the biggest stalk in the school, and once when he thrashed a boy across the back the boy affirmed that the stick sounded hollow. The teacher replied with a few strokes of second-growth hickory and asked with unfeigned glee whether that sounded hollow. Years afterwards, when the rising of 1837 took place, this teacher and his former pupil came together again as rebels in the same company. They had marched for two days without food, and the older man, weakening, began to lag behind. Presently the rest of the company fell upon a cranberry bog, and after eating until satisfied, they took up the march again much refreshed. But one of them remembered his former teacher, and filling his cap with berries he went back to where the man sat exhausted.

"Here," he said, "eat some of these."

He ate a few of the berries, and the younger man, patting him on the back, said, "There, that doesn't sound quite so hollow."

It is now four by the clock, the hour when all well-regulated public schools, even the old red one, must close.

*Four—the
Hour for
Closing*





"Spreads like Butter"

FINISH up the meal in the right way by serving crackers and

Ingersoll
Cream Cheese

Its creamy goodness makes it a table-treat to be desired by all.

Done up daintily in 15c packages.



The Clean
Paraffin
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By Appointment

The Sauce of the Epicure and the Gentleman

THERE is refinement and prestige in serving Lea & Perrins' Sauce, entirely lacking when this first and original "Worcestershire" is replaced by second-grade sauces and spurious imitations. No dinner is complete without LEA & PERRINS'—**THE BEST.**

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Out of His Years

—the father says: “My son, you are as old at forty as I am at seventy.

“Stop those habits that make sleepless nights and bad mornings. Watch your nerves; they are the main springs of your success.

“Be careful of food and drink and among other things, think of Instant Postum instead of coffee.”

“There’s a Reason”



Sitting or Standing

"Goddess" corsets with their scientific cut and special French boning give absolute comfort.

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Style
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A thousand separate joys

Each serving dish of Puffed Grains contains a thousand separate joys.

Each grain is a bubble, thin and flimsy, puffed to eight times normal size.

A hundred million steam explosions have occurred in each, blasting every food cell.

The airy globules are crisp and toasted. They taste like nut-meats puffed. The morsels seem like fairy foods, almost too good to eat.

Yet these are the utmost in scientific foods. They are whole grains, with every food cell fitted to digest. They are the foods that children like best, and the best foods they can get.

Serve with cream and sugar. Mix with your berries. Float in every bowl of milk. Crisp and douse with melted butter for hungry children in the afternoon.

They are nothing but grain foods. The nutty flavor comes from toasting. The flimsy texture comes from steam explosions. The delights are all due to scientific methods.

Serve morning, noon and night in summer, between meals and at bedtime. The more children eat the better. What other food compares with whole grains puffed?

**Puffed
Wheat**

Whole grains, steam-exploded
Puffed to 8 times normal size

**Puffed
Rice**

In every bowl of milk

For luncheons or for suppers serve Puffed Wheat in milk. The toasted grains are crisper than crackers—four times as porous as bread. No other cereal makes the milk dish so delightful.

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Sole Makers

Peterborough, Canada

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THOSE flashes of color on the Promenade or the Bathing Beach are an attraction, aren't they? No summer wardrobe is complete without a distinctive Sweater Coat.

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Most teeth are dimmed more or less by a film. Smokers' teeth often become darkly coated.

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Millions now combat that film in a new, scientific way. This is to offer a test to you to show the unique results.

You must end film

The film is viscous — you can feel it with your tongue.

It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays

Ordinary brushing methods leave much of this film intact. So millions find that well-brushed teeth discolor and decay. You must attack film in a better way, else you will suffer from it.

It is the film-coat that discolors, not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Efficient ways

Dental science, after painstaking research, has developed effective ways to fight film. The world's highest authorities now approve them, after careful tests.

These ways are combined in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And leading dentists everywhere now advise its daily use. A ten-day tube is being sent to everyone who asks.

Watch these new effects

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Pepsodent has brought a new era in teeth cleaning. It fights the tooth destroyers as was never done before.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the slimy film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears.

You will always brush teeth in this new way when you watch the results for a week. Cut out the coupon now.

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Mrs. Winslow's Syrup and watch the smiles that follow. That has been the happy experience of many mothers, after being sorely tried over baby's fretfulness, sleepless nights and other disorders due to stomach and bowel troubles.



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The Infant's and Childrens' Regulator

is purely a vegetable preparation that causes stomach to digest food and bowels to move as they should, thereby overcoming constipation, diarrhoea, flatulency, wind colic and similar troubles. During teething time it is especially good.

Contains no opiates, narcotics, alcohol or other harmful drugs. Absolutely harmless. Formula on every label. Agreeable and useful as a household remedy.

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ENO contains, in a convenient form, the natural elements ordained by nature to counteract the poisons which daily attack and disorganise the system. Take, each morning while dressing, just a dash of ENO in a glass of water. It will cool and cleanse the blood, correct irregularities, and energise your whole being.

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Fresh from the fields comes nature's most delightful
One-Cent Dish

Remember this whenever you think of food cost.

Quaker Oats form the supreme food. Pound for pound they supply twice the calories of round steak, and nearly three

times eggs.

They are almost the ideal food in balance and completeness. Oat eaters are well-fed. Yet the cost is but one cent per dish.

Cuts breakfast cost 85%

A Quaker Oats breakfast costs about one-ninth what meat, eggs or fish would cost. As a food it far excels them all.

The average family saves about 35c in serving oats in place of meat foods. And that helps pay for costlier foods at dinner.

Measure foods by calories of nutriment. Note the difference in cost, as per table, based on prices at this writing.

Calories and Cost

Quaker Oats

Calories per pound - - 1810
Cost per 1,000 cal. - - 6½c

Average Meats

Calories per pound - - 900
Cost per 1,000 cal. - - 45c

Average Fish

Calories per pound - - 400
Cost per 1,000 cal. - - 50c

Hen's Eggs

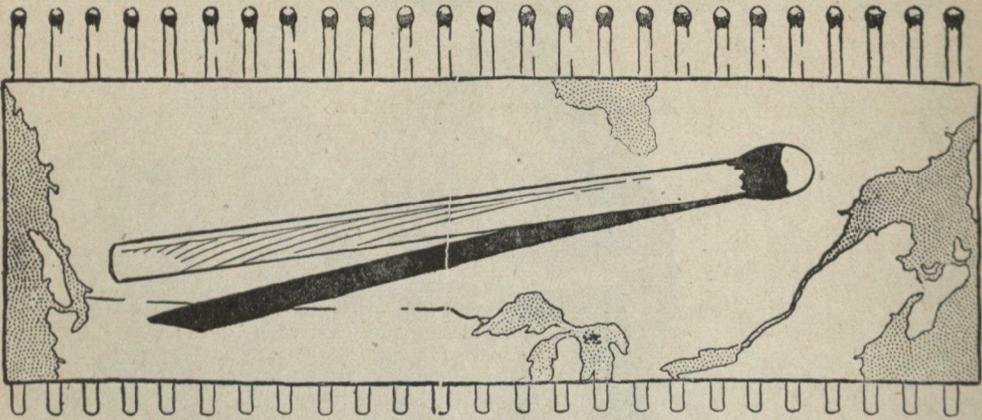
Calories per pound - - 635
Cost per 1,000 cal. - - 60c

Quaker Oats

From Queen Grains Only

Use Quaker Oats for their exquisite flavor. They are flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel. This matchless flavor costs no extra price.

Packed in Sealed Round Packages with Removable Cover



Three Thousand Miles of Matches Per Day

Every working day of the year, the huge factory of Eddy's turns out over 70,000,000 matches. If placed end to end, these matches would reach right across Canada.

This gives you a rough idea of the tremendous popularity of Eddy's matches.

It shows that Eddy's know how to make matches—it shows the public appreciation of Eddy matches—which in turn shows that Eddy's are reliable matches.

We make between 30 and 40 different brands—a kind for every purpose—and

each is the best of its kind our 68 years' experience can devise.

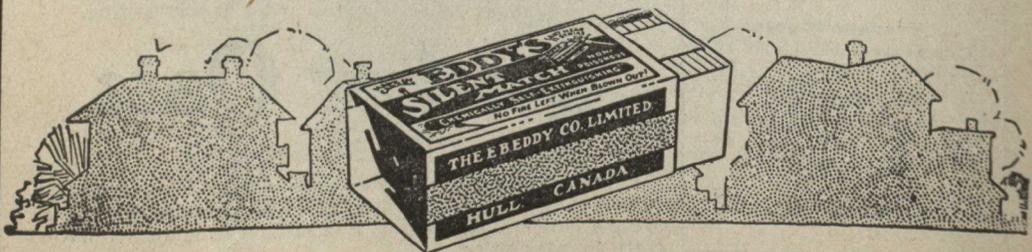
When you buy matches, look for the name Eddy on the box—it is your assurance of good value and match satisfaction.

The most perfect match in the world is Eddy's "Silent Five"—Ask for it.

THE E. B. EDDY CO., Limited, HULL, CANADA

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EDDY'S MATCHES



Mrs. Knox's Page

An "Inch High" Icing

HAVE you ever wondered how to make a fluffy "inch-high" icing soft inside—but glossy and smooth on top?

It was my discovery one day while icing a cake, that the addition of Knox Sparkling Gelatine made a higher, softer, better frosting, one that looked as though six egg whites had been used in it instead of just two! And so I have been using it in my "fluffy inch-high" icings—as my friends call them ever since.

Try the following recipe yourself. It is sure to please you, for it is economical and the egg yolks left from the icing can be used in making the cake. Served alone or with coffee whip—made from the coffee left over from breakfast—it makes a delightful ending to a simple home luncheon or dinner.

FLUFFY ICING

1 teaspoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine ½ teaspoonful vanilla ¼ cup hot water
3 tablespoonfuls cold water 1 cup sugar 2 egg whites

Soak gelatine in cold water and dissolve by melting over hot water. Add sugar to the ¼ cupful of hot water and cook directly over the fire until syrup will spin a thread. Turn out heat, or remove pan from fire, and add liquid gelatine immediately, pouring it through strainer into the syrup. Have egg whites beaten until stiff on a platter, and very slowly add syrup, beating constantly between additions. When all the syrup has been added, add vanilla, (or a combination of vanilla and 1 teaspoonful of orange extract if desired), pour icing in top of double boiler and cook over hot water, beating constantly with a slotted or other wooden spoon. When icing becomes so thick spoon can be drawn through it without icing running together again, spread quickly on cake, evening top with a broad-bladed knife. If the icing should lose its shine, continue icing cake as usual but leave a little of the icing in the double boiler; to this add two or three tablespoonfuls hot water and cook until thickened, but not as thick as first icing. Pour this on top of dull icing and a glossy finish will be the result.

If desired, half of this recipe may be used as a cake filling previous to cooking in the double boiler, and the other half used as an icing. This quantity will make an inch-high icing for the top of a medium-sized cake. For a layer cake, double the quantities given here.

COFFEE WHIP

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine 3 cups clear strong coffee
½ cup cold water ¼ cup sugar Juice of one lemon

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes and dissolve in hot coffee; add lemon juice and sugar, stir until dissolved. Cool and strain. When partially thickened, beat with fork or egg whip until light and fluffy and turn into a mold, first dipped in cold water. Serve with milk or cream.

One box of Knox Sparkling Gelatine makes twenty-four individual servings or serves a family of six with four different desserts or salads for four different meals. Not only fluffy icings, but delicate marsh-mallow frostings and cake fillings, too, can be made with Knox Sparkling Gelatine together with salads, relishes, meat and fish molds, and an endless number of delicious desserts.



Send for my recipe books "Dainty Desserts" and "Food Economy" in which you will find many more economical recipes and "special occasion" dishes. I will send them to you upon request if you enclose a 2c stamp for postage and mention your grocer's name.

*"Wherever a recipe calls for Gelatine—
it means KNOX"*

MRS. CHARLES B. KNOX
KNOX GELATINE

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Black - Blue - Grey

ALL WOOL

THEY NEVER FADE



MAKERS NAME EVERY THREE YARDS

Your Tailor has Them

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The Shaving Service for Every Man—Everywhere

Prosperity!

YOU would say that the man pictured here was well-to-do. His smart appearance gives an air of prosperity that is a distinct asset in his business and social life.

Now imagine him with a couple of days' growth of beard! Who now would guess his prosperity? He no longer holds his head so erect!



Yet a few swift strokes of his keen-edged Gillette, and he is ready to face the world again—sure of respectful attention!

Are YOU depriving yourself of far more than you can imagine by delaying the purchase of your Gillette Safety Razor?

Do you realize that there is something more than easier shaving, time saved, and a smoother chin coming from your investment of \$5.00 in a Gillette?

NO STROPPING—NO HONING

Make a point of asking your dealer to show you some GILLETTE Safety Razor Sets, including the new "Big fellow" at

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SNOWFLAKE SHORTENING



Richer than butter, pure, wholesome—Snowflake is the ideal shortening for all classes of baking.

Snowflake imparts no flavor to the foods it is used in or on. Pies, cakes and pastry made with Snowflake have a feathery lightness and evenness of texture that is truly remarkable.



It pays to use snowflake. Try it!—and get the best results from your favorite recipes.

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A mere touch will end it— So with corns

A spot on your hand is ended with a touch of soap. You don't cover it and keep it.

A touch of Blue-jay ends a corn as easily and surely. Then why pare and coddle corns, and let them stay for years?

Millions of people nowadays end all corns in this way:

They drop on liquid Blue-jay or apply a Blue-jay plaster.

The ache stops. The toe from that moment is comfortable. And shortly the entire corn loosens and comes out.

The method was perfected in this world-famed laboratory. It is gentle, scientific, sure. It is now the recognized, the model way of dealing with a corn.

It means to those who know it a lifetime without corns.

If you let corns spoil happy hours, you should learn the folly of it. Try Blue-jay to-night. Your druggist sells it.

B & B Blue-jay Plaster or Liquid The Scientific Corn Ender

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Safe Milk for **INFANTS** and **INVALIDS**

Nourishing,
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For Infants, Invalids and Growing Children. Rich Milk, Malted Grain Extract in Powder.

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AN UNUSUAL BOOK ON CANADA

Practically every feature of Canadian life — government, politics, resources—has been written about comprehensively. One feature of Canada, however, has remained to be treated in a book form. Here it is:—

A Study in Canadian Immigration

By W. G. SMITH

The author, who is head of the psychological department in Toronto University, has made a most comprehensive and extensive study of our immigrants, their welfare and their affect on Canadian life, and has amassed a multitude of figures showing the present situation in a way no one contemplated previously.

The mistakes that have been made in our immigration policy are outlined. The racial characteristics of the immigrants from the various European and Asiatic countries of origin are dealt with as these have worked out in their Canadian life, and suggestions are given as to changes of policy to assure the more complete Canadianizing of the foreign element in the days to come.

The book will be valuable to every student of Canadian life. It will be invaluable to newspaper men, writers, politicians and others who are in any way directly interested in Canada's future as evidenced in her population.

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since
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The publisher of the best Farmer's paper, in the Maritime Provinces in writing to us states: "I would say that I do not know of a medicine that has stood the test of time like MINARD'S LINIMENT. It has been an unfailing remedy in our household ever since I can remember, and has outlived dozens of would-be competitors and imitators."

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WIDE RANGE OF COLOURS AND DESIGNS,
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PRETTIER, COOLER OR LESS EXPENSIVE FOR
SUMMER SERVICE, EITHER FOR CHILDREN
- - OR ADULTS, THAN GOOD COTTONS - -

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A Beverage That Suits the Occasion

Perhaps you are in the habit of serving coffee at your little home dances.

Next time try O'Keefe's Dry Ginger Ale. It's no trouble to serve and requires no preparation. Between dances it is just the beverage to add fresh zest to the spirit of the evening.

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DRY GINGER ALE

has a delightful flavor that is exceptionally pleasing.

Served with sandwiches or cake, O'Keefe's Dry Ginger Ale adds a deliciousness to refreshments that is greatly appreciated.

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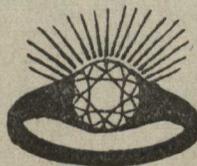
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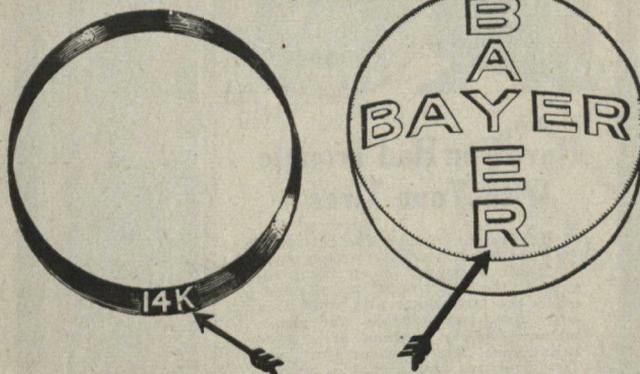
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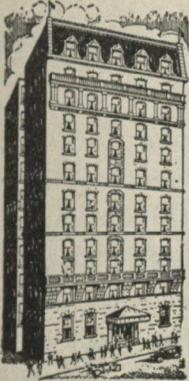
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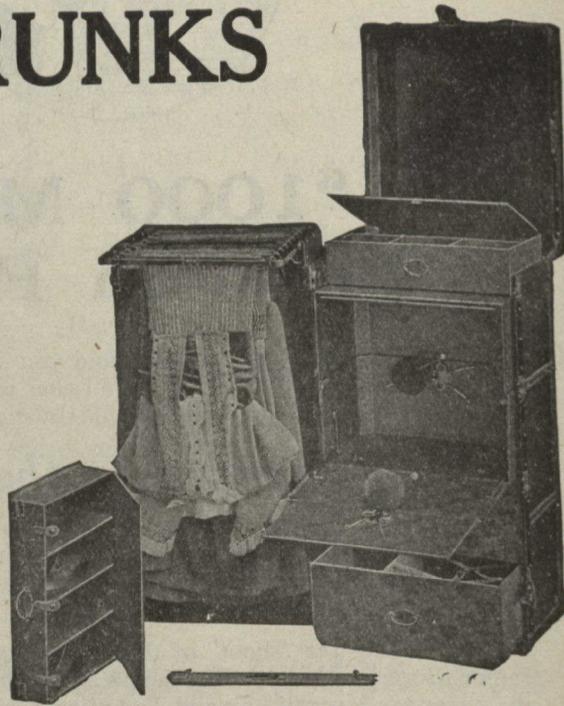
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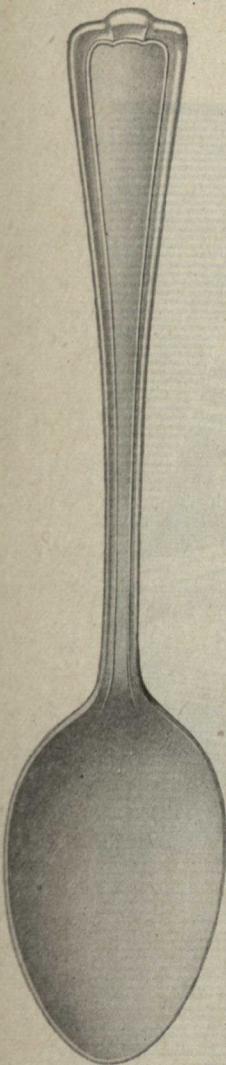


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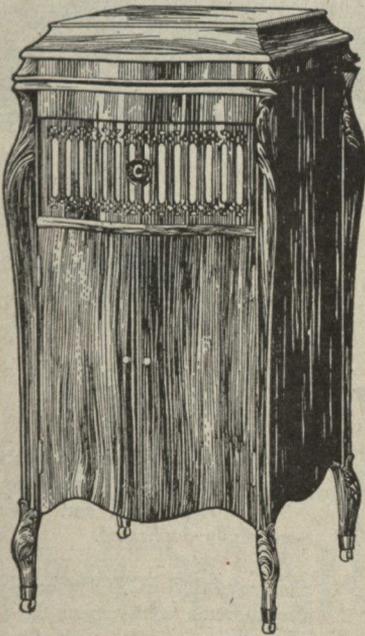
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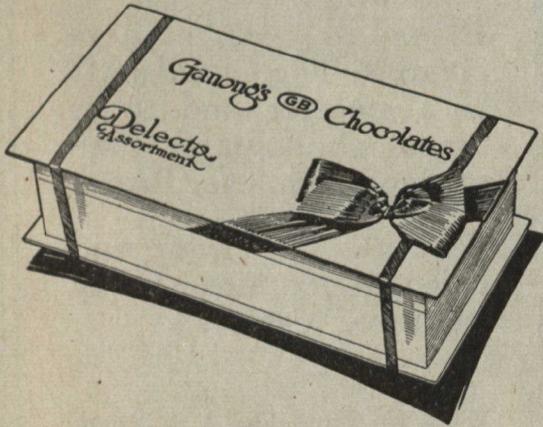
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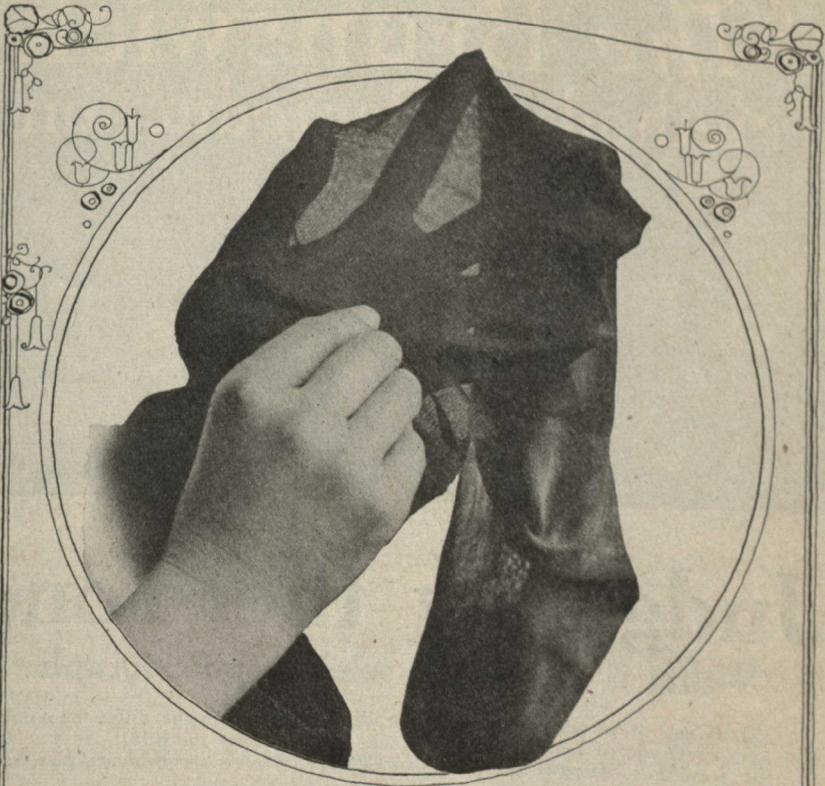
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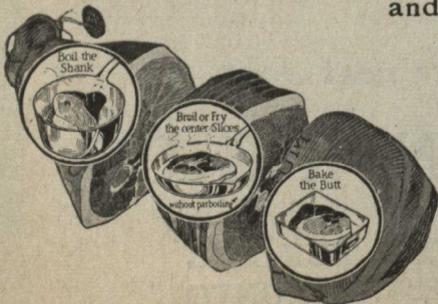
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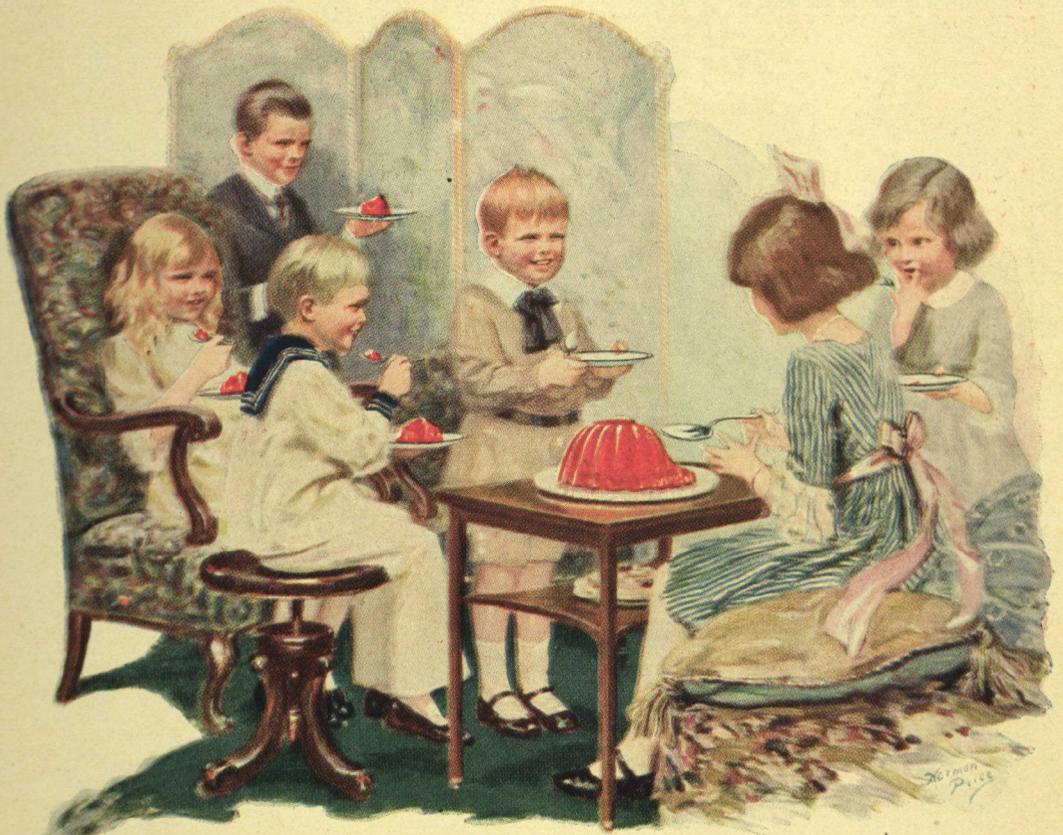
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It's economy to buy a *whole* Ham—
you bake the butt, boil the shank
and broil or fry the centre slices.



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The big Jell-O dessert which Dorothy is serving at her impromptu party looks so good to Tommy that he declares earnestly he wants an "awful big piece."

In a hundred other forms Jell-O is as good or better than in the one Tommy wants to eat up.

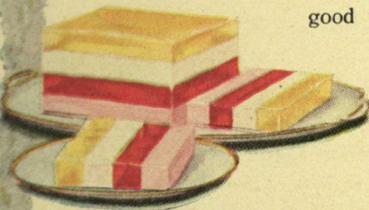
Neapolitan Jell-O is popular, and Cherry, Strawberry, Raspberry and Orange Jell-O, make up into beautiful desserts.

Jell-O Plum Pudding is a wonder.

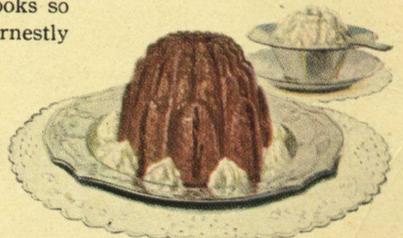
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Williams' Shaving Cream

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