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VOL. III DECEMBER, 1908 NO. 5



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# Westward Ho! Magazine

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## WESTWARD HO! MAGAZINE

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PERCY F. GODENRATH,  
President.

CHARLES McMILLAN,  
Secretary and Treasurer

# Publishers' Announcement.

With the January number of Westward Ho! will be inaugurated a new regime with a wider scope, a more cardiac influence, and a higher ideal.

The Editorship passes into the hands of Mr. Bram Thompson, M.A., who is well known both in the Old Country and in Eastern Canada as a strenuous Imperialist and an ardent advocate of Canadian Nationhood.

A recent article published by him in Canada was not only transcribed into "The Standard of Empire" of the 22nd of August last but criticised at considerable length and eulogized thus:

"Beginning with the paragraph 'CANADA WANTS NATIONHOOD' the writer of this stirring article presents a message, a suggestion, instinct with the true spirit of Nationhood. It is a message which should be widely read and earnestly considered not alone in the Dominion and in Great Britain but throughout all the lands of Greater Britain."

This is all we need say in commendation of our new editor.

The Business man in future is to receive his merited measure of consideration.

Canada's internal expansion and external commerce. Intra-Empire Tariffs: what they mean to Canada as a whole, and to Western Canada in particular, agriculturally and commercially.

The transverse currents of trade. Transit to the Occident; The route to the Orient; Maritime development; New customers; Resurgent China and Adolescent Japan, every subject—rural, urban, metropolitan, and cosmopolitan—that tends to clarify Canada's path among the world's great trading nations.

Canada's Nationhood—How to attain it; and How to preserve it within or without the Empire. A Canadian Navy; and how to build it. Canada's immunity from war. A National crux: Canada's immersion in war. Patriotism and not Parliament, the real solvent of the Asiatic problem.

These and many correlative subjects will receive exposition not from the temporizing standpoint of fleeting politics, but from that of the Statesman who after sounding the present scans the future, and so guides the ship of state that she will neither run upon rocks or shoals nor be wrecked by contending elements of adverse fury nor be engulfed in waters which

"With vortiginous and hideous whirl suck down their prey."

The only light that can be shed upon these problems is to be obtained by the dynamic force of argument on fundamental, historic, philosophic and contemporaneous facts; and Westward Ho! intends to supply it with a luminosity that will penetrate to the most recondite recesses.

There will be another improvement. The women we feel have not in the past been adequately looked after by the magazine; and a section will be appropriated to themselves controlled as we hope by a lady whose talents are of the highest and most versatile order and whose name is a guarantee that problems affecting or interesting to women solely, or pertaining to Society generally, as seen from a woman's standpoint, will be brilliantly dealt with. What these may be we do not pretend to say; and to prophesy under the circumstances would amount to sacrilege.

The Fiction and Poetry will continue to be characterized by their purity of tone; and will at the same time maintain the literary excellence which makes a magazine both attractive and educative, and obviates the detriment to the young, and revulsion to the matured, mind which even a good tale produces when ungrammatically told or illogically arranged.

Our contributors will continue to describe the beauties and resources of Western Canada; and occasionally the Editor with the reader-student may take a ramble among the sights and scenes of Greek Art and Roman Power; converse with the militant German, the placid Frank and the subtle Italian; scan the rise and note the fall of the dethroned Empires; draw lessons for Canadian guidance from their fate; listen to their muses; and while transported with the roll of their sublime eloquence deplore the howling twaddle of our own times that adorns itself with the name of Oratory.

*Satis verborum nunc pro actis.*

*Percy F. Godenrath.*

President.

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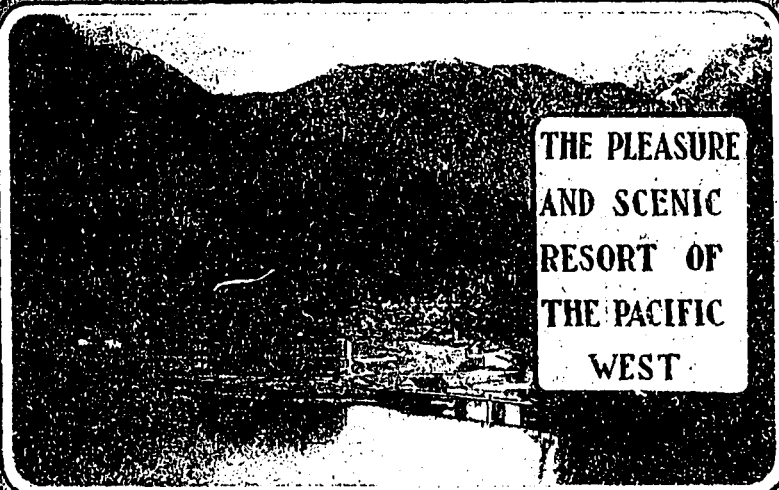
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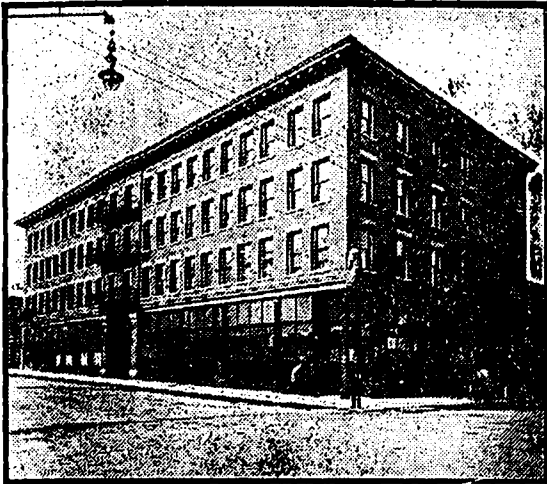
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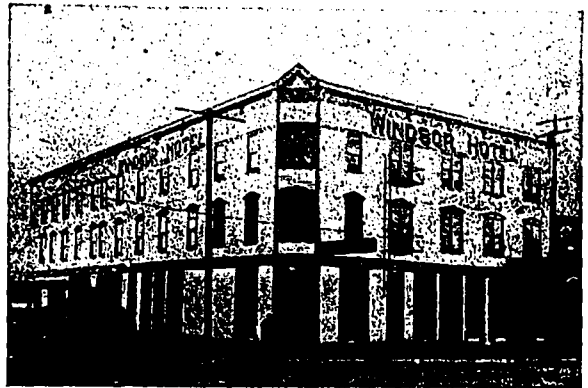
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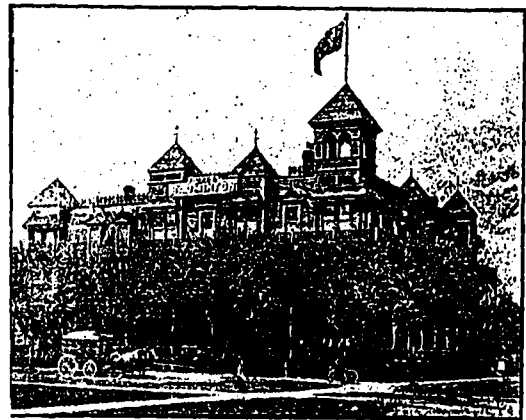
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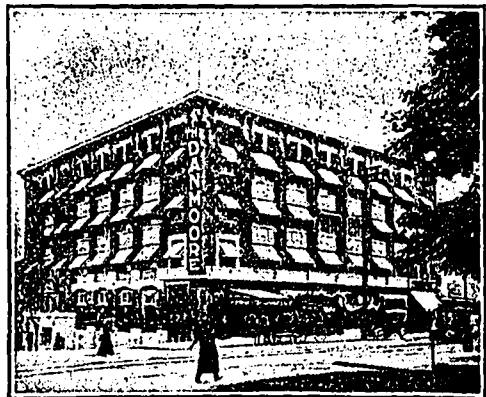
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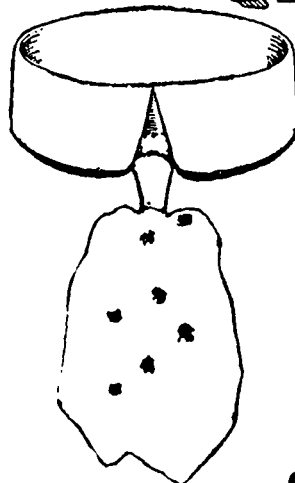


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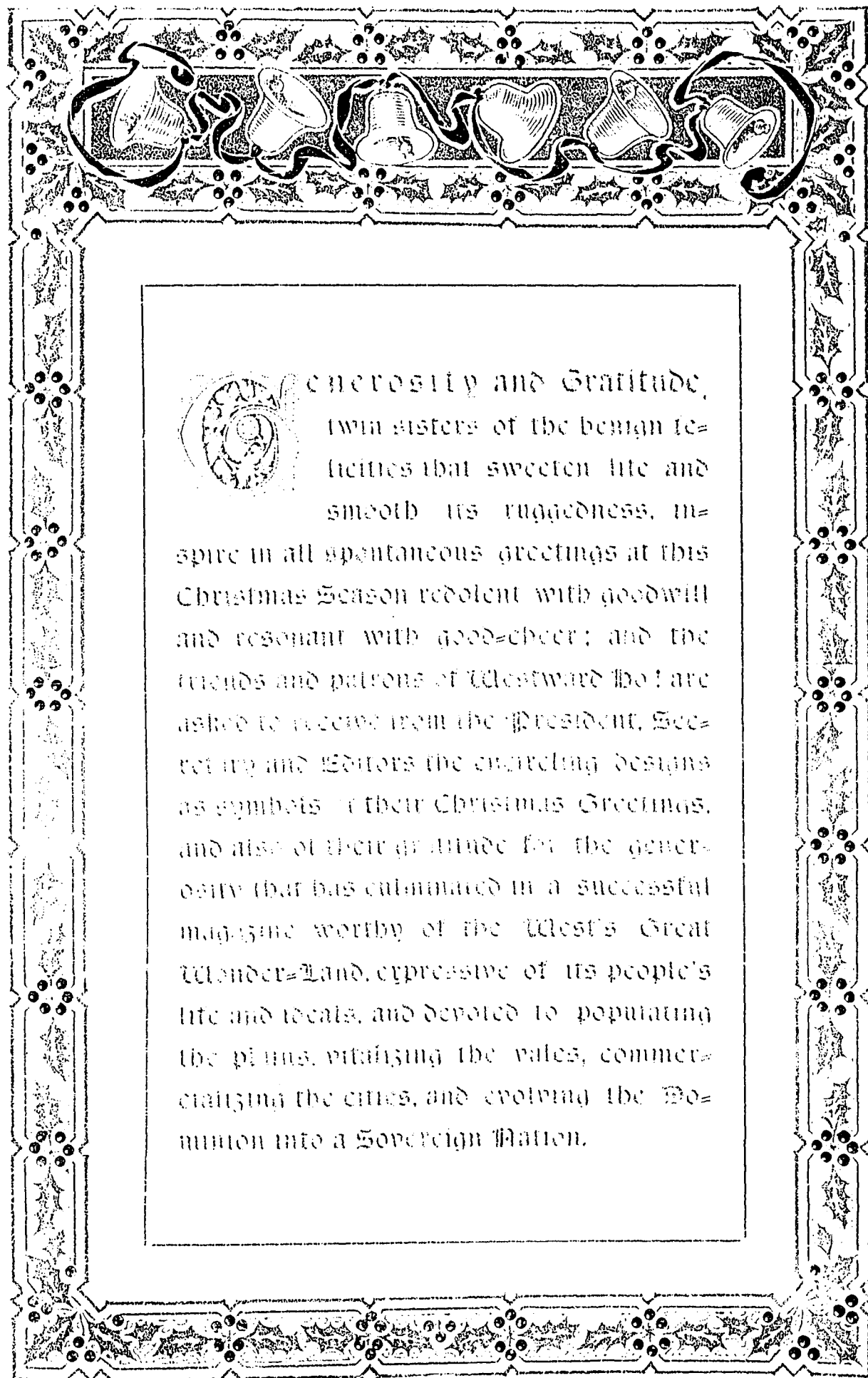
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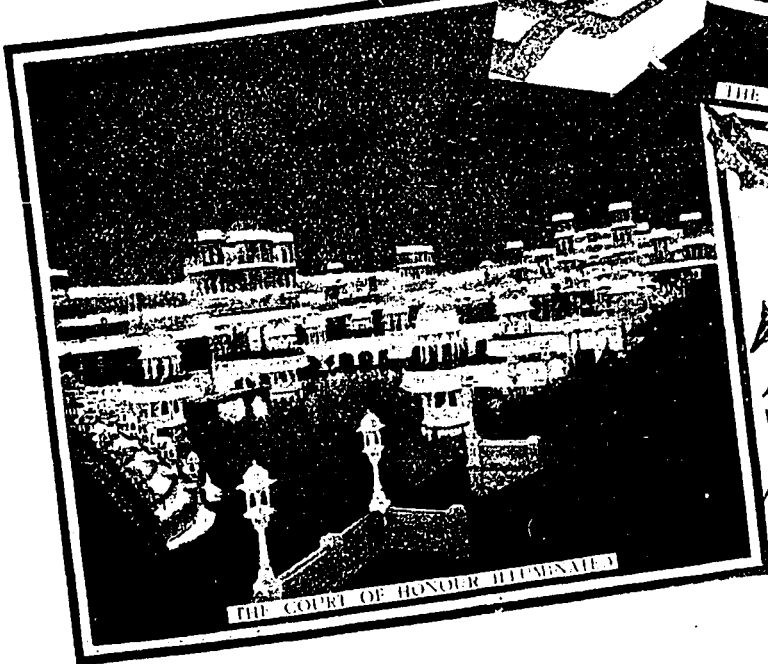
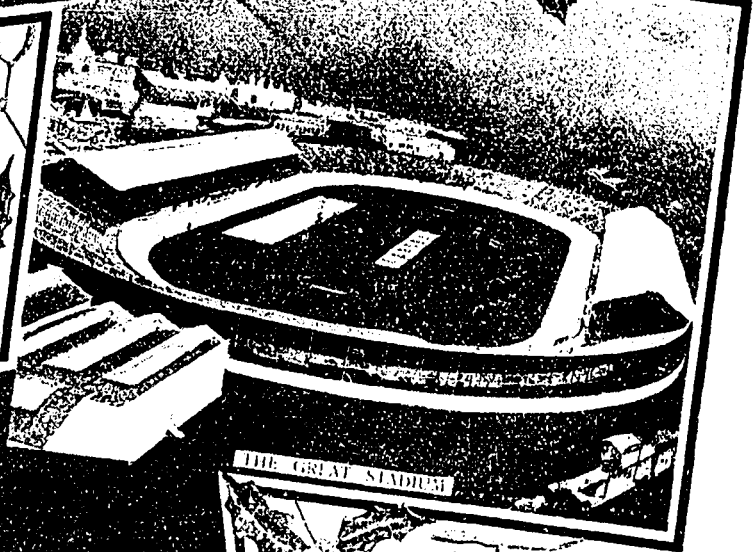
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**G**enerosity and Gratitude,  
twin sisters of the benign felicities that sweeten life and smooth its ruggedness, inspire in all spontaneous greetings at this Christmas Season redolent with goodwill and resonant with good-cheer; and the friends and patrons of Westward Ho! are asked to receive from the President, Secretary and Editors the encircling designs as symbols of their Christmas Greetings, and also of their gratitude for the generosity that has culminated in a successful magazine worthy of the West's Great Under-Land, expressive of its people's life and ideals, and devoted to populating the plains, vitalizing the vales, commercializing the cities, and evolving the Dominion into a Sovereign Nation.

# Franco-British Exhibition



# Christmas Day.

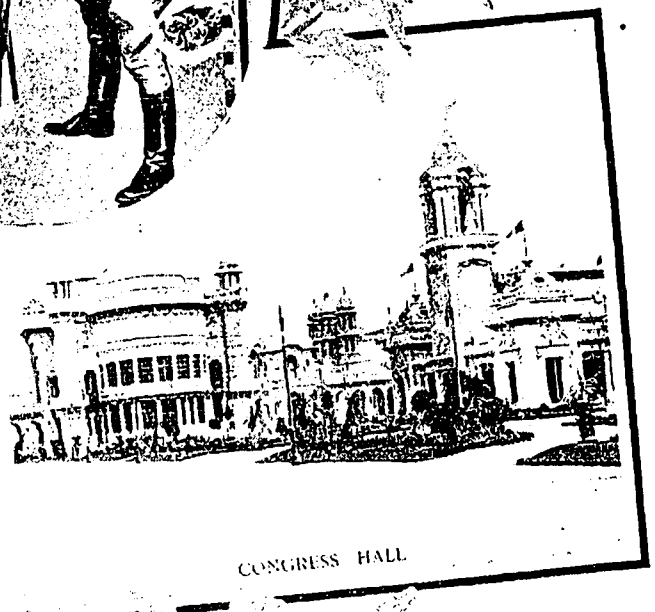
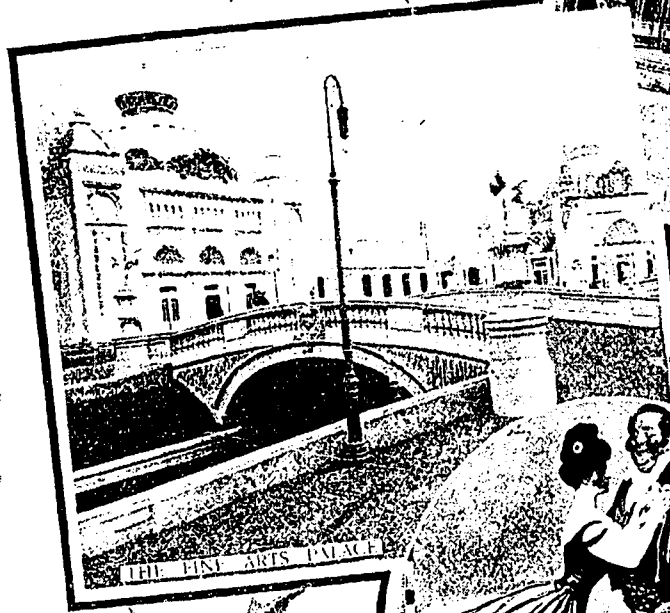
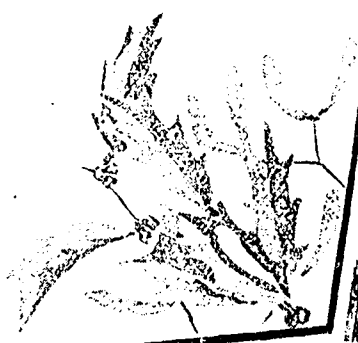
Blanche E. Holt *Murison*

Christmas is everywhere! All the world over  
Joybells are ringing their message sublime;  
And deep in the heart of me—me the lone rover,  
Their far-reaching echoes exultingly chime.  
Christmas is everywhere! Oh, how my being  
Grows full to the brim with a longing unchecked:  
While tears fill my eyes that grow dim with the seeing,  
Familiar loved places all holly-bedecked.

Christmas again!—and the firelight is glowing  
Cheerily bright on the old hearth at home:  
And flickering gaily, and tenderly showing  
Dear faces remembered wherever I roam.  
Faces whose every expression is treasured  
Away in my soul in a chamber apart;  
Where Time and its distances duly are measured,  
To just the same length as the throb of my heart.

Christmas again!—and I sit here a-dreaming,  
Beautiful dreams all too lovely to last:  
Fond dreams, through whose silences music comes streaming,  
Low-toned with the Pleasure and Pain of the Past.  
Memory's corridors teem with the laughter,  
Of voices attuned to the spirit of mirth;  
In jubilant echoes each old oaken rafter,  
Resounds to the song that is sweetest on earth.

Christmas is everywhere! That is the story  
I tell to my heart as I dream on alone;  
Until all the place grows a-gleam with the glory  
That touches the soul in its own native zone.  
A chord has been struck that was hitherto soundless,  
I hear the far call of the sundering sea;  
The circle of love broadens out to the boundless,—  
Christmas is everywhere—comforting me.



# Ave Maria.

Blanche E. Holt Murison.

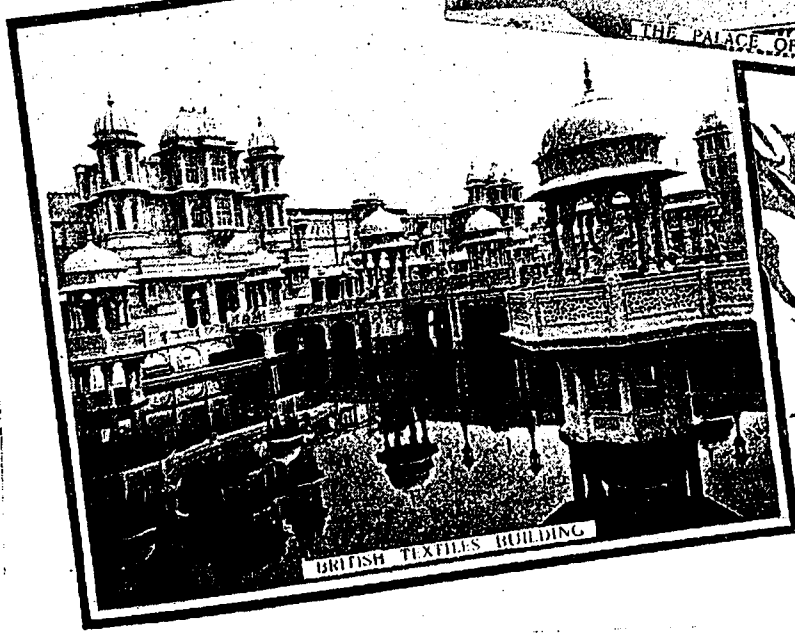
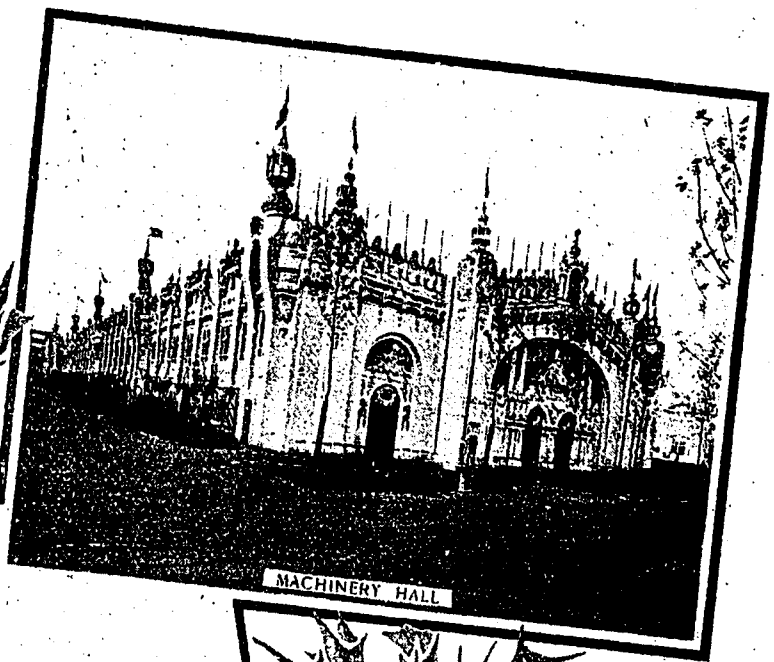
Ave Maria, Virgin-Mother holy!  
With humble hearts we come to Bethlehem  
This Christmas eve; while silently and slowly  
A million stars weave night a diadem.  
    O Mother-heart, O gentle maiden mild,  
    We bring our homage to thy little child!

Ave Maria, blessed and thrice blessed!  
Mysterious means by men not understood;  
Though all unknown, acknowledged and confessed,  
The harbinger of everlasting good.  
    O little Babe of Fatherhood divine,  
    We bow in heart before Thy manger-shrine!

Life of all life, in mystic incarnation  
Beheld of men, while angels sang to Thee;  
We come again to bring our adoration,  
On this the night of Thy nativity.  
    We gather round to touch Thy garment's hem,  
    O little Babe of royal Bethlehem!

Mother and Child, no words can ever falter  
The rapture and devotion that we feel;  
As low before Judæa's stable-altar,  
With bended knee and praiseful heart we kneel.  
    But, oh, the prayer goes forth—do Thou abide  
    Spirit of Love with us this Christmas-tide.





# The Message of Christmas.

Blanche E. Holt Murison.

Joy to the world—joy!  
The morning stars are singing to the earth,  
Attuning life to sweetness, love, and mirth;  
Celestial harmonies are all abroad,  
And souls far off are drawing nearer God.  
'Tis Christmas morn!—Lo, Christ is born!  
Joy to the world—joy!

Hope to the world—hope!  
Each happy bell is telling as it rings,  
The steadfastness of God's eternal things:  
The stronghold stands;—a little Babe's faint voice,  
Hath sent the Watchword round the world—"Rejoice"!  
'Tis Christmas morn! Lo, Christ is born!  
Hope to the world—hope!

Peace to the world—peace!  
Let Love prevail, the sounds of strife be still,  
Proclaim abroad the gospel of Goodwill;  
The sweet evangel of a Greater Thought,  
That we may live more nearly as we ought.  
'Tis Christmas morn! Lo, Christ is born!  
Peace to the world—peace!



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Vol. III.

DECEMBER, 1908.

No. 5

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## “The Lady of the Marmion.”

Arthur Davies.\*

I stood on the Dallas Road foreshore, watching the setting sun transform the western slopes of the snow-capped Olympians into embattled terraces, of rose-hued tint. Supreme silence, broken only by movements which reach the eye but leave the ear at peace, was stilling the ultimate West to sleep—a tribute to the last moments of a perfect day. When the sun dipped, the rose hues on the Olympians changed to splashes of orange, rising higher and higher, until, only the loftiest peaks were sun-kissed. As each light died out the vibrations from its deathknell reached the human eye and touched the soul; like delicate chords, from across the heavenly arc.

In the distance on my right, the “Drummond” lay snugly at anchor under the very shadows of the Sooke-Hills—shadows that softened but did not hide a floating smoke-cloud, the work-a-day hint of tomorrow and the homeward run. On my immediate left was a ledge of

rock, worn smooth by tide and weather. In the glamour of the sunset, I had taken but scant notice of a man and two children seated on the ledge; but, with the breaking of the spell, I saw that he was very old and bent. His hand shook perceptibly as he gently caressed the children by his side; the one, a chubby faced boy, the other, a winsome bairn on the borderland whence babyhood is lost in girlhood. The old man’s hands caressed blindly; for his eyes were fixed on a jutting headland, and the children’s eyes were cast up at him, as if awaiting permission to break the silence——But the Drummond, tomorrow, and my neighbours were suddenly blotted out by the sight of an old hulk, wearily following in the wake of a tug, rounding the point on which the old man’s eyes were fixed.

As the tug drew inshore, the delapidated sides of her burden were silhouetted sharply on the foreground. In spite of the dull light and the shorn

hull, the strange familiarity of her lines awakened memories buried in the passing of the years—the tapering bow, the graceful sheer, and the delicately curved counter completed the recollection—I felt certain the blackened hull was all that remained of the old "Marmion", and, like a flash of mental lightning, the happenings of long ago surged up from the log-book of memory. In place of the old carcass in front of me, I saw again; the clipper ship Marmion cresting the seas in all her white-winged pride; and with her, was another phantom ship—a phantom to all but myself; for clear in my vision was the reality which linked the old hulk to the human drama, played out to a finish on their decks.

I was 'prentice boy in those days, on board the "Whitkirk." Not, to me, the rusty, decrepid Whitkirk now ekeing out her last days as a freighter of garbage; but the new Whitkirk, almost fresh from the builder's hands, with records to her credit across two oceans; lying at No. 3 buoy in Newcastle harbour, like a greyhound stretched to the leash; the blue Australian sky overhead and the dishonour of coal dust on our smooth, white decks—a dishonour shared by the Marmion, the erstwhile tea clipper—the smart little craft that sailormen, all over the world, mentioned with an approving oath when swapping comparisons of record passages.

Matson, was skipper of the Whitkirk, his first command and my first trip with him—the first of many. He was young in those days, full-blooded, and proud of his ship and her speed—I see him now, as I saw him that morning; leaning against the poop rail, with a thinly veiled sneer on his clean-shaven, bronzed face; looking across at the Marmion, coupled up short to the next buoy.

The sneer must have reached Captain Styles, for occasionally, his bearded face would turn our way——So I toyed with the work I was at, knowing one of the two ship-proud men would speak.

It was Styles of the Marmion, who broke the silence—a sort of casual, don't care enquiry, as to when we were getting underway.

"Noon!" promptly responded our skipper, with a veiled query in his manner; as if asking an echo of the question, but lacking the interest to put it into words—he got his answer, immediately:

"So do I!" followed shortly by the dubiously expressed hope that he would see us in 'Frisco.

"Perhaps," meaningly responded Matson, and I could see the amused sneer on his face again. It traversed the short distance between the two ships, for Styles straightened himself up from the taffrail and laughed, as he shot back the response:

"Think you'll make a long passage, then?"

"No! I was figuring, we should be loaded up and away before you got inside the Gate," our skipper bellowed back.

"I'll bet you five-hundred dollars, we beat you to 'Frisco!" was the angry challenge which tickled my ears from the Marmion.

"Done!!" said Matson.

Next moment, as if a silent witness to the bet, the young wife of Captain Styles appeared from under the awning. Her tall, graceful form contrasted sharply with the short, thickset build of her middle-aged husband—a contrast that was diminished as her lissom figure stooped slightly when linking her arm within her husband's and bowing in answer to Matson's hat-wave—a bow which seemed to me to be an additional acceptance of the wager, for it was followed by a merry laugh, ringing out like music across the water; but the sound did not hide the glance of approval, cast first at her husband, then at the tapering spars of the Marmion—Winifred Styles was ship-proud as well as husband-proud.

Scarcely had the cadence of rippling laughter died away, than the discord from the sirens of two mosquito-like tugs reverberated across the harbour, awakening both ships into scenes of hustling activity; for other ears than mine had heard the challenge and the bet—even the tugs, seemed to have caught the fever of the race.

In spite of the jockeying of the tugs and the feverish energy of both crews,

the start was dead level, from the moment the pins fell from the shackles to the casting adrift of the towlines and spreading our linen to a lively, off-shore breeze; excepting, that Styles stood straight out to sea with the Marmion, evidently determined on the bee-line course—she was a slick sailer in light winds—but Matson headed our ship to the South-east in search of wind—the more he got the better he liked it, and the Whitkirk liked it, too; she was a very glutton for gales and a sluggard in light weather. As I loosened the jigger royal on our full rigged four-master, the Marmion was nearly hull down on the port quarter, with her tacks raised to a spanking breeze; whilst we were close-hauled on the starboard tack, with the salt spray already hurtling across our bows—a befitting baptism to the long, ocean race.

For seventeen days, the Whitkirk was furiously driven by the wind—and Matson, first South-east, until we fairly sniffed the roaring forties; then, gradually edged up East and North, with her lee rail almost awash and sailor's soda water churned to her wake in an effervescent stream by day, a sheened ribbon of phosphorescent light by night. She reeled off the knots like a racing yacht in a made-to-measure breeze—a breeze that freshened into half a gale, veered as we changed our course, merged imperceptibly into the South-east trades, moderated, and finally melted into a zephyr of variable air, as the Whitkirk passed from South to North latitude; with more than a third of our race run and never a sign of the Marmion!

Where was she?—Dimly, over the intervening years, I remember the intensity of our desire to solve that question; sharpened by Matson's offer of a ten dollar bill to the first who sighted our rival.

Was she ahead or astern?—Opinions and bets were flung round the fok' sl like weevily biscuits on a long passage. Even our usually nonchalant skipper made sundry excursions to the jigger crosstrees with his binoculars, muttering as he left the deck something about the topmast stay, as an excuse for

his unwonten curiosity; which the horizon failed to satisfy, for it yielded nothing but a dithering rim to the oily, windless sea.

The doldrums held us in their blighting grip for three days—days of drifting and of cursing, both for'ard and aft. On the fourth day, at sunrise, the magnetism of the drift gave us a schooner for company; an island trader, smelling of copra and beetles, with banana skins dropping from her chute after every meal. We kept forced company the whole of that day, sometimes drifting together, until the shadow from her jibboom tipped our rail; at others, wallowing like a log, while she, under the influence of a catspaw, slipped through the water a few hundred yards, only to drift back during the hours of heartbreaking calm; till sweltering day passed into super-heated night, with our wee companion's green sidelight blinking and winking on our quarter.

We had the middle watch that night; four sultry hours filled with the overwhelming desire for sleep which attacks the sailor in the doldrums—God's factory, where he makes the rain and the wind; the latter, in the making process, generally straight up and down. During the second half of the watch, I walked the lee side of the poop in a dazed, semi-comatose state, lurching with every roll and colliding indiscriminately with skylight, mast, and rail; until, in desperation, I brought myself to an anchor against the latter: weaving fairy tales round the schooner's green light, which danced like a will-o'-the-wisp, first on one quarter then on the other, sometimes disappearing entirely, only to bob up serenely in a few moments, like the green eyed monster in the long-ago stories. Once, I could have sworn I saw it on both quarters at the same time; at others, my sleep-muddled brain dissolved the schooner and portrayed the Marmion: as a dragon with wide-open, sweat-bedewed jaws, ever chasing us and guiding her reptilian course by the aid of a solitary, green eye.

As the clock crawled to eight bells I gave a parting, sleepy look at my green

eyed friend, now burning bright and clear, well on the port quarter. Even as I looked, it seemed to change once again into the dragon's eye, each moment rising higher and higher and drawing nearer. Involuntarily, I shrieked out the words—"Marmion!—the Marmion!"

Next moment, sleep was dashed completely from my eyes by a cuff from the mate and a sniggering, half suppressed laugh from the man at the wheel. But the name of our foe had already reached Matson's ears; before I had recovered from the mate's blow, he was on the poop. He stood in a half dressed state, as if expecting a call, never deigning to notice the mate nor myself, neither did he take his eyes from the green light, but, from the squaring of his shoulders and the intensity of his gaze, I knew there had been fact as well as fiction in my drowsy brain-jumble—the schooner had disappeared—the Marmion was close on our heels. The riddle was immediately solved by the exhilaration of cold air, the first fitful breath of the breeze that had brought the Marmion.

I turned in, the richer by two, bright-golden sovereigns, but lay awake, wondering if I were honestly entitled to them; listening to the glad sound of the ming sails to the freshening breeze: with the soft, slippered footfall of Matson on the poop above. He was watching the green light now—watching it creep up closer and closer, until, about daybreak, our ship suddenly rolled to windward, with the sails hanging limp and useless from the yards. I ran out, and along the break of the poop, to look for the cause, and found the Marmion in all the beauty of her white-winged power, close up, on our weather beam; every sail curved and filled with the wind—our share as well as her own—heeling over and cutting the seas, which dripped from her bow and side like drops of liquid gold, in the beams of the rising sun. On her poop was Captain Styles, and at his side, the tall, slender figure of his wife, clad in a soft, clinging eiderdown robe; with their two years old baby waving little, fat hands from the snug safety of her mother's arms.

Matson was in his favourite position, leaning against the weather poop rail; a good humoured smile on his full, red lips and eyes which divided their attention between Winifred Styles and quick, greedy glances astern, where night had melted into a bank of dense, black clouds. No words were exchanged between the rival crews, just looks, but the looks spoke volumes, especially the dainty smiles from the lady of the Marmion—pretty glances of triumph, mellowed by her beauty—She stands before me to-day as plain as on that morning, so does Matson and his parting look, shot at the Marmion as she forged ahead—the smile had disappeared, in spite of the tan his face was ashen pale, his keen, gray eyes were filled with unutterable but suppressed longing, changing into sudden alarm when the pink and white face on the other ship, swayed for a moment as the owner reeled against her husband; and I knew the rose-tints on her cheeks had been veiled by deathly pallor—I had seen it happen before, in Sydney.

The Marmion passed on—not in a moment, but very gradually, inch by inch, she crept away from us—it was her breeze to a fine point, every thread of warp and weft in every sail pulled to its utmost tension: from the huge mainsail to the tiny skysail. The Whitkirk did well, but we were canvassed in the modern style, for easy handling in rough weather; without the tasseis of stunsails, sky-sail, and balloon-jib. By eight bells the Marmion showed us the stern ports in her half-round; at noon, her courses were flush with the horizon—but I anticipate.

We got no more watch below that day, for no sooner had the Marmion passed ahead than Matson got busy. He sent for the sailmaker, and, to our astonishment, the whole crowd were set to work unbending all our fine weather canvas, replacing it, sail by sail, with the best suit and all storm sails. The port watch took the fore and main, the starboard watch the mizzen and staysails, we lads, the jigger-mast; with Matson bossing us around and making us climb like squirrels—I learnt more sailorizing that

day than for many a month. Our skipper was like a great, overgrown boy: hauling on gantlines, letting go clewlines, and chivvying up the sluggards; but, between whiles, he kept his eyes on the black clouds, now grown into a cumulus mass, arched over the horizon astern, with white whiffs of cirrus poised like a fringe on the convex edge, the concave filled with lurid atmosphere; like the breath of some foul demon, compressed and imprisoned by the purer air blowing at a tangent across the front—the pure air of the rapidly increasing breeze, now sending us through the water at a ten knot clip, making the finishing touches to our work aloft more irksome and difficult. We lads had to take the top-sail sheets to the capstan to get them home; Matson gave us a chantie, with one eye on the sail and the other on the black cloud. I noticed he had a deep, rich bass voice, which rolled round the ship and raised him a peg higher in our estimation—he was pretty high already.

At four bells, in the dog-watch, the work was finished and the ship snugged down; with preventer sheets rove, watch tackles, handy, skylights covered, and the whole ship having a Cape Horn appearance; but still, the blue, tropical sky was overhead, and the bluer waters of the Mid-Pacific around——small wonder, the men were amazed and the old whales growled, when all hands, with the exception of the skipper and the man at the wheel, went to supper. It was then I remembered the Marmion and took a look over the weather rail, but no Marmion was to be seen, and the spray was already topping the rail with smart swishes of stinging salt water; so, I slipped down to leeward and almost fell overboard in my excitement at the change in the position of the two ships. The Marmion was no longer hull down—she was only a few miles ahead, with her skysail furled and her stun'sail booms rigged in. Below me, the sea was rushing to our stern like a swiftly-flowing mill race—the Whitkirk was

getting into her pace, she was reeling off fifteen knots, and I knew she could do better. I went aft with the excitement of the race tingling through my veins, and my eyes bright with the joy of avenging our defeat of the morning; they met the eyes of our skipper, who was leaning over the athwartship rail; in spite of turning his face to windward and the sundown dusk, I saw that his eyes were alight with the same fire—but intensified.

No wonder, the sight of the old hulk had thrilled me; for throughout my life, the happenings of that night and the day following will stand out in bold relief whenever the leaves of memory are stirred. From the dull monotony of the doldrums, with their deathlike calms and soaking rains, the scene had suddenly shifted to a wind-swept sea and visible evidence that we were in the very jaws of an approaching storm—in place of uninteresting company, we were racing, almost boom to boom, with the rival we had been looking for!

It must have been about the middle of the second dog-watch that I accidentally overheard a short and sharp conversation between the skipper and the second mate. The latter was a queer stick, more book learned than ship taught; he quoted Fitzroy, Espey, Maury, and Lecky by the fathom, and was ever a butt for Matson's caustic wit. That night he ran up the poop stairs like a scare-head, blurting out:

“The glass has fallen an inch, during the watch, sir!”\*

“Knock the bottom out altogether, and throw it overboard!” was Matson's sharp retort——The Second retreated, back to the multitudinous instruments he carried and read for “The Royal Meteorological Society.”

I cut out the petty details of our next watch on deck—the first night watch, from eight to twelve—which hour, found us, with our yards just free of the backstays, a gale of wind blowing, and Matson hanging on to every stitch of canvas. The Whitkirk sailed then as she

\*The author is fully aware that cyclones and circular storms are generally presaged by an abnormally high barometer, but meteorologists must take into account—the proximity of the ship to the arrested storm and the latitude.

will never sail again, for none but he would dare the risk. She seemed to fly through the water, scorning the sea and cutting it, as with a knife, twisting over the riven edges and spurning them back to her wake, which hissed and eddied from our stern in a lane of boiling foam. At six bells, the fore lower t'gan'sl had carried away; the remnants cracked like whips for a few seconds, then disappeared in fragmentary shreds, leaving the bared bolt ropes and running gear lashing in the wind. The mate wanted to clew up the royals, but Matson bid him get another lower t'gan'sl bent and set. We did, but exactly how we managed it, beats me to this day; all I remember is: the terrific force of the wind, which cut the very breath out of my mouth and flattened me against the rigging, holding me there as in a vise, until the ship lurched to windward, easing the pressure and letting me crawl up and out to the weather earing; my long, thin body and supple limbs giving me an advantage over the men. From this vantage point, while struggling with the sail, I caught sight of the *Marmion*, away on our lee bow; the very skeleton of her former self, stripped to upper top-sails and reefed courses. It was just a glint of moonlight that gave me the sight, but it filled me with mad joy. I forgot the fierceness of the wind; the risky, precipitous nature of my position; and laughed, as I yelled out fragments of sail chanties. My mad humour was caught up by the men along the yard, they joined in the devilment—held the sail and defeated the wind—but not, until, the mate had run the ship almost into the wind's eye and deadened her way, giving the *Marmion* another lead.

By midnight, we had recovered our position, outpacing the *Marmion* hand over fist; within ten minutes we should have passed her, so I waited, snug under the break of the poop; to glory in the doing—but, it was not to be,—yet.

The second mate came out from his room, carrying the small, canvas bucket in which he drew the water for his wet bulb thermometer. It seemed a mad thing to do, when we were rushing through the water at mail boat speed;

but madness was in the air on board the *Whitkirk* that night; so it was merely with lazy interest I watched the black outline of his figure climb on to the main rail, close to the mizzen rigging, and drop the bucket overboard. I suppose, he held on to the lanyard, for the moment the bucket touched the water, he disappeared, like a flash, over the ship's side.

I yelled out "Man overboard!— The second mate's over the side!"

Next moment, I heard Matson almost spit the words "Damn him!" through his clenched teeth, as he ran aft to the wheel, kicking a lifebuoy from the rail as he passed.

"Ware ship!" was the next order. The *Whitkirk* came round like a top, but we lost miles in the race, and the foul looking arch of black clouds came perceptibly nearer.

No sooner were the tacks down on the other side than Matson called for boat volunteers. Just as he spoke, I heard a ghostlike, choking voice coming from under the half-round. It scared me, but I had the sense to drop the end of a brail over the side and call out to the skipper. He twigged, in a moment—pulled on the taunt rope—fairly lifting the gasping, spluttering officer to safety on the ship's poop. He stood in front of us, even in the darkness, a pitcous spectacle—lean at any time, but looking like a thin, wet rail, as he shivered and with chattering teeth explained: that a sea had thrown him against the side, where his fingers had caught in the eyebolt under the counter. Matson merely ejaculated "hope you saved the bucket!" turned on his heels and put the ship round again—but the *Marmion* had gained miles, the small, white light from her binnacle had disappeared in the distance ahead.

Boylie, I was worn out, when our watch went below, dead for sleep, forgetful of the *Marmion* and all else; but even in my sleep, I could feel our ship vibrate and throb under the tremendous pressure of the wind. Every now and then, she seemed to be lifted bodily out of the water, shot over the surface and plunged back, with a blow that made her



vince like a thing of life; only to rise to the next sea, shake the water from her decks and rush madly on. Occasionally, the heavy seaboats of Matson and the lighter, rubber-clad footfall of the second mate would pass, backwards and forwards, over my head—and I knew, the awful strain on our ship was echoed on the men above.

It was seven bells and broad daylight, when our messmate from the other watch rushed in, yelling:

“Rouse and shine———Show a leg! ———Come and see the Marmion, boys———Come and see us whip her!”

He was a bright, curly headed little chap, but that morning his curls were sodden with salt water, his rosy face encrusted with salt crystals, his oilskins dripping with liquid salt; even his piping, treble voice was hoarse and throaty, as if pickled with atmospheric brine.

We crowded to the doorway, through which, on the starboard side, we saw the Marmion; her three sticks only half clad in canvas, whilst we were flying our royals—only our lighter staysails were furled. It was a glorious sight—we whooped and laughed like young madmen. Over our breakfast—impregnated with salt water—we figured out, how much of the five hundred dollars the skipper would give us in 'Frisco, and spent it, in imagination.

Dollars! The attractions of 'Frisco, and even the fact that it was Christmas Day were soon erased by the scene on deck. The wind had backed slightly, the yards had been squared in a point or two, the Whitkirk no longer throbbed and vibrated. She seemed to skim the surface of the sea like a huge albatross; excepting, that she never curved to right nor left, but speeded straight on, as if racing the seas; cutting their foaming crests and dashing the sundered parts back on their fellows. Sometimes, instead of cutting the seas, she would plunge her bows deep into the green water, hurl it along her decks in a raging torrent, until port and scupper-hole vomited the intruder back into the ocean.

But, it was the Marmion we were after, and she, wind-driven like ourselves,

plunged madly on———all to no purpose; for every knot visibly lessened the distance between us. Styles risked his t'gan'sls,———at noon, he set his main royal,———shortly afterwards, he tried the fore royal, but it blew into a thousand pieces in the setting; and we were now close on his heels again,—so close, that it looked, for all the world, as if we were deliberately running him down; and he, trying to escape from a deadly foe.

A foe, more deadly, more implacable than the Whitkirk was hovering near; almost in the very act of striking—a foe, that ashore, mows down giant trees like grass; twists iron as if it were mere thread; and strews its path with the living and the dead: impartially, unheeding—a foe, equally merciless at sea, but mitigated in its impact on the storm-tossed ship by the yielding liquidity of the medium on which she floats. Captain Styles,—who had the weather lore of every ocean at his finger tips—would, doubtless, long ere this, have found safety by running his ship out of the storm-center; but it was too late, now; besides, Matson had taken the risk and was sweeping down on him,—how could he, the doyen of sea skippers, shirk the course selected by the challenged in the heat of the race?

I have said, “The doldrums are God’s factory, where He makes the wind.” We had, but just, passed from the entrance to that factory. As a rule, the finished product is delivered smoothly and with delicate accuracy. The ascended, heated air passes to the North in the atmospheric heights, leaving the colder air from the North to blow gently into the factory in the shape of trade-winds, close to the surface of the sea, without friction and without storm; but, woe betide the ship or land when the gaseous wheels of the factory are jarred—it is then, the whirling, shrieking tornado is let loose.

For hours, Matson had kept his ship right in the very path of the storm-fiend; apparently, heedless of danger; intent only, on utilising the terrific force of the impinging air currents as they battled for the mastery. The Northwest gale; which drove our huge, iron shell

through the sea at over seventeen knots, in spite of the deadweight kernel of inelastic coal; had imprisoned, retarded, and compressed the heated mass of atmosphere astern. High overhead, the steady procession of soft, fleecy clouds to the South-west denoted the North-east trades, deflected from the surface of the ocean into higher and unusual altitudes, acting as another compressor on the heated air-mass; which, though pinioned, was steadily advancing; driven onward by its centripetal force, and the search for cooling latitudes.

The foregoing, is told from after-knowledge; at the time, what cared I for storm-centers? The dare-devil coolness of Matson was as balm to my feeling of exultation; the timorous looks of the second mate and his repeated journeys to the barometer acted as an irritant; the fact, that, under her increased canvas, the Marmion took the longer overhauling, added zest to the fever of the race. The Christmas duff was salted with spray in the cooking, but the sodden dough, with the veriest tincture of rum in the watery sauce, was sweetened by the sight of the Marmion's stern; rising, at one moment, clean out of the water; the next, descending into the trough of the sea to the level of the foam, capping the huge rollers, forerunners of the advancing storm.

Our decks were a seething mass of waters, rushing from side to side or end to end, with every roll or pitch from the crossing-seas. The rigging and lower sails were drenched by the knife-like spray, which shot across with a hissing, spattering sound when our weather rail rose high and foiled the green rollers in their attempt to add to the burden on our decks. In spite of this, every man on board risked life or limb to snatch an occasional look at our rival; now so near that a thin, oilskin-clan figure, clinging to the poop rail, was easily recognized as the lady of the Marmion.

Matson appeared to be the only disinterested man on board. He stood up to windward, holding on to the jigger rigging; apparently, paying no heed to the Marmion; until Pete Jansen, the big

Swede, relieved the wheel and I took my trick at the lee wheel; then, he struggled aft, and I heard him say:

"Never mind your course—put her alongside that ship!"

The Swede, turned his staring, blonde blue eyes on the skipper for a moment; then he put the wheel up a spoke or two; that was all the impression made on him by as mad a command as I have ever heard at sea——to blanket the Marmion in a gale of wind with heavy cross seas running, appeared to be the act of a maniac; yet Matson was as cool as if we had been sailing smoothly, in easy weather; he did not even bother to look over the side, to see what lee room we had!

In five minutes, our cutwater was flush with the Marmion's stern——a few moments longer, and the narrow swathe of water, between the two ships, ceased to boil and foam; it seemed cowed at the daring of the deed—even the wind on the Marmion's sails was stilled, as, mast by mast, the canvas quivered in useless folds.

We swept alongside her poop, so dangerously near, that our yards had the semblance of interlocking; adding anxiety to the expressions of rage and disgust, plainly visible on the weather-dinted face of Captain Styles.

There was just one little break in our triumph; when, by some freak of the wind, the Marmion seemed to gather way and go ahead again. It was then, I saw that sweet, fragile woman, Winifred Styles, stroke and pat the Marmion's rail; as if the ship were a living thing, responsive to her longing desire to defeat the foe—it reminded me of a lady. I had once seen fondling the favoured horse in a great race—but, the ship she was so proud of and loved so well was hopelessly outclassed in that weather, she dropped astern like a Rotherhithe barge racing a mail-boat; before I could well realise it, her fore-topmast staysail was refilling in a bee-line with our spanker boom.

During the blanketing, I had taken quick glances at Matson, to see what impression the wiping out of yesterday's insult had made; but he was impassive,

and never moved from the weather rigging——stay! once, and once only, he shot a glance at the Marmion’s poop, from under the dripping edge of his sou’-wester; and that, when Winifred Styles caressed the salt-encrusted rail—it was a piercing look at the small, white hand; his eyes seemed purposely withheld from hers—he never, even looked at Styles.

As the Marmion dropped rapidly astern, the gap in our excitement at Matson’s daring act was filled by his suddenly awakening from apathy—either assumed or real—he called the mate from his shelter, in quick, incisive tones; and while the latter was panting to windward, hurled these commands at him, like shot from a gatling gun:

“All hands on deck—shorten her right down to top-sails—see all top-sail halliards and sheets clear for letting go—hustle those Johns round Mr. Bootle!”

I took a quick glance at the sky, and found: the evil looking clouds had, at last, burst from the thralldom of the imprisoning gale and spread over the zenith like an overhanging pall, casting off from the arched edge smoke-like fragments. Astern, daylight was almost blotted out by anger-riven clouds, some stationary, some scurrying across the sky and colliding in their headlong career, emitting from the lurid impact steplike streaks of forked lightning—as yet, to us, voiceless lightning, unaccompanied by thunder; but it made more vivid and ghastly the storm-vaulted heavens—a vault paved with raging seas, rolling from under the canopy in mountains of green water, crested with foam.

We carried a good crowd that voyage; not runners, picked up in Newcastle, but honest, deep-water sailormen. They must have known we were racing another and more deadly foe; for they stripped that ship as if she had been making the home port, instead of fighting for safety in mid-ocean. But, for all that, it was a dead heat—the hurricane fell upon us just as the last sail was put under the gaskets.

There was a sudden dropping of the gale, which had carried us on the storm-front—a squaring of yards, in the midst of a turmoil of waters, that pitched and

tossed the Whitkirk as if she had been mere froth on the surface of the ocean. I remember, the after yards were squared, but the fore, still braced up—the men were struggling to get to the fore braces—when Matson sprung into the rigging, simultaneously yelling:

“Look out!!”

Intuitively, I ducked my head, and clung to the wheel with all my strength. Next moment, I felt the Whitkirk’s stern rise to a mountainous sea, and stagger in the rising; then, all was blank, save for a partial sense of suffocation and a rending, tearing force at my arm. When I recovered my wits, Matson was pulling me from under the wheel-box, where the sea had wedged me, hard and fast. I saw, that he kept one hand on the wheel, and I looked in a dazed way for the Swede, but his place was vacant; the sea had swept the ship from end to end and carried him to a viking’s death, only a shred of oilskin, fluttering on the jigger rigging, disclosed the way of his passing.

“Get to the weather wheel,” hissed Matson in my ear, at the same time almost lifting me round to the other side.

As I raised my arms and clasped the spokes, only the fol’sl head and poop deck were visible; all between, was a turmoil of angry waters; in which, wreckage from galley, boats, and deck mixed indiscriminately with my shipmates in their endeavour to reach comparative safety in the rigging. Matson pulled the mate over the break of the poop, against which the backwash had flung him. Then he came aft to me and said:

“Keep her dead before the sea, Wilson!”

I answered: “Aye! Aye! Sir,” and knew I had passed from boyhood to the threshold of manhood—five minutes before, he would have called me ‘boy!’.

The wind suddenly died down and, for a moment, ceased to blow; then, just as suddenly, it jumped back with re-doubled fury to the old quarter, filling our fore top-sails, striking the after sails flat aback. I looked at Matson, for I felt she was losing steering way, but he had gripped the rigging again and was look-

ing intently on our starboard quarter; where a fold in the cloud-canopy was lifted, disclosing a streak of dull green light, verging to red on the horizon. Almost as I looked, I saw the old, confident smile tremble on his lips when he called out:

“Stand by your top-sail halliards and sheets!”

By this time, the Whitkirk had rolled most of the water from her decks, but the men were still in a half-drowned, stunned condition. Before they reached the halliards, the wind was right aft again; it came out with a low moan, followed by an angry snarl, rising almost to a shriek, as peal after peal of Heaven’s artillery echoed and re-echoed across the sky—a sky from which the light of day had suddenly been quenched.

I tried desperately, to keep her before the sea; but, in that pandemonium of contending forces, it was mere guess-work. The shriek was followed by the entire force of the hurricane. At the first blast, I heard the sound of halliards on the run and felt Matson’s hand grip my shoulder, his fingers acting as a signal; for no voice of man could penetrate the howling discord of raging wind and detonating thunder——twice he pressed my shoulder down, and twice I put the wheel down——once, he almost lifted me off my feet with a sudden, upward grip, which caused me to send the wheel flying round; and I saw the boiling foam on another mountain of water pass like enshadowed, drifting snow on either side.

In the midst of it all—as if to add the fury of fire to the battle of the winds—flash after flash of sky-splitting lightning ran in jagged rivers of liquid fire from zenith to sea. Their hellish light had scarcely vanished, when, right overhead, an awful crack of thunder exploded with such terrific force that the raging sea and tempest seemed stilled by its vibrations—vibrations which shook my hands on the wheel, and set all the loose bolts in the yards dancing the devil’s hornpipe to the awesome light of fireballs at our mast-heads, electric fire on iron yard and wire rigging, and the smell of burning sulphur in our nostrils.

The climax lasted but a few moments, but moments seem hours when the elements are at war and man stands by, helpless.

After the thunderbolt, torrents of hail beat down upon our decks—not the pretty, white pellets of the common hailstorm, but hail, like frost-encrusted shrapnel; which scored my hands and drove the remnants of our crew, who had not already hidden, into any nook or corner to cower from their lacerating force. But the hailstones did more—they mastered and half quelled the sea, which ceased to boil and foam, even its mountains became swelling plains of water under their perforating force; and the wind—the foe that had seemed omnipotent—was sliced into millions of air-shafts. The storm, in its inception, had a sting in its tail which was self destructive. Scarcely had the burning titillation, resulting from that sting, passed from my hands and face, when—out from the starboard quarter, where the skipper had watched the dull light, came a gentle breeze from the East; the precursor of the North-east trades, our landward breeze resuming its rightful place on the ocean. The hurricane would pass on, gathering force and area on its course, whilst we cleared up the wreckage and clung to the fringe of the welcome trades; with our yards sharp up on the starboard tack; a lumpy, troubled sea; and just a glint of the setting sun glowing angrily on the Western horizon.

But, what of the Marmion? Barely had our yards swung round, than, away on our quarter, we sighted our rival——a shattered wreck,——only her mizzen-mast pointed skywards; the fore and main t’gallent and top-masts were mere encumbering wreckage, hanging over bow and waist like the dishevelled hair of a storm-tossed mermaid;——our men stopped pulling,——Matson strode aft; as he passed me I saw a strange, gray shadow on his face.

Obedient to a motion of his hand, I put the helm down and brought the ship to the wind, deadening her way, and wondering at the lifeless, forlorn aspect of the crippled ship—it was unlike Captain Styles to stagnate in a crisis.

This thought had barely sped, when I saw the red ensign flutter from the Marmion's poop, pause midway between boom and gaff, then roll out to the full extent—telling of a death on board.

Next moment, another flag was unfurled, this, from the mizzen-mast, midway between truck and deck. It was the stars and stripes, and instantly, Matson exclaimed:

“My God!——it's the skipper's wife.”

I remembered: Styles had wooed and won his wife in 'Frisco. The gossip of the water-front came back to me—the love of the young girl for the middle-aged skipper, of her pride in his doings, and her leaving the home of refined luxury to wed her hero, and with him the ship; for the Marmion was ever to her a part of her husband's life. Then, I thought of the beautiful face with the bright eyes and delicate complexion, on which the blush-roses chased each other; and a lump came into my throat, as, boy-like, I tried to smile, to hide the tears; for, Winifred Styles had been good to all the sailor-boys, whenever the Marmion touched port.

Matson did not speak,——small need, when I saw the convulsive shaking of his broad shoulders and noted the drawn, haggard face; as he went to his room—the death of the lady of the Marmion had removed a sweet presence from his life. Years afterwards, I saw her picture in his locket,——the clasp was worn-out with much opening.

We stood 'on an' off' through the night. Next morning the skipper sent for me, to his room. On entering, I was astonished at the change; for all the flowers, on the plants he tended with such care, had been shorn off. But my eyes quickly travelled to the table, to a small cross, wrought out of maiden-hair fern, with a spray of orange blossom at the foot and a bunch of white geranium in the center, on which nestled a solitary red rose; round about the cross were lying all the other blooms.

“Wilson, I am sending a boat to the Marmion with a letter of sympathy to Captain Styles, and to tell him, the race is off—not much sport racing with

cripples, is there?—I want you to take these flowers and——well, you know what to do with them——” concluded Matson abruptly, as he bent over the table; ostensibly to pack the flowers, in reality, to hide his twitching face.

The day was fine, with just the remnants of yesterday's seas undulating the water—a short pull put us on board the Marmion. I gave Matson's letter to the mate and asked permission to place the flowers on the body—there was no need to ask if the captain's wife were dead; the sorrow stricken faces told me that Matson had read the death signal aright.

The mate left me for a few moments, taking the letter in to Captain Styles; then, he beckoned to me from the saloon door. I hesitated——: for though I had seen shipmates struck down to death—I had never yet looked on the face of a dead woman; and she, one who had been kind to me.

There was no need for fear—her body was lying peacefully on the settee in the captain's room, just as if she were asleep—the oilskin coat was unbuttoned and open, the sou'wester had been untied and thrown back; disclosing the beautiful, childlike face, looking more beautiful and more childlike still, in death. The tell-tale pallor and sudden spasm of acute suffering, which I knew must have been there, had passed with the death struggle—the rose tints had come back—the stilled eyelashes symbolized sleep. Under the oilskin coat, I saw the edge of the unsewn, canvas shroud; so, I placed Matson's cross on her breast and strewed his flowers by her side, and made way for others, who were coming to take a last look at their captain's wife—ever, a bright, brave-hearted shipmate!

Captain Styles shook my hand as I went out—it was the grip of a broken-down, sorrow-laden man. He told me: the dismasting of the Marmion had broken his wife's heart—his way of putting it—but, I remembered, the frequent waves of pallor on her face and the pain-quiver crossing the winsome lips.

At noon, they buried her in a sailor's grave—in fulfilment of her oft expressed wish—the Whitkirk standing by, with

drooping, half-masted flags and main-yards backed. We saw the white haired skipper reading the service, and heard him pause, as the entwined flags were drawn back and the canvas shrouded body of his young wife, raised to the main-rail; then,———I turned my face away, but heard a splash and the clang of Matson's port, and I knew the lady of the Marmion was sinking to her long rest beneath the waves.

Awakened memory had flashed the recollection through my mind whilst the shattered hulk was passing into the harbour; as her stern vanished round the Outer Wharf, the whistle on the Drummond gave two short blasts, sounding faint in the distance, but telling me that my boat was waiting; so, I crushed down the long-ago memories, but walked slowly; for somehow, the presence of

Winifred Styles seemed close to me. As I passed the old man and the children, I heard the boy say:

"When I grow up,———I'll be captain of the Lusitania and beat every ship afloat!"

And the little girl placed her tiny hands on the old man's knees, looked up into his face and laughed with childish glee, as she exclaimed:

"When I'se big,———I'll be a captain's wife and be thro'ed in the sea,———jus' like granny!"

The old man gently smoothed the child's hair and puckered his wrinkled face into a smile—a smile of pride, intermingled with pain—but I raised my hat and passed on, with a glad throb at my heart; for I knew the lineage of the Sea Kings would never die out in the Saxon Race.

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## A Nearly Lost Christmas.

Ethel G. Cody Stoddard.

**I**T was the late afternoon of December the twenty-fourth when the steamship Monarch, fifteen days out from Liverpool and four days late into port, steamed slowly as if feeling its way through the icy waters, into Halifax harbor. To the passengers on board who peered eagerly toward land, it seemed as if the whole immediate world was prepared to prevent the possibility of a "green Christmas" in Canada. The snow-decked land dipped inquisitive fingers into the sea and seemed to obliterate the dividing line. The brilliantly blue sky studded with pearly clouds, appeared to be doing its best to tuck in the whiteness about the earth. Frost tingled in the air and a strange calm which only the presence of snow can create, reigned over all the land.

Standing on the steerage deck of the

Monarch, two old people with bent bodies and clasped hands looked with anxious eyes toward this new country that they had travelled so many weary miles to see.

"Michael dear, 'tis Terry's land we've come to at last, and all being well we'll soon see him." The woman who spoke was such a little person, but her wrinkled face was bright with hope and steady with trust.

"Yes Janet woman, it'll be only a wee while now. But mind you it's far from our own home we are, and—what if we shouldn't find the boy?" questioned the old man for the hundredth time.

"Oh, we'll find him, never fear. It's bad that the money's gone, but our tickets are good to Montreal, aint' they?" quavered the old woman, her face becoming suddenly clouded as rememb-

rance thrust itself upon her. When in a round-about manner word had reached Michael and Janet Tyne that their boy in America had been badly hurt and then succumbed to typhoid fever, they had hastily sold their little home, with its tiny garden patch, and Wiggy the black cow, and bought steerage passage for Canada. The idea in this latter being to save as much as possible of their little hoard in case Terry might be in need. Terry was the only child that the fates had left to them, and he with the headstrong ways of twenty-three had slipped the home-strings and gone to Canada to carve out a fortune and bring it back to them. That was three years ago. At first numerous letters had found their way to Hoiborn, but they had become gradually fewer and fewer, till at last the time came when for almost a year no word had been received at all. Then when news of his illness reached them, they rent the habits of years and all home ties; and though neither of them had ever been over twenty miles away from home in all their lives, at the call of the heart they bravely turned their faces to the new land.

In their simple way of trusting everybody, they had not been overly cautious in the keeping safe of their little pile of money; with the result that it had been stolen. Pride and a shrinking from pity and publicity had combined to make the old couple keep the matter to themselves. They argued that all would be well when they reached Montreal, because at his last time of writing Terry had a good position. And if worst came to the worst they would each try to do something to make a few pennies. Let them once reach Montreal, they could then be directed to Terry's boarding place and, well—God always helps the helpless. Thus the two old people settled the question; because in their simple minds Montreal was but a small town at most.

"Yes, 'tis hard to lose the money Janet," said Michael Tyne; "but there's many aboard this ship that's poorer than we; let's hope they got it."

And Janet, her eyes wistful over the

loss, agreed. Prospective reunion with her boy had mellowed her heart to all the world.

"'Twas most all we had, but since it's Christmas time, if we make up our minds to it, maybe we can spare it, especially if the one that got it hasn't any boy in Canada," said Janet, clasping the old man's hand tighter. "Won't Terry be proper surprised to see us?" she continued eagerly. Blissfully ignoring the fact, that either one of them had made the same remark on an average of at least a dozen times a day since they had left home. And Michael, his eyes brightening, agreed as he always did.

Slowly the great ship swung into dock. The lines were cast and landing seemed immediate, but time slipped by in such quick quarter-hours, that the sun was sinking into its rosy bed before the first passenger felt the good solid earth beneath his feet.

Amid crowdings and confusions and hurried good-byes to fellow voyagers, Michael and Janet Tyne stepped along the gangway and landed in Canada. Once ashore they were directed by an officer in charge as to where they should wait for medical inspection. Janet shivered with the cold and drew her shabby shawl closer about her bent shoulders, and tied her bonnet strings a bit tighter as she stood with the Monarch's five-hundred and sixty-one steerage passengers, and waited for orders to move on.

"Michael," she whispered, "it's Christmas eve at home now, and Martha and James Brinkster will be having a nice warm fire in our little house, and it—it would be comfortable, wouldn't it?"

"Yes, yes," gruffly assented Michael, as he shifted the bulging carpet-bag which held all their worldly possessions. His eyes were mistily kind as he pressed closer to the little woman and turned up his thread-bare coat collar.

The crowd, the strange faces, the noise and hurry seemed pandemonium to this humble pair, and Janet's cold fingers crept into the man's still colder ones.

"Are ye frightened Michael?"

"No, no, woman! We'll soon be in the train and off for Montreal—and Terry—praise God!" But the old man

shivered a bit and closed his eyes apprehensively. Travelling was new to him, and the Christmas thought had entered his soul. Remembrance of other Christmas eves crowded fast before him. Never before had he and Janet been cold and uncomfortable on that night. His retrospections wandered idly on till they were rudely interrupted.

"Stand in line there, please," sounded a voice, and the two old people were jostled and pushed into some sort of arrangement with those about them, and there waited patiently for the physician. When he came he examined their eyes closely for signs of trachoma, then put queer hieroglyphics on Janet's shawl and Michael's coat. New immigration regulations had just been received from headquarters, and every inspector, doctor and officer in charge seemed bent on enforcing every rule most rigidly. They were then directed to a long cosmopolitan line of immigrants from Asiatic countries, and there waited to be measured and checked off the Monarch's lists. It was a very long time to wait, and the two old bodies clung close together in sympathetic loneliness.

"The children will have done singing the carols by now, won't they, Michael?" asked Janet wistfully, and shifting from one tired foot to the other.

"Aye, they will that. I wish we were with Terry; I'm powerful tired," drearily answered Michael.

"Hark the angel voices sing,  
Glory to the new-born King."

Janet tried to hum the words softly to herself, but her voice failed, so she whispered them slowly. Suddenly she heard some one speaking.

"Michael Tyne. Able to read; yes. Height five feet three inches. Holborn, England. Steamship Monarch." The inspector reeled off the questions almost before Michael recovered his breath from the first one. "How much money have you got?"

Michael dropped Janet's shaking fingers, unbuttoned his thin coat and fumbled in his trouser's pockets, then brought forth a rusty black purse. Five dollars,

five more, two and two, and three one-dollar bills and some change—seventeen dollars and fifty cents, quite a pile; surely that was enough.

"Any friends in Canada?" asked the inspector.

"Yes," quavered Michael.

"Where?"

"Montreal."

"Um—big place that—got their address?" The unsteadiness in Michael's voice made the inspector suspicious.

"No."

"Sure they are there?"

"No-o sir," answered Michael, to whom the strange faces and surroundings danced in a mad whirl and made him uncertain of anything.

"I see. Deportation shed. Michael Tyne detained and to be deported at the expense of the Monarch on account of lack of money," sang out the inspector, and passed on to Janet.

"Janet Tyne—um—wife of Michael, I suppose; and in the same condition as to cash. Janet Tyne to be detained and deported at the expense of the Monarch for lack of money."

"But sir, we had forty pounds when we left Liverpool, and—and—it was stolen on board the ship," spoke Janet in desperation.

"Did you speak to the officer in charge about it?"

"No, sir."

"Why not?"

"We—we didn't like——"

"Same story ma'am, we've heard it before. Step lively, please."

The two old people, hand in hand, followed several other unfortunates toward the detention shed. On every side of them other steerage passengers were answering satisfactorily to all questions, then picking up their numerous bundles whisked out of sight. The tears rolled softly among the wrinkles of Janet's face and the sobs would not be controlled.

"Whist woman," commanded Michael, through set teeth; his eyes blinking defiantly at this cold new world. "Oh, I can't," wailed the tired little woman, her body bent more than ever with this added burden. Under her was Terry's land, he was here somewhere, sick and needing her; and they were to be deported.



They found a corner in the detention shed, which was dreary though warm, and there Michael allowed the little woman to weep undisturbed on his shoulder, the while gulping down his own bitter sobs.

"Christmas eve," he thought, "and he and Janet were like two beggars cast upon the world." His mind refused to act and for the moment he gave way to morbid depression.

\* \* \* \* \*

"I say Tyne, what'll we do now?" questioned a tall man in company with two other men, as the three sauntered by the brilliantly lit uptown Christmas windows.

"I'd like to go down to the wharves a bit. The Monarch is just in, and I've something I want to look after. Then we'll come back and do anything you like," answered Terry Tyne.

"Very good, come along then," acquiesced the first speaker. And the three arm in arm trudged merrily toward the wharves. Tyne had just returned to Halifax after a long absence and the three were renewing acquaintance. As they arrived at the docks they met an official of whom Tyne asked information.

"I say," questioned the tall man, "can't Creighton and I take a run through the customs or detention and such like places while Tyne is doing his business?"

"Sure; go through that door and ask for a special permit," answered the official.

A few minutes later the tall man and Creighton were poking about the different sheds. Tyne was to catch up to them where he could. As they entered the detention shed the officer in charge explained the situation of the occupants of the place.

"To be deported are they—poor beggars. But what do you suppose ever possessed that old couple to come to Canada?" asked the tall man.

"Lord only knows," answered the man in charge; "we get a bunch of 'em by every boat."

"Let's wait here for Tyne," suggested Creighton.

"Very good; he will likely be here in a minute," answered the tall man.

"It's rattling good to see you again, old man. And when Tyne wrote me he was coming through to Halifax on his way home, it was sheer good luck that gave me a chance to come down from St. John with him, and be able to spend Christmas with both of you, and see Tyne off on the Monarch. I'd jolly like to be going with him."

"Tyne has done pretty well for himself out here, hasn't he?" asked Creighton, with all the new-world anxiety for the flesh-pots.

"Jolly well, I can tell you. Has been up in Cobalt for ever so long and struck it rich. He is on his way home now to bring out his father and mother, if they will come. Oh, there you are Tyne! Ready to go?" as Tyne's well built form came quickly toward them.

"Have you seen all you wanted? Only a few people in here tonight; poor beggars, it's too bad. But it is a part of the excellent system of the Government, and nothing else can be done for them. But by jove! I'd hate to have anyone belonging to me come out steerage," said Tyne as the party turned to leave the place.

Something in his voice caught Janet Tyne's ear and she looked up eagerly. But the light was behind him and she recognized nothing familiar in the great-coated man before her. The man, however, stopped in the act of turning away and looked inquisitively at the forlorn looking old couple in the distant corner. Then he stepped a few feet nearer to them. His friends not noticing what he did went on ahead.

"Mother!" The word rang out joyously but bewilderingly.

Then followed a quick rush, a smothered exclamation, and the little woman, half hysterical but intensely happy, was gathered in the strong arms of her stalwart son. Michael in a dazed manner patted his boy's arm.

Hurried questions and answers tumbled over one another in rapid succession, and in a short time all the difficulties were settled. The official apolo-

gized profusely, but took virtuous refuge in the knowledge of duty well done, and the fact that mistakes will occur.

"We must now get out of here," said Terry, his voice a mixture of several emotions. Immediately a home-coming spirit sprang into the air. The tall man shouldered the bulging carpet-bag, while Creighton ran for a carriage. There was a delicious bustle in the actions of everyone. Terry, one arm around his mother, the other linked through his father's, blinked back happy tears and would not

let the new-found parents out of his grasp.

Outside the air was filled with soft crystals which fell like a blessing on the little party as they drove through the streets. All at once the bells of a church rang out clear and sweet.

Then another and another set of bells clashed merrily till the air seemed full of joyous music. It was a typical Christmas greeting to the newcomers, and seemed to blot out the past and give much promise for the future.



## Holly Sprays.

Agnes Lockhart Hughes.

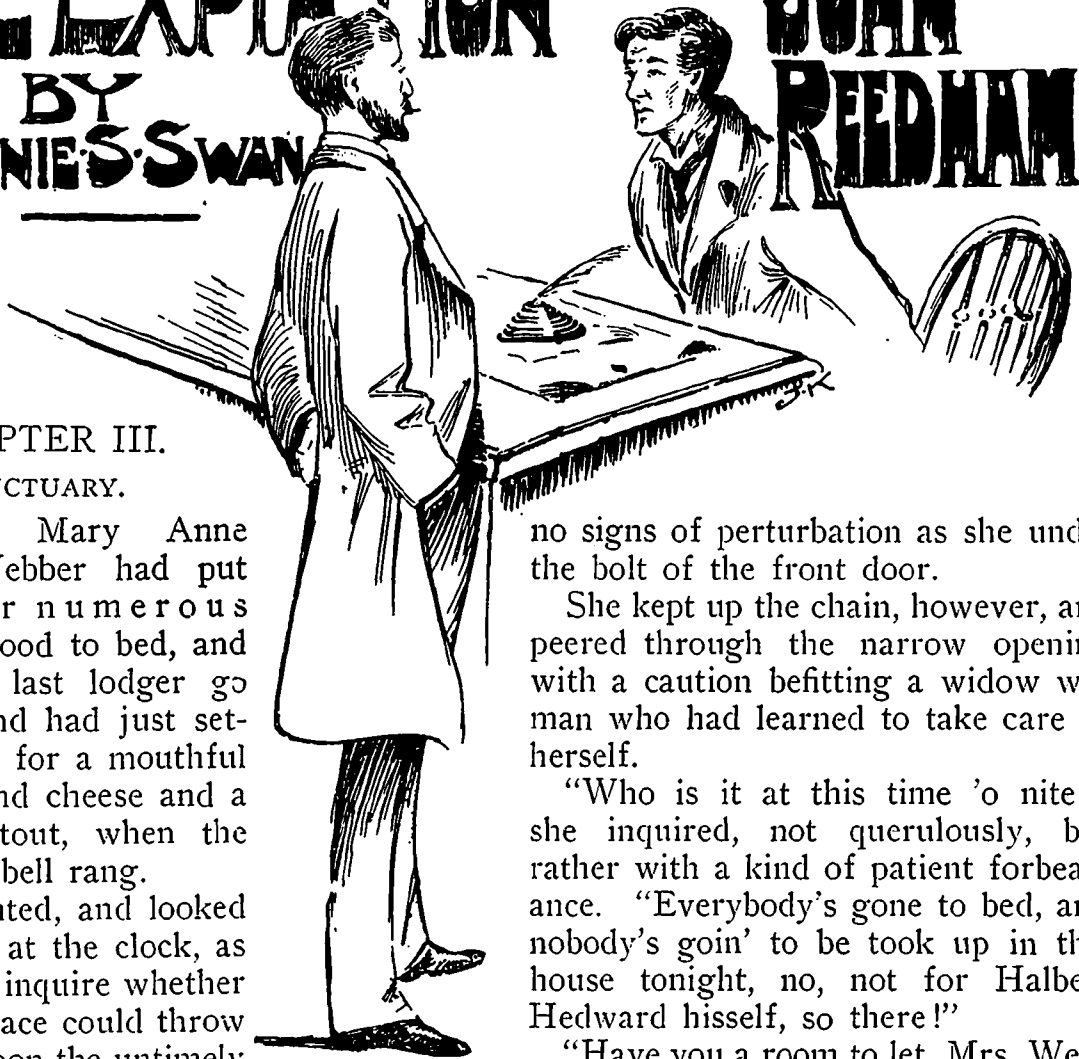
All glossy and green,—its leaves steeped in dew, —  
 A holly tree fair,—in an old garden, grew.  
 Then, its sprays rudely cut, were wove in a crown, —  
 And pressed on Christ's brow,—'till His blood trickled down.  
 The tree gazed in anguish—and bent her proud head,—  
 While the pearls on her leaves,—flashed a garland of red.  
 But sudden, she heard 'bove the rude rabble's din, —  
 The voice of the Master,—the Man without sin;  
 "Weep not, O! fair holly,—henceforth thou shalt live,—  
 In a garden of pleasure,—with love's gifts to give."  
 Then—smiling,—He passed,—and the garden grew bright,—  
 While the shadows gave place to a glorified light.

\* \* \* \* \*

So, now through the ages, the seasons' have seen,—  
 The spiked holly leaves, keep their emerald-like green;  
 And when the gay Autumn, all rainbowed, has fled,—  
 She gives to the Ice-King, her corals of red,—  
 To twine with the pearls on the loved mistletoe,  
 And gladden the Yuletide,—with joy's golden-glow.

# THE EXPIATION OF JOHN REEDMAN

BY ANNIE'S SWAN



## CHAPTER III. SANCTUARY.

**M**RS. Mary Anne Webber had put her numerous brood to bed, and heard her last lodger go upstairs, and had just settled herself for a mouthful of bread and cheese and a glass of stout, when the front door bell rang.

She grunted, and looked inquiringly at the clock, as much as to inquire whether its honest face could throw any light upon the untimely ring.

It was now twenty minutes to eleven o'clock.

"The Bobby, maybe that tiresome Tommy's left the area window open, as like as not."

She pushed back her chair, and wiping her mouth, proceeded in leisurely fashion out to the hall, where she produced a box of matches from her pocket and lit the gas. All her movements were leisurely, because she was of ample figure, and, moreover, did not believe in hurrying herself. Yet it was astonishing what an amount of actual bodily exertion that ample figure managed to get through in a day; the immaculate state of the house proclaimed that someone toiled early and late for the comfort of the household. That somebody was Mary Anne herself. Her face was very comely and placid, and betrayed

no signs of perturbation as she undid the bolt of the front door.

She kept up the chain, however, and peered through the narrow opening with a caution befitting a widow woman who had learned to take care of herself.

"Who is it at this time 'o nite?" she inquired, not querulously, but rather with a kind of patient forbearance. "Everybody's gone to bed, and nobody's goin' to be took up in this house tonight, no, not for Halbert Hedward hisself, so there!"

"Have you a room to let, Mrs. Webber," a low voice inquired, "I want a bed for the night, perhaps longer. Open the door."

"Not ef I knows it," replied Mrs. Webber firmly. "Respectable folks don't come to respectable houses at sech a time o' nite. There's a common lodging house down to College street; that'll just suit yer, I guess."

Mrs. Webber seldom minced her words, and had a habit of saying precisely what she meant. The lodger who disliked plain speech was at liberty to shift his camp. She could afford to be independent, for her house had a high reputation for cleanliness and honesty, and first rate cooking. Mary Anne had found that independence pays.

The stranger without the gates cleared his throat a little for another attempt.

"I'll pay you well," he said desperately. "I—I have reasons for wishing

to come here. If you open the door I'll be more explicit."

"Maybe they're after yer, eh?" she asked facetiously. "You'd better be going quietly, mister. I keeps a policeman's whistle handy to my pocket, and the beat ain't far off."

She would have closed the door, but the suppliant's desperate voice once more intervened.

"Mary Anne, don't you know me, you must let me in. It's an old friend of yours in trouble."

Something came to Mary Anne, a kind of intuition, though it could not be said to be absolute recognition. She undid the chain, and bade him enter. She eyed him keenly as he stepped across the threshold, but still failed to recognize him. A tall, thin, clean-shaven man, though with a sort of stoop in his shoulders, and a furtive look in the eyes behind the blue goggles; he was unlike any man of her acquaintance. Yet there seemed something hauntingly familiar about these eyes.

"Don't know yer, mister," she said suspiciously. "But, maybe, now you've wormed yourself in, you'll say yer nime and whatcher wants. I'm a lone widder, and though I ain't afraid of the likes of you, I don't want no truck wiv folks that ain't honest and sober, and hard-workin', see, them's the werry foundations of forty-siving St. Paul's crescent."

The stranger faintly, ironically smiled, and it seemed as if some vague fear fell away from him. For this woman had known him on terms of intimacy for five years, had been a servant in his house, carrying his meals and opening his door, and though he stood of a set purpose directly under the light of the hall lamp, she failed to recognise him.

"Can I come in anywhere, Mary Anne?" he inquired; then some familiar inflection of his voice went home, and she gave a little cry as she walked before him to the sitting-room door.

"Lor-a-mighty, 'tain't Mister Reedham," she said, beginning to tremble, though why she could not have told.

"You have said it, Mary Anne," he replied, "I am your old master in need

of help and shelter, and—and I had better say it out frankly, hiding."

"Lor-a-mighty!" she repeated, and her placid face grew pale, and her hand trembled as she steadied herself by the end of the table to take a better look at him.

"Lor-a-mighty," she repeated, "I shouldn't a knowed yer. Wotever is it? Wotever as happened, and where is the Missus and Marster Leslie?"

He shook his head, and there was such anguish in his eyes that her kind heart smote her almost to tears.

"Don't go fer to tell me anythink, I ain't needin' to know," she said quickly. "I never wus one to ast questions or pry inter nobody's business. Them as goes pokin' their noses into that fire gits burnt hoftener then they like. Yer looks desprit. Hexcuse me, sir, but—but are they hafter yer?"

She made mysterious signs with her eyes and her fingers, and Reedham merely nodded in response.

"Listen, Mary Anne, and I will tell you all you need to know. It is business trouble, which I cannot explain to you; you would not understand it. I have spent money that did not belong to me, always hoping to get it back, and to be able to repay, you can follow that?"

"I kin. It's a bad wy, Mister Reedham, fer rich or fer pore, it don't matter. It leads 'em all the sime wy."

"Yes, but one does not always stop to think of that. There were other reasons why I wanted to get rich quick, reasons I have never breathed to a soul. One day, perhaps, I may tell you. The hue and cry will die down soon, I expect. Every day I have expected to read an account of myself in the newspapers, and the general idea will be, that I have committed suicide as they generally do."

"I see."

Mary Anne began to grasp the situation, and she never took her eyes from the white, desperate face of the man standing by her table pleading for shelter and help. She knew that she would give him both. She had no code of ethics as taught by the schools, but she had a grateful heart, and the years of her service at Norwood had been ren-

dered pleasant and easy by the unfailing kindness and consideration of this man, who had been her master.

"You kin stop, of course. I don't want to know any more, please, not ter tell me another think. I honly want to ast one question. Is it safe, for yerself, I means?"

"I think it will be safe. You have known me well, you did not recognise me, Mary Anne, you look at me now as if I were a stranger."

"Yer own wife wouldn't know yer, sir, I never seed such a chinge. But fer how long? What'll be the hend of it, sir?"

"The end will justify the means, Mary Anne. I have been cast outside the pale; I will find my way back again. And that money will be honestly earned and refunded, do you understand? If I live, I will do that."

She regarded him doubtfully, yet with a certain admiration. She was only an ignorant woman, but she knew that the task of which he spoke with such a desperate confidence was a superhuman one. In her reminiscent moments she was fond of railing against the inexorableness of London life, and of alluding to the city itself as a huge monster without bowels of compassion.

She knew little about business, but her eyes filed with an immense compassion as she looked and listened to Reedham in that desperate hour of his downfall and disgrace. Help him she would, however, to the very best of her ability, and he read it in her eyes.

"I don't want much, and for that little I can pay," he said feverishly. "Some small back room which would serve as a respectable address; silence and peace to go in and out, but above all the feeling that you are in the background, a friend to whom I may speak when life becomes unendurable, these are the things I have come to ask, Mary Anne. It is a great deal, but—but by granting them you may save a soul."

"Yer kin 'ave the room, an' has fer pay, we shan't quarrel abart thet. Many's the sovring hover an above I got at Norwood from yerself, an' from the Missus. Is she ter know you are 'ere?"

"No, no; nobody must know," he answered feverishly. "Henceforth I am dead, do you understand, dead to the old life and the old name; I shall be Thomas Charlton, of St. Paul's-crescent, Camden Town. That is all you need know concerning me."

"But the missus?" faltered Mary Anne, going back in memory to the love which had been the mainspring of the Norwood home, illumining life for all its inmates.

"If my wife believes me dead it is the best that can happen," he said gloomily.

Mary Anne shook her head.

"It'll break her heart, sir, maybe hafter things as bin forgot a while you or I could let her know, quiet like, that you're 'ere."

"No, no, that could never happen. I must work out my own salvation alone. If it so be that fortune attends me, and I am able to reinstate myself before it is too late, so be it. But I understand that I have to pay the price."

"But sir, they're mighty clever, them 'tecs now. Supposin' they tracks you 'ere?"

"They shall not take me alive, but I think my disguise is complete. I have been back to our very own premises and spoken to the porter who has seen me every day of his life for the last twenty years, and he did not recognise me. If my wife should communicate with you in any way you will promise to hold your tongue?"

"I will, but I ain't 'eard from the missus for over a year," she said regretfully. "I've bin ailus goin' to run over to Norwood ov a Sunday, but it ain't never come hoff, so much the better as it turns out. Well, will yer 'ave a bit of bread an' cheese, sir? It's werry 'umble fare, an' the honly bite I gits in peace an' quiet, hafter they're hall a-bed."

"I am afraid I have disturbed you woefully. No, I will not eat anything. If you can show me to the room, a back room for preference, I'll go to bed. I've slept on some strange beds the last week, I tell you. It will seem like paradise tonight."

"There's the room back o' this, an' yer'll want the sittin' room as well. Party only lef' it on Monday, goin' back to Ameriky."

Reedham shook his head.

"I could not pay for this meanwhile, Mary Anne, and I don't care how small the room may be. I know it will be clean and sweet, and will savour of home."

He spoke as he felt. The hunted experience of the past few days had changed his whole outlook on life, and he naturally idealised the homely woman whom in the whole hostile wilderness of London was the only one he thought he might trust. She, no less than he, knew how great was the debt under which he was laid by her readiness to help.

"The room's jes 'ere," she said, stepping back to the communicating door. "It's the honly one I've got. I'm full hup now, cep fer this. And I carn't let 'em seperit. I kin afford it, sir, to let yer 'ave 'em cheap, as cheap as nuthin' maybe, till yer gits round the corner. Yer see me worst battle's over. Teddy hes earning his sixteen shillin' a week now in Goodhall's down to College street, an' likely to go hon gittin' better, for e's a clever chap wiv 'is 'ands and 'is 'ead. An' even little Tommy 'as his 'arf crown a-week fer goin' hafter a milk pram, and Tilda's to the dress-makin', an' little Annie gits that 'andy abart the 'ouse, yer can't think. Oh, me battle's hover, an' I kin eve a bite to spare fer a friend. Besides," she added fiercely, "Jes' look around, where did all this furniter come from? Hevery stick ov it were presents from you an' the missus. Where would yer come to, if not to pore old Mary Anne?"

She wiped her eyes with the corner of her apron, while she hunted for the matches to light up the inner room. It was a small square apartment looking out upon the long narrow strip of garden which in summer was an astonishingly pleasant place, shut in by branching lines which would have done no discredit to a country lane. True, the rush and roar of London, the whistle and din of innumerable trains never ceased night nor

day, but these were minor discomforts, not mentioned or even noticed by the dwellers in St. Paul's-crescent.

"There yer are, an' I'll jes' clear away," she said cheerfully. "The bed's hall ready an' as clean as a new pin," she added proudly. "That wos wot them Americans said, it was a treat. Good-night, sir, when would yer like to be called in the mornin'."

"Any time, any time, I don't know how to thank you, Mary Anne, but I swear that you will come to no trouble through it, and that I will repay in full measure pressed down and running over, what you've done for me tonight."

"Don't go fer to mention it, sir," she replied hurriedly, and made her exit with considerable haste. In a minute or so she was back, however, carrying something white over her arm.

"Beggin' pardin, sir, fer the liberty; but, seein' as you ain't brought no things, would yer mind puttin' on this ere night-shirt wot belonged to poor Webber. It's bin aired. There's a 'ot water pipe wot goes through the cupboard where I keeps me linen, an' wot a godsend it is to me yer can't think."

She laid it down softly and withdrew, for the sight of her new lodger sitting with his hands before his face seriously disquieted her, and as she did not hold with exhibitions of emotion on her own account, she was glad to escape. She slept on a chair-bedstead in the kitchen herself, partly to be handy in the morning and partly because danger from marauders usually threatens from the basement, and she liked to keep an eye on everything. It was very comfortable there, however, especially of a winter evening, when the stove burned clear and bright, and all the work of the day was cleared away. Arrived in her own sanctum, Mary Anne stood still in the middle of the floor, with a troubled, perplexed air.

"Lor' a-mighty, who'd a thought it? There's something mighty queer. I don't like them eyes o' his; but he needs a friend, an' that friend's Mary Anne Webber, for sure."

Then she laid herself down and slept the sleep of the physically tired, while

her new lodger paced the floor of his clean and comfortable room, with the back window thrown wide open, so that the fresh air might blow in upon him with a gentle, kindly touch.

He took counsel with himself until the grey dawn began to creep over sleeping London; then, reflecting that the task he had set himself required physical energy, which could only be looked for if certain laws of nature should be obeyed, he closed the window, undressed, and crept into bed. The clean, cool, white sheets, washed by Mary Anne's own hands, and wonderfully sweet for London sheets, seemed to welcome his tired limbs; a feeling of safety and security stole over him, and finally he slept.

Slept so soundly that the din of the new day, the cheerful "Milk-oh!" of the earliest vendor, the hoarse roar of the coaman, and all the stir of the awakening household failed to arouse him. Possessed with a sudden fear that her house might in the silent night watches have been turned into a place of tragedy, Mary Anne at last, when the house was quietened of its morning stir, stole up to the front room, crossed it softly, and opened the door of the inner room. Hesitating there, with beating heart, she could hear his regular breathing, and she took a step further to look at him. He was sleeping soundly and peacefully, and the haggard lines of strain were smoothed away from his face. But it seemed still a strange face, and the dark hair was unfamiliar. Reedham had been noted for his abundant fair hair, his neat pointed beard, and moustache of a golden hue, and his transformation was complete.

"His own muvver wouldn't know him, thet she wouldn't. He'll feel better wen 'e wakes hup. I won't be in no hurry to waken 'im."

She closed the door and softly withdrew, and all her housework that morning was performed mechanically, because her thoughts were so busy with the future and ultimate fate of her new lodger, and the tragedy of his life. About noon, listening in the hall, she heard him moving, and flew to get him a breakfast-tray. And she had a smile for him when she

took it in, a smile which warmed his empty heart. He had prepared himself for colder looks as he busied himself with his dressing. Sympathy warm at night, is apt to cool in the morning. But there was no abatement of Mary Anne's kind interest, no disposition on her part to repent of her promise made the night before. His face brightened as he read this in her comely face.

"Good mornin', sir. Yer didn't 'ear me hin abart nine o'clock. You've 'ad a good nite, I kin see, an' I'm glad of it."

"I have slept eight or nine hours, and I'm a new man, fit to conquer fate," he replied. "Tell me, you don't repent your promise to let me stop here as long as will be safe for you and myself? I promise you that I shail go before there is any chance of your being troubled by me or my affairs, though it is my hope that I may be able to remain here undisturbed, and until I have accomplished the task I have set myself."

"Sure yer kin stop. I'm not one to go back on me word, sir," she assured him. "Though fer yer own sake an' the sike of them we carn't nime, I 'opes it won't be long."

He shook his head and she saw the slow, red mount in his cheek.

"I will go out this morning and try my luck. There is a sovereign to begin with, the next one I hope I shall have earned."

Mary Anne shut her lips together with the nearest approach to a snap.

"I dursn't tike it, sir, no, not now. When yer kin tell me there's a job an' good pay fer it, it'll be different. Leave it like that, if yer please, for the sike of them we dursn't nime."

Reedham replaced the sovereign in his pocket and Mary Anne softly withdrew. About an hour later when she heard him in the outer hall preparing to leave the house she appeared from the underground regions.

"What time fer dinner, sir, if yer please."

He squared his shoulders and looked at her.

"Look here, Mary Anne, bed and breakfast meanwhile, and a bite of bread

and cheese when I need them, and no ceremony, these are the terms, and I've left the sovereign on the mantelpiece. It'll pay for the week. By the end of that time I'll have a job, I hope, or I'll know the reason why, and meanwhile's mum's the word."

She put her finger on her lips and nodded sagaciously. When he bade her good-day she entered the sitting-room and watched him walk out to the end of the Crescent. He certainly did not look like her old master. He had discarded the frock coat and silk hat and now wore a somewhat shabby suit of dark blue serge and a bowler hat. He looked like a clerk out of work.

It was the most amazing experience that had ever come into Mrs. Webber's life, and it seemed to quicken her interest in everything. Not the smallest qualm regarding the moral aspect of the affair troubled her.

Her old master, from whom she had received untold kindness, to whose help she really owed her present position, was in trouble and had besought her help. Such as she could give him was most heartily at his disposal; such were the ethics of the position supposing they had been called in question. Mary Anne therefore passed a most interesting and singularly short day in contemplation of the new element that had come into her existence.

Reedham, now Thomas Charlton, walked out into the Camden-road and there mounted to the top of a yellow omnibus moving city-wards.

It was a beautiful and sunshiny morning; comforted and refreshed by his safe shelter, good sleep, and wholesome breakfast, and perhaps most of all by the sympathy of the only living being to whom he had spoken more than a few words during these horrible days, he was conscious of some slight lifting of the terrible gloom in his soul. Someone got on the omnibus with him, a man in clergyman's dress, with a fine, strong kind face and a mobile mouth, which had almost a woman's sweetness. The top of the omnibus being nearly full, they had to share a seat, and the clergyman bade him a pleasant good morning.

Reedham at first scarcely responded. For the moment all men were his enemies, and he feared ulterior motives where none could possibly exist.

"London is a pleasant place on a morning like this," said the clergyman, apparently unconscious of any unresponsiveness on the part of his fellow passenger. "And this is quite a pleasant neighbourhood. The Camden-road on a morning like this is hard to beat."

"Going down as a neighbourhood, I should think?" observed Reedham brusquely. "If one is to judge by the number of notice boards on the houses."

"It has gone down of late, but possibly we may have a renaissance later on," observed the clergyman cheerfully. "People come back after they have tried other parts of London. It has many advantages and conveniences."

"You live here, I suppose?" hazarded Reedham.

"Yes, I am the Vicar of St. Etheldred's in Seton-square. If you look along the first opening to the left you'll see the square tower of my church."

They passed it at the moment, and Reedham nodded as his companion pointed out a singularly ugly tower of dull smoke-bitten brick.

"A poor neighbourhood, and my people are wholly of the working class, but I would not change it. Yes, I could have moved several times in the last ten years, but I am still here. Are you a stranger to London?"

"No, I have lived in it all my life."

The clergyman regarded his clear-cut profile with the interest peculiar to the real and discriminating student of human nature. He gathered from his speech and manner that he was an educated man, and a certain suggestion of power was in his face. But he seemed to be under a cloud. A quickened interest in him filled the good man's soul; it was his business to heal and help and save, and his name was known as a friend to the troubled far beyond the bounds of his own parish.

"Ah, then you know something of the stress of London life. Yet it has its charm. I could not live, I think, outside of it now, unless I happened to get



into ill health. London is no place for those who are not fully equipped for the race."

"You speak truly, sir," said Reedham, with some bitterness. "And it has been the ruin of many who imagined themselves as you express it, fully equipped."

The note of personal bitterness rang insistently through the words, and the clergyman knew that in thinking that a troubled soul dwelt in the bosom of the man by his side, he had made no mistake."

"You have had misfortune, perhaps?"

"Yes, brought about by my own incredible folly," admitted Reedham, more and more amazed at himself. But there was really nothing to marvel at in the sudden craving for human sympathy. Only the man who has been wholly cut off from it, even for a period of days, knows how real is the deprivation. To Reedham it was a wholly new experience; he had up till then only tasted the sweets of life."

"But misfortunes pass," said the clergyman quietly. "And to all they have their uses. I hope I do not intrude if I express the hope that you see a way out of your misfortunes."

"No," replied Reedham, and a guarded note crept into his voice. "At present I see no way out."

"May I inquire whether you are what is commonly called out of work, though I see that you are a gentleman?"

"Yes, I am out of work."

"And what is your line of things?"

Reedham hesitated a moment.

"I am a clerk," he replied at hazard.

A faint disappointment, almost touched with incredulity, overspread the clergyman's face.

"It is not a profession affording many possibilities," he remarked kindly. "I hope that you have something in view."

"No, nothing, and I have to get down here," he said, as the omnibus drew up with a jerk at the corner of the Euston-road.

"A moment, friend," said the clergyman quickly, as he drew out a card from his pocket and a pencil, with which he proceeded to write something on the back of the card.

"There, that is my name and address, and on the back you will find the address of a gentleman who delights in helping those who are down. He is an intimate friend of mine, we met in connection with a case in which we were both interested, and I have often thanked God for him since. He will see you if you present that card. I have his permission to send to him whom I like, and I feel strangely interested in you. I hope we shall meet again."

He offered his hand, and after a moment's hesitation Reedham accepted it.

"Perhaps if you knew my history you would not touch my hand," he said thickly. "Good-bye, sir, and thank you."

He raised his hat and made haste down the steps of the omnibus to the ground. Immediately he turned towards Gower-street, and in a quiet doorway stopped and looked at the card.

On the one side was written:

"The Rev. Cyrus Fielden, St. Etheldred's Vicarage, Camden Town."

On the reverse side a name which caused Reedham to laugh aloud.

"Archibald Currie, Esq., 98, Hyde-park-square, and 18, Old Broad-street, E.C."

The brother of his own partner, James Currie, though a very different type of man.

He thrust the piece of pasteboard into his vest pocket, and strode on, having no particular object in view. He had merely got down to escape the kindly but embarrassing attentions of the Vicar of St. Etheldred's.

But the name on the reverse side of the card pursued him as he walked. Something in the mere thought of presenting himself to Archibald Currie, who had known him quite well in the old days, which already seemed so far away, attracted him with a sort of weird fascination.

He was a very different man from his brother James, and if by means of his sympathy and assistance he could climb back to the paths of self-respect, how great would be the irony of his triumph!

There was something adventurous in the mere idea which appealed.

All day long he wandered in the by-

ways of London, pondering on this strange chance that had come in his way. And from the beginning he seemed to know what the end would be.

Four o'clock in the afternoon found him in the very heart of the city standing with his face turned towards Old Broad Street.

(To be continued)

## An Allegory.

By Pete

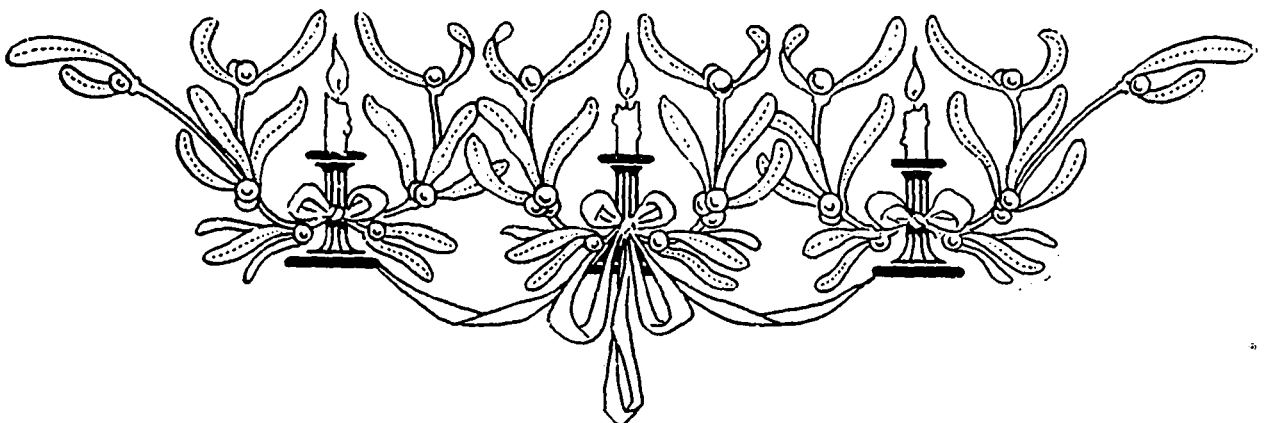
Out of the deep crept a Wavelet, sighing upon the sand,  
All for the Love of a Lady out of reach of his tender hand,  
Lifting himself with passion to break at her dainty feet,  
Longing to grasp and keep her, who was so wondrous sweet.

Soft and clear was the singing that came to his listening ear,  
And his Ripples supplied the music to his worshipped Lady dear,  
And ever he gathered courage to nearer and nearer creep,  
Longing to catch and take her to his Home in the silver deep.

Daily the Wave crept nearer, daily the Ripples sang,  
Louder and louder till passion and desperate longing rang,  
Through the notes, till at last desire flung off all checking hand,  
And he rushed and grasped and bore her away from the selfish land.

Out of the deep crept a Wavelet, sighing upon the sand,  
All for the Love of a Lady who would not understand,  
Still she lay on the Sea Shore, while he with his Ripples told,  
Of the breaking heart he gave her and the wonders the Oceans hold.

But never she stirred and the singing that had wakened his Heart to fire,  
Came not, so the Wavelet crept back to the Deep sighing with dead desire,  
And the Lady lay on the Sea Shore, quiet and white and cold,  
Drowned by the passion that won her, and took her but could not hold.



# Marble Caves in British Columbia.

Hon. C. A. Mackintosh

**T**HE question has frequently been asked: "What advantages have the discovery of great caves vouchsafed mankind?" The enquirer reasons that, while geologists learnedly discussed the origin of such, thereby adding to the world's store of scientific knowledge; while they have been able to assign one million years as the approximate period for producing the wonderful series of chambers in the Kentucky cavern, still for commercial or industrial purposes these formations seldom presented features of practical value. Be that as it may, every newly found cave rivets public attention. Years ago, savants were of the opinion that the nitrous atmosphere of the Kentucky Cave possessed curative virtues in cases of consumption and asthma; an hotel was built under one of the domes and scores of patients treated; but it was soon proved that damp air and changeable climatic conditions were fatal to the speculative theories of medical professors. The manufacturer, merchant and ironmaster may have little use for these vast subterranean excavations; still they disclose secrets long hidden within the depths



Charles H. Deutschman, Discoverer of the Marble Caves.

of the earth, taking the investigator back to pre-historic times, and impelling the scientist to deal with problems incapable of solution by a tramp over prairies or inspection of the highest peaks. Confined to no country, the discovery of these passages infinitely benefited the world at large. The Caves of Franconia, in Germany, Kirkdale, in Yorkshire, England, South America and Iceland, all contributed towards revealing what, up to the time, had remained sealed mysteries. Fossil remains of the kangaroo, found in the ossiferous caves of Australia, proved that the fauna of the pleistocene period, resembled modern conditions in a remarkable degree. In the Kirkdale Caves, remains of hundreds of hyena were discovered under the calcereous incrustations of the floor, together with gnawed animal bones, the prey upon which hyenas existed. Geologists and naturalists, like Buckland and Falconer, were thus enabled to extract valuable data and information from these grotesque finds. The caves in Glamorganshire, Wales, were found crowded by mammalian remains of an ancient period. While by the revelation of cave secrets, it has been established that out of thirty-three species of animals the remains of which were discovered in British caves, only one-half now survive in Europe.

The latest cave, that in British Columbia, was discovered by a hunter, guide and prospector, named Charles H. Deutschman, who came from southern Minnesota to Canada, in 1898 and explored Peace River and MacKenzie Basin, then crossed country to Revelstoke, a progressive town on the Columbia River, and a divisional point on the Canadian transcontinental railway. The country from Illecillewaet and Glacier north, has long been famous for big game, especially grizzly, black and cinnamon bear.

Deutschman wasted no time. He hunted through the wildest parts of the interior, frequently meeting with accidents but sustaining no serious injuries. The grizzly is particularly aggressive when suddenly disturbed, and not unnaturally, during trips into the fastnesses

of the mountains and canyons of this district, encounters with these animals were more numerous than entertaining. During one expedition, emerging from a thickly tangled underbrush, Deutschman came face to face with a wicked looking grizzly. Hunter and hunted were both surprised at this unexpected encounter. Deutschman's rifle was at his shoulder



Entrance to Caves.

in a breath of time. Crack! and the first bullet passed through bruin's neck and body, tearing away the upper portion of his heart. The wounded animal roared until the echo might have been heard far off against peaks and bluffs. Crack! and a second shot pierced both lungs; then a third broke a shoulder, the soft nosed bullet remaining in the opposite portion of the body. After the second shot the grizzly became confused, tearing at his lacerated hide and twisting in every direction. After receiving the third bullet he ceased roaring, biting at his paws, and trying to remain erect; then he succumbed, much to the hunter's relief. He then proceeded to ascertain the animal's length, which proved to be eight feet five inches.

Shortly after, in the vicinity of Whistler's Falls, another grizzly dropped before Deutschman's marksmanship, and like all men skilled in woodcraft, he reasoned that there must be a retreat not far away. Again he saw a third grizzly; being unprepared he was unable to secure its skin. Forcing his way through devil's club and a score of wild growths and fallen timber, Deutschman virtually stumbled into a cavernous opening. He

could see the old river bed, examined the back channel and now crawled into the entrance.

Procuring a light, he proceeded through a natural tunnel and descending 150 feet, reached the first landing. Advancing another 100 feet he was astonished to find himself in a vast chamber 150 feet wide, the dome appearing as though rounded and fashioned by skilled artisans. The scene was at once novel and impressive, but no symptoms of animal, game or insect life were noticeable, although the ceaseless roll and pounding of the subterranean channels could be



Whistler's Falls.

heard for a great distance. Naturally enough, Deutschman endeavoured to benefit by his discovery, but after making application for the right to control it, found that many impediments existed, more particularly a Dominion statute, reserving certain properties such as natural springs, caves, etc., in the interests of the general public. Deutschman was well advised and, to make assurance doubly sure, "located" mineral claims on the north slope of Cougar Creek, including the cave surface, and controlling the entrance, the posts being marked "Skookum" and "Drumlummon."

The Province of British Columbia is entitled to the minerals contained in what is known as the Twenty-Mile Railway Belt, and as Deutschman's claims were recorded and certificates issued, any disagreement between the Dominion and Provincial Government and the Canadian Pacific Railway would have led to rather

costly litigation. Happily this did not occur as a satisfactory understanding was arrived at.

Soon after the discovery of this cave a party left Glacier and Revelstoke, proceeding to the west slope of the Selkirks, reaching the head waters of Cougar Creek after a gradual ascent of less than 2,000 feet, and two miles and a half from Glacier Station, and approached a massive structure seemingly carved by the hand of man. Deutschman became alert, holding his rifle in readiness in case of grizzlies. He said, "We will cross the natural bridge." The roar and rumbling drowned any ordinary voice, as the visitors neared the bridge under which Cougar Creek flows for 350 feet. It is called "Gopher Bridge."

Far up, cascades seemingly emerging from the rugged bosom of Cougar Mountain, leap wildly over a series of bench rocks, flowing into the Creek. These cascades are known as "Whistler's Falls"—the "Whistler" being a species of prairie "gopher" but really a cross between the gopher and red squirrel. Crossing the east end of Gopher Bridge, a succession of bubbling streams, swelled by the melting of snow in the mountains, sparkle like rolls of silver when the sun's rays reach them; wave sweeps over wave, with picturesque effects, completing what is pronounced to be perfect mountain scenery. Seeking a point of vantage, a panorama, solemn, impressive and grand beyond imagination, bursts upon the view. Turning towards the northeast Mount Sir Donald (named after the present Lord Strathcona) looms high above its surrounding rivals. North and east the Great Glacier appears. Between Mount Sir Donald and Whistler's Falls stands Mount Cougar, while to the west Illecillewaet (pronounced "Ille-silly-wet") is seen southwest. From a point west of the caves, massive ice and snow laden peaks extend for miles—glimpses of Ross' Peak, abrupt pyramids, massive crags and stately monoliths are noticeable, until the observer, is appalled by the wierd grandeur of his surroundings.

At the east end of a second natural crossing, called Mill Bridge (about 240 feet in length), Cougar Creek drops into



Sentinel Bluff.

a canyon 170 feet deep, entering the caves after flowing a further distance of 230 feet. The roar and clatter, the drumming and pounding of waters meeting, uniting and rushing pell-mell beneath the bridge, the marvellous scenery and withal, the utter stillness, solitude and speechless grandeur recalls to the on-looker the poet's line—

“To look through nature up to Nature's God!”

Sentiment is liable to lose its magnetism when one's shins are scraped by pointed rocks, his face ruthlessly scratched by too ready and too numerous brambles, and the victim is aware that much knee and collar work remains to be accomplished: hence the briefest possible sojourn at Deutschman's improvised canopy saw the party preparing candles and lamps, tightening belts, adjusting ham-

mers and axes and picks, coiling ropes, and, after this, proceeding to the cave. This was one of many trips.

On a former occasion—1905, just after the caves were discovered, Messrs. H. Douglas, Superintendent of the Banff National Park; W. S. Ayers, Consulting Engineer; Mr. Wheeler, W. J. F. Ford, C. P. R. Resident Local Engineer; Mr. Arthur Johnson of the Revelstoke Herald, and several others had visited the spot. This trip was less arduous, although streams were rising and many obstacles had to be surmounted. The chorus of waters sounded in their own sphere as the mighty roll of cathedral organs. Down, down, down, until 350 feet had been traversed and the “Auditorium” and Bridal Chamber were reached. Just before entering, the party gathered to obtain a view from the summit. There, rising far above, stood Mount Macdonald, towering over all surrounding peaks, just

as the great statesman after whom the monolith was named, loomed over all other Canadian public men. Entering the Auditorium visitors are amply rewarded. This huge chamber is 50 feet wide, with a depth of 60 feet, and having 40 and 50 feet between floor and ceiling. Roofs arched, ceilings exquisitely polished, walls as smooth as though perfected by art—all combine to produce a panorama of fantastic magnificence. And



Approaching the Caves.

this is but the portal, the ante-room opening into more stupendous excavations. Passing through a series of narrow corridors, a vast dome resembling an Italian temple is reached, measuring fully 150 to 250 feet in width, the ceiling and floor being connected by huge white and grey marble columns, progeny of water upon cavern limestone. As rays of light are concentrated upon sections of this marvel of Nature's handiwork, all could readily imagine the effect which will be produced by electrical illumination. The water power for generating electricity within a wide area is estimated to be sufficient to operate trams from the main line of railway to within a reasonable distance of the caves. At the present time trails have been cut, and within a reasonable time all the comforts of modern hotel life will be supplied. Mr. Deutschman at present acts as general guide and supervisor. He is still confident that when the cave channel from Cougar Creek is diverted, outlets will be found miles from the present entrance, for, far away in the bowels of the subterranean wonder, the ceaseless pounding of water is distinctly heard, while without, Bear, Goat and Douglas

Falls add to the grandeur of the crystal flood.

To attempt to classify the various and varying geological features, to follow the course of parallel and oblique galleries, would demand weeks of indefatigable labor. Suffice to say—the solemnity, the gloom, the chaos of water, and wonderful variety of crystals, marble columns, incrustations, the endless recesses—jagged and black mouthed—impart a wierd grandeur, a fascinating charm to this important discovery. In the earlier stages, reporting to the Dominion Government upon the subject, Mr. W. S. Ayres, the Departmental Engineer, stated: "The walls are of solid marble and have been slowly carved during centuries by the ceaseless rush of torrents of snow water." Again, "the whole mountain is honey-combed; further exploration should reveal several even greater chambers and more colossal caverns."

Deutschman, who is an old-time prospector, believed that through the agency of the caves great mineral discoveries would follow, as all the mountains between Mount Stephen (named after the present Lord Mount Stephen) to the North forks of the Illecillewaet, are heavily mineralized—gold, silver, copper, galena, zinc and iron being found, sometimes in paying quantities.



Eight thousand feet above an extraordinary growth of a hardy and beautiful flowering moss was found and a "snapshot" taken, the flower in the photograph being the natural size. Locally it is named "lilac pink flowering moss." Doubtless there are those who will be able to define its proper botanical classification.

# At the House of Dreams.

Agnes Lockhart Hughes.

**H**E sat in a shabby armchair, gazing through the frosty panes, out to where the snow lay in glittering heaps on the wind-swept street; and he cursed aloud the rattling window sashes, and the creaking doors. It was Christmas Eve, and the moon sent silver shafts over the winter's first gift of snow, 'till it seemed studded with myriads of uncut gems. The blustering north wind, rushing by, clutched at the leafless trees, bending and twisting their creaking limbs, like frail pipe-stems, in a giant's grasp. The Frost King stalked abroad, and pale stars gleamed coldly down on the snow-clad earth.

"A beastly night, chilling one to the marrow," muttered Tom Andrews, as a falling icicle struck a sharp rap at his window pane. Then suddenly, merry voices laughing and singing, reached his ear. A gay party were carrying sprays of holly, and garlands of evergreens to a nearby church. As they stumbled through the snowdrifts, their laughter grew louder, and Tom withdrew from his seat at the window.

"Silly idiots—every one of them. Laughing indeed, after the hardships of the panic, from which we have not yet recovered. With such a wretched outlook, too, for the coming year. Trade at a standstill—stocks low—and money tight;—laugh you idiots laugh. Ah, I hate the world with its senseless merry making, when we have such cause to weep. I'd like to know who invented the silly custom of all this row at Christmas, with its absurd custom of giving; giving indeed." Then Tom shook, as though with ague. "There, I might have known I am getting a cold, that's about all this season brings me—laugh is it? laugh?"—and a sneeze interrupted his further utterance. The merry voices gradually grew fainter, and Tom fell in-

to a doze beside the hearth on which a few red embers, were quickly turning to silvery ashes.

\* \* \* \* \*

The wind with a shriek, threw open the door, and as Tom was about to utter an imprecation, across the threshold tropped men and maidens followed by older dandies and damsels, in costume of bygone days before the reign of the despot, Goid. The satin knee-breeches, plumed hat, embroidered doublet, peruke, fob, pompadour and buckled shoes—all were there as though a merry carnival were at its height. Out from the motley crowd stepped an old man in powdered wig, and leaning on a gold-headed cane. "Look at me Tom, have you forgotten your old Dad? See your ancestors, from a century back, have come to visit you. A jolly Christmas, lad, cheer up, all the world rejoices,—you too should be glad."

Tom was too dumbfounded for utterance. One of the guests stuck his lighted torch in a sconce; another piled high the logs in the grate, and set them blazing; while the general chatter and laughter filled the air with merriment. Tom could not utter a word, but stood trembling. Several of the merry-makers gathered around the table, and in a few minutes transformed the bare surface to a board with tempting viands and edibles. In the centre glittered a great bowl, in which the fragrant punch was steaming.

Clicking his high heels on the bare floor, Tom's great grandfather approached him and said: "Good luck—and good cheer—for even in the days of old when life was full of despair, with sleepless nights and anxious days, the star of hope never wavered but made gay our Christmastide."

Tom's grandfather, puffing a long clay



pipe, then related stories of days, when camp fires flickered in the rigid night, and the watchful Indians crept upon them unawares. He told a sad tale of tyrannic reign, when the conscience of royalty slept, and carnage, devastated the land—of the bravery of men in the face of danger, and the noble heroism of women: white through it all, thanks were offered for the meagre mercies of Heaven, bestowed upon them."

Stroking Tom's hair, his mother spoke: "Ah, son! Little you know of the days when women's eyes were brimming with tears, and their hearts were lacerated with woe! When Columbia wept over her countless dead; and the Civil War left famine and misery in its wake. But Tom, dear, the Prince who came to earth on Christmas morn, filled our weeping eyes with love's light, and our hearts with a deep peace. Would you be less brave than the women of your mother's time?"

"Be not a churl, lad," spoke Tom's aunt, "in the midst of peace, plenty, and health, you sit grumbling, instead of being thankful and joyful with the merry-makers. For shame, Tom Andrews, for shame."

"Shame, shame," echoed the chorus; "shame, shame," shrieked the sobbing wind, and "shame, shame," hissed the logs, spluttering on the hearth.

Tom's head fell forward on his breast; then his mother, with her arms about her son's neck, said: "Hush, he sorrows of his selfishness, and repents his repining."

"Come lad, drink with us," said his father, "a truce to discontent, and may this draught drown it forevermore."

Each merry guest held a brimming glass, and all stood watching Tom, who groaned and attempted to rise.

"Give us a toast, a toast!" cried the company in chorus.

Then Tom stood in their midst and

raising a steaming glass said: "Down with the demon discontent, may the Prince of Peace, send us joy."

Every flagon was quickly drained; then, as if by magic the gay carnival crowd melted away,—the punch bowl disappeared, and the bare table top gleamed like a ghost in the flickering firelight, for the torches were extinguished. It was midnight, and a deep silence reigned in the room. The last live ember in the grate fell with a hiss,—and Tom started up, rubbing his eyes; then, across the snow pealed the Christmas chimes, and from the village church rang the chorus: "Gloria in Excelsis Deo."

The crimson rose of dawn, had rolled away the silvery shadows, and the scintillating snowdrifts were shot with scarlet gleams, when the villagers on their way to early morning service, passed the cottage of Tom Andrews. Hitherto his house had been a place to be passed by hurriedly, but now people lingered, for there in the window contentedly smoking his pipe, and smiling serenely stood none other than Tom Andrews. A passer-by waved him a message, and was surprised to receive a cordial return. Then, from the group came a child, and opening the creaking gate she knocked timidly at the door.

Quickly Tom threw wide the door.

"A Merry Christmas, Mister Man," she lisped.

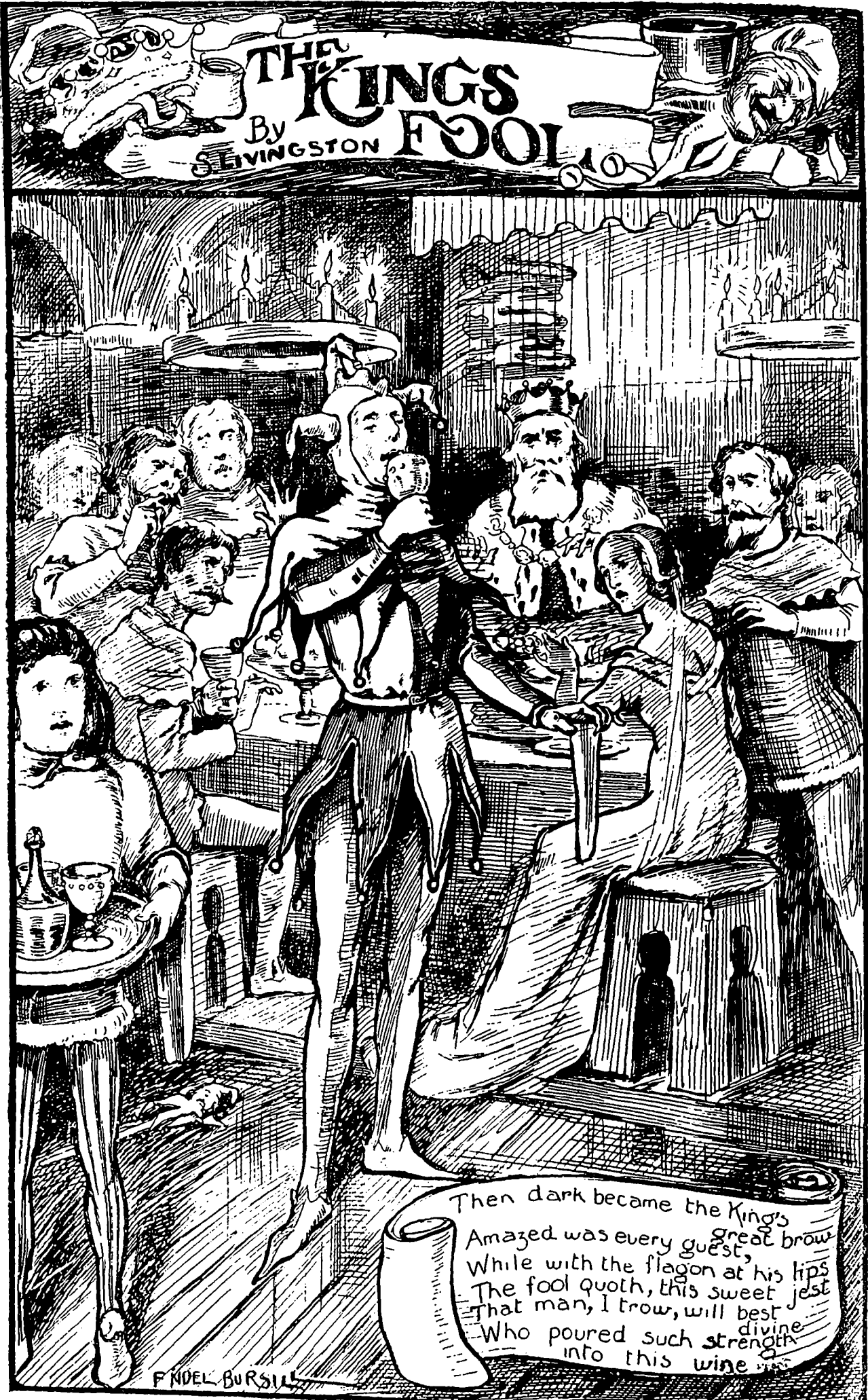
Snatching her to his heart Tom kissed the sunny curls, and answered: "God bless your little heart, the same to you, and many of them."

And thus may this Christmas forever  
disperse

All the gloom from your brow that is  
meant by a hearse

And may joy fill your soul wherever you  
go

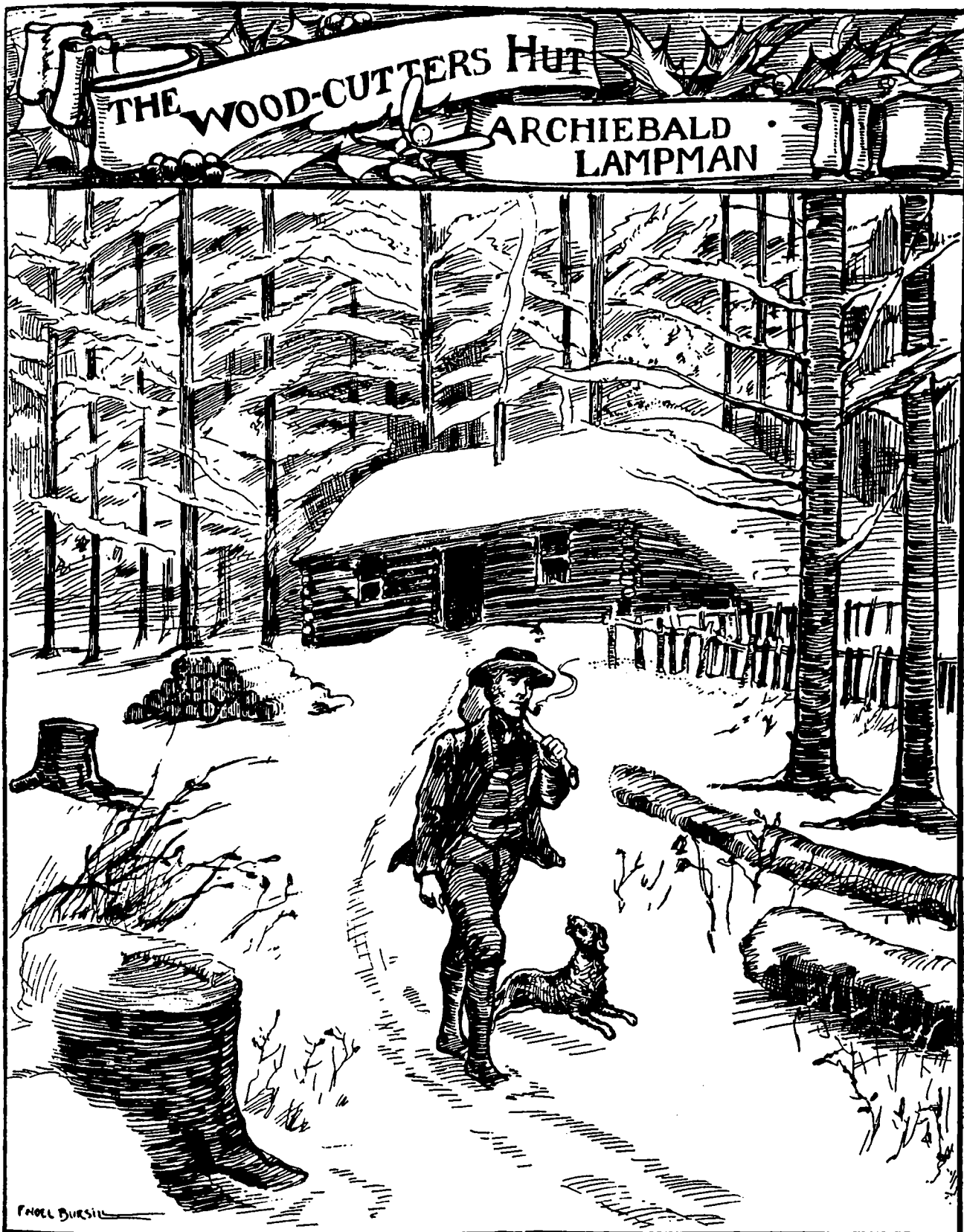
Is the greeting and toast of good  
Westward Ho!



THE  
KINGS  
By  
STEVINGTON FOOL

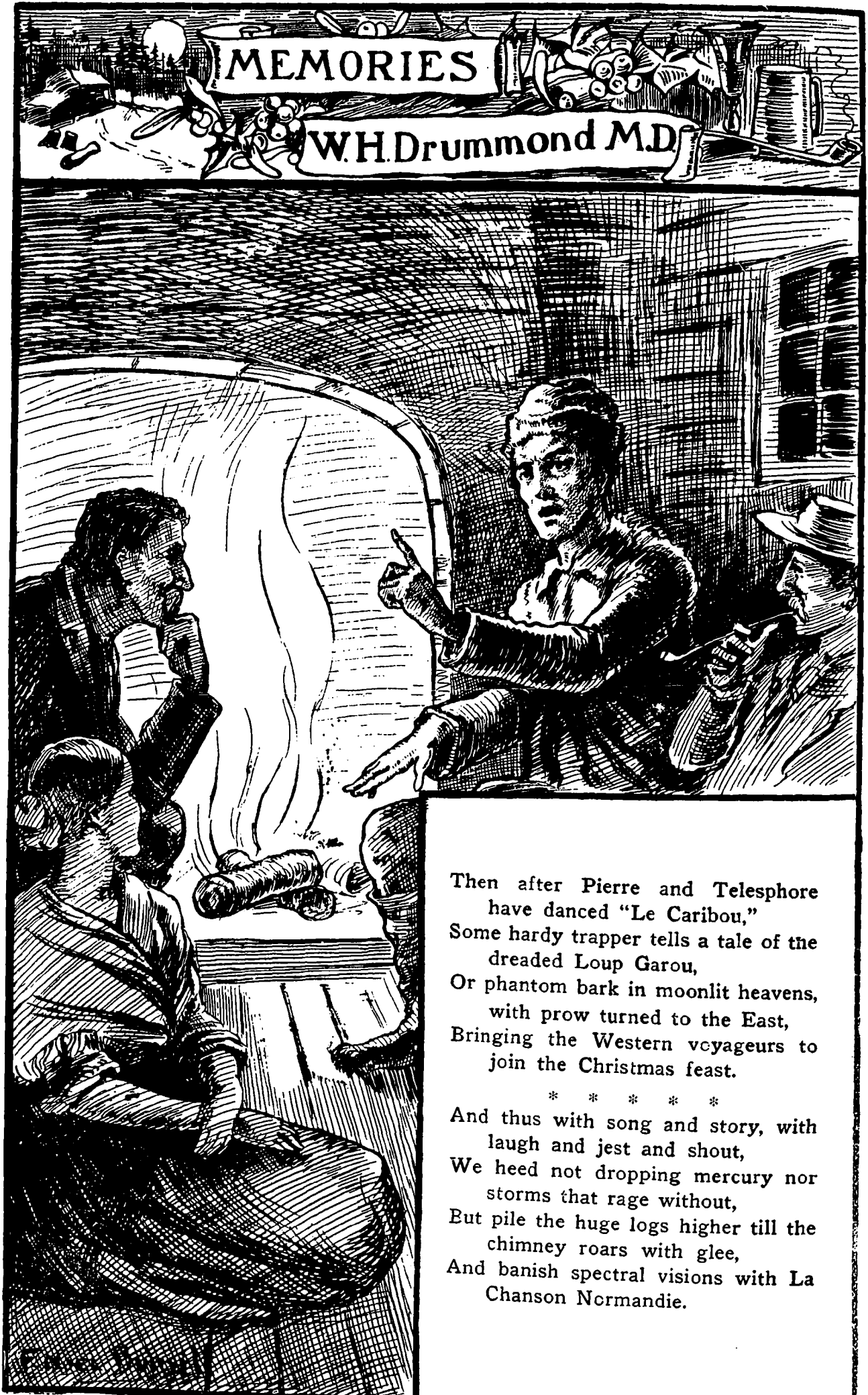
Then dark became the King's  
 Amazed was every guest, <sup>great brow</sup>  
 While with the flagon at his lips  
 The fool quoth, this sweet jest  
 That man, I trow, will best  
 Who poured such strength <sup>divine</sup>  
 into this wine

FNDEL BURSILL



FRANK BURSILL

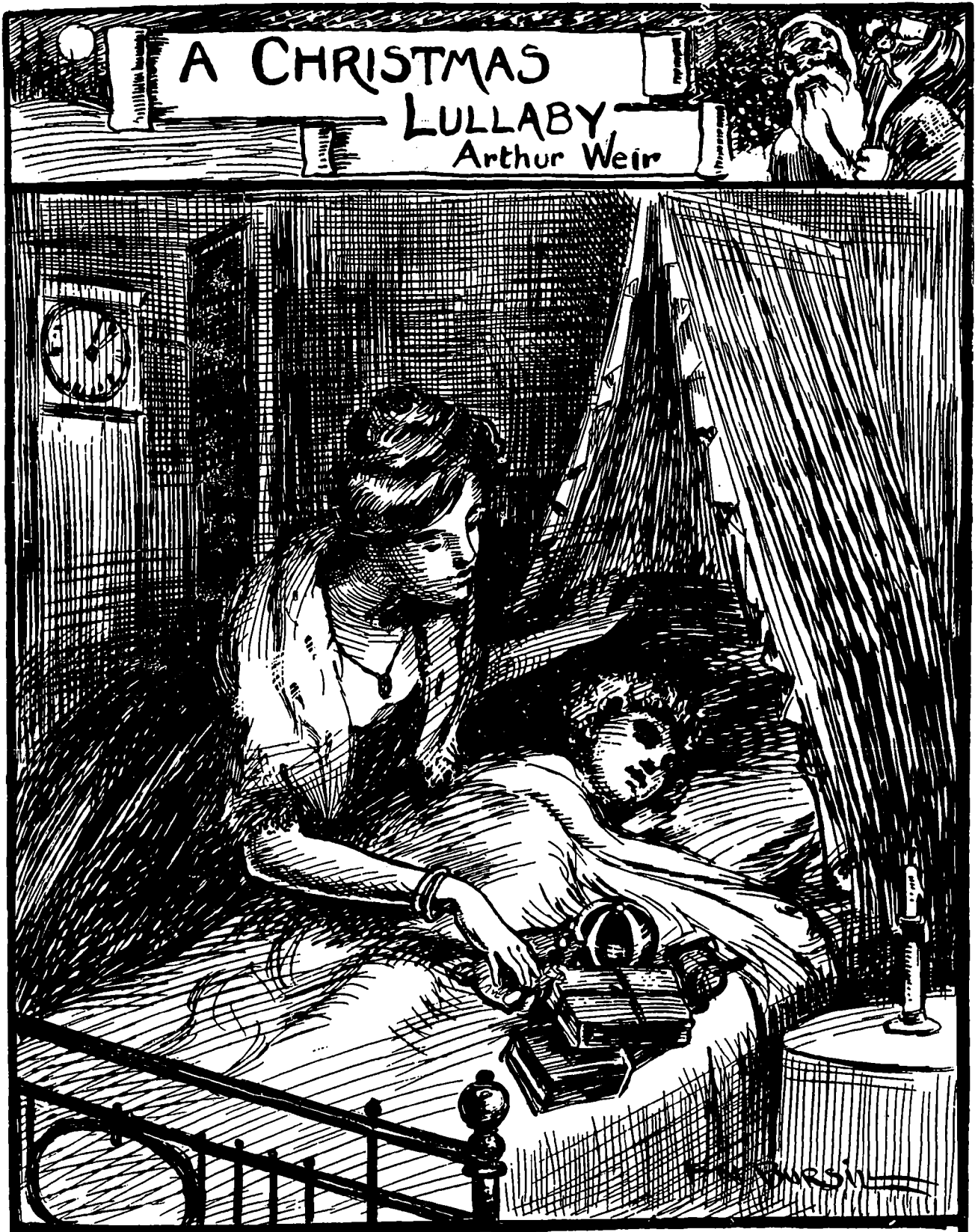
Far up in the wild and wintry hills  
In the heart of the cliff-broken woods.  
Where the mounded drifts lie soft and deep in the noiseless solitudes,  
The hut of the lonely woodcutter stands,  
A few rough beams that show  
A blunted peak and a low black line  
From the glittering waste of snow.



Then after Pierre and Telesphore  
 have danced "Le Caribou,"  
 Some hardy trapper tells a tale of the  
 dreaded Loup Garou,  
 Or phantom bark in moonlit heavens,  
 with prow turned to the East,  
 Bringing the Western voyageurs to  
 join the Christmas feast.

\* \* \* \* \*

And thus with song and story, with  
 laugh and jest and shout,  
 We heed not dropping mercury nor  
 storms that rage without,  
 But pile the huge logs higher till the  
 chimney roars with glee,  
 And banish spectral visions with La  
 Chanson Normandie.



Sleep, softly sleep, my pretty one;  
I hear the neighing of the steeds,  
Good Santa Claus has just begun  
His round of kindly deeds.

A DARKENED  
YULE-TIDE  
Bernard McEvoy



Holly-berries pale your redness; O  
be dull sweet mistletoe;  
In the Yule-log's failing embers let  
us see the long ago;  
Stay the dancers' feet a moment, hush  
awhile the merry tune,

Sorrow turns her darken'd pages—  
reads again each tear-mark'd rune.

\* \* \* \* \*

Yet shall Memory wave her sceptre—  
show them once more as they were;  
Love recall each form and feature;  
fill each sad and vacant chair;  
While we hear the joy-bells ringing,  
sing the carol glad and free;  
Join once more the feast well-ordered,  
joyous as it used to be.



Good Christmas Bells, I pray you  
Ring him back to me,  
For I am in the village,  
And he is on the sea.

The surf beyond the harbour  
Is girt with hungry foam;  
Good Christmas Bells, I pray you  
Ring my sailor home!

# Out of the Night.

Douglas Leader Durkin.

TOWARD nightfall in the late Russian autumn, an aged man was seen to make his way on foot and alone in the direction of the city of Moscow. The nights had become cold,—so cold that one was reminded uncomfortably of the near approach of winter. Rain had fallen continuously for the greater part of two days, and this aged wayfarer plodded along slowly enough over the deeply-rutted roads in his feeble efforts to reach the city before night should set in. The half-frozen rain was driven with merciless violence against his uncovered head and ill-clad body, and his long beard hung heavy with the clinging sleet. Stumbling along, aided by his long staff, he seemed to pay little heed to the wind or the rain but fixed his eyes steadily before him in the direction of the city.

From his evident fatigue he had been afoot for some time, perhaps for some days; and now as he approached his destination there appeared in his face a suggestion of the same eagerness that glows in the eyes of the beast of burden, half dead from thirst, as it approaches the shaded pool. Indeed he seemed buoyed up entirely by this eagerness, and as he moved along with dogged perseverance, even this failed to keep his spirits high; and his step became slower and slower. As yet he could not see the city on account of the gathering darkness and the violent storm, but he seemed to know that it was at hand and he thrust his head forward as if to pierce the darkness with his gaze. Whether from sheer exhaustion or from the shock he had experienced in the thrill of joy with which he viewed this, the end of his journey, it would be difficult to divine, but scarcely had he come to a pause in his weary trudging, when his strength seemed suddenly to fail him

and he dropped heavily upon his knees in the middle of the highway. For a moment he knelt, silent and motionless, his eyes still fixed stolidly towards the city. Then lowering his head till his dripping beard lay close to his breast, he turned his face slowly in the direction from which the storm was coming and looked into the dark impenetrable skies. All at once the eagerness, the spirit, the buoyancy—all that bespoke hopefulness vanished like the flickering gleam of a candle held before a gust of wind on a dark night. Yet not a word escaped his lips. It was as if the thing upon which he had set his heart had suddenly withdrawn itself from his reach and he accepted the inevitable with all the grim composure of a man whose life has known little but defeat.

He would probably have remained in that position for hours, indeed he might have completely succumbed to the exposure and excessive fatigue had he not been aroused suddenly by the approach of someone on the road behind him. The next moment mud and water splashed upon him as a horse came quickly to a standstill within a few feet, and a gruff voice cried:

“What the devil——get out, there!”

Not a move or sound was given in response to this rude warning by the kneeling figure. The rider urged his horse forward and leaning from his saddle, rapped the heavy end of his riding whip upon the head of the traveller.

“Out of the way, you old brute, or I’ll ride over you.”

Still no reply.

Without further warning he plunged forward over the old man who fell at full length, face downward, upon the road. Apparently uninjured, however, and as if roused from his lethargy by



his narrow escape, he arose with a spring and once more grasping his staff, hobbled with renewed vigor in pursuit of his assailant, who soon vanished from sight and hearing into the dark night.

It was after midnight when he arrived in the city and passed down street after street, unobserved by the few who chanced to be out at that late hour. His step was slow and heavy, but he moved with an apparent disregard for his fatigue. Once he paused, opened slowly the door of a lodging-house and looked in. An old woman, whose voice proclaimed her a hag, screamed furiously at him and slapped the door in his face. He turned away slowly with the same submissive silence that had characterized his every action. He moved a little farther down the street and paused again before a dimly lighted window. Snow had begun to fall with the cold rain and the streets were wet and slippery. He strove to rise, but could do no more than sit up. His strength had completely gone. A drowsy numbness seemed to pass through him like a chill, and then he felt warm again. The dripping snow fell upon his uncovered head, and he bowed his face slowly in his hands and slept.

## II.

The lodging-house before which the footworn vagrant had incidentally paused, had been the scene of many a lawless hour. Men of wealth, men of rank even, who wished to pass a night unobserved in loose pleasures, had for some years made this their rendezvous. The keeper, who happened to be blind in one eye, seemed to see less than half of what went on beneath his roof; and what he did see was treated with cool disregard. He was unmarried, but had for some years supported an old woman as his mistress. She had a history that none but herself seemed to know and few cared to learn. Though a virago by nature, she had the faculty of talking in the most wheedling tones when occasion required, and smiled viciously at times, even when a smile seemed most out of place. The frequenters of the place spoke of her only as "the hag," and invariably addressed her as

"mother." Though mistress to the keeper, he was by no means her master.

On this night little pleasure was found in loitering about the cold streets. Consequently, a number of men and women had sought shelter in the large room of the old lodging-house. As it grew later, noisy groups passed out one by one, and before midnight only three persons were left in the room. A woman and two men (one a military officer), were seated at a table in one corner, talking quietly. The officer leaned back leisurely in his chair and pulled out his watch.

"Well," said he, "it's midnight. Nickolai, according to his promise, should have been back at least an hour ago."

"Where did he go?" asked the other.

"Oh, he had some little difficulty with the tenants on his estate a few miles out."

"I'll wager it's a woman that keeps him," broke in the woman. "Those peasant girls, you know, are in love with medals and fine clothes."

"I haven't seen him much with the girls since he rid himself of his wife," returned the officer.

"His wife!" exclaimed the woman.

"What, Nickolai's wife?"

"Of course!" broke in the man. "Didn't you know Nickolai had a wife?"

"You know," said the officer quietly, "he had her exiled less than a month ago."

"No, I never knew," replied the woman. "But why did he have her sent away?"

"Perhaps because she wasn't pretty enough," said the officer, with a smile.

"More likely because she was too virtuous," replied the gentleman, casually. "Oh, you fellows can do pretty nearly what you like! If you were all like Nickolai——"

"Oh," interrupted the officer, "but we're not."

"No," retorted the woman, "but not far from it."

Just then the door was thrown suddenly open, and a man dressed in a military riding-habit, stepped into the room. The young officer arose and advanced to meet him.

"Good-night, Nickolai," he said quietly.

"Good-night, Paul," returned the newcomer, and looking across the table, said merrily, "Hello, little girl!"

"Hello, Nickolai!" replied the woman. "You're late on the roads tonight."

"Yes, a little," said Nickolai, removing his gloves. "But you're not waiting for me, are you?"

"No, I'm not," she replied, "but I saw one tonight who was."

"Yes?" enquiringly.

"That's refreshing news. We don't have them looking for us very often. We usually have to look them up when we want them," and he smiled significantly at the woman. "Well, and who was she, pray?" he asked.

"Oh, no one of any account to you, Nickolai," she replied. "She didn't seem very pleasant, you know."

"Who, then?" persisted Nickolai.

"Dark eyes, a rosy cheek, and eighteen——can't you guess?"

"Oh, yes, I know now. But what did she want?"

"She wanted you, of course," returned the woman. "She was crying and said she had been looking for you since last week."

"Last week,——yes?"

"We just made fun of her," continued the woman, smiling. "You see, we have known you longer than she has. But she seemed to take to it rather seriously, you know."

"Well, I could be sorry if I had time, but I can't help it now, and I've business with Paul that'll keep me going for the next hour. After that, well, I don't mind if she does come."

"Ah, Nickolai," said the woman, with a cunning look over her shoulder at him as she went out in company with the man who had been seated at the table with her.

"And now," said Nickolai, turning to Paul, "let us get to business. It's late. Just a moment: I want to see the hag."

He went to a door leading from the room and cried:

"Ho, mother!"

"Yes!" came a shrill answer from a distant room.

"Come," said Nickolai, going back again to the table, and seating himself opposite to Paul.

The old woman came in hurriedly, and advanced to the table.

"What is it, dearie?" she asked.

"It's late," began Nickolai, "and I have some business to arrange with Paul. In the meantime, I've a little errand for you."

"Yes, dearie."

"I want you to find something for me."

"I'll find it."

"Now, listen," he continued, with a smile. "The richest Jewess and the fairest woman awake, do you understand?"

"The richest Jewess——and the fairest woman," repeated the hag, "and both in one."

"And both in one," said Nickolai, "and——and not too virtuous, do you understand?"

"And not too virtuous," repeated the hag, as she turned and left the room.

### III.

Nickolai turned again to Paul and assumed an air of seriousness.

"Well," he began, "I have pressing business with you, Paul."

"Had you any trouble with the tenants?" asked Paul.

"Oh, no, nothing serious," he replied. "On my way back, I rode over a crazy old devil, and I guess if he had any brains they are spilled in the road by this."

Paul moved uneasily.

"Well, your business, Nickolai," he said, rather abruptly.

Nickolai looked about the room carefully, and then leaned across the table towards Paul.

"You see," he began, lighting a large pipe, "I've run into a deuce of a muddle. Now, as it happens, I need your help to get out of it."

"My help!" exclaimed Paul, in surprise.

"Yes, your help, and pray do not be surprised. I've one or two things to tell you that may startle you more."

He looked about the room cautiously. "I got rid of the hag for a purpose," he began again. "I have a story to tell

you—a secret, perhaps. It is my secret, and, strangely enough, it is the hag's secret at the same time. The only difference is, she thinks she has kept me from knowing some things that she knows,—things of some importance to me."

Paul looked interested.

"To be over with it, I'll begin at the first and tell it all," said Nickolai, settling down more comfortably in his chair. "Something over fifteen years ago, nearly eighteen, when I think of it, a man named Mazurink was found guilty of taking a hand in an outbreak in St. Petersburg. He had really never taken any part in it, but a young man who had an eye to business found out that Mazurink was proprietor of a nice little estate in the neighbourhood of Moscow. The estate was not large, but it looked comfortable to our young gentleman, who, by the way, had military ambitions, and he played his hand so well that Mazurink was given fifteen years in Siberia."

Paul sat back slowly and looked at Nickolai without speaking.

"Then what did our enterprising young soldier do?" continued Nickolai. "Going to Moscow, he learned that Mazurink had left a wife and two children, a boy and a girl. When he found the woman, she had disposed of both children, being unable to manage the estate to her own profit, and was reduced to poverty and forced to look for work to keep herself alive. Now our young gallant, true to his calling, approached her in a time of need and found her quite amiable,—do you understand? He reasoned things out coolly to himself. One thing was clear—she must live, but just how to live in Moscow was a little difficult for a woman to decide in terms of her own modesty. The consequence was that money was taken in exchange for virtue, and the woman was kept from starvation for a month or so. At the end of that time word was received that Mazurink was dead.

"The way being thus opened up, nothing was to hinder the youth in realizing his ambitions. At his request, the woman produced a false heir in the person

of a ragged youngster from the street. Through him the ambitious youth gained control of the property and the woman lived under his support until he became tired of her and passed her into the hands of an obscure acquaintance who has her yet. Then the lucky young devil married a pretty little maiden more of his own age and choice."

Nickolai paused and smiled serenely as he took the pipe from his mouth slowly and looked at Paul.

"Now," he said, "don't be startled when I throw some light upon it all. The wife of Mazurink has become—the hag."

Paul started, but an odd smile lighted the face of the speaker.

"The lucky young devil of a soldier was your friend, Nickolai Nataroff," and he gave a confident little chuckle. "And you, Paul Nataroff, are the false heir whom the hag produced. Your real name was never known to me, and doubtless never will be, but you couldn't wish a better than Nataroff, and I have been a pretty good old uncle to you."

Paul lowered his eyes and sat in silent meditation while Nickolai continued.

"And now for the muddle out of which you are to help me. The hag seems to have lost all trace of her son. I have good reason to think he is dead. At any rate she no longer makes any mention of him as she once did. So you see there is no cause for alarm from that quarter. Not one here knows her real name,—she may have forgotten it herself, but we can give her a name easily enough that will serve for all practical purposes.

"Another difficulty has arisen, however. While she seems to have lost track of her son, she has kept her eyes upon her daughter who has lately come of age. Now, the rub comes here. While I have reaped the profits, the hag has never really surrendered the proprietorship of the estate, and my game has been played successfully thus far through virtue of the fact that she has been kept in hiding. Once she becomes known as the real owner of the estate, I am done for."

He looked rather serious, and shuffled uneasily in his seat.

"Previously, she had no desire to get loose. She has been living quite comfortably, and that marks the limit of her wishes in this regard. But things have changed suddenly of late. Her daughter has just come of age. Soon she will marry someone, and the old woman will supply the data that will put everything I can produce out of keeping with the truth. Now here is the precise point at which I am going to call upon you for assistance."

Paul looked coldly at him without speaking.

"You have spoken quite frequently with the daughter, the young lady who holds so much that is promising for the fortunate devil who marries her."

"I do not know her," returned Paul.

"With whom were you walking yesterday when I met you near the new cathedral?"

"Whom, Veda?"

"The same. *She* is the hag's daughter. Now here's the plan. I have approached them with a view to making Veda my wife. But you know the difficulties are many. In the first place it is not so very long,—not long enough since I rid myself of the wife I did have. Besides I am a little over age to fulfil the dreams of one so handsome as our fair one of the dark eyes. Looking it over from all sides I can hardly hope to find favor in their sight, and although the old lady has promised to consider it carefully, I am not expecting much from them. So you see, it seems that I am out of the question as far as making her my wife is concerned. But I have another card yet to play. That little girl is half in love with you. You have a strong influence there. While I cannot win her affection, you can—you've won it already."

"She speaks to me kindly," said Paul, evasively.

"I'll wager her thoughts don't stop where her words make an end," said Nickolai, jokingly. "If you let me tell you how, we'll launch ourselves safely into a mighty nice thing. To begin with, I want you to marry Veda."

"Marry Veda! That would not be possible."

"Possible! Pooh! Oh, I know, I

know; Paul. I've been a soldier for over fifteen years, and I know the trade. Of course, you're a soldier yourself, and take nothing like that seriously. We're ail alike in that regard. But let that be, I want you to *make* it possible. Be serious for a while. If it doesn't suit you, why, do as I've done,—get out of it when you're satisfied with what you've got."

Paul rose from his seat and faced Nickolai.

"I say it is impossible," he said coolly. "You need not ask me to explain why."

"Impossible!" reiterated Nickolai. "Do you forget I have brought you from poverty to what you are? I have helped you, now it's for you to return the favor. Remember who you are, Paul. It might pay you better if you do not let others know it. You were an outcast, a pick-up, a——"

"Stop!" demanded Paul. "It makes no difference what I was when you found me. Now I am a man and I take no part in your dirty schemes. I do not need your name in order to live, and from this time forward I am still an outcast, a pick-up, and without a name until I find one that is more honorable than Nataroff."

"Then you refuse to help me!"

"You insult me to ask."

"Be careful," replied Nickolai, threateningly. "You might be sorry for it, you know."

"I shall never be sorry for having done what is honorable," said Paul, with an air of dignity.

Further conversation was prevented by the door being suddenly opened. The hag appeared, and led the way before the tall, beautiful woman with flashing eyes. Paul turned pale and Nickolai started perceptibly as they beheld Veda standing before them.

Nickolai turned to Paul with a malicious smile.

"You can go to the devil, now," he said. "Your assistance will not be required."

#### IV.

It was an hour later that Paul paced restlessly up and down in his room. His

hands were clasped behind him and his head bowed low as he walked, now slowly, now briskly, from one side of the room to the other. The day throughout had been one of anxiety and trouble. Refugees, fleeing from the outrages and unmerciful lawlessness of a mob of revolutionists, had been coming to the city during the entire day with fresh tales of misery and disaster. Buildings were burned to the ground, and many occupants of burning homes had lost their lives in the flames. Helpless children were thrown from the flames by writhing, praying mothers, and hurled back again by frantic, cursing demons in the forms of men. As the mob swept forward in its efforts to carry all before it, women and children were trampled to death unnoticed beneath its feet. Old men, decrepit with age, fatigued and unable to keep pace with their mad companions, fell to their knees, cursing and praying in turns, as the blind hoard swept over them, beating the blood into their eyes, and leaving them writhing and groaning upon the ground. The wreckage strewn in the wake of such storms is horrible beyond description.

Such occurrences as these were alone the cause of sufficient anxiety to Paul in his capacity as military officer. But his anxiety was augmented almost beyond endurance by the interview he had had with Nickolai Nataroff, hitherto supposed to have been his uncle, and its unexpected conclusion.

As he paced to and fro, trying in vain to ease his confused mind, he stopped suddenly and stood listening as if he had heard some strange sound. A prolonged shout echoed from a distant part of the city. He stepped hurriedly to his window and looked out into the dark night. The clouds hanging low above the city were steeped in a red glare, the light from raging fires. Turning quickly from his window, he was about to rush from his room into the streets when a quick hurried knock sounded lightly on his door. He started back with a strange sense of fear. Something in the knocking caused him to move cautiously. Slowly he approached the door and opened it. A crouching figure stepped

quickly through the doorway, and ran about the room whining pitifully. Paul stepped back and eyed the new-comer with surprise mingled with a touch of suspicion. It was the hag.

"Oh, Paul, Paul! Quick, for your own sake and mine—come here to the light!"

She stepped quickly to the table that stood in the full light of an overhanging lamp. Taking from the folds of her shawl a tightly bound envelope that seemed full of papers, she laid it upon the table and turned to Paul, who eyed her keenly and with interest.

"Well, what is it, mother?" he asked, a little impatiently.

She moved closer to him and clasped his hand with her thin fingers.

"Ah, yes, mother, mother!" she cried, repeating the epithet by which Paul, according to the prevailing custom, had addressed her. "Come here, Paul!" and she pulled him towards the light. "Look into my eyes now, and call me mother again. Call me mother, Paul, for I am indeed your mother, and you are my son, my true son."

Paul seemed more bewildered than ever, and stood without speaking a word.

"Paul, Paul!" she cried again, and the tears began to stream from her eyes. "Look at me, Paul! I am your mother, your real mother——do you not know me? But no, how could you——you were so small then. And your father, Paul——they told me he was dead——but they lied——he is not dead——he lives, Paul, and he is here——he has come back to us. I have seen him in the streets tonight."

For an instant Paul wondered if she were mad. Then he shuddered to think that perhaps he himself was mad.

"Do you not understand me, Paul?" she persisted.

Suddenly the story which Nickolai had told him flashed before his mind. He caught her thin hands in his and looked at her enquiringly.

"Then I am not Paul Nataroff," he said slowly.

"Never!" she cried. "You are Paul Mazurink, but I sold you, I sold you

——oh, my God, forgive me, forgive me!"

In an instant the whole situation flashed before the mind of Paul. Veda was his sister, and he must find her even though his life were at stake in the attempt, and save her from the designs of Nickolai Nataroff. As he turned to go, he caught the old thin hands once more to his breast, and looked down at the upturned face that had so suddenly become filled with a new meaning for him.

"I understand it all now," he said. "But now, Veda, my sister, my sister!"

As he hurried from her and was about to pass into the street, leaving his mother to follow him, she pointed hastily to the papers she had brought which were still lying upon the table. But he was gone before she could speak a word, and was soon out of her reach.

While yet some distance from Nickolai's place of residence, he noticed that the mob at work in that quarter and began to fear for the safety of his sister. Already he found himself jostled about by the rioters, and at times his advance was entirely checked by the mad crowd. Before him the fires burned fiercely and the mob swayed back and forth, an impenetrable mass. At last, in spite of all his struggles, he felt himself forced slowly back. He fought his way madly to a row of tall buildings that skirted the street in which the mob moved, hoping that once on the edge of the mass, he would be better able to make headway.

Scarcely had he gained this position when he thought he heard someone call him. He looked back but could distinguish no one he knew among the faces that glowed fiercely in the red light from the fires. He turned again to thread his way between the trampling crowd and the high walls when once again the same voice called to him. This time it sounded nearer, and looking quickly in the direction from which the voice came, he caught sight of a woman's face turned towards him. There was no mistaking it; he could see it plainly in the red light.

Throwing himself again into the crowd, he gained her side in a few minutes, and placing one arm about her,

he fought his way back again to the position he had just gained. Forcing her quickly into a narrow recess in the wall, he stood before her, and with all his strength held back the crowd that threatened to crush them to death. For hours he fought, his arms bruised and bleeding, and the perspiration streaming from his face.

It was early dawn before the riot was quelled and the streets cleared by military force. Not a few had been shot down by the soldiers, but many more had fallen and lay where they had been trampled to death in the streets.

In the grey light of the early day, Paul and Veda walked slowly along the streets and cast glances at the bodies that lay strewn about. To his surprise, he learned that she had long since known the secret that had been disclosed to him by his mother,——they had kept it together.

"It was near here we separated," said Veda, pausing a moment as they walked along. "When we were forced apart, I looked back and saw him struck down suddenly by a peasant with a long beard and uncovered head. Both went down before the rush, and I saw them no more."

She moved on a few yards in advance of Paul, and came to a standstill as she pressed her hands to her breast.

"Paul!" she cried softly, her gaze fixed upon the ground.

Paul approached the spot where she stood and glanced down. Three bodies lay huddled together in the street. The white face of Nickolai Nataroff was turned to the skies and his eyes held a cold stare. Lying upon his breast, his hand clutched upon Nickolai's throat, was the body of a peasant. He was old, unkempt and poorly clad. His uncovered head was bruised and bleeding, and his long heavy beard was wet and tangled. Within reach was a long staff which had been broken in two,——its service was over. Beside these, half kneeling, half sitting, and bowed forward upon the street, was the body of a woman. No marks of violence were visible upon her body, but her thin hands were pressed to her heart, and in her

face was a look of indescribable pain.

Paul stood motionless and silent as he gazed upon the group that lay before him. Then he looked up sadly at Veda. For a moment she did not move, and then she slowly turned her face to him. Tears were standing in her eyes ready to gush forth.

"Our mother and our father, Paul,"

she said simply, and threw herself into his arms.

"Veda, my sister!" he replied tenderly, and kissed her upon the forehead as he clasped her in his arms.

The day dawned slowly upon the city, and with it there broke a new life into two hearts where sorrow and joy were blended.

## Love or Honour?

Nigel Tourneur

LACROIX put down his pen. As he quickly sorted out his legal documents, and slipped the requisite ones into his breast pocket, he listened with growing distrust to the thundering of Mount Pelee. "Thank God!" he murmured, "we can leave at once for Barre-Terre." The cup of the volcano, soaring 4,000 feet behind his plantation, was no longer visible. It was with sinking heart he marked, from the window near by, the piles of murky vapour hiding it. Ominously were the upheavals of steam and mud peeling, in long-drawn, cyclopean mutterings, just as if Mother Earth was bursting asunder.

Shaking his head when he thought of the impending dangers, Lacroix stepped out into the passage, and deep in deliberation went along to his wife's bedroom.

Aimee Lacroix was lying down, the mosquito curtains of the bed tossed aside. Intently was she staring into the flame of the candle burning in a tall silver holder on the adjacent *escritoire*. Only the negro maid, busy beside the trunks, turned her strained face on him as he entered. Throughout the house, windows were closed and jalouses drawn flat, yet the volcanic dust was everywhere penetrating. Lacroix noticed the thin film of it covering the polished floor and the rugs, overspreading the *cheval* mirrors, clogging the silver water-cooler—soiling the

skirts and lingerie strewn about the half-packed trunks. Mentally he again thanked God that they were to sail from Pierre that morning for Gaudeloupe.

He kissed his wife on the forehead.

"Well, Aimee! You will be ready to start in a few minutes? I have business to do with Pere Gallifet in Pierre, about the additional advance from the Bank at Basse-Terre, to aid Jean."

"You sail without me. I have changed my mind," came the instant answer, and his wife's eyes roved restlessly round the room, evading his astonished look with an exclamation of anger and dismay, he dropped into the high-backed chair by the top of the bed.

Sooner than he could utter a word, she ran on with. "Oh, yes, I know what you will say! Pelee is about to break out again, and will overwhelm the island. It is really safer we go to Guadeloupe. How kind of the Governor to grant us the pass. We must be at Sainte Marie to cheer Jean; and so on.' Bah, Pelee will not erupt. The danger is past. This is positive. No, m'sieur, I do not go to Guadeloupe. I stay at Fort de France."

The lines of Lacroix's face had deepened as listening to her he thought of her recalcitrant disposition. It came to him Aimee had never throughout all their married life ever seemed to have had any thought save for her own follies and

caprices. Yet catching at last her warm brown eyes in his gaze, he realized with a sudden leaping of his heart that despite her passionate and wayward nature, he still loved her. Yet, had he ever been but as a mere cypher in her regard?

A feeling of despair took him. "Ma cherie, Aimee, this is not the time for me to linger, trying to persuade you to come," said he in a weary voice. "What induces you to go so often to Fort de France, I cannot even imagine. One might say, you have a lover there; but who so stupid as to imagine that! What is there that puts you against coming with me? Not only does our Jean call for us, but it is for dear life's sake we are leaving. I tell you, Pierre and Precheur, Carbet, nay, the whole island is doomed," rising to his feet. "Pelee, the safety valve has been screwed down too long. Who remain, remain to their destruction."

Impatiently his wife shook the lace off her wrists. Said she in uncertain but defiant tones, "Eh, bien! The Governor is wrong, then? He brings his wife with him, to Pierre! M'sieur, you take your fears too much to heart. I go, but it is to Fort de France, I tell you," and the beautiful woman rose on her elbow, her excitable Creole temperament on fire.

Lacroix in his effort to restrain himself stepped to the near jalousie, and opened it. Hill and wood, plantation and farm, chateau and hut were covered with the scoriae. It was smothering the luxuriant foliage around the house, and swathing the trees in a hideous drab-gray. Through the thickness the rising sun glowed red as molten copper. Not a breath of wind was in the stifling air. Always more menacing there loomed far-overhead the gigantic tiers and cones of dark-red vapours obscuring the mountain's summit.

Yes, the island of Martinique was doomed, he again told himself. What was prompting Aimee to act so hot-headedly, so foolishly, in refusing to accompany him? He knew not. It seemed to him, she was infatuated with danger.

"What is Jean to me, that I should worry over him?" she continued, irritated at his silence. "I have my friends,

my engagements, and you have yours—just as we always have had. We part for a few days, M'sieur, without doubt, an eternity to you, my devoted husband. On your return, you will find me at Madame Lestocques."

"Madame Lestocques?" Lacroix croaked out in a harsh voice, turning round with a jerk. "I—find—you, at Madame Lestocques?"

"Madame Lestocques!" he stormed, his anger getting the better of him. "She, with her cardsharpping, and her drinking and loose conversation? I am to find you again in her house. And it is frequented by Herve Suffren, that unprincipled half-caste and his fast set. I'd sooner find you dead. You must think I am——"

But a great rushing sound as of a tremendous hurricane suddenly silenced him. Reports like cannonading, voluminous, and far-rolling, crashed in instant succession. The house quivered and heaved and groaned, settling again on its foundations with a dull thud.

"Tiens, the shocks become heavier. It is well for us to go our ways, M'sieur," said Aimee; and as if to evince her intention she arose.

Lacroix stared at her, a puzzled expression on his face. A victim of the *marriage de convenance*, Aimee had had elected to go her own way in life, indulge her desires, spend her means, and choose her intimates, without taking him into consideration at any time. Deeply occupied in the affairs of their joint estates, and of a bookish nature, Bellairs Lacroix had never succeeded in demanding her to hearken to the sacred and innerly voices of married life. Always had Aimee refused to respond to his spirit of camaraderie.

Earnestly and urgently did his excited voice ring out in the unnatural stillness everywhere prevailing.

"Ah, come with me, ma cherie. Come to Pierre, and stay there, where and with whom you wish—if you will not go to Guadeloupe with me. But do not go to Madame Lestocques at Fort de France. Ah, who knows if ever again we two will travel the same road together."

"And so I say, safety must be had at



once. You, at Basse-Terre, and I at Fort de France. Cepion drives me over, and stables the horses at Reynolds till all is safe for him to return," came the stubborn answer. Yet to evade his beseeching eye, Aimee fell on her knees, and feverishly recommenced packing.

Wrought beyond self-control in speech, Lacroix silently left the room.

Aimee sprang to her feet, and followed him for a few steps as he quickly passed down the passage to the outer court. From her face, fragrant in beauty as a flower, the obstinacy fled, and indecision and emotion took its place. Marking he would not turn round, she made as if to recall him; but with a shrug of contempt at herself she withdrew into the room again.

The next moment when another series of tremendous explosions, resounding like the first cracks of the Day of Doom, burst down from Mount Pelee's seething top, she shuddered and wondered if God and eternal punishment really existed! And for the first time the conjecture came to her—which man of the two loved her for better for worse. But recollections of Suffren's burning words, his vehement protestations and ardent pursuit of her scorched her wayward heart. With a choking cry she frantically began to pack anew, snatching the filmy fabrics from her panic-stricken maid, and crushing them pell-mell into the trunks and dressing cases.

As Lacroix drove at full speed towards Pierre, he was betossed with qualms for the safety of his wife and doubts as to his conduct in the matter. Yet what of Jean, his beloved brother, who in venturing all his money in and giving his business capacities to the management of the Martinique estate had established Bellairs' fortunes. Fully and sympathetically had he also carried out the English education of Bellairs as desired by the dying step-mother. Jean? Jean, who had hurried to his side when yellow fever had stricken him down! Jean who had out of his own small fortune redeemed the later mortgages resulting on Aimee's spendthrift ways! Jean, who himself was now lying sick unto death with the rapacious mortgagees foreclos-

ing on his plantation at Sta. Marie, Guadeloupe.

Jean or Aimee—whom was he to serve?

Her who had of her own accord lived her life totally apart from her husband; or him who had ever ventured life and fortune in his welfare? Ah, if Aimee would but love him—for Bellairs could not blink his eye to the truth—he told himself everything would be so different.

However, the road to Fort de France, round the foot of Les Pitons des Carbet, was certain to be safe, the earthquakes having been for the most in the locality of Mount Pelee and towards Carbet and Pierre. In the hands of Cepion and the other two men servants, she would be wholly out of danger. But, what of her staying at Madame Lestocques?

Of a sudden, sulphuric fumes spreading down the valley impinged against Lacroix's nostrils. At every inhalation it stung them painfully, and he awoke to realize the desolation about him. In apprehension Lacroix looked over his shoulder at Pelee's summit. A faint ruddy glare was suffusing the dusky centre of the clouds—the reflection of an awful abyss of fire. A subterraneous groaning vibrated three times, to die away in waves of fluctuating thunder. Compressing his lips, Lacroix energetically lashed his galloping horse. At sight of some fugitives out of Pierre running over the fields towards Carbet, doubts more lacerating than ever assailed him; was it right of him to leave Aimee on her own resources? Under the outlying heights of Mount Pelee, that morning still nestled the seaport of Pierre, France's well-known entrepot in the West Indies. Its whitewashed houses interspaced with groups of wild tamarind, cocoa-nut and palm; the white cupola of the Cathedral; the steeples of the churches, the red-roofed hospital, and masts and outlines of the vessels alongside the wharves; its quaint market-place: its shady little streets where folk discussed matters leisurely over their vermouths or absinthes or coffee and liqueurs, where negroes with their pantomimic gestures and clamant nigger-French thronged around, and neat negresses

with powdered heads and white frocks passed along, some carrying on their heads basketfuls of luscious fruits and other wares; all had hitherto combined to make up one of the most charming pictures of West Indian life. But now the scene was changed.

As Lacroix made for the notary's office where in Gallifet's absence his head clerk was to carry out the business, he noted that no shops, no cafes, were open. The schools were closed. Churches stood open, receiving worshippers, all too ready now, to throw themselves on Divine protection. Fine dust and cinder from the mountain cone towering at hand clogged the tramway lines, and deadened the sound of his hurrying footsteps. Crowds of townfolk and peasants from the country thronged the streets; many were wringing their hands and saying aloud their prayers; others stood staring at Pelee, fascinated by its gigantic smoke-cap heaving, soaring, expanding fold on fold up into the lowering heavens. Only discipline held together the cordon of troops drawn round Pierre's landward boundaries.

His notary's long outer office, Bellairs found deserted by its many clerks. But to his amazement and great joy Gallifet himself stepped out of his private room, where two clerks were hastily bundling together business ledgers and papers. To Lacroix, the clasp of his thin hand came like that of rescue. Calm and collected as ever was the little, grey-haired, sallow-faced notary.

"Voila! You did not expect to see me?" he exclaimed. "I rode back during the night from Fort de France."

He turned with a quick emphatic gesture to his clerks. "Hurry to the bank vaults, Pierre, with these packets; only there will they be safe against any calamity. Jerome, run to the Prefecture for M'sieur Lacroix's pass to Guadeloupe per this morning's packet. Haste. Ah, out of all my staff only these two have remained at their post," he remarked as the lads hurried away.

His grave expression deepened. He put his hand affectionately on Bellairs' left shoulder.

"Mons fils. Where is thy wife?"

His seriousness, his grave demeanor, much startled the younger man.

"Aimee? I left her about to go over to Fort de France. She——"

"Is she going to Madame Lestocques?" interrupted the notary.

"Yes! To that accursed half-caste. I could not dissuade her."

"And thus it is that I have returned," came the unexpected answer. "Mon fils, it is for thee and thine that I have come back." And motioning his stupified godson to hold his peace, he handed to him a letter. The familiar writing took Lacroix's eye. A sense of doom swept into him. "This, the gendarmes found on her messenger—Caton. I identified him—lying dead on the road a little way out of Fort de France. Some shocks were felt about that time so it is thought his horse threw him—he was yet warm. The Commissaire handed Aimee's letter to me, knowing I act for thee. Instantly I took horse."

"To flee—New York—with Suffren."

The words dropped from the husband's white lips as they were the last words of one dying. Aimee's note fluttered to the floor.

"Suffren! The most debauched of all the half-castes!" he uttered in a curious stifled voice. The ignominy and insult of it scared his heart. "No, she has never loved me, never been true to me in her heart. Her acts, her carriage towards me of late, have all told me that; but I could not believe any baseness of her. Never has she——"

"Mon fils," cried the old notary, "we must act instantly. Even now death may be about to knock upon our doors. Hear! the packet's first bell; she sails earlier, to escape Pelee's wrath. Do you go—or stay, for Aimee's sake?"

"But Jean! What of Jean? Jean who has been father, mother, sister and brother to me? Jean, lying at death's door, and the mortgagees foreclosing!"

"And I?"—the notary's voice came clear and solemn—"why did I return? Why did I leave life and my dear ones in Fort de France where safety is? Because I took it to be my duty towards thee and Aimee, both of whom I dearly esteem. And you? You who swore at

the marriage altar to honour, protect and succour her—you abandon her in this very hour of temptation. Leave Jean in God's loving mercy, mon fils. Your duty, this day, does it not lie at home?"

Lacroix with bent shoulders and white face was looking seaward. There lay the way to Guadeloupe and safety.

Fury, anguish, censure, and self-abandon passed over him in conflicting surges. When the groaning of Mount Pelee, heaving again to her monstrous turmoil, came pealing long and low, he thought of foolish Aimee, all helpless and terrified—a mere tool of man's iniquity. No, the evil was not hers, he told himself, but Herve Suffren's.

"Mon Pere," he cried, his voice husky with emotion, "Mon Pere! Ah, God, keep Jean—I go back to save Aimee."

At 7:40 that morning, Lacroix was swiftly driving out of Pierre, towards Carbet, where he hoped to intercept his wife. Around Pelee's head enormous flickers of lurid flame were restlessly playing on the under side of the colossal tiers of smoke; hot mud and cinder and ash were being erupted in denser and more frequent showers; great gushes of volcanic gases poisoned the air. But Lacroix, more madly flogged his horse, on towards the awful cataclysm. Before him there floated the face of his wife. Only her he saw.

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*London Times*, May 10, 1902.—"The town clock of Pierre has remained intact, marking 7:50 this morning, as if to show the precise moment of the far-spread disaster."

## The Girl He Left Behind Him.

Billee Glynn.

**W**ELL, I declare! Thornton of all the men in the world! I wouldn't have known you from a hole in the ground if Benton there hadn't given me the tip. Thunder! how you've grown—a regular broncho-buster for size. God's country has certainly made a man of you, Jack."

Thus it was that Graham saluted his old-time chum as he stepped from the depot bus at the entrance to his hotel in the Ontario town where he had been bred as a boy.

The two men shook hands warmly.

"You haven't changed much, Fred," said Thurston, looking down from his six-feet-two at his shorter companion. "I could almost imagine it was yesterday I left instead of ten years ago."

"Ten years!—so it is! Well, they have surely made a change in you. Why, old man, you're a regular—brute."

Thornton laughed. "And a hungry one just now, Fred," he rejoined.

"So you must; come inside—I am going to grub with you myself."

A quarter of an hour later the two men were seated at the hotel table, Graham making reply to Thornton's queries, which were of a kaleidoscopic variety.

"And Kate Ingersoll?" he suggested at length, giving vent to the great question—"married, I suppose."

Graham smiled. "You seem interested," he said; "I thought some British Columbian flower would have supplanted her in your affections long ago. I believe you came back for a wife, Thornton."

"Don't be foolish, Graham; is she married?"

"No, your chances are still good." Thornton's face flushed in spite of himself, and his eyes took a brighter ray. After all was not Graham's banter true. Had he not come back to tell Kate Ingersoll that he loved her. He had not known this when he left ten years be-

fore. But separation had taught him his true feelings toward her, and he had written intimating but not expressing his hopes. Her answer had been that of a woman; not replying to what he had not asked, yet carrying a tone that showed she understood and appreciated. No further communication had passed between them except the unsigned present which Thornton had sent every Christmas. Meanwhile with a sublime faith in the woman and his fate he had worked for the money which a proud man likes to bring his bride; and now after ten years' labor—yet how short seemed the time—it had come, and Thornton had returned East with the gift of wealth to claim the dark-eyed lass of his early days.

Graham's reply to his last question was a grateful relief to the keen anxiety he had experienced in noticing the many changes wrought in old environments, and suddenly realising all that might have happened to mar his hopes during the length of his absence. His manner during the rest of the meal was an abandon of good-will.

He spent a half hour shaking hands with old friends, and then found himself walking up the street with Graham, who was in the highest of spirits. Suddenly in the midst of reminiscences Graham paused and plucking his companion's arm, pointed to a woman coming out of a store.

"There she is!" he exclaimed, under his breath.

"Who?"

"Kate Ingersoll."

Thornton turned. The woman had stopped in front of the store window and he had a good view. He stood staring like one struck dumb—tall, thin—almost angular—a little gray in her dark hair at the temples; her face wan, listless, expressionless, with a dash of color at the throat—as if denoting a tawdry desire to cling to a youth that had long since vanished; the dark eyes as she turned toward them bleak yet with a sickly gleam of affectation mingling in their hopeless depths,—a woman who had lived and learned in vain. That could not be Kate, and yet—oh, Hea-

vens!—how familiar the line of the chin—of the brow! A quiver came into his lips, and half reeling he clutched Graham by the arm and hurriedly drew him on; then with a supreme effort at self-control plunged into a conversation which gave his companion no opportunity for questions.

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Pale and heavy-eyed Thornton stood on the depot platform waiting for the train. How he longed for it to come—to take him forever from this place that was the grave of all his hopes, of all his dreams! What a night of misery he had passed!—a night in which the face of the woman he had seen—wasted, colorless, insipid—haggish almost—burned itself into his brain like a phantom of hate; while the other—the cherished image of his love, his Kate, the girl of ten years ago—faded into hopeless oblivion, leaving his life a bleak waste of despair. But it was all over now—as much as it ever could be. Ah, there was the train! How glad he was to leave! Just one last look, and then for the grand freedom of the great West—away from this blighting Eastern atmosphere in which hearts and faces grew old.

How soggily apathetic lay the town in the sickly glare of the morning sun! The church spires might have been monumental insignia testifying to a sluggish, moribund humanity of dormant circulation. But the train had come to a pause—now aboard for God's own country! Standing on the vestibule of his coach he suddenly spied up the street a man running. The man waved his hand to him; it was Graham—running to catch him! But it was too late: the cars jarred under the first efforts of the engine. He was glad; he hated Graham—hated him since he had pointed out the face of that woman—for the sly amusement he had seemed to take out of his misery, though after the first revulsion he had made every effort to conceal it. Thank Heaven, the train was now moving! But who was that? A woman had got off the back coach and was coming along the platform toward him, a small valise swinging in her hand.

She was a picture of blithe loveliness, of womanly youth. Something in her sprightly, girlish carriage, the poise of her head, her features, caught Thornton's eye. He looked at her closer—his mouth opened—he dashed his hand across his eyes as if to clear their sight. The train was gaining speed—now he was passing her. Clambering to the lower step he stooped over and peered into her face; the next moment he was off the train and had clutched her by the arm.

"In the name of God, who are you?"

The suddenness of the demand, the eager, passionate face of the man,

caused the girl after the first instant of surprise to smile.

"Miss Ingersoll," she replied frankly.

"Kate——"

"Yes—and you"—a light was growing in her eyes, a color in her cheeks—

"Ja—ck——"

"Thornton."

Graham came up while they were still shaking hands. In reply to Thornton's look demanding an explanation he laughed.

"Just one of my jokes, Jack," he said.

"I did not think you would take it so seriously."

## Along the Saskatchewan.

D. D. Ross.

THE summers day was nearing a close; and as our guide leaned forward to carefully scan a small sod hut that had come to view on swinging around a curve in the bank of the sleepy Saskatchewan, his face took on a hard forced smile. "It's old Dupreau the rebel," he said, addressing my companion. "He fought with Reil in the seventies and afterwards had to flee to save his neck."

As we neared the bank a sharp eddy carried us out to centre again and before we could control our "Peterbro" were carried several hundred yards past the Landing. As the boat drew back again our presence had been noticed from a small window in the rear of the hut and accordingly the inmates came rushing to the water's edge. It was a fearful moment for us; but our guide thoroughly enjoyed the situation. With fear and trembling I ventured to address our new visitors and was agreeably surprised to find that they spoke fair English.

It was an admirable spot to spend one's days nestled down between large encircling hills, and watered by a tiny

rivulet that gurgled and rumbled through the centre of this small level valley on its way to the mighty river.

On the neighbouring hill-tops stood marks and signs of a savage war-like race who had come and gone like a midnight vision leaving only faint memories of their brave and heroic deeds. The large, long mounds overlooking the peaceful plain below held the bones of many a forgotten warrior, while fancy carved arrows; and crudely modelled spears showed that a stage of semi-civilization had existed among them.

Things are different now. The Red-man has fallen to a low ebb; his once noble traits are undermined by the white man's vices and we find him untutored and unskilled. Our guide, a tall, swarthy half-breed, carrying many of the superstitions of the old Cree tribe in whose camp he had been cradled and in whose gods he feared, was an expert oarsman. After pulling the boat alongside a crudely constructed wharf he bade us land, and as we did so he fastened the canoe to a stout cottonwood that grew at the water's edge.

Our hunger had been increased by the long voyage and the scarcity of prairie chicken on which we had relied for our supply of meat. It was late in the afternoon and after preparing a hasty meal of what few edibles we still possessed, loaded our guns and began to ascend the hill.

The plains above were rough and undulating, covered with thick stunted shrubbery and just the ideal place for plenty of chicken. Dupreau, who had accompanied us, led the way which wound and twisted round knoll and bush until we came to the level above. We followed closely behind, no sound save the noise of our feet breaking the deadly stillness of the plain.

"There! there!" said Dupreau, pointing his finger at a large hawk soaring lazily in the air some distance ahead. "You'll find chicken somewhere near there. That old hawk knows his business." We stole stealthily along towards the spot and in a few minutes saw a large flock run into the thicket ahead of us. My heart leapt with joy while my teeth watered for a piece of fresh meat. Soon our guns echoed and re-echoed along the distant hills. Again and again we loaded and fired, and as we turned to bag our spoil felt that some unseen hand had directed the hawk to mark the spot for us.

When we were ready to return to the boat we noticed that both our guide and Dupreau had removed their hats and were standing with bowed heads. At first they made no answer to our interrogations; but on being pressed pointed towards a slight rise in the ground. "There lies our chief and his Medicine Man," said Dupreau. "I was with him when he died, and he made me promise to meet him in the happy 'hunting ground.'" We, too, uncovered our heads out of respect for them, and as we stood looking at the mound that held the bones a faint, dull sound floated through the air, drawing our attention towards a large ravine which stretched several miles eastward. In a moment our guide and Dupreau were gone; and as we watched their fleeing forms disappear in the twilight we could not help

but admire the true Indian trait of these men as they answered to the first sound of the "Tom-Tom." Nearer and nearer it came until the entire band were in full view.

It was a most imposing sight to see these men nearing the grave of their beloved chieftain. With bent heads and steady tread they reverently approached the little mound; and after encircling it twice in deadly silence retired some little distance and pitched camp for the night.

My companion and I had fallen back at their approach and watched with eager eyes the savage yet human traits of these Redmen.

All night long around a blazing camp-fire the mourners sang, danced and prayed—the "Tom-Tom" keeping up one continuous noise. Hour after hour the wild, unearthly yells and hideous moaning continued as squaw after squaw came forward passing her left hand through the leaping flames and then retiring again to her seat on the ground. The night had settled down clear and cold and as we raised our benumbed bodies from the damp ground turned towards the river in search of our canoe. Barely had we reached the top of the adjoining hill when a dead silence in the camp drew our attention and on turning saw an aged squaw wrinkled and worn standing before the flames as they leapt high into the midnight air. Then a tall, swarthy Indian came forward to her side and bade her pass her hand through the angry fire, but she refused. Again he bade her, but again she refused. For a moment there was a deadly silence and then turning he left her side and went out into the darkness. Soon he returned with five small pieces of twigs which he had cut from a near-by shrub, and then calling upon the evil spirit to rid them of this terrible witch he dropped one by one into the fire before him. As the fourth stick fell he bade her once more pass her hand through the flames but again she refused. Then with a wild, blood-curdling whoop he threw the fifth high above his head. As it fell into the flames the remaining Indians, as if by magic, sprang to their feet and with a most unearthly

yell which fairly rent the air, fell upon the poor, helpless woman, tearing her limb from limb. Like wild and maddened beasts they danced around their prey and as piece by piece of her body was thrown into the fire they called upon their gods in wild confusion and apparent delirium. Sickened by this unexpected spectacle we turned our faces and made our way to the water's edge.

As the first rays of the morning sun made their appearance over the eastern horizon our guide and Dupreau returned. The wild incantations mingled with the ever dreaded fear of witchery had carried the Indians far beyond themselves, and to gratify the savage thirst for blood a poor, helpless squaw had been made the victim of their crazed delusions.



## Exploring the Chehacamus.

Frank Burnett.

**T**HE Chehacamus (meaning in the Squamish Indian dialect a "fish trap") is a typical British Columbian River. Rising in a chain of lakes which owe their existence to the surrounding glaciers and being about two days' journey from the head of Howe Sound, with a volume steadily increasing through the reception of numerous mountain torrents originating in the distant snow-

capped peaks, it pursues a wild and tumultuous course through gloomy gorge and darker canyon, over spray clad cataract and foaming rapid with an occasional intervening reach of quiet and placid waters, the summer haunt and breeding resort of the wild goose, duck and solitary bittern, constituting the grandest and most sublime scenery the mind of man can imagine, and the whole eventually debouching through several

ever changing channels into the Squamish some twelve miles from the emptying of that river into the sea.

The lakes at the source of the river are a veritable paradise to the disciple of Isaak Walton, being with respect to fishing on account of their comparative inaccessibility, practically virgin waters, and one is, therefore, well repaid for the discomforts and labor in reaching them.

From Galbraith's at the mouth of the Squamish, where the necessary mounts can be procured, to the junction of the river with the Chehacamus ten miles up, is a good wagon road. Here the pack trail commences and follows the stream for about five miles, crossing some high rock slides and then over fairly level ground through a primeval forest of giant cedars, fir, spruce and hemlock, to where the river emerges from Bear Canyon cut through the mountain of that name and where it is joined by a large tributary necessitating the carrying of the trail to Daisy Lake, twelve miles distant, over mountain summits, through deep valleys skirting quite a considerable body of water, well named "Desolation Pool" and across roaring torrents almost impassable while in several places it is cut out of the face of the sheer precipice overlooking perpendicularly the foaming river several hundred feet below.

To Daisy Lake is usually a fair day's journey, but the foot of Bear Mountain was not reached until late in the afternoon, so that it was decided to camp there that night. Next morning bright and early we were again "on the wallaby" in the best of spirits, which were considerably dampened by the time Daisy Lake was reached that afternoon. At this point the main river is joined by Stony Creek a most remarkable tributary which we explored on the return journey.

A two days' stay was made here, but as the fishing was indifferent and feed scarce for the horses, camp was struck and the trail to Miller's and Summit Lakes resumed. The former was reached in the afternoon; the road most of the way being through belts of the finest timber and up deep cut valleys

down which pour torrential streams on their rocky beds, strewn with huge boulders precipitated from the mountain sides, over beautiful cascades and through deep and silent pools, the haunt of the speckled trout and the lonely kingfisher.

At the head of the creek into which Miller's Lake empties are the Chehacamus Flats, the home of John Miller, rancher, hunter and trapper, ex-pro prospector, miner and tramp, besides being a cook of the first order; a most unique character whose experiences would make a very interesting volume. John was at his door when we arrived and with the hospitality that usually is characteristic of such men at once asked us in to share a meal, which we gladly accepted, but having some liquid refreshment with us we proposed that it first be sampled, a suggestion that met with hearty approval and was therefore carried unanimously. Holding the flask in his hand, he said: "Gentlemen, I will introduce myself," which he proceeded to do in the following graphic and forcible if not highly elegant words:

"I am Miller of Chehacamus Flats.  
I'm wild and wooly and from the west  
I'm full of fleas,  
I live on the grass and the prickly pears.  
I never was curried below the knees.  
And I play with the grizzly bears."

This introduction gave us an inkling into the kind of genus homo friend John was, besides being a prelude to many a pleasant and entertaining hour spent with him over the camp-fire listening to the narration of his marvelous career and many adventures. For about five months in the winter he never sees the face of a living soul, being absolutely cut off from civilization, but he contrives to keep himself profitably engaged by trapping and hunting the martin, lynx, wild cat and other wild animals.

The lake is about two thousand feet above sea level of an irregular shape being a beautiful piece of water some two miles long, surrounded by lofty mountains of most fantastic shapes, the result of ages of erosion; their summits crowned with the everlasting glacier and



clothed as high as the snow line with forests of every hue of green.

Its pelucid waters are dotted with small rocky isles upon which wherever the slightest foothold for a root can be obtained grow the graceful hemlock and the stately fir, while down in the cool depths speckled beauties innumerable are awaiting to delight the heart of the angler and to obliterate from his mind all thought of the toil undergone and difficulties surmounted on the long and weary trail.

striking contrast to the large blue crane, flapping across from island to shore, while the whole placid scene is calmly surveyed by the lordly bald-headed eagle perched upon the topmost branch of a giant fir.

Having put our camp in order on the banks of the lake we unpacked, then we put together and launched the collapsible canoe, which, without doubt was the first boat that had ever floated on its waters.

With the exception of what little ang-



An Evening's Catch.

The great northern Diver receives the visitor into his haunts with the peculiar weird and mournful cry, once heard is never forgotten, which can only be described as being one of heart-rending resentment at the intrusion of its solitude: while on the decaying bough of an overhanging tree may be seen the alert King-fisher, ever watchful for any unsuspecting trout that may, with its whole attention given to the fluttering moth, rise to the surface quite oblivious of its certain doom. The wild duck and water hen are there floating peacefully amongst the reeds and water-lilies, a

ling John had done for his own personal requirements, the lake had never been fished, so upon starting out, a big catch was naturally expected which anticipation, however, did not materialize, for after trying all afternoon, with every kind of fly, we returned to camp about five o'clock with only some half dozen very ordinary sized trout. However, upon refreshing the inner man, we again embarked in sanguine mood, eager for the fray, and the sport certainly turned out as exciting as any fisherman could desire, for by the time dusk set in, seventy-four beauties were lying in the bot-

tom of the canoe, the spoil of two rods in a little over a couple of hours. On four separate occasions three fish were hooked and landed at one cast, while two at a time were common, the explanation of this being that frequently as soon as one had taken the fly and was being played the others, apparently under the impression that their companion was enjoying the monopoly of all the good things floating around, resented this presumed selfishness, and thereupon proceeded to promptly participate in the tempting repast consisting of the remaining flies and in that way came to an untimely end. Next morning twenty-six was the reward for daylight rising, when the problem commenced to dawn upon us if this rate of progress continued, what would be done with the catch.

John, however, came to the rescue by agreeing to trade provisions in the shape of bread for fish they being valuable for bait in the winter so that no matter how many were caught afterwards we always had the satisfaction of feeling they would not be wasted.

About a mile distant in a northerly direction on the Divide is Summit Lake an equally beautiful small body of water, fed by three mountain streams the smallest of which falling almost perpendicularly into the lake forms a very pretty waterfall. It has two outlets the principal one flowing into Millers Lake, thence by the Cheacamus and Squamish to Howe Sound the other through Green Lake and the river of that name into the Lillooet, the waters of which eventually by way of Harrison Lake reach the Fraser. To test the fishing in the Summit, the canoe had to be portaged across through the bush, the connecting creek being unnavigable on account of fallen timber, entailing considerable arduous labor, which, however, we were well repaid for by the pleasure of exploring the bays and little inlets paddling in the shade of the glorious mountains which here and there rise absolutely vertical in granite cliffs out of the clear blue waters of this enchanting lake.

During our whole stay at the lake the weather was beautiful and the fish-

ing so plentiful that nothing was left to be desired in that respect, it was therefore with a feeling of great regret when the day arrived that we had to break up camp, say farewell to John and start on the return journey to civilization with all its attendant worries and cares. We did not proceed further than Daisy Lake on the first stage, our programme being to leave the horses there and devote the next couple of days to exploring Stony Creek on foot. It is a misnomer to apply the term "Lake" to this body of water, it being really nothing more than a shallow slough circular in shape and from the character of the encircling rocks possibly the Crater of a long extinct volcano. Moreover, its position as laid down in the Government maps is also entirely wrong. They show the Cheacamus flowing through Daisy Lake while as a fact the only connection the latter had with the river was by a small creek, there being a stretch of low-lying timbered land of about a mile in width intervening, until three years ago, when an immense landslide took place on the opposite side of the Cheacamus a little below the lake backing up the river and flooding this ridge, thereby adding about three feet to the depth of the former and causing its waters to ebb and flow in accordance with the daily rise and fall of the river, a peculiarity common to all snow and glacier fed mountain streams during the summer months.

Fishing in this lake is very unsatisfactory on account of the erratic nature of the trout in respect to feeding. For days one may cast the fly over its waters without being rewarded by even a single rise, while on occasions they will without any apparent reason bite like demons, in striking contrast to the orderly and systematic conduct of the Miller and Summit Lake fish. We tried them both going in and on the return journey with the most meagre results while two years ago on a previous visit, some fine trout were landed.

Stony Creek is a turbulent tributary of the Cheacamus constantly causing trouble through the unfortunate habit it has of changing its course at frequent intervals without any apparent rhyme or

reason, so that the bridge over-spanning its bed today, may be high and dry next spring; this being the more remarkable considering the character of the bed which is composed of stones and boulders mixed with gravel. It emerges from a straight, narrow, very steep valley running back into the mountains on to a plateau about a mile wide, and empties into the river near Daisy Lake, through which, appearances indicate that it at one time flowed and probably will again in the near future. This plateau is traversed by the trail and is covered sev-

of its waters, causing an avalanche that swept everything before it. Various indications having compelled a scepticism in our minds in respect to this explanation it was determined to explore the valley to the head waters of the stream. Bright and early, therefore, we started off on foot from Daisy Lake with no encumbrances excepting the camera and a lunch in our pockets. For six long weary hours we stepped from stone to stone, continually in danger of losing one's foothold, thereby necessitating a constant watchfulness most trying to the

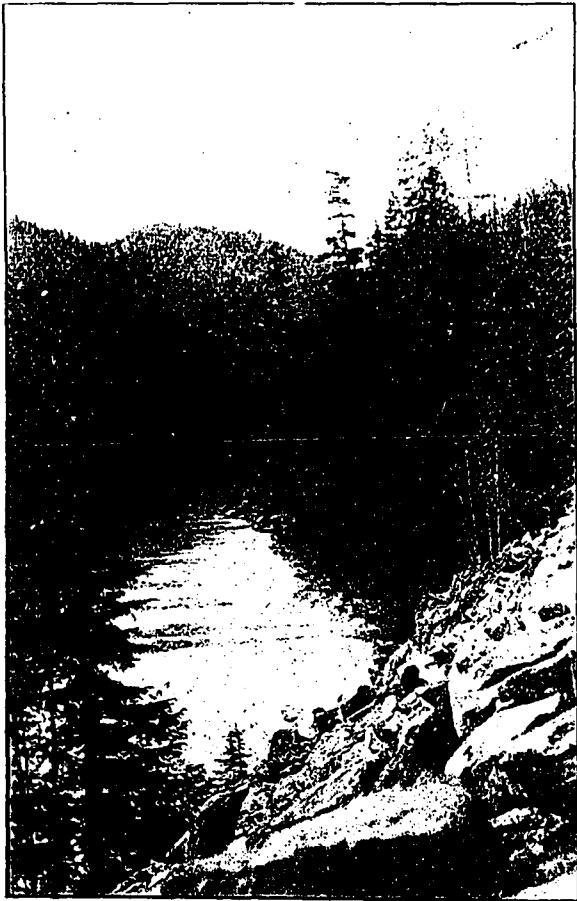


Stony Creek from Its Source.

eral feet deep with rocks of all sizes, shapes and color, apparently brought down by the waters of the creek and as some of these rocks weigh fully a ton it has continually been a matter of conjecture and much speculation by the few who use the trail how so insignificant a stream could have accomplished such wonderful results. The theory which seemed to meet with the greatest credence was that at the head of the valley the creek flowed out of a lake, the banks of which periodically broke away thereby suddenly releasing the greater portion

eyes. Frequently we were tempted to abandon the undertaking, but pride came to our rescue with the result that eventually, not only our goal came into view but also the first clue to the solving of the mystery. While sitting upon a boulder taking a much needed rest, Tommy, with an exclamation of surprise, pointed to the bare sloping face of a comparatively low hill at the head of the valley, from which numerous puffs of dust were rising as if it were being heavily bombarded. This hill was found on closer inspection to be composed entirely of

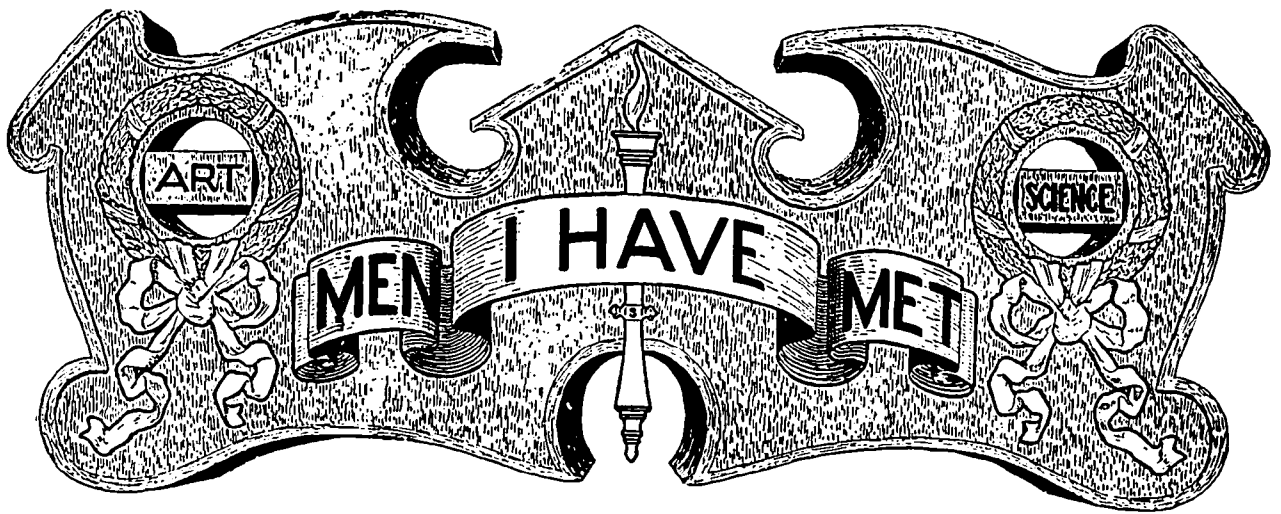
gravel and boulders, that fully half of it had already been worn away and that through the action of the creek on the gravel at its base these boulders scattered about in profusion above, were continually being displaced and precipitated into the stream below. About half a mile beyond this hill the valley ended in a small cul de sac and out of the rocks piled high up on its steep sides poured the waters of the creek in as great a volume as where it joined the Chehaca-



mus. As for the wonderful lake, it does not nor did it ever exist, for the very simple reason that there is absolutely no scope at the head of the valley for a body of water, either large or small, though it is very probable the creek is a subterranean outlet of a lake situated further back in the mountains. Being unable to make further exploitations we turned toward the camp which we reached about dusk, tired and hungry, but with the consolation of having satisfactorily proved the Lake and Avalanche theory to be unfounded, besides having the pleasure of feeling that we might justly claim the honour of being the first explorers of the mysterious Stony Creek. The question then arose, by what agen-

cies were such an enormous mass of rock debris collected and distributed throughout the entire valley and plateau. After a careful examination together with what we had observed and taking the different indications into consideration the probable explanation is that the factors responsible for this instead of being of recent origin, date back to the far off ages when in one of the earlier glacial epochs the valley was carved out and the plateau formed from the excavated material, and that subsequently it was again, during the inter-glacial period, filled up and the level of the plateau raised with sand and gravel intermixed with a large percentage of rock, resulting from a partial decomposition of the surrounding mountains to the level of the low hill above mentioned, which latter is no doubt a mere relic of the ancient bed. Afterwards during the succeeding Ice Age, a glacier flowed down the valley, flattening, scratching and striating those rocks and boulders that appeared on or were near the surface and upon this ice stream were also received further masses of rock, stones, sand and earth precipitated from the mountain sides, forming a moraine. Then when this later ice mantle which enveloped nearly the whole of the northern hemisphere, had receded, the glacier slowly but surely melted away, depositing its burden of debris upon the bed of the valley and leaving the latter exposed to the destructive action of denudation which force in the course of the ages that have elapsed has carried away the lighter materials, freeing the rocks and boulders, which have remained where they fell in precisely the manner that we saw the remnant of this ancient bed being disintegrated by the creek which with its subterranean source, though no doubt geologically of a comparatively recent date, has been quite a factor as an erosive agency, besides being instrumental for the softer class of rocks being mostly found of a spherical form.

The next day saw us again on the trail bound for the Squamish, which we reached in due course, well and hearty, after our three weeks' sojourn in the wilds of British Columbia.



## Bishop Carmichael.

By William Blakemore.

**T**HAT the memory of the late Bishop Carmichael is revered from the Atlantic to the Pacific may be gathered from the fact that at the Anglican Church Synod recently held in Victoria a vote of condolence was passed to his family and a resolution of appreciation of his splendid services to the church and to humanity was placed on the minute book of the Synod.

Bishop Carmichael was a unique personality. Of his early life I knew nothing but the oft repeated story of how, having graduated with honours at Dublin University, he came out to Canada nearly half a century ago with two other young churchmen who, like himself, had a glorious career in this new Dominion, and have left an indelible impress on its religious and moral life. It is singular to note that all three were Irishmen, and all became Bishops. Bishop Sullivan, the elder of the trio, passed away in Toronto seven or eight years ago full of years and honours and deeply mourned by the whole city. Bishop Dumoulin still survives and presides over the See of Niagara.

All were remarkable for their eloquence. Comparing them it may be said that Bishop Dumoulin was the greater orator, and Bishop Sullivan the more forceful rhetorician, but as a preacher I

would award the palm to Bishop Carmichael.

The first time I heard Bishop Sullivan was in the Cathedral at Toronto, a man of fine proportions and majestic mien, he looked the cleric and strongly reminded me of Cardinal Manning.

The first time I heard Bishop Dumoulin was in the church of St. James the Apostle, Montreal. The former part of the service had been conducted by the Venerable Canon Ellegood, the church was packed and I heard beforehand that Bishop Dumoulin was a great preacher. Throughout the preliminary service I had been trying to get a look at him, but he was buried in the depths of a large chair at the top of the Chancel. When the time came for him to ascend the pulpit he did not move and there was a rather awkward pause; the Bishop had either dozed or was on a wool-gathering expedition. The Curate walked briskly down the Chancel, assisted him to rise, and led him towards the pulpit; then I was surprised to see a small, feeble looking man, who walked as if life were a burden, and ascended the pulpit steps with evident difficulty. My expectations fell to zero, but the next moment I received a shock for the small man straightened himself up and towering over the congregation looked every inch a man; then in a loud, strong voice, without the slightest trace of weakness,

he flung out the text like a challenge to the opposing forces, and thereafter for nearly an hour held me entranced with one of the most eloquent and forcible missionary sermons I had ever heard.

The first time I heard Bishop Carmichael was in his own beloved church of St. George's, Montreal. The occasion was a memorable one and will never be forgotten by those who were present. Queen Victoria had just passed away and in every Christian pulpit throughout the world reference was being made to the sad occurrence, but I have always doubted if any pulpit paid a nobler or a truer tribute than St. George's, Montreal.

Bishop Carmichael loved the Queen with more than ordinary devotion; she was not only his ideal queen but his ideal woman, and his voice shook with emotion, and the tears rolled down his cheeks as he recited her virtues and told of her noble deeds. It was a solemn occasion; never in the course of history has an Empire been plunged into such widespread and profound grief. Bishop Carmichael was not the only one by many millions who felt that he had lost a personal friend, but he was one of the gifted few who from a heart brimming over with love could find suitable words to express an Empire's grief.

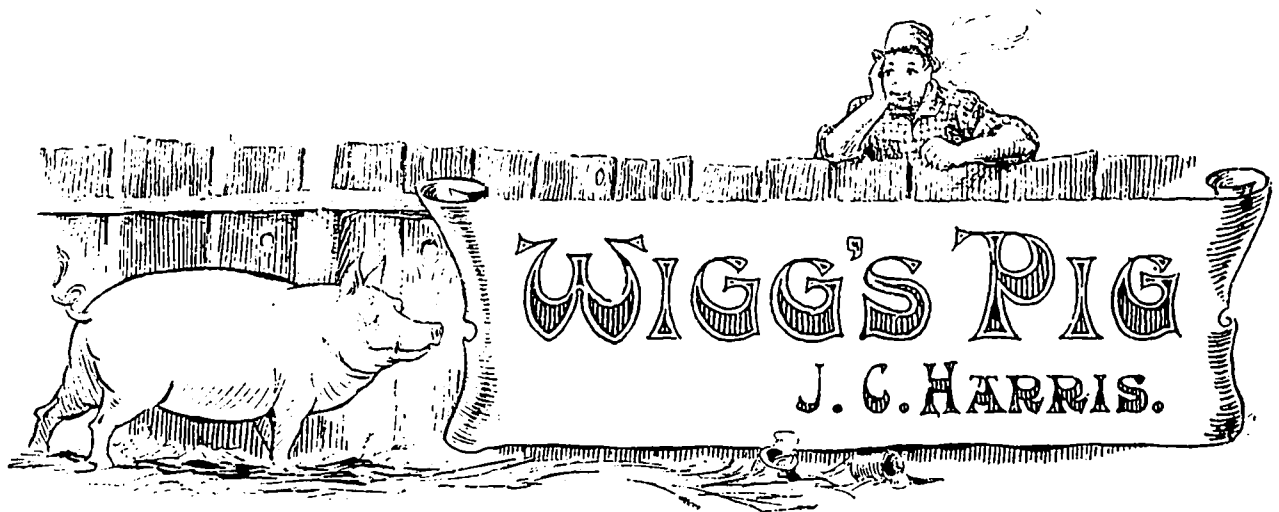
I was so impressed with the sermon that I made a point of procuring a verbatim report and comparing it with many others which were delivered in England and elsewhere on the same day. I also sent it to a number of my friends in the Old Country, and the unanimous verdict was that no finer or more fitting tribute had been paid.

I enjoyed the great privilege of being numbered among Bishop Carmichael's hearers at St. George's Church for four years, and of meeting him in connection with church work, in every branch of parochial activity and on the public platform. He was equally lovable in all, and today I do not know whether he excelled most during those brilliant moments in which he expounded divine truth, or when seated at the fireside he brought the atmosphere of a perfect Christian gentleman into the humblest home.

There was another phase in Bishop Carmichael's character known only to those who were intimately associated with him. Contrary to the general impression his friends knew him to be a very astute and sagacious administrator. He was the last man to fall into any kind of a trap and many were set for him. I do not think that he ever impaired his public usefulness by a blunder. He was cautious and far-seeing, and many projects which enthusiasts urged upon him in vain justified his refusal by turning out failures. On the other hand when he once allied himself with a movement it was bound to go ahead, for his impressive personality, transparent sincerity, and unfailing courtesy, made him almost invincible. In St. George's parish his word was law, and was never questioned. In High Church circles he met with life-long opposition, but in all disputes he carried himself with dignity and finally won out by the sheer force of his personality.

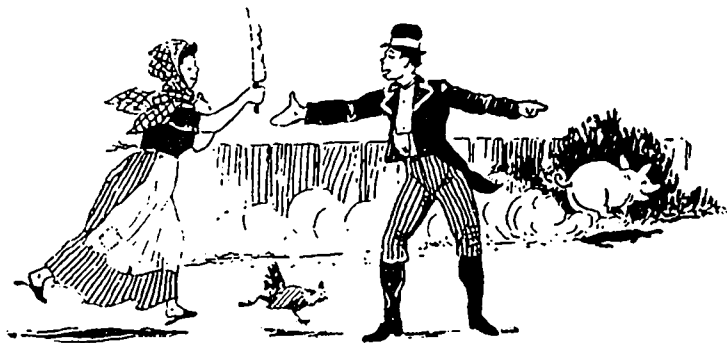
For some years he had been in feeble health, and the loss of his wife was a heavy blow. He rallied with Christian fortitude, and to the last discharged the duties of his position with conspicuous ability. As an Evangelical preacher he was unrivalled in Eastern Canada, and personally I do not think he had an equal in the Dominion.

The congregation of St. George's has for some years been greatly troubled about the appointment of his successor, an anxiety which the Bishop himself fully shared. Of all the men, not a few of International reputation, who have at different times occupied his pulpit not one has reached the standard set by Bishop Carmichael himself; but all who cherish his memory will delight to know that in the Reverend Patterson Smythe a worthy successor has at last been found. He is not the less acceptable to the members of St. George's because they know that he is a man after Bishop Carmichael's own heart. If he succeeds in carrying on the splendid traditions of the Church which is inseparably connected with the memory of his predecessor he will have achieved something little short of greatness.



Now Mickey Wigg, he bought a pig  
 And placed him in a stye  
 The pig grew big and Mickey Wigg  
 Determined he should die.

He called his wife, "Haste bring a knife  
 The wretched pig to slay."  
 But piggy tumbled to himself  
 Got up and ran away.



O'er hill and plain, the worthy twain  
 Pursued the fleeing hog.  
 Piggy grown faint, with loud complaint  
 Sought refuge in a bog.

Now stretched at ease, poor piggy sees  
 His enemies draw near;  
 Mick, like a man, led on the van  
 His wife brought up the rear.

With so much haste the pig they chased  
 Their senses all forsook them—  
 Swift though they run they are outdone  
 For trouble overtook them.

They quite forgot that treacherous spot  
 Where frogs and newts assemble

Nor check their speed until indeed  
They felt the quagmire tremble.



Down, down they sink, and black as ink,  
With mud and filth nigh smothered,  
On hands and knees by slow degrees  
The shore they have recovered.

Once more they stand upon dry land—  
Pig his defiance grunted  
And for a space stood face to face  
The hunters and the hunted.



Now by a stone most deftly thrown  
They did once more dislodge him.  
Then by a gate Mick lay in wait  
Here pig did neatly dodge him.

Back to his stye did piggy hie  
There sure enough they found him  
And brought to bay poor piggy lay,  
His foes close in around him.

There was no door and so before  
The pig stye's open portal  
Mick placed his wife, then raised his knife  
To deal a blow that's mortal.

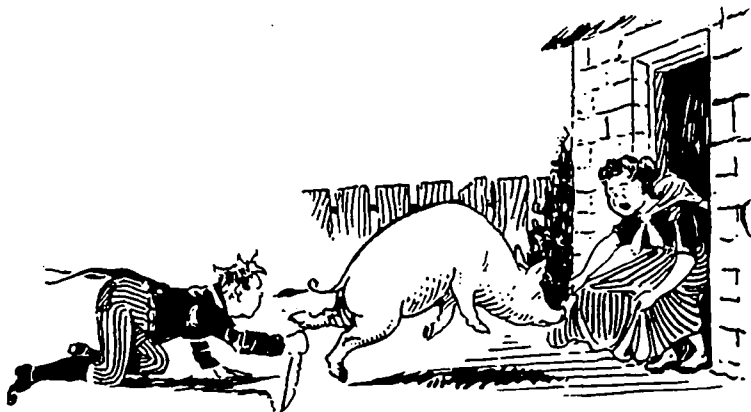
Restrain your tears, the blow he fears  
Was sadly misdirected,



For with a squeal pig dodged the steel  
In manner unexpected.

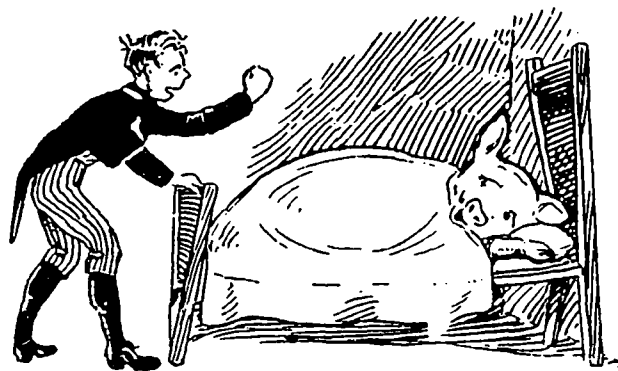
I've told before, the cabin door  
Mickey's good spouse defended  
Betwixt her toes pig thrust his nose  
The lady was upended.

Piggy rushed out and searched about  
Oh where could he find shelter,  
The cabin door he now made for  
And rushed in helter skelter.



Mick shut the door and now once more  
From vengeance piggy fled,  
The house was small and last of all  
Mick caught him in the bed.

Sometimes on top, sometimes below  
Mick and the pig fought gamely  
Till on the bed almost half dead  
Piggy surrendered tamely.



Mick raised his knife, but then his wife  
Who through the keyhole peeping  
Told him to wait nor desecrate  
The bed where they'd been sleeping.

I must report his wife was short—  
In stature but a midget,  
For length of lung and strength of tongue  
Few could compete with Bridget.

As he was bid so Mickey did  
 For thus his wife had trained him.  
 Though vengeance cried it was denied  
 For habit still restrained him.

They now decide pig must be tied.  
 To get a rope runs Bridget,  
 And now at last the noose is fast  
 When pig begins to fidget.

Somewhat revived piggy contrived  
 By one supreme endeavour  
 To reach the floor and for the door  
 He made as fresh as ever.

It would not yield, pig shoved and squealed  
 As loud as he was able,  
 Hotly pursued but unsubdued  
 He leaped upon the table.

Nor here he stayed, one spring he made  
 And through the window dashes,  
 Freedom he gained and nought remained  
 But broken window sashes.

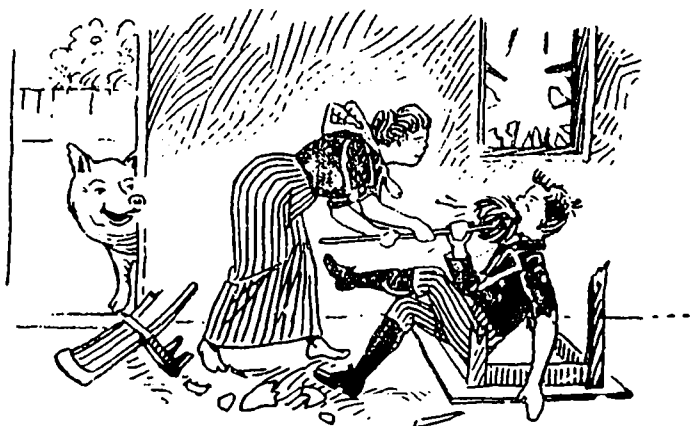


Now left inside poor Bridget cried  
 To see so much destruction,  
 Next feeling mad she raised bedad  
 The devil of a ruction.

First with a pot she took a shot,  
 Mick dodged it with agility,  
 Nor did she stop till with a mop  
 She'd taugh him due civility.

In the wild chase around the place  
 Chairs, cups and plates were scattered,

Not even the clock survived the shock,  
The table, too, was shattered.



Her wrath now spent, poor Mick was sent  
A neighbour's gun to borrow,  
Swept up the mess and patched her dress  
Whilst she bewailed her sorrow.

The gun he sought, now Mick has brought,  
The which when duly loaded,  
I don't suppose for scaring crows  
A better ere exploded.

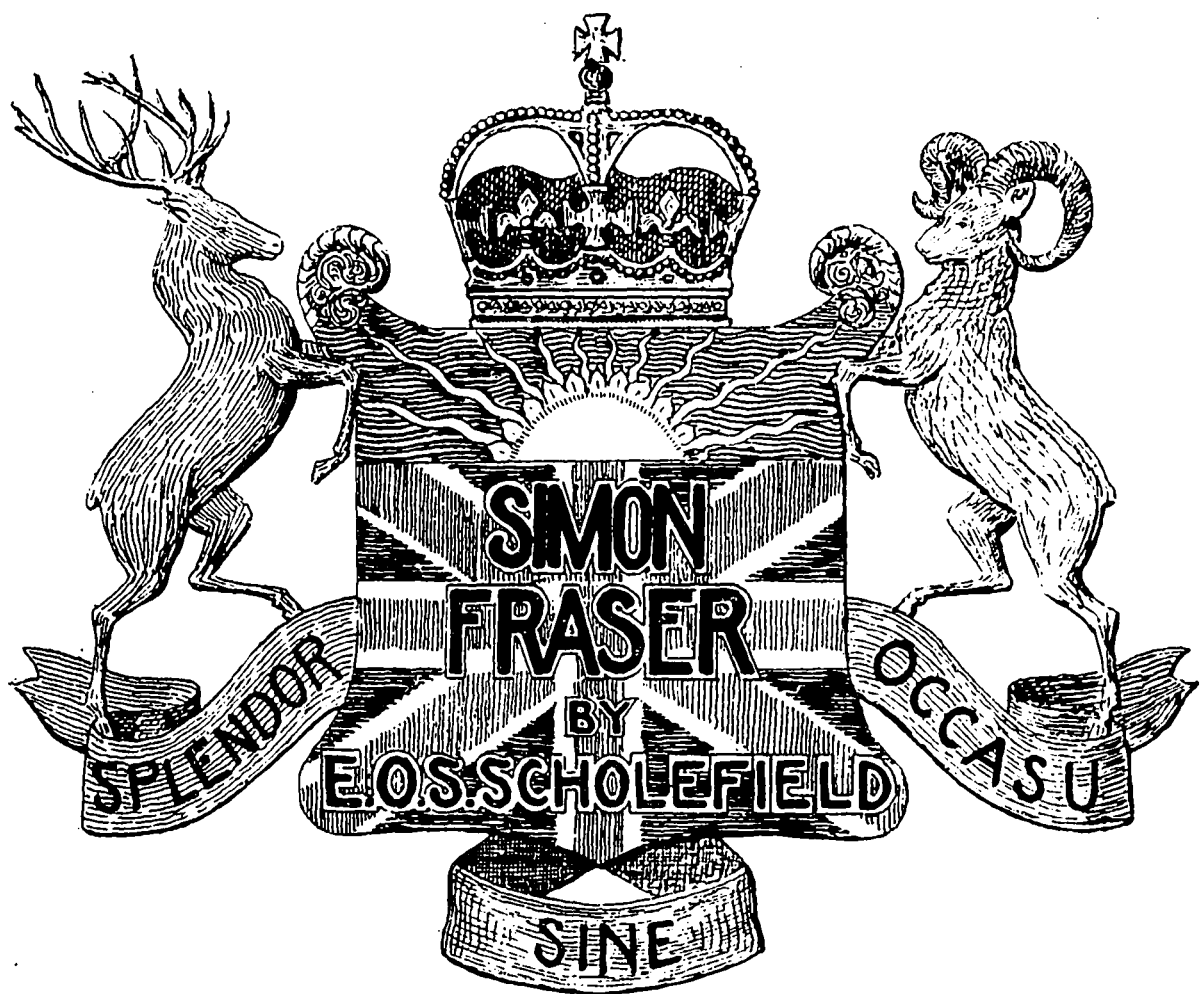
Should you take aim right at the game  
Its sights were so directed  
That you would miss unless it is  
You slew the unexpected.

Sportsmen will not shoot for the pot  
They love to give their game fair play.  
Mick's only fear as he drew near  
Was lest the pig should run away.

He slowly crept to where pig slept  
Behind a friendly boulder,  
Nor tried a shot until he got  
Close up to piggy's shoulder.

The bullets sped and pig lay dead  
No more will he awaken,  
Full soon did Wigg convert the pig  
To sausages and bacon.





V.

**I**T is indeed a pity that Simon Fraser, in his leisure hours, had not prepared for publication a full and authentic account of his descent of the river long since named after him. Unlike Sir Alexander MacKenzie, who was undoubtedly the greater man of the two, he apparently failed to realize that his contemporaries and posterity would be interested in his work in New Caledonia. Sir Alexander in 1801 gave to the world a narrative at once interesting and of the greatest importance historically. The account of that first overland journey to the Pacific Ocean, simply told and not over-classical in point of style as it is, enthrals the reader, and we are not surprised to learn that even the great Napoleon in the bitter hour of his imprisonment on the Island of St. Helena—in that Last Phase of which Lord Roseberry writes so brilliantly—could not resist its fascination. Sir Alexander, fortunately for us, was an ambitious man—laudably so—and he not only desired to explore unknown re-

gions, but he also, it is obvious, wished that his work should be recognized. It is not unlikely that he was fired by the example of Samuel Hearne, who, in yet earlier days, had followed the course of the Coppermine River to the Arctic Ocean, publishing later a most interesting account of his journeys in that little known wilderness which stretches from Hudson's Bay north-westerly to the Frozen Sea. But Simon Fraser was essentially a fur-trader, not a scientific explorer, anxious above all things to enrich the world's store of knowledge regarding unknown lands.

If the leader of the third overland journey to the shores of the Pacific had only bequeathed to us a full account of his explorations and discoveries, it would be a comparatively easy matter now to understand and appreciate his achievements. It is true that he kept a diary of the daily happenings of that eventful voyage, but it is feared that the manuscript pages of it have been lost, or mislaid for the time being, and, consequently, the task of the historian is rendered doubly difficult inasmuch as he

is bound to follow either one or the other of the published versions of the explorer's journal, neither of which is altogether satisfactory.

Not for many years after the death of Simon Fraser did anyone take the trouble to publish an account of his work in the Far West. Hubert Howe Bancroft, so far as we have been able to ascertain, in his voluminous *History of the Northwest Coast*, printed at San Francisco in 1884, was the first writer to attempt to give a particularized report of the exploration of the Fraser River. For years the story that appeared in the work mentioned was accepted as authentic, and those later writers who had become interested in the early history of British Columbia apparently were contented to follow Bancroft without so much as questioning or examining the material upon which that author based his observations and deductions. As a matter of fact, as Bancroft's account was, for several years at least, the only printed account, and as it was presumed that he had obtained the original manuscript, or an authentic copy of it, there was little or no occasion to question the bonafides of the version published by him.

In 1889, however, Senator Masson, in the first series of his "*Les Bourgeois de la Compagnie du Nord-Ouest*," published what purported to be Simon Fraser's Journal in full. That production was considered, as indeed it was, an important contribution to the history of discovery in the west, and latterly it has been sedulously followed by historians. Appearing as a verbatim re-print of the explorer's own diary, it soon superseded Bancroft's excerpts and running comments thereon. Naturally enough, those writers who have given attention to our early history in recent years have been inclined to pin their faith on the document edited by Masson.

Now, as a matter of fact, there are many and great discrepancies between the Masson and Bancroft versions, which discrepancies, strange as it may seem, apparently have altogether escaped the attention of recent writers. And here it would be well to explain that these discrepancies also escaped the attention of the present writer until a short time ago

when his attention was called to them by Dr. C. F. Newcombe, of Victoria, an authority on the early history of the northern Pacific Slope.

In order that we may appraise at their value the narrations, as given by Senator Masson and Hubert Howe Bancroft in their respective works, it is essential that they should be submitted to the closest scrutiny. It is not possible in a short paper to accord the matter that detailed treatment which its importance deserves, but we may well here examine briefly the two printed accounts of Simon Fraser's second Journal—that relating to his exploration of the Fraser River from Fort George to the mouth of the North Arm near Point Grey. We shall first deal with the relation given by Bancroft in the fifth chapter of his "*History of the Northwest Coast*."

Whatever shortcomings Bancroft may have possessed, and we learn from contemporary sources that his character, as far as his literary and historical work was concerned, was not entirely free from blemishes, we must in justice credit him with being an able and painstaking, if a rather unscrupulous, collector of historical material in the form of manuscript diaries, journals, and letters. No one can accuse him of failing to procure a sufficiency of data, for any one of his works, though his use of that data may perhaps sometimes be subjected to fair adverse criticism. One only has to examine the long lists of authorities and references appended to one and all of his books to realize that the man spared no pains in procuring information from undefiled sources, but that, unfortunately, is often as much as can be said in his favour. The truth of the matter is that Bancroft was a compiler and not, in the true sense of the word, an historian. It is Justin Windsor, author of that ponderous series of volumes entitled "*Narrative and Critical History of America*," who somewhat scathingly criticizes one of Bancroft's histories in the following passage, which we quote from the preface of the first volume of the work just alluded to:—"The changed tone of the new series, its rhetoric, ambitious in parts, but mixed with passages which are often forceful and exact, sug-

gestive of an ill-assorted conjoint production; the interlarding of classic allusions by some retained reviser who served this purpose for one volume at least; a certain cheap reasoning and ranting philosophy, which gives place at times to conceptions of grasp; flippancy and egotism, which induce a patronising air under the guise of a constrained adulation of others; a want of knowledge on points where the system of indexing employed by his staff had been deficient,—these traits served to separate the criticism of students from the ordinary laudation of such as were dazed by the magnitude of the scheme."

Again, after referring to Bancroft's bellicose treatment of his critics, the same authority remarks:—"His important work needs no such adventitious support; and the occasion for it might have been avoided by ordinary prudence. The extent of the library upon which the work is based, and the full citation of the authorities followed in his notes, and the more general enumeration of them in his preliminary lists, make the work pre-eminent for its bibliographical extent, however insufficient, and at times careless, is the bibliographical record."

The peculiar constitution of the author's mind is well exemplified in that important twenty-second chapter of his "Literary Industries." There are few men who would care to claim the authorship of those undignified, uncharitable and coarse paragraphs.

So much for Bancroft's character as a litterateur.

We may, then, fairly assume that the historian whose work we are discussing gathered his material with great care. It would be unwise, therefore, to brush aside his data as unreliable and inauthentic without positive proof that it is so. It follows that for the time being we cannot do otherwise than accept the documents upon which Bancroft based his relation of Fraser's exploits, or, in other words we must reserve our judgment until more light is thrown upon the whole question by further discoveries.

From information only recently acquired it has been ascertained that Bancroft never possessed the original Journal of Simon Fraser, but only a frag-

ment of a transcript of it, and that accounts for the abrupt termination of the narrative published in the "History of the Northwest Coast." In order to put at rest any doubt upon the point, the writer has obtained, through the courtesy of Mr. Frederick J. Teggart, Curator of the Academy of Pacific Coast History, where are gathered all the documents from the immense private library of Dr. Bancroft, a copy of the Journal used by the author in compiling his history of the exploration of the Fraser River. It commences in the middle of a sentence, under the date of May 30th, 1808, and it ends almost as abruptly under the date of June 10th of the same year. All of which goes to show that this version is but a fragment of the original and nothing more. There is not a word about the starting of the expedition, nor is there any reference to the return journey. Naturally, Bancroft with only this fragment to go upon was for some time in doubt as to whether or not the expedition had reached tidal waters. He at last, it is true, came to the conclusion that Simon Fraser had actually reached the sea, but not on any evidence found in the Journal of the explorer. It was the statement of John Stuart, Fraser's friend and companion, as recorded by Alexander Caulfield Anderson in his manuscript notes on the Northwest Coast, that forced Bancroft to conclude that Fraser had descended the river as far as the present site of the City of New Westminster, if he had not actually reached an arm of the sea.

Where, or how, Bancroft obtained his copy of Fraser's Journal it is impossible to say at the present moment, nor, we fear, will this important point be ever settled now, as we understand, that no one is in a position to throw any light upon the subject.

In the version of the Journal followed by the American writer, there are several references to Sir Alexander Mackenzie, and one to Captain Lewis of the Columbia River exploring expedition, and from time to time the courses followed are given:—"S 70, E 1-2, S 15, E 1½ and Isle on the left, S 55, E 1. Islands on the right, S 20, E 2 miles, S 70, E 1¼—in this course is a rapid

and at the beginning of the course is a large Island in the middle of the river, a white cliff on right," and so on, not infrequently. In that other version to which we have previously referred to we find no such details given.

We must at this point briefly examine Fraser's Journal as edited and published by Senator Masson. In the first place we notice that the editor has not failed to exercise the prerogative of his office. It is evident, almost painfully evident in places, that the original Journal has been edited to such an extent that it is often hard to realize that Simon Fraser had anything to do with the compiling thereof. When the manuscript letters and diaries used by Bancroft are compared with the narrative as published by Masson, it is as clear as daylight that the latter, or the person from whom he obtained his material, must have furbished and polished the crude statements of the narrator. The mode of expression of such original manuscripts as have been preserved to this day is generally unpolished, and often ungrammatical to a degree, but the account in "*Les Bourgeois de la Compagnie du Nord-Ouest*" is well, even eloquently, written. But this is not all. There are other discrepancies which are not so easily explained. In the document under discussion we find no references to Sir Alexander MacKenzie, and the name of Captain Lewis is not mentioned therein, and there is not from first to last a single detail given as to the direction of the river, or as to the courses followed, a strange omission indeed if such particulars were given in the original. Moreover, not infrequently, events recorded under one date in the Bancroft Journal are recorded under another date in the Masson version. So it will be readily understood how difficult it is to unravel the tangled skein. The difficulty is not lessened by the fact that the original material used by Masson cannot now be found, although it is hoped that it may be unearthed shortly. Without the original journal it is impossible to say how far the editor, or editors, went in altering the text. It is evident that the Masson version is accurate in so far as the particulars of the voyage are concerned, because in

the main, in spite of the juxtaposition of certain dates, and the difference in the language employed, the events described therein are the same as those portrayed in the Bancroft version. It would be unwise therefore to condemn the former as worthless.

It may be that John Stuart's notes were embodied in the Journal followed by Bancroft. Stuart, as we know, understood surveying and he was the only man in the expedition who could take astronomical observations. It is not unlikely that the explorer entered Stuart's notes in his own Journal in order to give a better idea of the direction of the river. But this is only conjecture. All that can be said in favour of such a contention is that Fraser, as related in one of the letters quoted in the first part of this brief notice, had faith in his lieutenant's literary ability and consequently he sometimes asked him to edit his journals. If Stuart helped to compile the narrative of the expedition, he may well have supplemented the notes of his superior by adding to them some of his own observations. As we have said before, however, this is only a supposition.

It is understood that Senator Masson obtained the material upon which he based his sketch of the Northwest Company from his first wife, who was a granddaughter of the Honourable Sir Roderic MacKenzie, a first cousin of Sir Alexander MacKenzie, the great traveller. The author himself refers in a general way to his data as "*documents que des relations de famille ont mis en notre possession.*" And this is all the light which he throws upon this most important point. The Senator does not state in his brief memoir on Simon Fraser if the Journal of the explorer was found among his wife's papers, or whether it came into his hands from some other source. This is unfortunate, as, if he had enlightened us, it might be possible to trace the missing documents and so put an end to all doubt on the subject. A perusal of the original would at once settle the point as to whether or not the editor had omitted anything of importance. Of course, the document may have been re-written be-



Looking down the Fraser at Cisco Eridge.

fore being placed in his hands. In that event we should not gain very much by perusing it. It is the original document, and the original document only, that can clear up the mystery.

Strangely enough, it would appear that Fraser's original Journal was upwards of twenty-five years in Victoria. In the early sixties a son of the explorer journeyed to Cariboo, and, like many others, he used to spend the winter months in the capital of the Province. When in Victoria, he always stayed with Dr. I. W. Powell, with whom he became intimate. Young Fraser carried with him wherever he went the manuscript diaries and letters of his father, of whose exploits he was extremely proud. One day he remarked to Dr. Powell that he would like to give him these precious documents as he was afraid that he might lose them in his wanderings. Dr. Powell accordingly took charge of the thick bundle of papers and he held them for many years. Eventually they were returned to the descendents of the explorer in Eastern

Canada and in this manner the Province lost invaluable historical material. At the same time as he presented the diaries and letters to Dr. Powell, young Fraser also gave him the old top hat his father had worn for many years, and this relic may still be seen in Victoria.

Is it possible that when Bancroft visited Victoria in 1878, while searching for material for his histories, obtained a transcript of a portion of Fraser's Journal? Did Senator Masson have access to the same material after it was returned to the Fraser family? The answers to these questions would throw a flood of light upon this most perplexing question. If it could be proved that the material used by the former writer was only a portion of the Journal which came into the possession of Senator Masson, then it would be clearly demonstrated that the latter author had severely edited his text. On the other hand, should the Bancroft material differ as widely from the account actually penned by the hand of Simon Fraser himself, as it does from the relation pub-



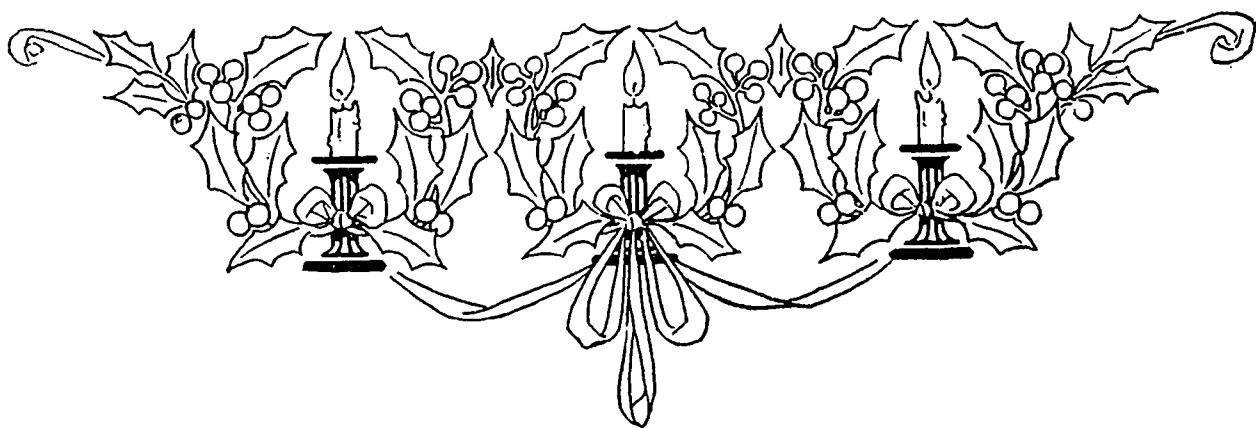
lished in the first series of "Les Bourgeois de la Compagnie du Nord Ouest," then it would appear that Bancroft had probably obtained a version to which Stuart's notes had been added. We know that Stuart made notes on the journey because David Thompson, the official surveyor, or astronomer as he was called, of the North-West Company, distinctly stated that he followed them when compiling his great map of the North-West Territories on which was depicted for the first time, the course of the Fraser River. Indeed it was in this same map that the name "Fraser River" made its first cartographical appearance.

So far as our researches carried us, all that can be said at the present time is that no one will be in a position to successfully challenge the authenticity of either one version or the other, until the original Journal itself is brought to light. In the meantime, we have no other al-

ternative than to accept the version of Senator Masson, always bearing in mind that it is more than likely that the language employed is not strictly the language of Simon Fraser, however accurately the happenings of the journey may be portrayed.

It is to be feared that our readers, if such there may be, by this time will be tired of speculation and theory, and therefore we will proceed to follow our explorer down the mighty waterway in early days variously known as the "Great River," the "Tacoutch Tesse," or the "Jackanet," but to the present generation familiar as the Fraser River, merely pausing to remark that it is hoped that the foregoing observations, tiresome as they may appear to be, may prove interesting, if not helpful, to students of early western history.

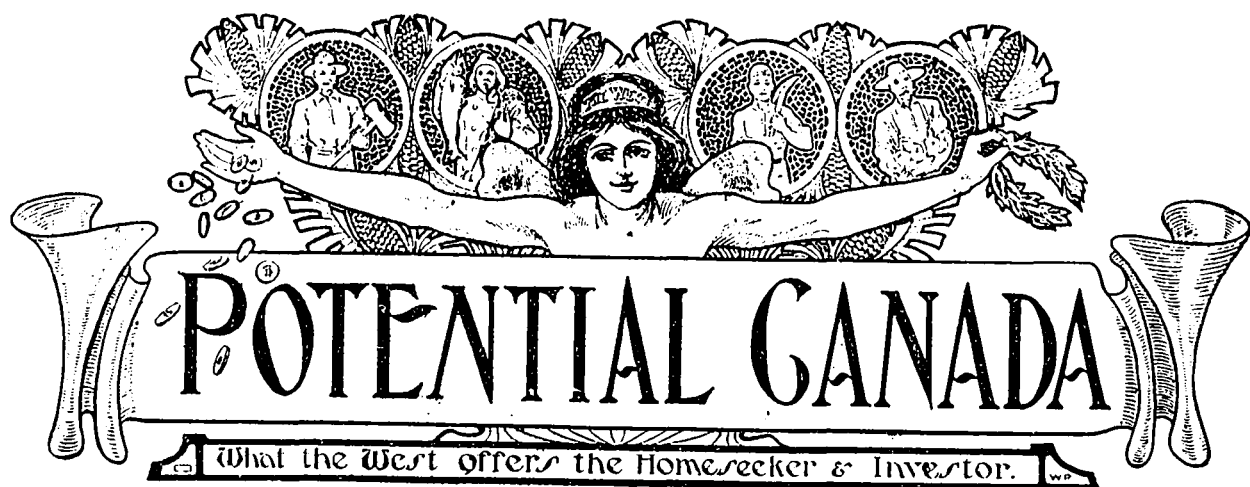
(To be continued)





A Four-year-old Orchard at Kelowna B.C.

ANGELL ENG. CO.



## Kelowna--The City Desirable.

Walter R. Pooley.

**K**ELOWNA: City of Orchards—chief city of the Lake. What recollections the name of the place conjures up to those who know the spot! What conjectures to those who only know it from hearsay or reputation! To those who know Kelowna ever so slightly, it requires no advocate and no special stirring of the memory. It rises spontaneous before the mind as an enchanted land. The picture is there of its admirable situation in the sheltered bay on Lake Okanagan with all the charms of propinquity to this noble sheet of water—the boating, bathing and fishing; and the launch racing on its glassy surface; cruising trips with favouring winds; and the refreshing lap-lap of the water on summer nights. Again memory holds dear the rides and drives, many and various, through orchards fruit laden with all varieties of trees from rosy apple to luscious peach; apricots like golden fruit of the Hesperides; cherries which after colouring up change a green tree into a flaming torch; graceful pears and plums of royal purple—a colour scheme to shame Aladin's Cave; then trips along mile upon mile of level bench lands; roads to challenge comparison; past pleasant ranch houses and pretty dwellings which evoke

the admiration of every beholder. Every turn in the road opens up fresh glories to the view. The lake glistens below, stretching further off the higher one drives—fit middle distance to set off the encircling hills, sheltering the pleasant vale; and fit foreground to the majesty of the far off mountains of Hope Range. And then the little city of Kelowna itself; its busy prosperous citizens; its well stocked stores; street scenes of laden wagons, heavy with fruit and farm produce. What a memory! The utilitarian, too, remembers the well built stone blocks—fireproof and enduring—pledges of the citizens' confidence in their city's future; and he who has enjoyed the hospitality of Kelowna reverts to it in after days with pleasurable emotions—not to great and sumptuous repasts and fetes of fantastic millionaires, but to the unaffected, hearty hospitality which springing itself from the enjoyment of life wishes all its friends to be participants in its innocent pleasures and relaxations; then to picnics and parties; dances and drives; socials and sports—Oh the memories how rapturous and sweet!

To those, however, who do not know Kelowna a few lines on the city and district may be of interest

The city of Kelowna, itself the centre of the large district comprizing the Okanagan Mission Valley and its outlying arms, in all nearly 200,000 acres in extent, is well situated in regard to its own particular district. Besides from its favourable geographical position it is

water systems of its own particular instalment. The C.P.R. provides an adequate daily service both north and south by means of the steamships Okanagan and Aberdeen; and a car-barge service is now being instituted to meet the increased demands of the fruit out-



Head Gate Central Okanagan Coy's Irrigation System.

the chief business and trading centre for all the west side and much of the eastern frontage of Okanagan Lake. The city's assessed value is close on a million dollars. The rate of taxation is low and the civic indebtedness is slight. The municipality controls the electric and

put which during the shipping seasons approximates to about a car a day.

Notwithstanding the recent financial crisis, the building within the city limits for the present year has exceeded that of any other place between Winnipeg and Vancouver. Within the narrow bounds

of the fire restriction district alone, the building permits total over \$100,000. The stores and retail houses rival those in many an eastern city of vastly bigger size, both in the quantity of their output and the quality of their wares. Trade is good, and bad debts are few. All trades and businesses are well represented and the city is equipped with an excellent cottage hospital set in spacious grounds which run down to the lake shore and provide sheltered walks for convalescents. The medical, surgical and dental fraternities which are one of civilization's indications of comparative opulence, are here strongly in evidence. All religious denominations have their churches and chapels with resident ministers; while fraternal and benevolent societies are well established in their many branches.

The Bank of Montreal and the Royal Bank of Canada represent the chartered banks in the city, through which most of the financial business passes. There are also several highly reputed land companies handling large tracts both for development and sale.

The Kelowna Courier is the organ of the press in the district and keeps everybody well posted on affairs of local interest.

The Agricultural and Trades Association holds an exhibition every Fall; and there is a farmers' institute—The Farmers' Exchange—which is a strong going concern with a large yearly turnover; and working on a co-operative basis, it has done much to further the welfare of the farming community.

A live Board of Trade looks after the business interests of the place and voices the needs of the people.

A local saw-mill with an annual output of 2,000,000 feet, and two portable mills with an output of half that amount, provide the community with lumber, supplementing their local supply with large shipments of dressed cedar and fir from the Pacific Coast.

A brickyard and several cement block works supply building material; and the local cannery handles as much fruit and produce as it can get.

Whilst a statement of statistics should have a place in a complete descriptive

article, the bald figures pall on the average reader who has to wade through them in a magazine; but to those who are interested in Kelowna's more material progress and welfare it may be stated that all statistics and information relative to the place may be obtained on application to the Secretary of the Board of Trade at Kelowna.

Residentially Kelowna presents many attractions apart from fruit growing, tobacco planting, general farming and the allied agricultural industries. These



Crawford Falls.

attractions may be summed up in the few words:—Lake, Land, Roads, Climate.

Its proximity to the lake enables one to enjoy first class bathing all through the summer; unlimited recreation on the broad surface of the water, and the beneficial effect of the cool evening breeze. The building lots provide for charming gardens and grounds around the pretty residences. There is no hill-climbing. Long, level roads stretch in every direction with good surfaces providing endless variety for drives and rides. Away

to the mountains, or along the margin of the lake or in and out among the orchard scenes and thriving farms, or up the creeks which run through the valley where sparkling waters flow to irrigate the land; to the fishing resorts; and to the delightful glens—to each and all, wherever one goes, lead these splendid highways.

And over all there is the climate.

When one has realized what a good climate it is he does not want to leave it. No "banana belt" this; no "warm all the year round." Clothes are as much in demand here as anywhere else. Misleading statements have been made that there is no winter, no snow or cold at all, in Kelowna district. The average yearly precipitation in rain and snow combined averages 13.27 over a period of six years, according to government meteorological reports, and the same sources give the monthly mean temperatures for the same period. Here are two—the coldest and the hottest—months, namely February and July:

February .....24.03 Far.

July .....65.35 Far.

Thus it may be seen that though Kelowna does not suffer a prairie winter or a tropical summer, yet it has its due season like most places in the same degree of latitude. The dry atmosphere and the large amount of sunshine are the main causes of the excellent climate, and they are also the most important factors in the quality, flavour and colour of the fruit. The absence of blizzards, of zero cold, and of excessive rainfall is grateful to all, whether old or young, sick or well. Winter does not as a rule close in until the end of November; and sometimes ploughing goes on until Christmas. Spring opens about the middle of March, and late frosts do not trouble the cultivator. Thus a long season is assured for growing and maturing fruits and other products; while the short winter is long enough to rest and recuperate the trees for the fruitifying of the following season.

Fruit growing is the staple industry of the district; and splendid returns are made on the capital invested. This industry has been carried on for nearly twenty years in the valley as a commer-

## KELOWNA, B. C., the Orchard City of the Famous Okanagan Valley.

### IRRIGATED FRUIT LANDS.

### Why Not Make Yourself Independent for Life ?

A 10-ACRE LOT FROM US WILL DO IT.

We own 5,000 acres of the choicest Irrigated Fruit Lands in the Province. No mountain sides to climb; no timber to clear; no stumps to pull. A well settled district, level roads, good school, church, store and post office on the land.

The land is so marvellously productive that the yearly profits from a 10-acre orchard after the sixth year run from \$2,000 to \$7,000.

All kinds of Fruit grow to perfection.

IRRIGATION MAKES CROP FAILURES IMPOSSIBLE.

A PERFECT CLIMATE.

KELOWNA FRUIT WINS GOLD MEDALS AT ALL EXHIBITIONS.

ALL THE ADVANTAGES OF OLDER SETTLED DISTRICTS.

Write for Illustrated Booklet and other information.

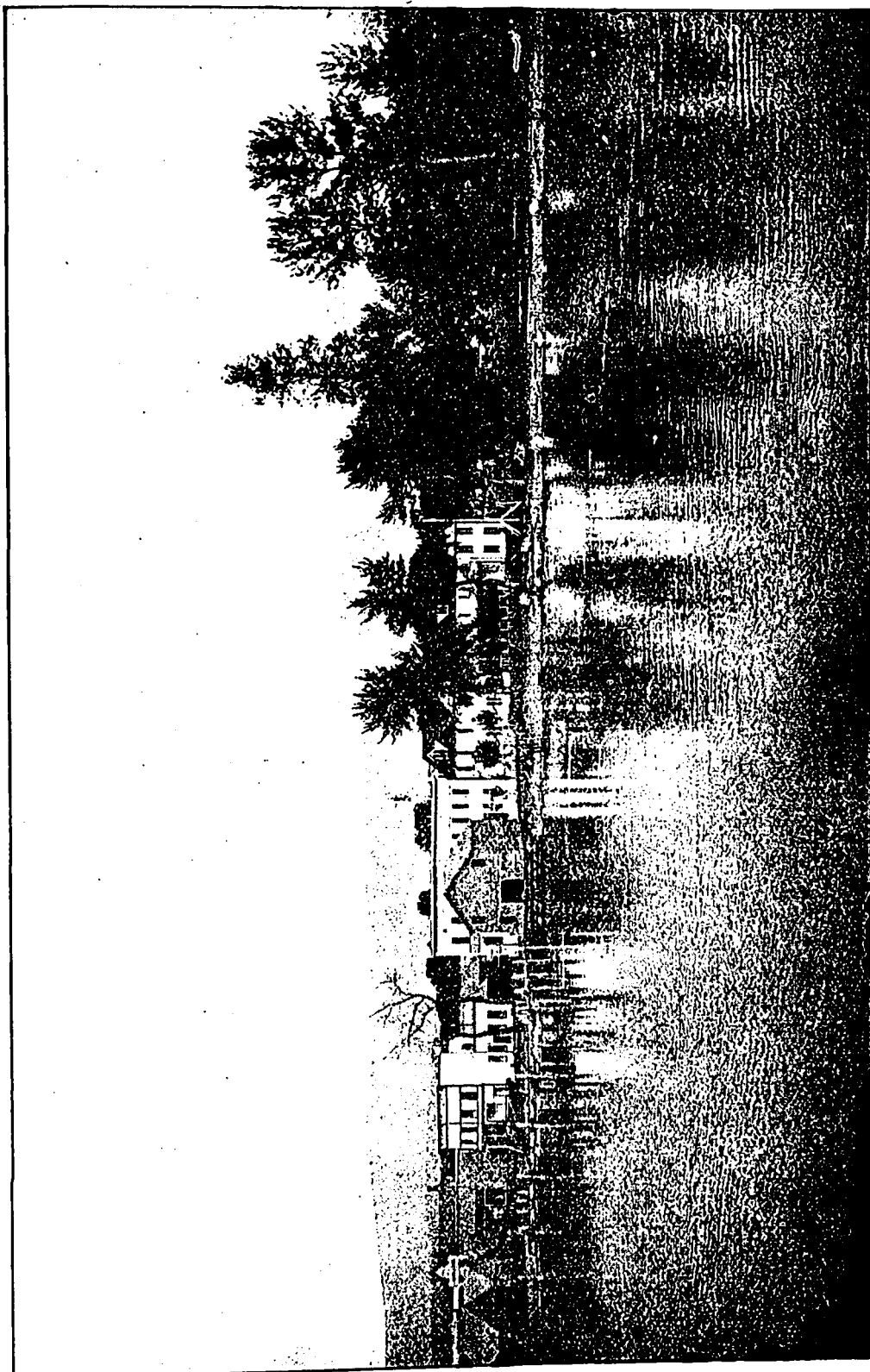
**Central Okanagan Land and Orchard Company**

KELOWNA, B. C.

cial enterprise. In this respect the district can compete successfully with the world. The list of its honours won at exhibitions and conventions both in Canada and Great Britain far exceeds that

this year. Kelowna in a word left its rivals far behind.

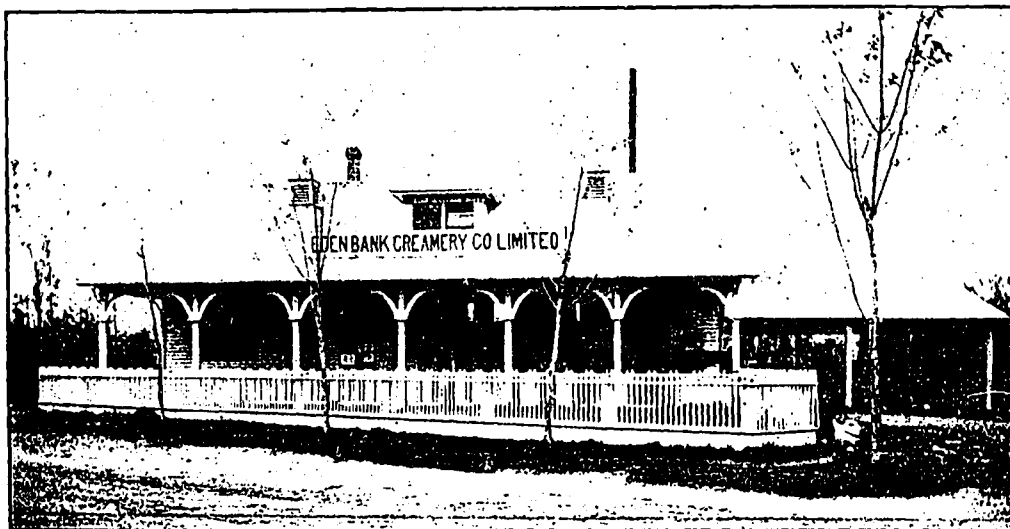
In conclusion Kelowna has many attractions and resources beside those already enumerated; and for those seeking a pleasant and also we may say a



Kelowna—From the Lake.

of any other place in British Columbia. The last guerdon in its long category of honours is the gold medal won at the Provincial Fair held at New Westminster

profitable place of abode, there is nothing to surpass the city with its charming residential homes, its cultivated people, its congenial surroundings, and its salubrious climate.



## The Evergreen Fraser Valley.

H. O. Lamb

**T**HE gold miner has done his country a double service. He has not only located and exploited fresh stores of the earth's most precious metal, but in so doing he has often discovered and explored large areas of fertile country that have later become the homes of thousands of prosperous fruit growers, farmers and gardeners.

The Argonauts of '49 opened the way for the wheat farmers of the Sacramento Valley, and the orange growers of Southern California; and today the agricultural products of the fertile valleys bring prosperity, comfort and well furnished tables to more homes spread over the length and breadth of a continent, than all the wealth of the Golden State mines ever did. The husbandman has come to find in the fertile soil a more enduring source of wealth than even a gold mine.

Fifty years ago a few hardy miners worked placer mines on the Fraser river. They had good success. Some few grew rich. Stories of the new Eldorado reached the outside world and soon men from California and Oregon were struggling through the wilds of the deep forest to their new fields of adventure—of hardship and perhaps of wealth. On their way they passed through the Fra-

ser Valley. Some sixty miles above New Westminster they camped in a fair valley surrounded by lofty mountains and watered by numerous streams. The tall rank grass covering the stretches of level prairie testified to the fertility of the soil and suggested productive farms easily made.

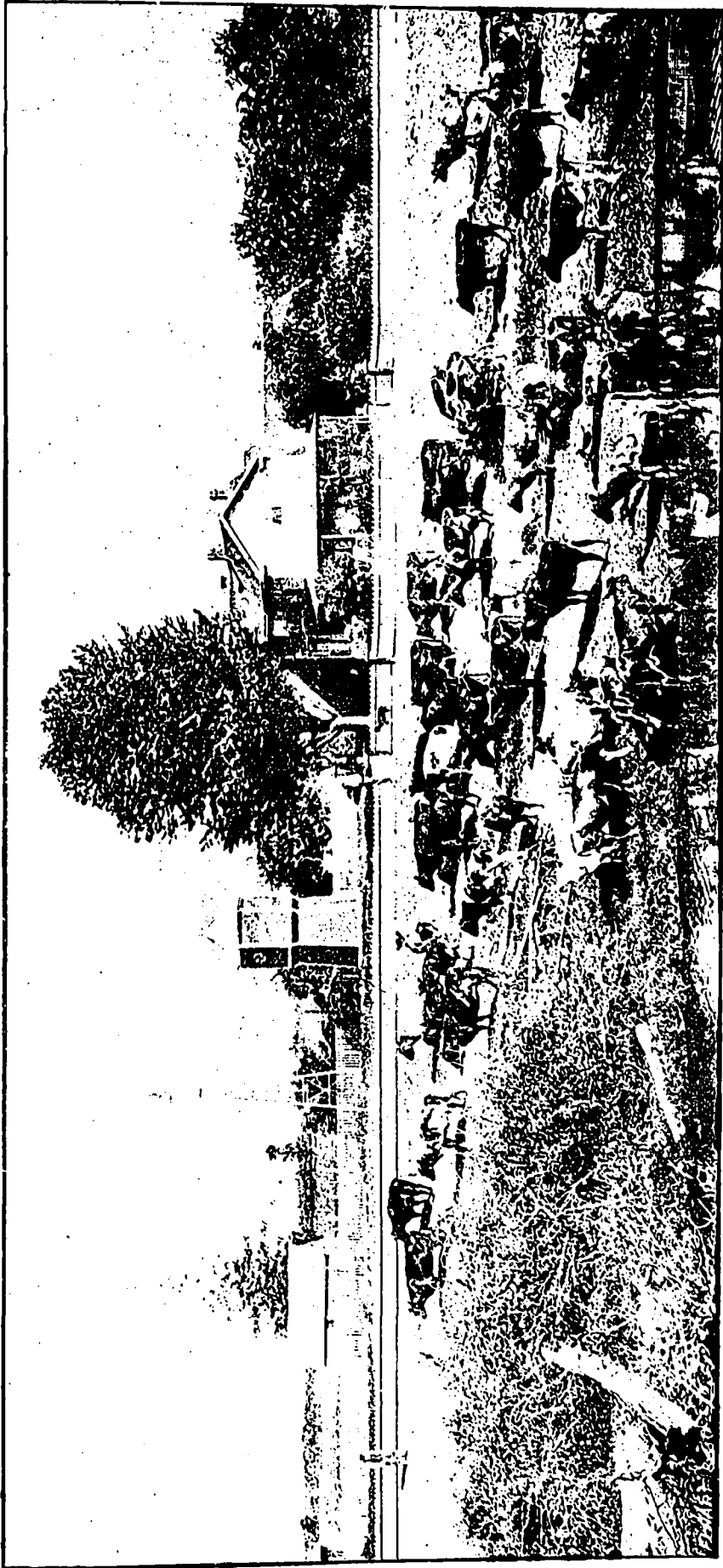
Months later when frigid winter stopped work on the placer mines, these men remembered the green grass of the sheltered valley and returned to spend the winter in comfort. In the spring some returned to the mines but others remained and took up farming. After the mines played out, many other abandoned the uncertain game and went farming also. Thus was discovered and settled the now famous district of Chilliwack.

Seventy miles east of Vancouver on the south bank of the Fraser River lies the valley of Chilliwack, in many respects the prettiest, most fertile and best developed district in all the Province of British Columbia. During the years of its development it has been handicapped by inefficient transportation facilities. There was no railway leading to the markets except the C. P. R. across the river. The only direct means of reaching New Westminster market was by the leisurely river boats occupying a long



day's journey. Chilliwack's position was isolated. Yet in spite of every difficulty

fitable farming, namely, good land; it had one other requisite, progressive far-

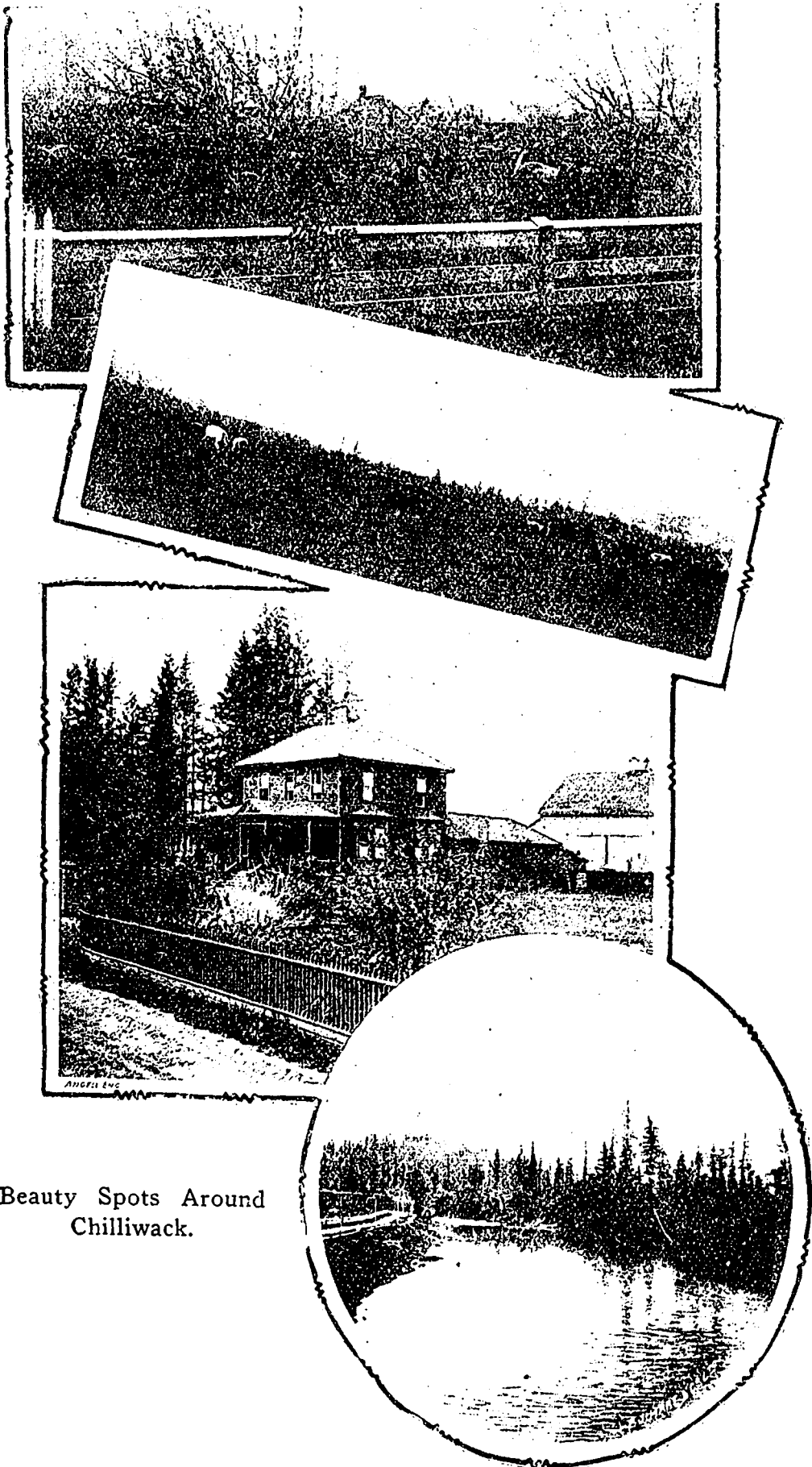


A Typical Chilliwack Homestead.

prosperity smiled on the people. Chilliwack had the one first requisite of pro-

mers. With land that grows three to four tons of prime hay per acre, eighty

to one hundred and twenty bushels of oats per acre, immense crops of field came them, is it any wonder Chilliwack grew and prospered?



Beauty Spots Around  
Chilliwack.

roots and potatoes, and with intelligent farmers who met difficulties and over- Heretofore Chilliwack farmers have paid almost exclusive attention to mixed

## CHILLIWACK

# The Garden of British Columbia.

Mr. Homeseeker, if you are undecided where to locate investigate Chilliwack and the Fraser River Valley "Where Everything Grows and Matures." Write us for Maps, Photos and Information of 2 2 2

CITY PROPERTY, COUNTRY HOMES,  
FRUIT FARMS, DAIRY FARMS,

POULTRY FARMS,

HAY AND STOCK RANCHES,

FARMS FOR MIXED FARMING;

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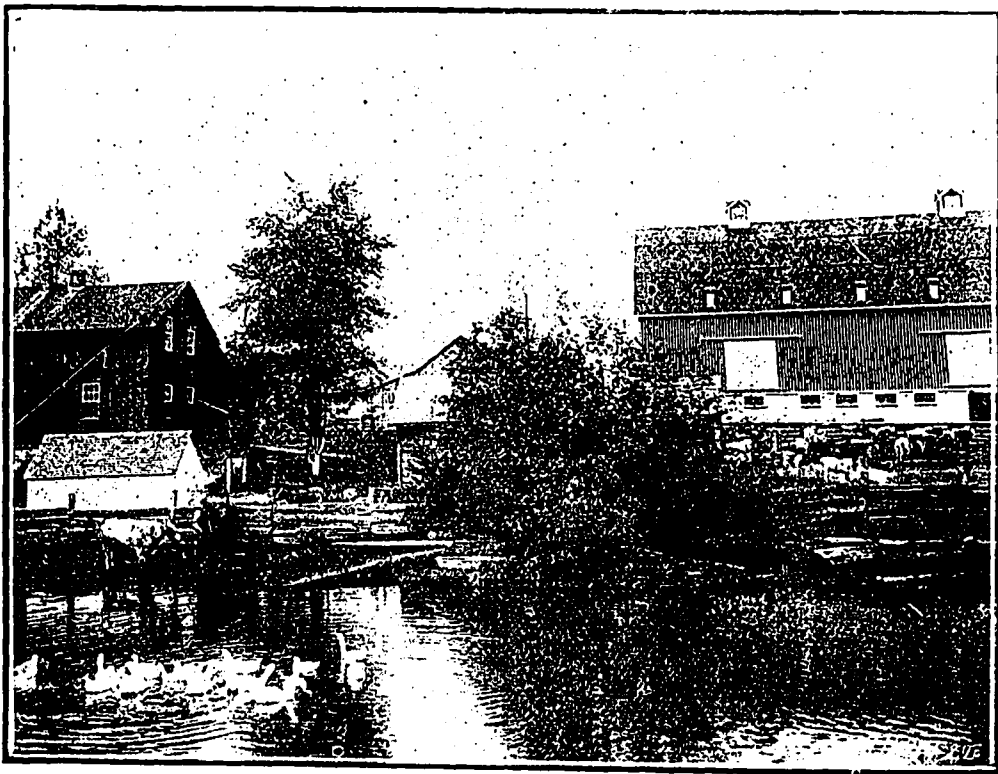
## CHILLIWACK

# CHILLIWACK

## The Garden of the Ever Green Fraser Valley.

Chilliwack offers inducements to men in all walks of life. The rich soil produces immense crops. Good gravel roads lead to all parts of the community; farmers' local and long-distance telephone places you in prompt communication with your merchant and the cities of Vancouver, New Westminster, Victoria, Nanaimo and Seattle. Public schools and churches at all convenient points. High school in the city of Chilliwack. Many farmers have city water system in house and barn,

NO IRRIGATION REQUIRED.



A Chilliwack Farm Scene.

### A Gentleman's Country Home.

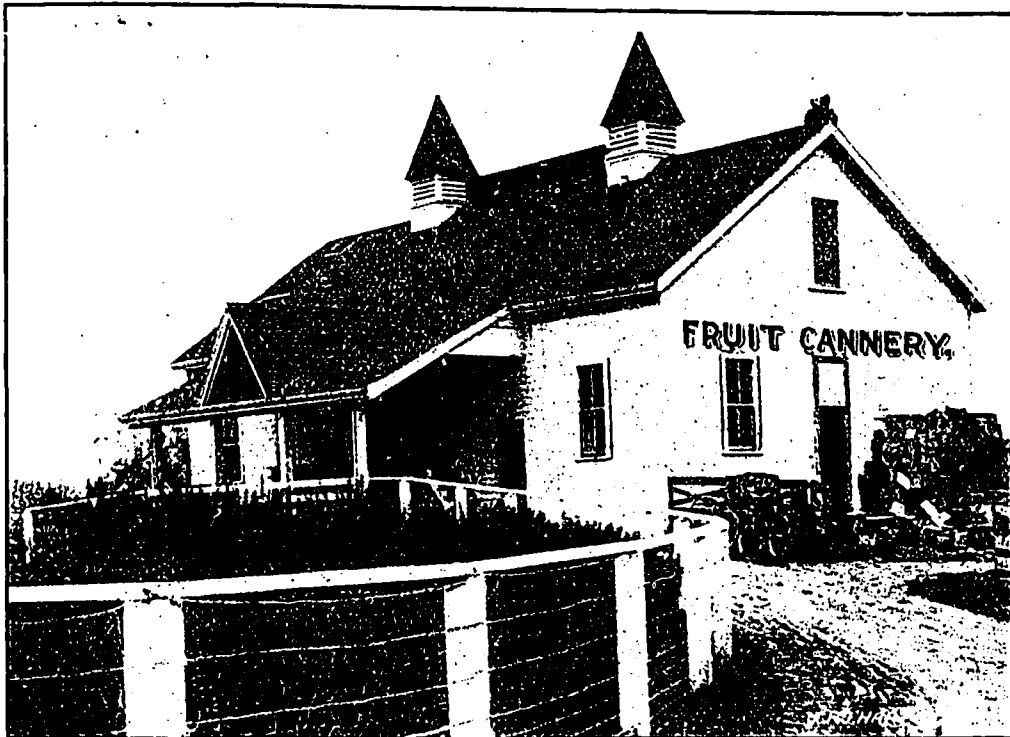
(No. 1) 41 acres, one-half mile from City of Chilliwack, all cleared and under cultivation, no stumps or stones; very rich, fine soil. Good house and barn with city water and telephone, orchard and garden. Part may be subdivided into 5-acre blocks and sold for \$300 to \$400 per acre. This is an ideal homestead and a good investment.

Price—\$12,000. Terms can be arranged.  
Write for maps and literature.

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The Fraser Valley Land Specialists.

VANCOUVER, NEW WESTMINSTER AND CHILLIWACK, B.C.



farming and dairying, and they have made money at it. Last year the creameries paid their patrons an average net price of thirty cents per pound for butter, and all the farmer had to do was milk his cows and cash his cheques. The creamery called every morning for the cream, made the butter, cared for it and sold it, and every month the farmer received a handsome cheque.

Figures are tiresome at best, so I will give but a few details. The average net price received by the dairy men of Chilliwack has risen from nineteen cents per pound in 1905 to thirty cents in 1907. From butter alone in 1907 the farmers in Chilliwack received \$121,098.00, besides a much greater amount from pork, beef, veal, horses, sheep and poultry. "Chilliwack" and "Edenbank" butter is eagerly sought by the best dealers, and the only difficulty the creameries meet is that of supplying the demand.

The farmers of Chilliwack do things well. They work their land to the best advantage, build first class houses and barns, keep only the most profitable stock and take a pride in making their district the best in the province. For three successive years, from 1905 to 1907 inclusive, the Chilliwack district display secured first prize at the Provincial Exhibition in New Westminster in competition with the whole of the Province

of British Columbia. This year no district exhibit was made and the prize went to Surrey, also in the Fraser valley.

Chilliwack has made a record in dairy farming and now its progressive people are out to make a record in another line, that of fruit growing. Only during the past few years has any special attention been paid to fruit culture. New settlers from the prairies and farther east grasped the opportunity and set to work. The climate and soil were both favourable and success came from the start. Now the orchards and gardens of Chilliwack are supplying luscious fruits for the markets of the great prairies, the mining towns of British Columbia, the cities of Vancouver and Westminster, while at this season of the year the Australian boats are carrying Chilliwack apples to the markets of the antipodes. On the prairies Chilliwack apples are favourites. The manager of the grocery department of the Hudson's Bay stores in the progressive city of Edmonton, told me in June last that his best supply of apples for keeping and selling qualities came from Chilliwack.

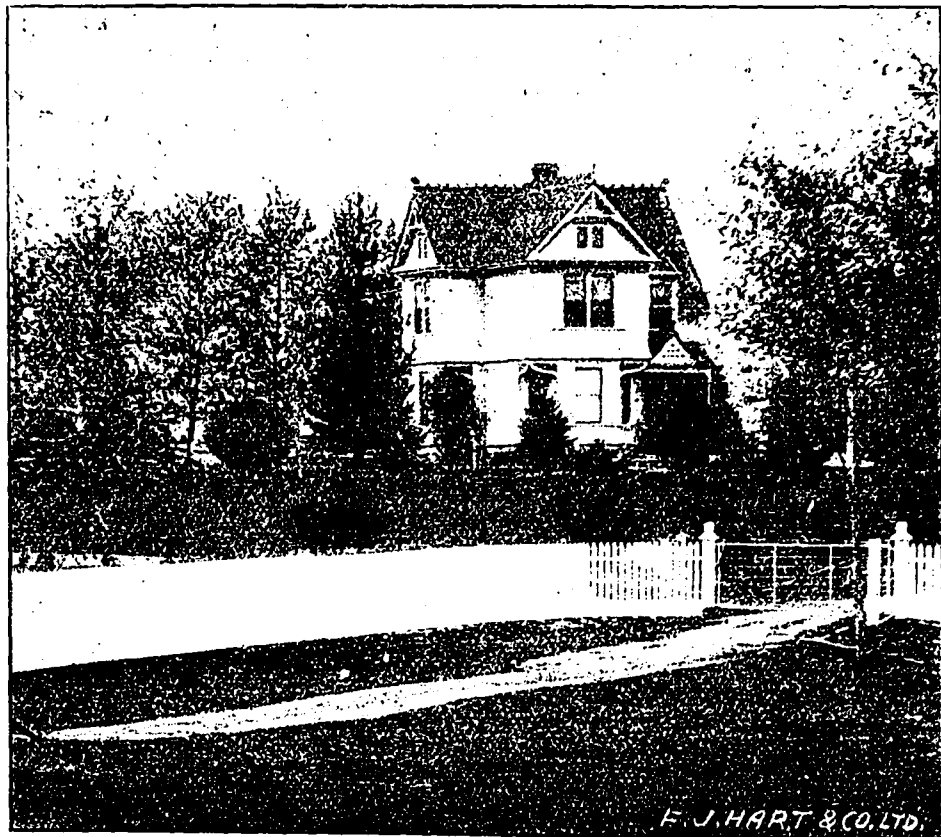
For those whose place of abode renders it impossible for them to enjoy the luxury of fresh Chilliwack fruit, a cannery was started this year and a full line of canned fruits and vegetables placed on the market. The cannery has

increased the local demand for all kinds of fruit including strawberries, raspberries, currants, plums, cherries, pears, peaches, prunes and apples as well as such vegetables as peas, beans, carrots, beets, cauliflower, cabbage and rhubarb.

When the government adopts some system by which districts will be judged and awarded prizes according to the well kept appearance of the farms, the quality of stock kept, the yield of crops, the class of buildings, the condition of the public roads, the high standard of the public schools and the prevalence of such modern conveniences as telephones and

equipped with all the modern conveniences (including labour-saving machinery) for feeding stock and removing refuse, artificial water systems and facilities for ventilation.

Chilliwack is one of the few districts in the Dominion where the farmers have city water supplied for domestic and other purposes. This convenience places the farmer in a position to equip his home with the main comforts enjoyed by his city cousin. And the cost is not excessive. For household purposes only, the rates are \$1.00 per month, for both house and barn \$1.50 per month.



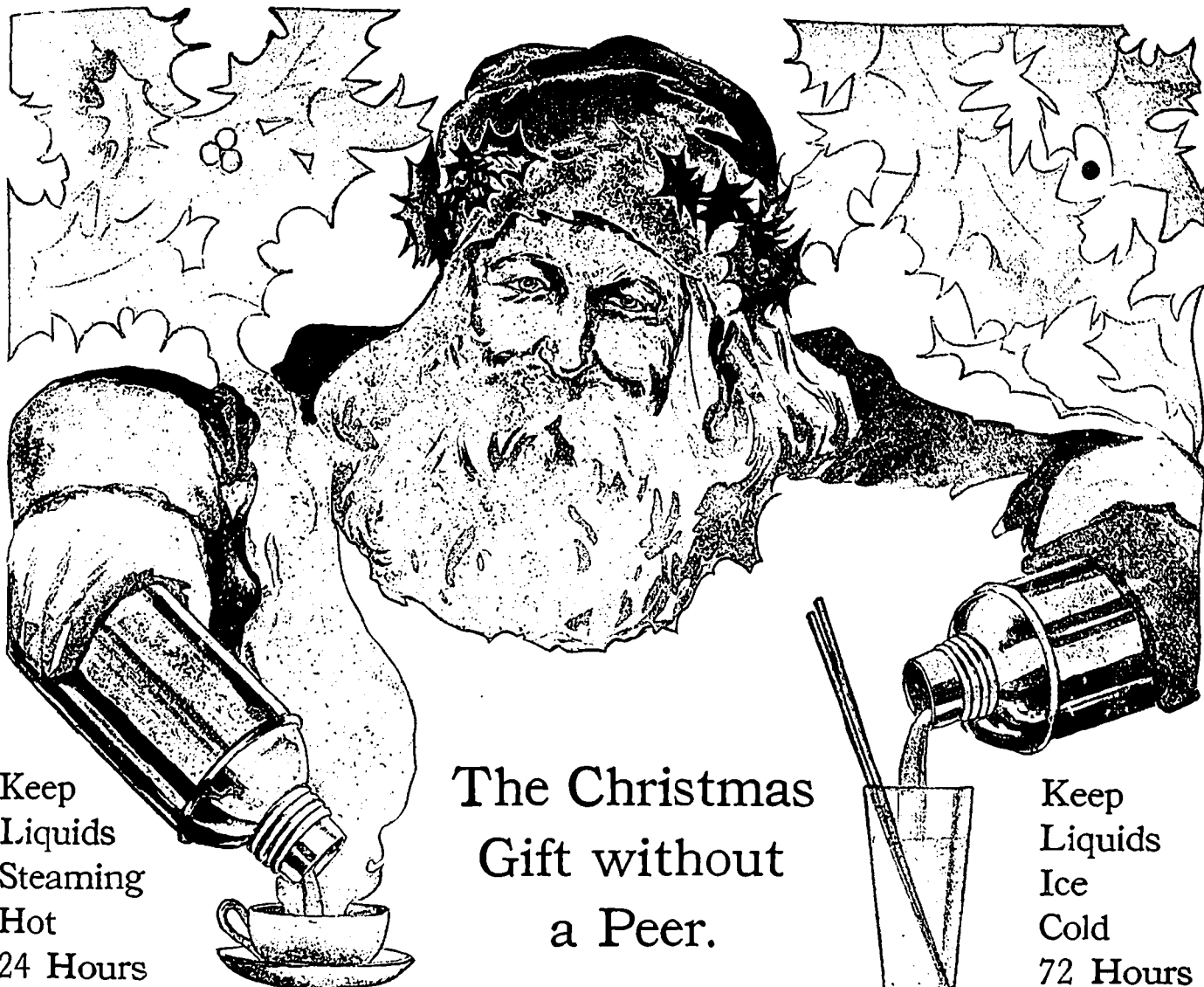
An Ideal Homesite.

high pressure water systems, Chilliwack will surely win the premier place.

Every one who visits Chilliwack is impressed with the general air of prosperity, thrift and comfort that marks both the city and the farms. Driving along the roads you pass the broad fertile fields upon which graze sleek herds of cattle, fine bred horses and flocks of sheep knee deep in clover. You notice the excellent class of farm buildings. Large comfortable houses surrounded by spacious, well-kept lawns, fragrant flowers and shade trees rustling in the summer breeze. And the barns—big affairs

Almost every farmer has a telephone in his home. A farmers' telephone company was organized this year and has now over three hundred phones in use; and the service is so much superior that many of the merchants in the city have abandoned the system formerly in control. A farmer's telephone costs \$18.00 per year and is worth ten times that amount in time and trouble saved.

The city of Chilliwack is climbing to the 2,000 mark. It is a solid little city, full of enterprise and go. The business transacted in the city is of a most satisfactory character. When the farmers



Keep  
Liquids  
Steaming  
Hot  
24 Hours

The Christmas  
Gift without  
a Peer.

Keep  
Liquids  
Ice  
Cold  
72 Hours

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Most necessary for baby.

Most desirable for the old.

Most appreciated by the traveller, the hunter, the motorist or the man outdoors.

**THERMOS BOTTLES WILL KEEP LIQUIDS BOILING HOT WITHOUT FIRE 24 HOURS, OR ICE COLD WITHOUT ICE, 72 HOURS.**

THERMOS has a thousand uses—In sickness and in health—In the home or on the trail — At the office or factory, hot or cold drinks are always at hand.

Keeps baby's milk hot and sweet 24 hours.

THERMOS is the wonder of the 20th century.

Your dealer will show you how very simple they are.

**NO CHEMICALS — JUST TWO GLASS BOTTLES WITH A VACUUM BETWEEN.**

THERMOS comes in black metal, nickel, silver and covered in finest leathers.

Handsome leather cases can be had to hold combinations of two or more THERMOS BOTTLES.

If your dealer cannot supply you write us direct.

Free booklet telling all about this marvellous bottle on request.

PINTS, \$3.50

QUARTS, \$5.50

OVER 700,000 SOLD IN 1907

Canadian Thermos Bottle Company, Limited

7 St. Nicholas St., Montreal.

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May or may not have wide collars.

For ordinary business wear a  $\frac{3}{4}$  Chesterfield with velvet collar is comfortable and appropriate.

But for stormy and windy days we have a *new model of ulster*--combining elegance and a great deal of comfort.

We are particularly proud of the latter coat for its *fitting feature* about the neck.

The buying of one of these should convince you of our ability to turn out distinctive clothes.

Scotch Tweeds are warm and cosy. Meltons and closer woven fabrics are more dressy and wear well. The selection is large and the values are exceptional. Either Ulster or Chesterfield from \$18 up.

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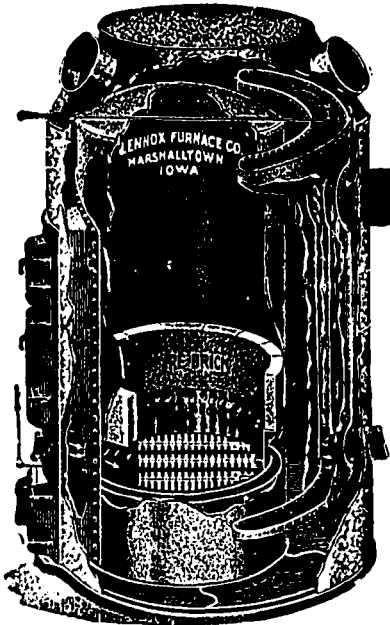


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# F. W. CUNNINGHAM

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are prosperous it is only natural that the city should thrive also. Well equipped stores supply the needs of a wide range of customers. Two banks carry large accounts with well-to-do merchants, farmers and fruit growers, and comfortable, homelike hotels offer the best accommodation to travellers, tourists and homeseekers. The business of placing new settlers is also well served by competent and progressive real estate firms.

The people of Chilliwack have waited long and patiently for better transportation facilities to Vancouver, but they have not waited in vain. An electric car line traversing the whole of the Evergreen Fraser Valley from Chilliwack to Westminster and Vancouver is now under construction. The first section from Westminster to Cloverdale will be in operation early in 1909. The second and third sections from Cloverdale to Abbotsford and thence to Chilliwack are now in the hands of contractors and have reached various stages of completion. May 24th, 1910, has been announced by

the British Columbia Electric Railway Co., Ltd., as the date for the opening of their line through from Vancouver to Chilliwack.

In addition to enabling the farmers of Chilliwack to more easily reach the best markets and obtain better prices, the new line will lead to the sub-division of many of the large farms into ten, twenty and thirty-acre blocks for fruit growing. With the coming of the electric cars the business men of Vancouver and Westminster will purchase country homesteads in Chilliwack where their families may spend the summer, surrounded by the beauties of nature and away from the turmoil of the busy city.

Any review of conditions in Chilliwack would be incomplete without reference to the fact that no irrigation is required. Not only is this district free from this necessity, but the whole of the Fraser Valley is favoured with sufficient well distributed rainfall to keep crops growing all summer. The climate generally is pleasant and conducive to big crops and good health. The rainfall is mod-

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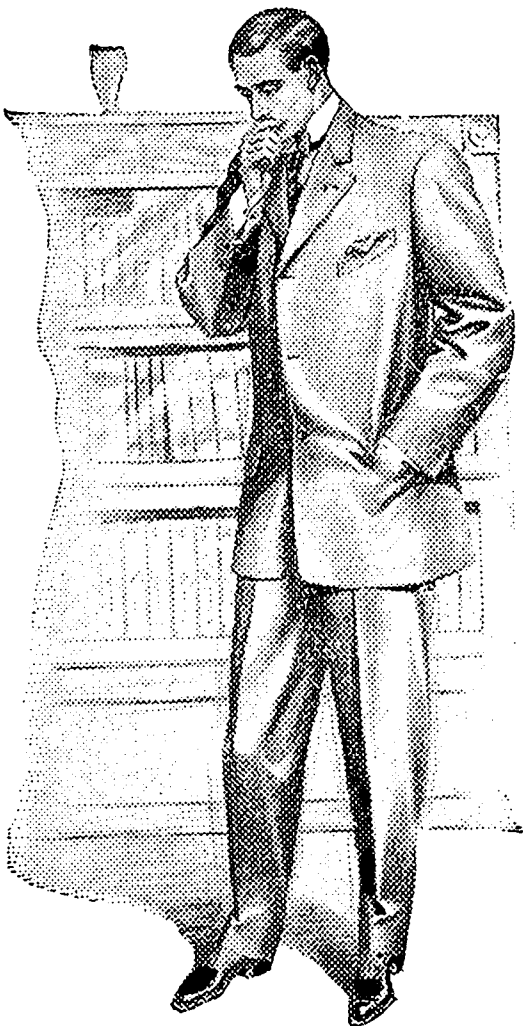
VANCOUVER, B. C.

erate and there is a freedom from fog not enjoyed by districts right on the coast. The winters are seldom if ever severely cold, and stock find a picking on the pastures even in mid-winter. The summers are delightful, bright sunshine without excessive burning heat, occasional welcome showers, but no violent storms to waste the farmers' crops.

Readers will be interested to know what capital is required to secure a home in Chilliwack. There are men today with comfortable homes and productive farms who started without more than a capital of brawn and brains. One thousand dollars will be a big help, however, and will enable a thrifty man to make a good start. With \$2,000 to \$3,000 you can secure a partly improved place of

twenty to thirty acres. With \$5,000 you have the pick of many nice places and with double that you can set yourself up as a country gentleman and enjoy most of the good things that come to anyone in this life.

To the man grown weary of the cold of the prairies or of Eastern Canada, Chilliwack offers a comfortable home, in the land of mild winters and delightful summers, where the land is of wonderful fertility, where fruits, flowers and vegetables grow in abundance, and where the advantages and conveniences of good roads, telephones, electric cars, electric light, city water, the best of public and high schools, churches, good neighbours and an unlimited market for all products at good prices may be fully enjoyed.



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TAILOR-MADE SUITS and OVERCOATS  
MEN'S FURNISHINGS  
BERESFORD BOOTS AND SHOES

BANK OF MONTREAL BLOCK

**S. A. Parsons**  
CHILLIWACK, B. C.



Among the many institutions of Vancouver, B.C., there are none which have conferred more lasting benefits upon suffering humanity than the Burrard Sanitarium, on Georgia Street. So well known, indeed, has this institution become that it ranks among its patrons many who have come from as far south as Acapulco, in Mexico, and San Francisco, and from as far east in Canada as Rat Portage and Winnipeg; and further, all those who have sought relief within its walls, have nothing but words of praise for the institution, and those associated with it in the treatment given there, and for the attendance and comfort connected with the management. The location of this institution is one which it would be difficult to improve upon. It is situated upon one of the principle residential streets of the city, a central spot, but withal a quiet one. When the building was first erected, it was the aim and intention of the promoters, to have an institution which could appeal for patronage on the ground of its being up to date, homelike, and comfortable. Well have these aims been carried out, for we have no

hesitation in saying, that The Burrard Sanitarium is as thoroughly modern, in every particular, as any other hospital in Canada. It was modern, in every detail, when first erected, and, it has been kept modern, and up to date, ever since. Every new appliance which has been tested and found of use, in the treatment of those ills which flesh is heir to, is at once obtained, and added to the equipment of the institution. The impression conveyed to one on stepping within the doors of the Sanitarium is that you are in a place which is more like a home than an hospital. Everything bears the stamp of comfort and cleanliness. The rooms are tastily furnished, and the walls upon which the eyes of the patient at all times rest, are neatly painted and relieved with little scenes, to soften the ennui, so often associated with pain and sickness. Special attention has been paid to furnishing a comfortable bed for the patient, and the very latest pattern, in this respect, is to be found in every room. An efficient staff of trained nurses are always on duty, and the guest can at any time of the day or night call for their attention by means

CANADA'S GREATEST WESTERN SCHOOL  
**Sprott-Shaw Business Institute**

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**ALL INSTRUCTION INDIVIDUAL.**

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# Christmas Shopping By Mail



It's a little early yet, but we want to impress on you that you can shop with us by mail.

In Perfumes, Hair Brushes, Safety Razors, Thermos Bottles, Toilet sets, and all the different acceptable Xmas presents a well stocked drug store carries, we are abundantly provided. Just drop us a line stating about what your requirements are and by return post we will describe to you what we have and quote you prices. What we send you is on approval. We will refund the money if it doesn't suit.

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VANCOUVER, B. C.

P.S.—Send for free copy of our "First Aid" Manual.

of an electric button, by the bedside. The building is well laid out and well ventilated. It is heated by means of hot water pipes running throughout the building. In addition an open grate fire is provided for those who may wish this addition to their room. Every known electrical aid in the diagnosis and treatment of disease is at the hand of the medical attendant, in addition to the Ray, the Finsen light, and the Leucodescent light. One of the features of this "up to date" institution is the rooms and appliances for giving Russian, Turkish, or electric light baths, as well as massage for which, for ladies, a lady graduate of one of the best London schools is always in attendance. Dr. Telford, a graduate of McGill University, is the head of this institution. He is aided in the work of the institution, by a capable medical and nursing staff, whose record for efficiency cannot be surpassed. The Directors of The Burrard Sanitarium have evolved a plan by which, for a moderate annual fee, considering the benefits to accrue, anyone may obtain treatment, as well as medicine, and if necessary, a stay in the hospital for three months for any one illness and beneficiaries may, if they so elect, obtain treatment and medicine at their own residence.

## FOR THE SPORTSMAN.

British Columbia, the land of sport, is specially designed by nature to afford joy and pleasure to the enthusiast, recreation to the refugee from the turmoil of the city, and profitable employment to many who subsist by securing the bountiful supplies of its rivers, and lakes, mountains and forests. The spirit of sport which this superabundance of nature creates, engenders a kindred spirit in the athletic field for baseball, football, hockey, lacrosse, basketball and an endless variety of games. The indispensables to all—the enthusiast, the pleasure seeker, hunter and fisherman as well as the athlete—is equipment—first class, up-to-date equipment; and it will be gratifying to everyone within the category to note that J. A. Flett, Limited, is establishing, at 111 Hastings Street, Van-

cover, or rather we should say expanding the business heretofore carried on there into a sporting goods business on an ambitious scale, and with this end in view an expert manager for the sporting goods department has been secured. He is Mr. C. L. Burtch, a gentleman who has had long and varied experience with the business. He was formerly with Ashdown's big Winnipeg house and later has been with another sporting goods house of this city. Mr. Burtch is thoroughly acquainted with the needs of the sporting trade and he will be ably assisted by an expert gunman in Mr. F. Birkett, formerly of McLennan, McFeeley Company. Mr. Birkett is an old English gunsmith of thirty years' experience, and he is well and favourably known to the trade in Vancouver.

Under the new management the sporting goods department of Fletts is expected to develop into the leading sporting goods business in Vancouver. The sole agency for Vancouver for the A. G. Spalding company, the great American sporting goods firm, has been secured and a full line of goods from this celebrated establishment will be carried, so that every variety of sport will be amply cared for by Fletts. There will be a wide variety of high-grade English and American guns for the hunters, fishing tackle of every description for the angler and equipment for the enthusiast who dabbles in any other line of sport, be it baseball, football, hockey, boxing, lacrosse, basketball or any one of the many varieties of recreation which are followed in and around Vancouver.

#### A WESTERN PRODUCT.

Only a few years ago the only article tasting of maple was maple sugar. There is now an article on the market that is so like the real maple sugar that even old Vermonters are unable to tell the difference. In fact, on account of its healthful qualities, being a purely vegetable product, neither sticky nor sickly, it is preferred by many people who formerly used the regulation maple sugar.

This new extract is called Mapleine. It is a western product and can be used to advantage by the housewife in a va-

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## Knit to the Form

**"CEETEE"** Underclothing always fits the body perfectly, and has that "quality" appearance which denotes superiority.

Ordinary underwear is cut from the fabric in the same manner as a suit of clothes.

**"CEETEE"** Underclothing is full fashioned and is knitted to fit the body. It has selvedge edges that will not fray, thus there are no rough seams.

The Gussets under the armpit and the shaping of the garments make them fit comfortably to every curve and muscle of the body.

**"CEETEE"** Underclothing retains its softness and elasticity no matter how often or where it is washed, and is made only from very finest imported Australian Merino wool and silk and wool.

We manufacture in all styles for men, women and children and want you to ask your dealer to show you **"CEETEE"** Underclothing. It is fully guaranteed by us.

The C. Turnbull Co.  
of Galt Limited.  
Established 1859.

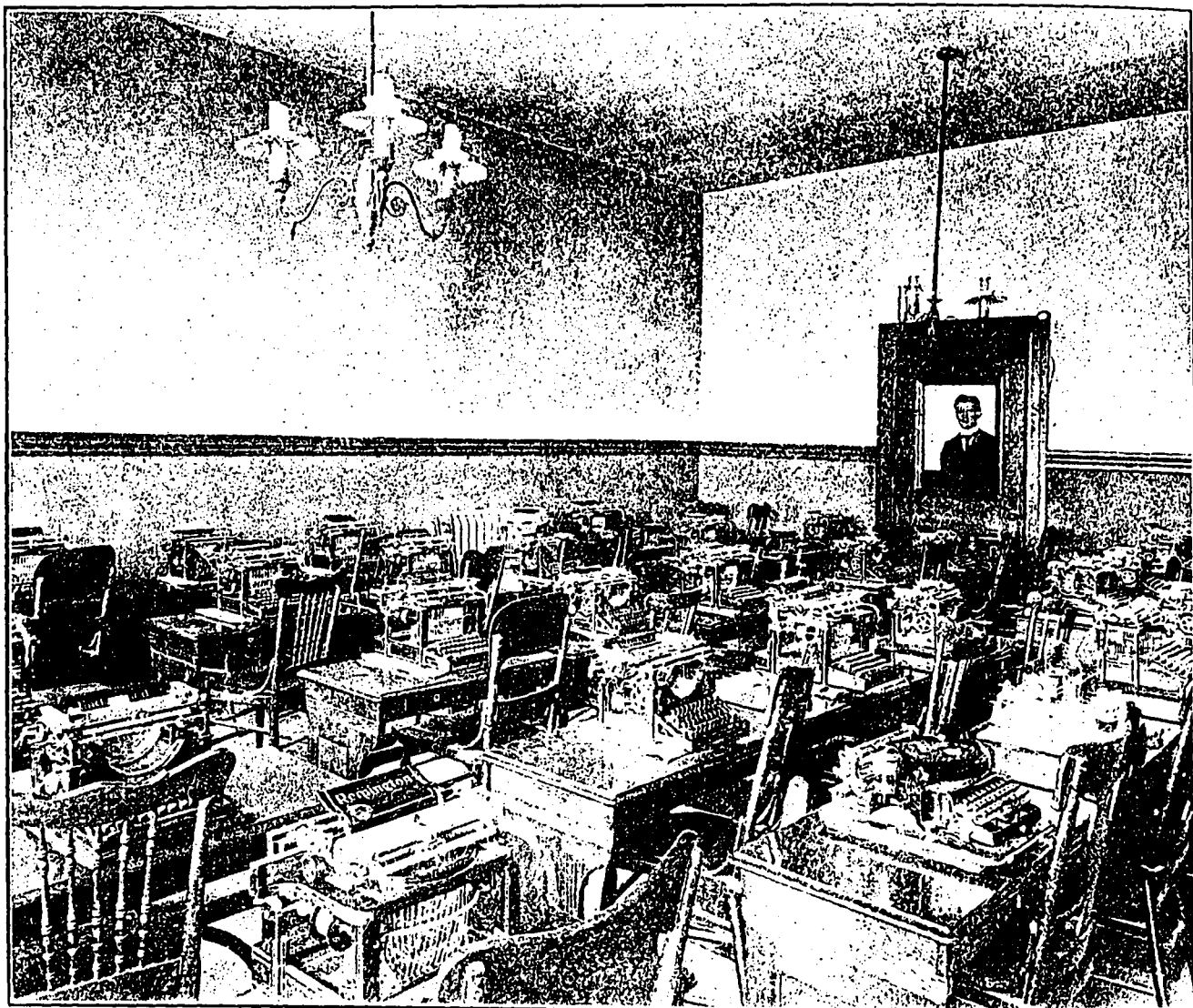
Galt,  
Ontario

GUARANTEED UNSHRINKABLE  
**CEETEE**  
PURE WOOL

riety of ways. For instance, a syrup like maple can be made by simply dissolving granulated sugar in water and adding a few drops of Mapleine.

The Crescent Manufacturing Com-

pany of Seattle who make Mapleine have published a booklet called "Mapleine Dainties." This will be sent free on request to anyone who asks for it. It is full of new ways of making candies, frostings, cakes, etc.



One Section of the Typewriting Department of the Sprott-Shaw Business Institute.

## Educational Advancement

There never was a time when it more behooved the young man to ask himself this question: "Am I ready for advancement?" It is all very well to be careless and of a "happy-go-lucky" nature when you know that in ninety-nine cases out of every one hundred, you will succeed whether you make an effort to do so or not. The time, however, for such an attitude of mind and conduct has come

and gone on this continent, and it is now necessary for each one to be prepared, and well prepared, to both merit and take advancement. Competition is very keen and only those who are well prepared, are sufficiently equipped to run life's race.

Not only has this fact made the modern Business School a necessary institution in all educational systems, for it has

done more than any other agency to prepare the young to fight life's battles and to be ready for promotion, but this same fact makes it a matter of the greatest importance that keen perception and good judgment should be exercised in making a choice between real business schools and the spurious, which latter by their false and deceitful advertising and inefficient methods are responsible for dragging into the mire of disrepute and public mistrust an institution the value of which should be more generally recognized in our social structure.

For the past three years the main effort of the management of the Sprott-Shaw Business Institute has been to lift this cloud of suspicion from the name "Business College," and to that end it has always been scrupulously modest about making claims as to the excellence of its courses and equipment, which were not well within the actual facts. The manager has recently made an extended visit of Eastern Canada, and during its course he was so forcibly struck with the difference between the instruction given

in the Sprott-Shaw School and the standard in operation in the largest schools in Canada, that the management has decided to throw off the mask of modesty and come out plainly with the statement that in the Sprott-Shaw Business Institute more thorough, more efficient, and more advanced courses are given in the majority of its departments than are even attempted in any other school in Canada. There is not another school in Canada which has such a large and highly-qualified staff compared with its daily attendance. Hence better personal attention is given than is provided in other schools. There is only one other school (and that is three thousand miles east), that supplies its students with the same number of typewriters; and leaving this school out of consideration, the Sprott-Shaw gives every student *twice* the amount of time on typewriters that any other school in Canada does. Hence in the real sense it *teaches* Touch Typewriting. This is something that its management denies can be truthfully claimed by any other school in the West, or by

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It is a DAIN'TY SOAP for DAIN'TY WOMEN, for those who wish the BEST; a soap that is



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and yet sold at the price of ordinary soap;

**DELICATELY AND EXQUISITELY PERFUMED**

with pure odor of flowers.

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**A Delicious Confection that can be made at home in a few moments and one that you know is absolutely pure, wholesome and delicious.**

Three cups of brown sugar, half cup of milk, one tablespoonful butter and one heaping teaspoonful Mapleine.

Boil sugar, milk and butter until it forms a soft ball when dropped in cold water. Take from fire, add the Mapleine and beat till it sugars. Pour in shallow dish and cut to suit.

If your grocer cannot supply you with Mapleine, send us 50 cents in stamps or postal order and we will mail you a bottle.

**CRESCENT MANUFACTURING COMPANY  
SEATTLE, WASH.**

more than about one per cent of the total business schools in all Canada. The management further claims that it trains its students on the six standard makes of typewriting machines on the market at the present day, and that this is something which *no other school in Canada* can claim. It gives a choice of either Pitman Shorthand or Gregg Shorthand. These are the best representatives of the two great classes of shorthand—shaded and light line. It also gives its students one of the best and most practical courses in commercial and railroad telegraphy on the continent. Its commercial department is by all means the most practical and thorough in Canada. In fact, during the manager's extended visit in the East, the main object of which was to "get pointers" so as to keep the school well in advance, one thing stood out glaringly prominent, namely, the fact that instead of "getting pointers," he was in a position to "give pointers" in almost every case, and therefore, the management feel not only justified but impelled to come out boldly with these statements

and claims which they are willing and anxious to support.

To all who are interested in Business Schools and Colleges, economy and prudence alike dictate that choice should be made of the best available for the training and equipment of the young; and the Sprott-Shaw courts investigation and comparison, and will send on application a catalogue giving a complete description of all its courses and departments.

It operates a night school also in which are given all the courses of the day session, with the addition of languages and engineering. All the claims made for the day school apply equally to the night school.

After a thorough investigation, it appears that these claims are amply justified, and that such an institution as the Sprott-Shaw, which simultaneously draws students from as far east as Manitoba and as far south as California, is no small factor in the advancement not only of Vancouver, but also of the entire West, and as such deserves great credit as well as liberal patronage.



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Send two 2c. stamps, postage, for a copy of my beautifully illustrated booklet, "Country and Suburban Homes," full of interesting, valuable and practical information for home builders.

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## Vancouver-Prince Rupert Meat Co., Ltd.

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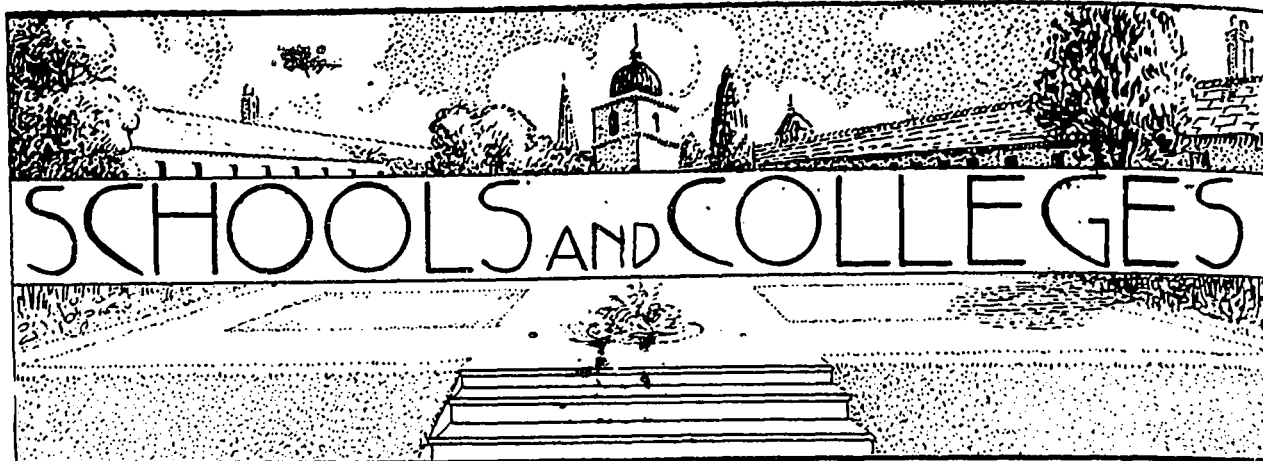
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Estimates Furnished.

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Prospectus and terms on application.

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Curriculum—Primary, Intermediate and Academic grades, together with Music and Art Studies. A complete and practical Commercial Course is also attached to the establishment.

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The Canadian Office and School  
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Manufacturers—  
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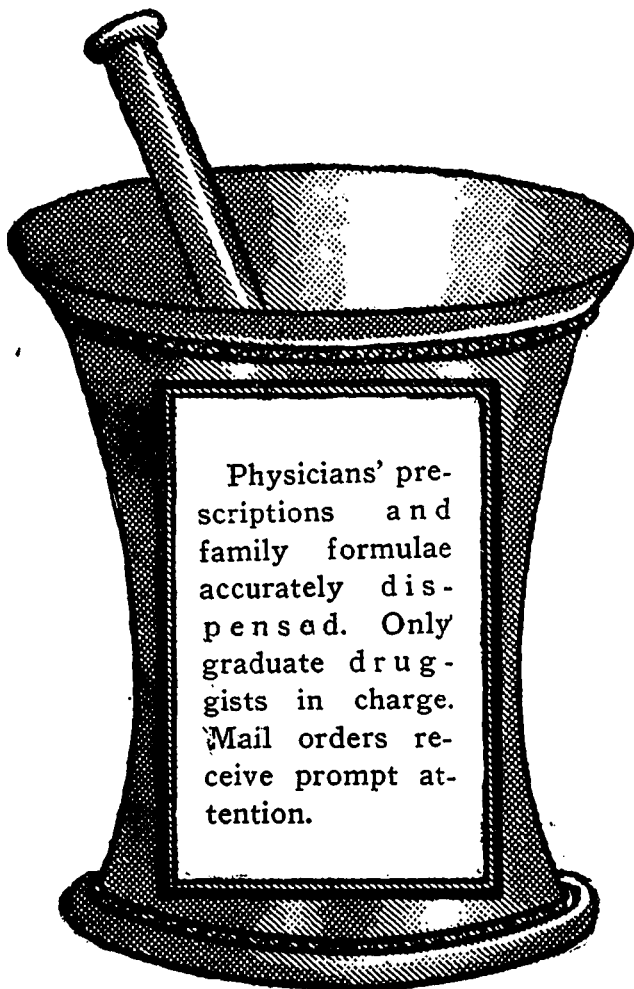
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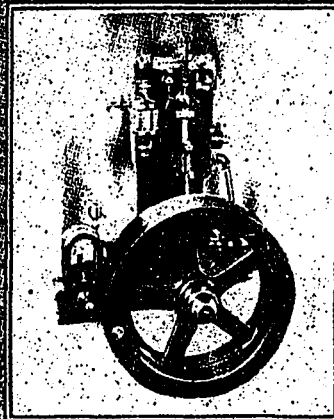
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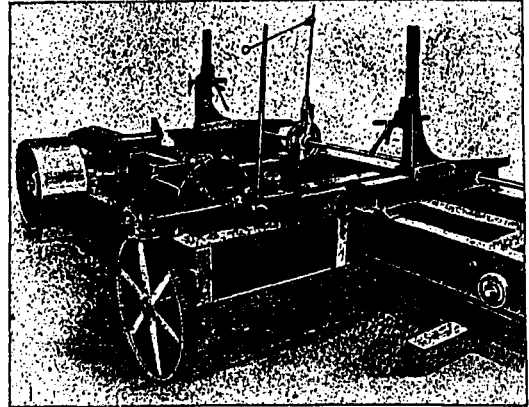
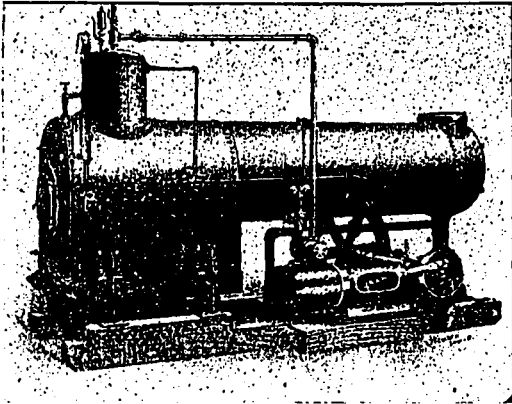


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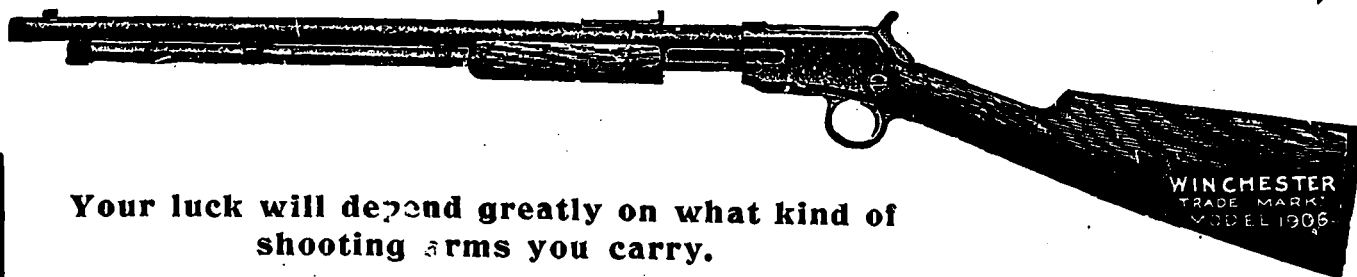
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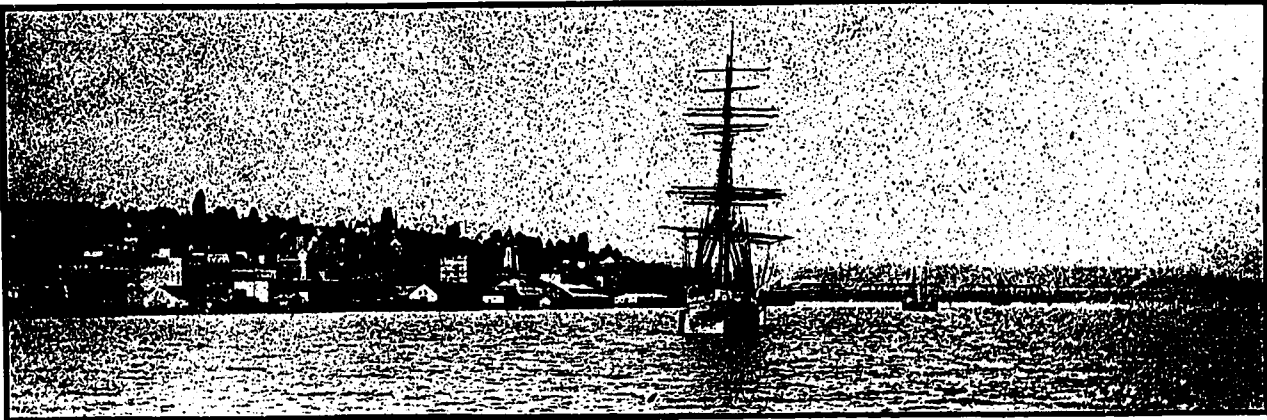
Mattresses, Window Shades, Baby and Doll Carriages, Wagons, Picture Framing, etc., etc.

**W. F. FERRIS**

Wellington St. - **CHILLIWACK, B.C.**

(Local agent for "Westward Ho!")

# NEW WESTMINSTER



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

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

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

## WHITE, SHILES & CO.

Fire Insurance

Real Estate and Financial Agents

## The B. C. MILLS, TIMBER AND TRADING CO.

(Royal City Planing Mills Branch)

Manufacturers of Doors, Windows, Fish and Fruit Boxes and all Descriptions of Interior Finishings.

## Westminster Iron Works

JOHN REID, Proprietor

Manufacturers of Wrought Iron Gates, Fences, Ornamental Iron Work, Fire Escapes, and Iron Stairs.

OFFICE AND WORKS, 10TH STREET.

## Dominion Trust Co., Ltd.

Real Estate, Insurance and Financial Brokers.

FARM AND FRUIT LANDS A SPECIALTY.

# THE ROYAL CITY

NEW WESTMINSTER is the Government seat for the Dominion Public Works, jail and asylum as well as the Fisheries, Land and Timber agencies, while the city is also the headquarters of the Provincial Government Agent.

NEW WESTMINSTER is pre-eminently the home of industries—for Iron Works, Feed Mills, Fruit and Fish Canneries, Cigar Factories, Glass Works, Lumber Mills, Tanneries, Ship Yards and Can Factories.

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

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

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

B. Wilberg

William Wolz

## B. C. CIGAR FACTORY

MANUFACTURERS OF

High-Grade Havana Cigars

BRANDS—"B. C.", "Old Sports", "Brilliants", "Autos" and "Puck".

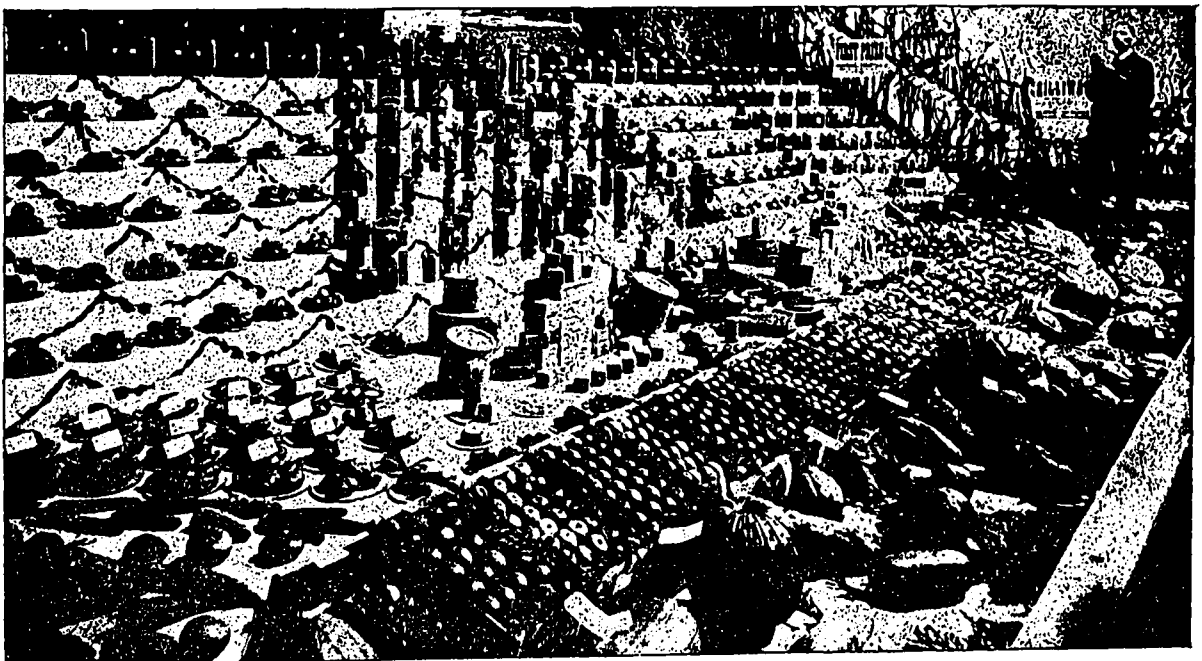
P. B. Brown

H. H. Lenni

## The Settlers' Association of B. C.

Real Estate, Financial & Customs Brokers  
Auctioneers

Opposite Windsor Hotel.

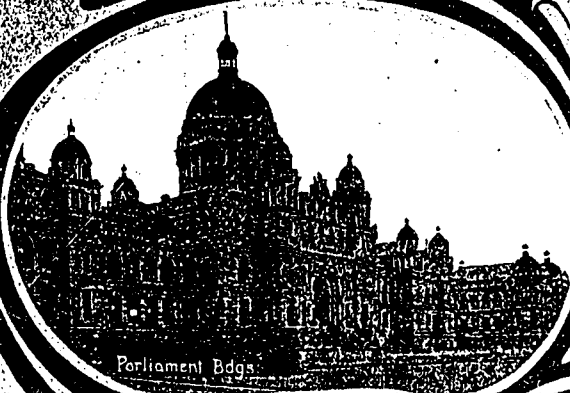


PRODUCTS OF THE FRASER VALLEY

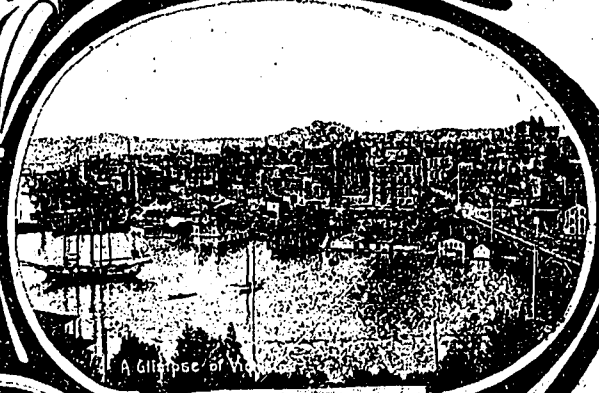
# VICTORIA, B.C.

CANADA

THE QUEEN CITY OF THE GOLDEN WEST



Parliament Bldgs.



A glimpse of



VICTORIA  
THE  
EVERGREEN  
CITY  
OF CANADA

is the  
most delightful  
Resort for a  
**SUMMER  
HOLIDAY**

TEMPERATURE  
NEVER EXCEEDS 84°

FISHING, HUNTING  
ROWING, SAILING



The Olympic Mountains from Dallas Road

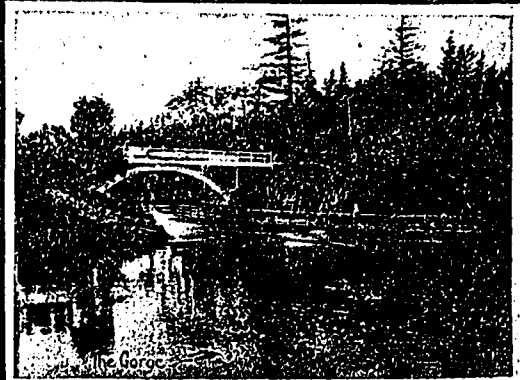
VISITORS  
TO THE  
PACIFIC  
COAST

SHOULD RETURN  
HOME VIA

**VICTORIA**

"A Bit of England  
on the Shores of  
the Pacific."

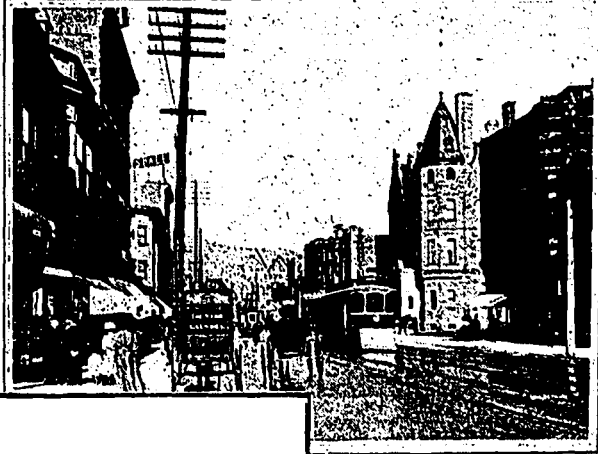
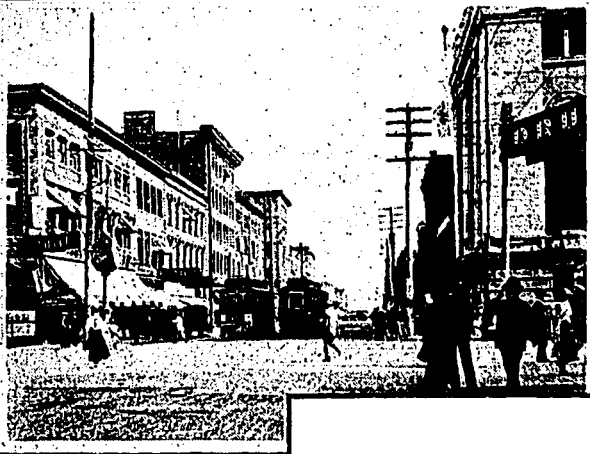
DRIVING, CYCLING  
TENNIS, GOLF



The Gorge

**BUY A HOME IN VICTORIA FOR HEALTH, PLEASURE & CONTENTMENT**  
NO HARD WINTERS. NO HOT SUMMERS. Write Tourist Association for free booklet.

ADVERTISING SECTION, WESTWARD HO! MAGAZINE



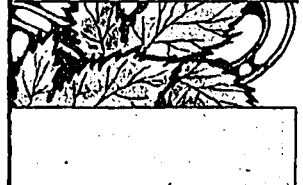
Vancouver has no hard winters.  
Zero weather is unknown.



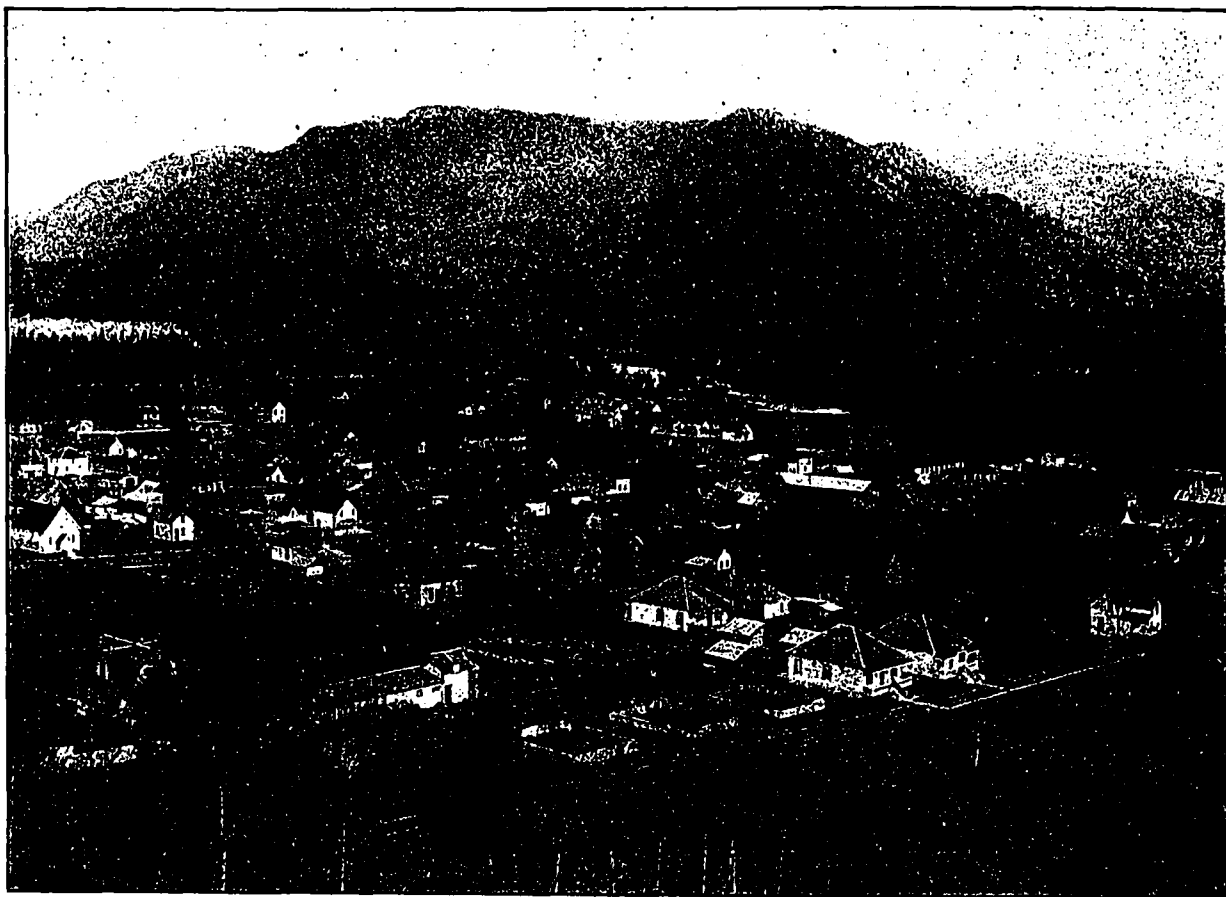
Its lawns are always green and  
flowers bloom in the gardens at  
all seasons. The average tem-  
perature for 1907 was 49.16 and  
for the first three months of  
1908, 38.11, 38.36 and 41.57 re-  
spectively.



Write Vancouver Information  
Bureau for free literature.



ENDERBY HAS AS RICH SOIL AND CHEAPER LAND THAN ANY  
OTHER SECTION OF THE FERTILE OKANAGAN VALLEY.



## The City of Enderby

Is the oldest town in the Okanagan; has one of the largest saw-mills in the Province, also an up-to-date 300-bbl. roller flour mill, daily trains, commodious hotels, good stores, bank, four churches, six lodges, graded and high schools, newspaper, town band, electric light and good water; is located on a beautiful, navigable river, and backed by low, green hills, considered one of the most home-like, attractive towns in the interior of British Columbia; population, 600; climate salubrious, winters usually mild. Magnificent motor-boating to be had on Shuswap river and lakes, waters full of fish and mountains full of game, cariboo and grizzly bear within a day's journey; plenty of good land in vicinity awaiting development, irrigation not necessary, conditions ideal for fruit, hay, dairy and general farming. Come and make your home here!

For further information, write the City Clerk, Enderby, B.C., or any of the undersigned:—

Harvey & Dobson, C. W. Little, A. Fulton, W. T. Holtby,  
Wheeler & Evans, J. W. Evans, James Mowat, H. W. Wright,  
The Columbia Flouring Mills Co., Ltd.  
Bell & Murphy, Enderby Trading Co., Ltd.  
A. E. Taylor, Agent, Bank of Montreal.

**SALMON ARM, B. C.**

**We Carry  
The Stock**

and can supply your needs in  
**SHELF and HEAVY HARDWARE.**

Also

**BUILDERS' SUPPLIES,  
GUNS, AMMUNITION,  
STOVES, TINWARE,  
PAINTS, OILS, ETC.**

**NEELANDS & CO.**

**SALMON ARM.**

**My Xmas  
Display**

OF

**FANCY GOODS  
SMOKERS' REQUISITES  
CONFECTIONERY  
JEWELRY and  
CHINA**

is unsurpassed in Salmon Arm.

I WANT A SHARE OF  
YOUR TRADE.

**S. H. LAWRENCE**

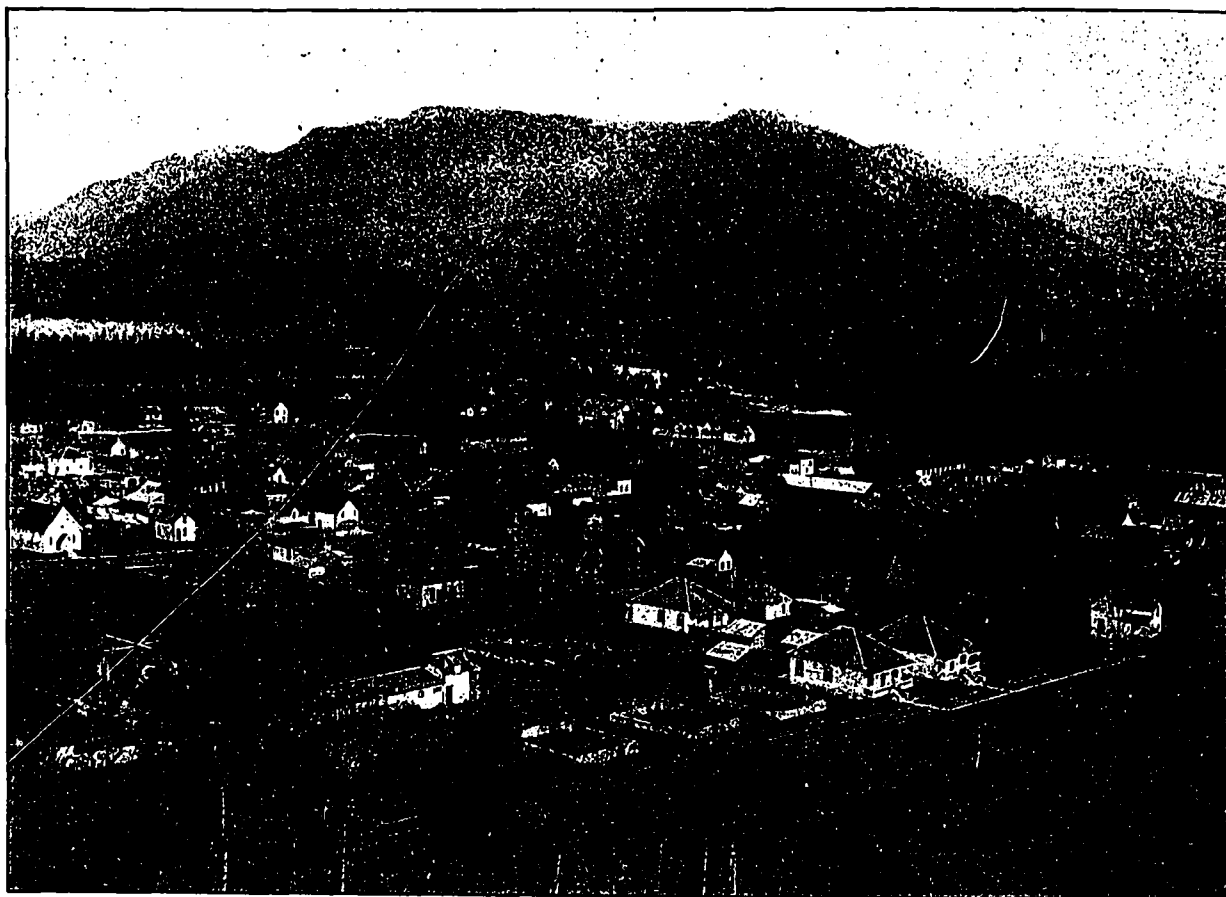
**HOMESEEEKERS**

When you visit Salmon Arm  
and need an outfit I can sup-  
ply you. I carry the largest  
and best assorted stock of  
General Merchandise. & & &

**S. M. McGUIRE**

General Merchant.

ENDERBY HAS AS RICH SOIL AND CHEAPER LAND THAN ANY  
OTHER SECTION OF THE FERTILE OKANAGAN VALLEY.



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Is the oldest town in the Okanagan; has one of the largest saw-mills in the Province, also an up-to-date 300-bbl. roller flour mill, daily trains, commodious hotels, good stores, bank, four churches, six lodges, graded and high schools, newspaper, town band, electric light and good water; is located on a beautiful, navigable river, and backed by low, green hills, considered one of the most home-like, attractive towns in the interior of British Columbia; population, 600; climate salubrious, winters usually mild. Magnificent motor-boating to be had on Shuswap river and lakes, waters full of fish and mountains full of game, cariboo and grizzly bear within a day's journey; plenty of good land in vicinity awaiting development, irrigation not necessary, conditions ideal for fruit, hay, dairy and general farming. Come and make your home here!

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**SALMON ARM, B. C.**

**We Carry  
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and can supply your needs in  
**SHELF and HEAVY HARDWARE.**

Also

**BUILDERS' SUPPLIES,  
GUNS, AMMUNITION,  
STOVES, TINWARE,  
PAINTS, OILS, ETC.**

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**My Xmas  
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CONFECTIONERY  
JEWELRY and  
CHINA**

is unsurpassed in Salmon Arm.

I WANT A SHARE OF  
YOUR TRADE.

**S. H. LAWRENCE**

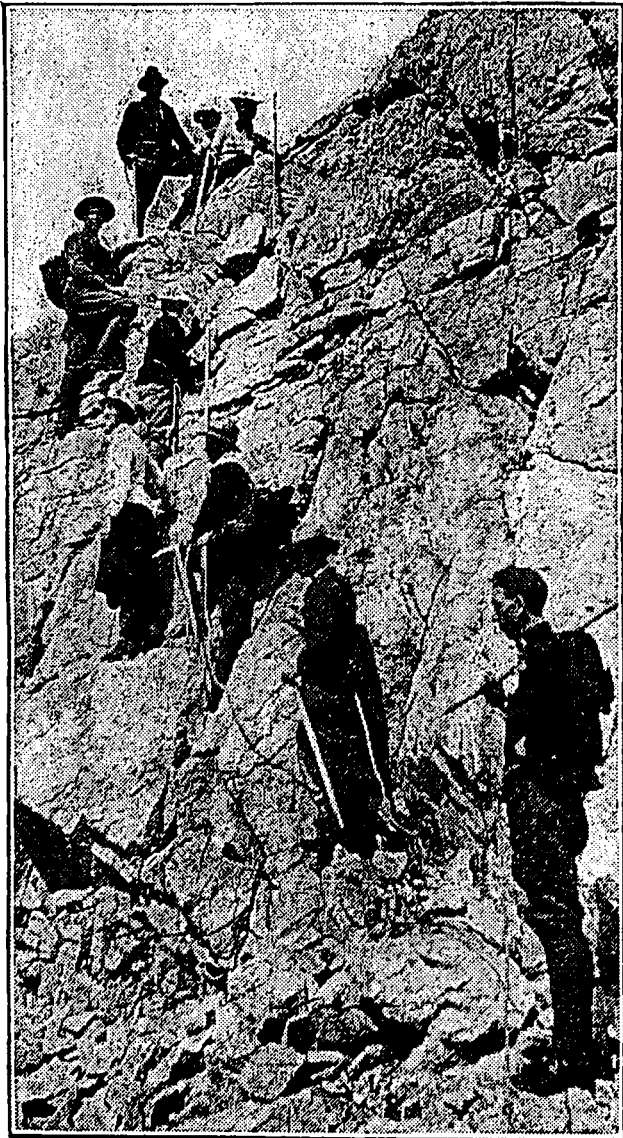
**HOMESEEEKERS**

When you visit Salmon Arm  
and need an outfit I can sup-  
ply you. I carry the largest  
and best assorted stock of  
General Merchandise. & & &

**S. M. MCGUIRE**

General Merchant.

# 50 SWITZERLANDS IN ONE



*Alpine Club in Canadian Rockies*

"The joy of life is steepness overcome, and victories of ascent, and looking down on all that had looked down on us."—*Tennyson.*

Magnificent Alpine Scenery.

The Grandest Mountain Peaks in the World.

At Banff, Lake Louise, Field, Emerald Lake, Glacier, are splendid Chalets and Hotels. At these world famed resorts you may ride, hunt, climb, sketch, botanize, bathe in warm mineral springs, or go boating. Words fail to tell of the beauty of this region which is one of the scenic marvels of the world.

Reached by the superb trains of the

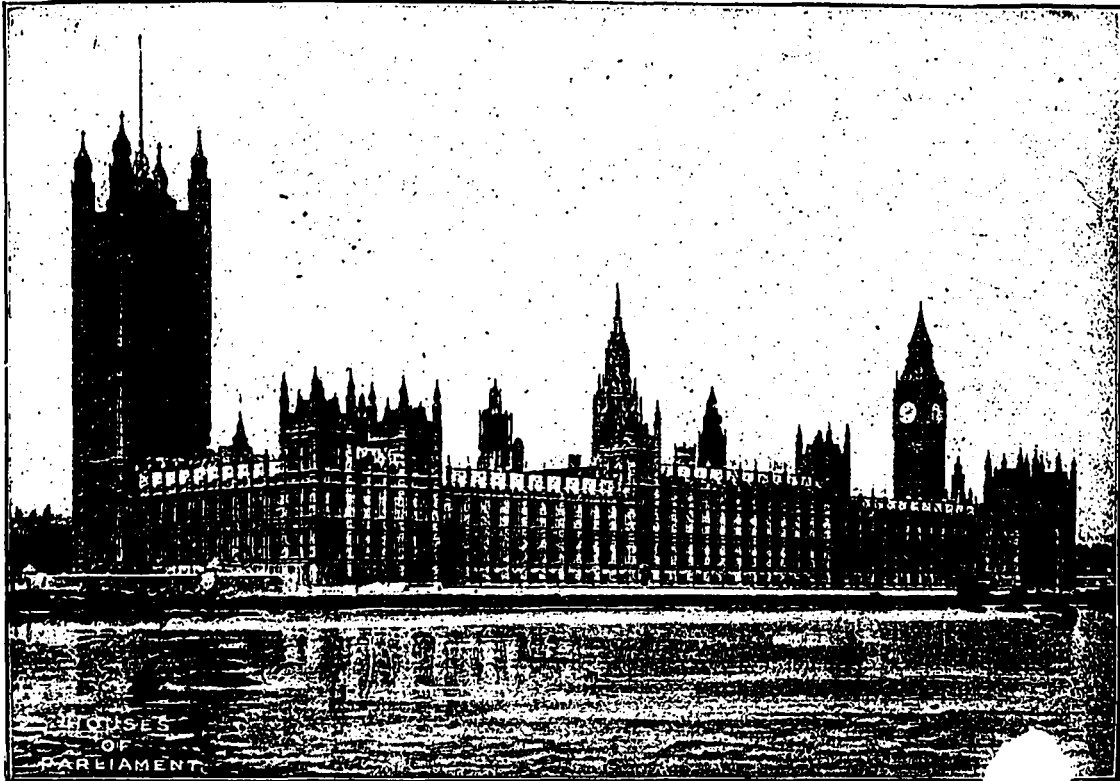
## CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

Write for Challenge of the Mountains.

ROBERT KERR, Passenger Traffic Manager, MONTREAL

## FOR GONNOISSEURS

SIMPSON'S BLUE SEAL ("BLUE FUNNEL") SCOTCH WHISKEY.



H. M. ELLIS & CO., LIMITED

Wholesale Distributors

Imperial Block, VANCOUVER, B. C.

## The ALBERTA and SOUTH SIDE LIVERY STABLES

are fully equipped to cater for

HUNTING AND FISHING PARTIES

as well as

TOURISTS, LANDSEEKERS AND COMMERCIAL MEN.

Hacks, Carriages and Saddle Horses ready day or night.

A. J. McDONALD, Proprietor

CALGARY, ALTA.

## NORTONIA HOTEL



A. S. NORTON, Manager

PORTLAND  
OREGON

MODERN COMFORT  
MODERATE PRICES  
ONLY ROOF  
GARDEN IN  
PORTLAND

The Tourist head-  
quarters of  
Columbia Valley  
Engage rooms early  
for the Alaska-  
Yukon Exposition

## Golden Opportunities

If you are interested in the Canadian West, send 10 cents in stamps for three late issues of Westward Ho!, containing fully illustrated descriptive articles about dairying, fruit growing, poultry raising and general farming conditions in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia.

# Neglected Opportunities

Of the hundreds of thousands of acres of great virgin forests of softwoods in the West almost all were either subject to entry or for sale at very low figures ten years ago. Few realized that choice timber claims—then so easy to acquire—were so soon to be worth thousands of dollars. A few realizing how rapidly the American forests were disappearing took advantage of conditions in Washington, Oregon, and British Columbia to acquire all the timber land possible while it was to be had at such low figures. As a result they have made immense fortunes—fortunes that will continue to grow more rapidly in the future than in the past.

Gifford Pinchot, chief forester of the United States, declares that at the present rate of consumption the timber supply of the United States will be exhausted in twenty years and that the hardwood supply will be exhausted in from twelve to fifteen years.

Did you take advantage of the opportunity to secure some of this timber when it was to be had for only a fraction of its present value, or did you neglect it until it was too late?

At the same time this timber was being secured so cheaply much of the best farming and irrigated land of the state of Washington was also being homesteaded, or bought at prices so low as to be almost unbelievable now.

These wonderful opportunities were not taken advantage of in a large way until within the past ten years. The West was sparsely settled and not much developed up to that time. The first to take advantage of such conditions naturally realized the greatest profits.

Until recently Americans invested little or nothing in other countries. They have neglected opportunities in Mexico which surpass anything heretofore existing in the United States or Canada.

This Company has taken advantage of the opportunity to secure one of the finest and best located hardwood timber tracts in the world. It is in Mexico just across the Gulf from Louisiana and Texas and is within two miles of ocean transportation.

The varieties of timber comprise mahogany, rosewood, Spanish cedar, lignum vitae, and other kinds of the most valuable woods known to man.

The tract is a very large one and averages 20,000 feet (board measurement) per acre.

A limited amount of the capital stock of the Company is offered for sale. All shares are fully paid, non-assessable, and equally participating.

The timber will bring investors returns many times more than the present cost of shares.

After the timber is removed the land is unsurpassed for tropical plantation purposes. Good tropical plantation land brings returns equal to the best irrigated land of this country.

Banana, rubber and sugar-cane plantations yield enormous profits.

This Company's land is admirably suited for the cultivation of these products and a great many more such as oranges, lemons, limes, pine-apples, cocoanuts, indian corn, cocoa, etc.

It is your opportunity now to participate in this proposition. Are you going to neglect it? \$2000,000,000 of foreign money, two-thirds of which is American capital, is now being invested in Mexico annually. It has been prophesied that in the next ten years Mexico will produce more millionaires than any other country in the world.

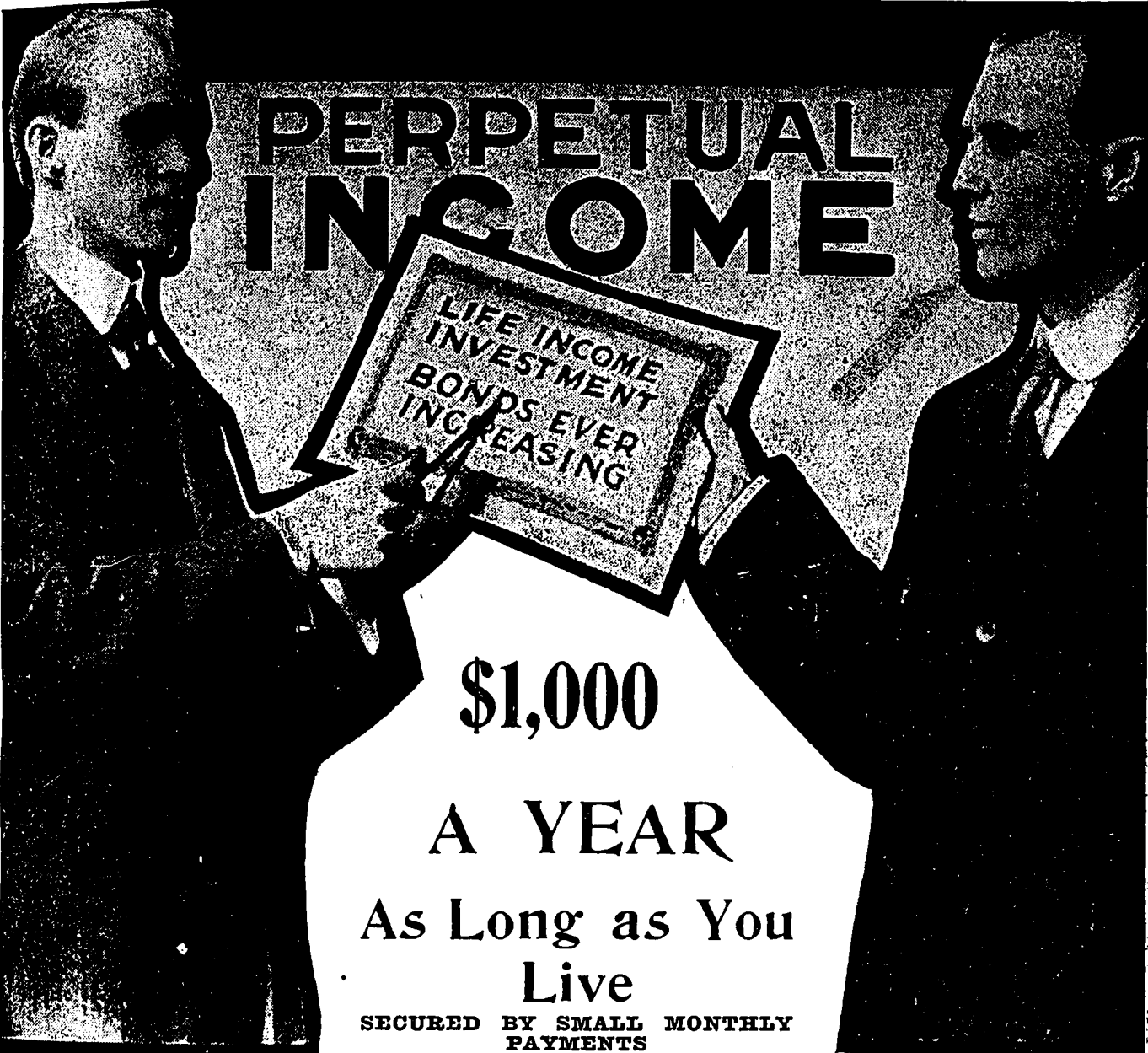
Do you want to participate in these profits? It is safe to say you will never have another opportunity offered you that is the equal of this one.

Drop us a postal for prospectus and let us tell you more of this proposition.

## Chacamax Land Development Company

American Bank Building, Seattle, Wash., U. S. A.

References:—National Bank of Commerce, Seattle, Wash., U. S. A.



# PERPETUAL INCOME

LIFE INCOME INVESTMENT BONDS EVER INCREASING

## \$1,000

## A YEAR

### As Long as You Live

SECURED BY SMALL MONTHLY PAYMENTS

The less money you have, the greater the need to place it where it will work hard and fast for you

### Fill Out and Return Coupon Just Now

Do you want an income of from \$100.00 to \$1,000 a year for life? If so, return this coupon promptly. You take absolutely no risk of any kind. If upon examination you are not thoroughly convinced that this is one of the **GREATEST OPPORTUNITIES** of your life to secure a steady, permanent income, as long as you live, you are under no obligation.

Name .....


Post Office .....

Province .....

Please reserve for me ..... Life-Income Investment Bonds (value \$100.00 each). Send full information. If I am convinced that your enterprise is one of the **Soundest** character, and will prove **Enormously** profitable, I will pay for the same at the rate of \$5.00 cash and \$5.00 per month on each \$100.00 Bond until fully paid. No more than 100 Bonds reserved for any one person.

## THE UNITED SECURITIES COMPANY

1163 EMPIRE BUILDING, SEATTLE, WASHINGTON.



FOR  
CUTS  
ANGELL  
ENGRAVING CO.  
PHONE 3463 518 HASTINGS ST.  
WEST.

VANCOUVER, B. C.



**A  
CHRISTMAS  
GIFT  
ACCEPTABLE  
TO FATHER  
OR MOTHER**

# An Ostermoor Mattress

The Ostermoor Mattress is in a class by itself—a present you can feel proud of making—the best the world can show in Mattresses, regardless of cost.

The soft, billowy sheets of Ostermoor Felt are made from selected, long staple new cotton, specially prepared, and made non-absorbent and sanitary.

These sheets of Felt are built up to the required thickness, and enclosed in a cover of dustproof art ticking.

The Ostermoor Mattress is guaranteed not to mat, get lumpy or to require remaking for an ordinary lifetime.

Ottawa, March 10th.  
Mess. Ostermoor & Co.,  
116 Elizabeth St., New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs.—The Ostermoor Patent Elastic Felt Mattress you sold me FIFTY YEARS ago has been in constant use in our house ever since, and, I am glad to say, has given great satisfaction.

It is not in the least matted down, but is just as soft, clean and elastic as when new.

We have nothing but praise for the Mattress, as it retains its elasticity and smoothness, and is in every way superior to any other Mattress we have ever used; and I can sincerely recommend Ostermoor Mattresses to anyone desiring a comfortable and durable Mattress that will not become dead or lumpy through constant service.

Yours truly,  
(Sgd.) H. N. BATE.

Ostermoor Mattresses Cost	
Transportation Prepaid:	
4 ft. 6 in., 45 lbs.....	\$15.00
4 ft. 0 in., 40 lbs.....	14.00
3 ft. 6 in., 35 lbs.....	12.50
3 ft. 0 in., 30 lbs.....	11.00
2 ft. 6 in., 25 lbs.....	9.50
All 6 ft. 3 in. long.	
In two parts, 50c extra.	



One dealer in every town sells the Ostermoor Mattress.  
Write to us for name of your local dealer, and samples of coverings.

**THE ALASKA FEATHER & DOWN CO. LIMITED, MONTREAL**



SECURITY \$21,710,821

## FIRST MORTGAGE SECURITIES ON IMPROVED PROPERTY.

CAPITAL  
\$2,000,000

SUBSCRIBED  
CAPITAL  
\$505,000

PAID UP  
CAPITAL  
\$120,000

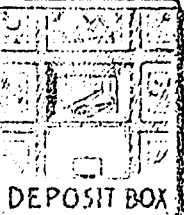
RESERVE  
\$160,000

Is an investment that is safe when our system is followed. (This system will be fully explained to any person wishing to invest through our office). The amount of interest we can secure for you varies from 6 to 9 per cent. per annum according to the amount loaned, the class of security and the length of time for which the money is loaned. On first-class business property at not over 50 per cent. of valuation and for periods of from three to ten years, in amounts of \$5,000.00 to \$10,000.00, 6 to 8 per cent. per annum. On residence mortgages on a 50 per cent. valuation in amounts of from \$500.00 to \$10,000.00, 7 to 9 per cent. per annum in periods of from one to five years. Interest in all cases is paid quarterly.

Perhaps the most attractive investment available to persons having money they wish placed where there is absolutely no risk is in our system of guaranteed mortgages. We can place money in large or small sums at from 6 to 9 per cent. per annum on first mortgages, and are prepared to guarantee the payment of both interest and principal for 1 per cent. per annum. This should be particularly attractive to Executors and Trustees whose first object is safety.

## BONDS

Are considered the highest class of securities. We have always on hand City, Municipal or Industrial Bonds that can be bought to net the purchaser from 4 to 8 per cent. per annum.



IN OUR  
FIRE AND  
BURGLAR-  
PROOF VAU-  
LT SPELLS  
SAFETY FOR  
YOU.

# DOMINION TRUST COMPANY LTD

HEAD OFFICE HASTINGS ST. W. VANCOUVER, B.C.

BRANCH OFFICE NEW WESTMINSTER B.C.